









THE

# INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

VOLUME V.

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# THE INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

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## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

When this Work was started, but one promise was given,—“beyond an assurance that the experiment made shall be fairly carried out, we desire to make no pledge, to benefit for the moment by no boast. If the INDIA SPORTING REVIEW be liberally supported in its literary department, it shall not be unworthy in other respects the Sportsmen of the East; and if it be not, it shall never survive to earn a bad name.” For myself, I considered two years the shortest period in which I could form a just opinion whether such an undertaking would meet with that encouragement from *subscribers*, without which all the efforts of friends must be unavailing. I was not sanguine as to the list; but, in compliance with the wish of some good men and true, I was content to make the experiment. The two years having elapsed, it seems to me expedient that I should trouble you with a few words. The third year commences with the subscription advanced from Rs. 20 to Rs. 25 per annum. From five subscribers out of three hundred the notice of this change was met with remonstrance: two out of the five considered it “unfair” and discontinued the Review. If there really were anything unfair in it you would all be perfectly right in withdrawing your names—but your general silence assures me you do not think so. You probably think it would be more unfair to expect that any one individual should carry on a Work of this kind for the amusement of others, at a pecuniary sacrifice in addition to the labour it entails. You doubtless remember that it was an experiment, and consider that after a sufficient trial I was at liberty to abandon it. Instead of doing so I have simply suggested the terms on which it might be continued. If there be anything unfair in this it can only be in the minds of very unreasonable or hasty men. That the Review might have been made to pay itself at the lower rate is possible, but not if brought out with the expense and care which have hitherto been bestowed upon it. It is so difficult to steer clear of grumblers that I have heard these points made matter of objection. One does not want illustrations; another does not think it necessary to be always having new type; another would save money by using an inferior paper,—and so forth. One answer suffices. As far as I can command it, the Review must be brought out equal to the best periodical of the day, or not at all.

I have thought it right to publish with each volume a List of Subscribers. You will find that on the completion of the 4th it numbered about 300 names. If you examine it you will find that Libraries, Messes, and Book Clubs form more than one-eighth of the whole ! In this fact you have a prominent reason why all local periodical Literature must necessarily be dear as compared with that of England. Publications of the most general interest, to wit Newspapers, have a most insignificant circulation in this country, from the want of a reading public. Sporting men, who care for more than the mere pleasure of the chase—who love to support it as a noble pursuit—are not one in five hundred and their aggregate you see has to be divided by 8 !—how then is “A RECORD OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE GUN, THE ROD AND SPEAR” to exist, if an endeavour to meet the difficulties that present themselves be not met in a spirit of cordial co-operation. It is not perhaps an excessive calculation, that every Number that goes to a Mess, a Library, or a Book Club is read by ten members. Supposing each of these to take a copy the circulation would be *more than doubled* ! I do not expect it ; it may be impracticable ; but I desire to point out how such confederacies tell, and with multiplied force in a very limited community. If every one now on the list of subscribers were to canvass for the REVIEW and add a single name in the next twelvemonths, it would still have but a moderate circulation. I cannot refrain from mentioning that one of the oldest sportsmen in India, the Father of the Turf,—a gallant officer, whose name will ever be associated with the triumphs of British Arms in the East—has in this wise proved that the spirit of old is yet strong within him. And now, on this subject I have done.

I desire to offer my best acknowledgments to the supporters of the INDIA SPORTING REVIEW ;—they are first due, however, to those who have set a double example, by becoming contributors ; and from the spirit in which the advance I have alluded to has been met, and with a confident reliance on the steadiness of the able Literary assistance hitherto afforded, I presage for it a long and distinguished career. The chief satisfaction this gives me is that the CAUSE will flourish, and as an humble instrument,

I subscribe myself,

Dear Friends,

Your faithful Servant,

ABEL EAST.

March 30, 1847.

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# ERRATA.

## No. VII.

|      |    |      |    |                     |                           |                |              |
|------|----|------|----|---------------------|---------------------------|----------------|--------------|
| Page | 54 | line | 39 | <i>read</i>         | "Scinde"                  | <i>for</i>     | "Loodianah." |
| "    | 55 | "    | 13 | "                   | "lined, on one side"      | "              | "lined."     |
| "    | 56 | "    | 21 | "                   | "hares"                   | "              | "bears."     |
| "    | 57 | "    | 7  | "                   | "Scinde"                  | "              | "Segude."    |
| "    | —  | "    | 40 | <i>insert after</i> | "corps, stationed there," | "i.e. the 31st | Foot."       |

## No. IX.

In the Prospectus of the Mozufferpore Race—First Day,\* Second Race, *after*  
 "Entrance 10 G. M.," insert "H. F."

THE

# INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

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MARCH, 1847.

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## JHEEL GUNNERY IN THE RAINS.

OF the numerous varieties of the duck tribe, that abound on all the churs and jheels of this district during the cold season; three only appear to continue with us throughout the year. The others, which usually arrive about the end of October or beginning of November to fatten upon the ripened rice, take their departure late in February or early in March; the first north-wester giving the hint to the tardy ones that it is time to change their quarters for lands more congenial to their habits. The Grey or Spotted-bill Duck, the Common or Whistling Teal, and the Girrah Teal are the constant residents, who are content to remain and increase their kind during the rains. Their portraiture is attempted in the accompanying, Plate I.\* They afford good sport to the gunner who may be desirous of keeping hand and eye in practice, and his piece in shooting trim, while other quarry is out of the question. They will be found in pairs or very small flocks in and

\* I beg to remark—after the manner of the amiable limner who was wont to annotate his productions with “this is a cow,” &c., that the whistling teal on the wing, are *intended* to be at some distance from the fore ground: this fact lost sight of, or swamped by native painting, their size will be out of all keeping with the ducks and other teal.

about the inundated *amun dhan* fields : consequently a compact chuppah'd ding,hy and a couple of stout fellows furnished with strong bamboo luggies are the means and appliances required. If two or more accompany, a ding,hy,\* &c. for each should be provided; as most conducive to comfort and a good bag. The birds are at this, the season of reproduction, in prime condition : and however it may seem on the first glance unsportsman-like to slaughter them at such a time—as it really is with respect to most other game, furred or feathered—the usual stringent objections do not stand good in the present case. First; on the score of diminishing the breed :—I do not suppose that any conceivable extent of fair killing could make the least perceptible diminution in the flocks that congregate in the dry weather. Next; as to the graver charge, cruelty to the deserted offspring :—none of the young *Palmipedæ*, nor indeed any aquatic birds are fed by the parents, of whom they are perfectly independent directly they quit the shell, seeking and finding food for themselves. The utmost then that need oppress the susceptible sportsman's conscience or interrupt his digestion after bringing down and partaking of his wild-duck at pairing time, are possibly a few addled eggs—may they lie lightly !

Several birds of the *Gallinule* species, whose habitat is also in the green and growing paddy, will occasionally be flushed, and are well worthy powder and shot. The blue hen, *Kayeem* ; the Crested Water Crane, *Khorah*, (Plate II.) The common Water Crane, *Dolpeepée* ; and the Water Pheasant, *Meedwah*, (Plate III.) are of the number. The last in particular proves highly eligible fare ; and may, as a table luxury, be considered the *snipe* of the rains, to which bird it closely assimilates in taste and flavour.

Before proceeding to describe some of the above, it may be as well to add that a rifle and a bag of balls adapted to the calibre of the fowling-piece will not be out of place in each ding,hy. I have more than once known a ducking party appealed to by the native villagers to finally circumvent the depredations of a stray wild buffalo, amusing and regaling himself among their crops : when as a matter of course the web-footed were immediately deserted for the split-hoofed ; if the heavy lead was at hand.

*Grey Duck, Spotted-bill Duck* (*Anas Pœcilohyncha*. *Diguree*, Hanse—Na.)

*Drake*.—Length twenty-eight inches ; breadth thirty-four inches ; irides deep scarlet ; lids yellow ; bill glossy black and bright orange ; the former colour occupying a considerable central portion and the nail of the upper mandible, and all but the tip of the under. The chin, cheeks, higher neck and superciliary stripes are dull white tinged with light brown ; the three last





Female

Male

Female

Male

GIRRAH — TEAL

Males

W. B. DAVIS

Male WHISTLING TEAL  
WILD-DUCK OF THE RAINS

minutely speckled with medium bistre; while the lower neck, breast and belly upon a similar ground are mottled with the like dark tint; the feathers of these parts having, near their extremities, heart-shaped marks thereof, gradually increasing in size towards the vent. The same bistre-brown obtains on the crown and the forehead, where it is mottled with a deeper shade;—on the mantle, back and scapulars, where each feather is fringed with ashy;—and on the wing coverts, spurious wing, primaries and inner webs of secondaries and tertiaries. The last row of secondary coverts are tipped with velvety black upon a narrow white band; the outer webs of secondaries brilliantly tinted of a metallic emerald green, with bright purple reflection, ending in black velvety bands with white tips. The outer webs of the two first tertiaries, the under wing coverts and axillary feathers are snow-white; the under surface of quill-feathers glossy light bistre, deepening towards the ends. The tail is wedge-shaped, containing eighteen dark brown feathers, nearly black above; the four centre ones much pointed, the others less so and fringed with ashy. Upper tail coverts, greenish black; under ones, dark brown with a green tinge;—legs and feet orange; nails black.

The Duck is somewhat smaller: the same brown colouring prevails over her plumage, but of a duller and greyish cast; while the handsome markings on the wings are entirely wanting, being supplanted by the plain bistre-brown of the primaries. The pairs nidificate *always* on the ground on like spots to those the whistling Teal (vide *infra*) *generally* select: eight or ten eggs are the number laid, nearly of the size and exactly of the colour and form of the domestic ducks. The voice too closely resembles the homely “quack” of the latter (not however reiterated, but only heard at intervals) and the similitude continues in slowness of flight, bulkiness of body and general appearance. All of which may give our subject some claim to be considered the origin of our farm-yard breed; at least equal to those of the stock-dove and Shepherd’s dog to being the sources whence sprung the numerous varieties going under their respective generic names. The grey ducks flock, in the cold weather; appearing more partial to moist hollows in the centres of large churs, lakes, and jheels which never become entirely dry than to the river banks, the favourite habitat of migratory Anatidæ. Their flesh is first-rate provend.

*Girrah Teal*, (Anas Girra. Balliah Hanse—Na.)

Male.—Length, eleven and a half inches; breadth, twenty-one inches; irides, scarlet; lids and bill, jet black. The upper mandible is considerably elevated at its base, leaving a very narrow forehead, which, with the crown and a slender band encircling the

bottom of the neck; broadest behind, reducing gradually to a mere line on the breast, are glossy bistre. The remainder of the head, the neck, breast, and under surface, pure white. The back, mantle, scapulars, and upper surface of wings are deep metallic green with purplish reflections, the quill feathers of the last traversed by white bands, commencing an inch from their points on the first primaries and about two inches in width, reducing body-ward, tipping the secondaries and disappearing entirely among the tertials. The under surface of the wings—excepting white bands corresponding with those on the upper—is medium bistre-brown, with which the under tail coverts are mottled and the upper, as also the body feathers under the wings, and those nearest the dark dorsal tinting are speckled minutely. The tail two and a half inches in length and wedge-shaped, consists of twelve lanceolate feathers of deep sepia. Legs and feet, dark brown with ferruginous markings on the webs skirting the toes and down the sides of the legs; nails, black.

The female is a little less than the male, from which she differs greatly in appearance; her prevailing colour, different shades of brown: very light bistre on the head, neck, breast, and under surface, speckled with a darker shade. The upper surface and tail are medium sepia; the crown, and bands from the centre of the upper mandible, traversing the eyes, to the occiput being of the same. The bill, dark flesh colour; deepening into brownish along the ridge and at the tip. Legs and feet, dull olive; under wing, light bistre.

These diminutive specimens of the genus choose very unusual spots for building in and hatching their tiny eggs. Holes in deserted buildings, hollow trees, and even chimney-tops being selected for the purpose; but always in the vicinity of a neglected and over-grown tank or jheel, rife with the *dhan* crop. Old Mhuts afford them excellent accomodation during breeding time; wherein several pairs will often take up their quarters occupying the many holes and crannies that abound in the spires: thus forming small communities at a time when other flocking birds generally separate into solitary couples. It would appear that the ducks attend solely to the duties of incubation; as six or seven drakes will frequently be seen flying about the neighbourhood or feeding together, with very rarely, though sometimes, one female of the party. They lay as many as fifteen eggs, rather less than the pigeon's, of faintly bluish white. As soon as hatched the young are literally *turned out* by the parent; their copious black woolly covering preventing injury in the fall, which generally occurs also in long grass or reeds; hence they are carefully led to the nearest water, amongst the skirting herbage of which they lie hid and find nourishment till fully fledged

and able to try their first pinions. These birds are noisy on the wing and rapid in flight; skimming along a foot or two above the water or rice-blades, but soaring for the nonce, when a clump of trees, house or other impediment interferes with their onward course; keeping up the while an incessant cackling, not unlike some sorts of laughter. The flesh is delicious fare.

*Whistling Teal.* Surrul—Na.

Length, twenty-two inches; breadth twenty-seven inches; irides, deep hazel; lids, yellow; bill, legs, and feet, lead colour. The head, neck and higher breast are light bistre; the lower portion of the latter and belly, ferruginous; forehead, crown, and a narrow line descending the back-neck to the mantle, medium sepia. The back and scapulars are dark greyish brown, each feather margined with ashy. The quill feathers and tail, which is only an inch and a half in length and contains sixteen lanceolate feathers, are dull black; the upper tail and wing coverts, deep chesnut; the under wing glossy deep brown. The duck and drake similar in plumage.

These birds usually make their nest in the large jheels on comparatively dry spots afforded by the raised earthen partitions that divide the different fields of rice or amongst the *hooglah* on high churs. As an exception to this rule they have been known to build on trees, an instance of which fell under my own notice; but I believe such preference is rare. Twelve to fifteen eggs are laid and the young find plentiful feeding and soon gain their complete feathering in the neighbourhood of the nest: while covered with only down and the quill feathers yet in embryo, they are safe so long as they keep to the still waters and the shelter of the paddy or *hooglah*: but when, as is often the case, they venture into a current, while lacking strength to stem it, they are carried out into the open streams and there fall a prey to ravenous fish or rapacious birds, or are captured by the hands of native boatmen. I have frequently had young broods in this condition brought to me, but never succeeded in domesticating any; they having all died in rearing or decamped as soon as they had the ability. A gentleman however assured me some years ago, that while in the Kishnaghur district, he had a number of whistling teal so procured, which took flight every morning on the poultry-yard being thrown open, were absent all day, but returned regularly at nightfall for an evening meal and shelter till daylight. The flight is slow, the wings much rounded while in action, the note a sharp whistle, not often repeated but invariably on settling or being disturbed. The flesh is less esteemed than that of other wild-duck, but I think with little reason.



*Crested Water Crake*, (*Gallinula Chloropus*.) La. (?)—  
Khorah—Na.

**Male.**—The entire length is seventeen inches ; from insertion of the tibia to nail of centre toe (which is longer than the tarsus, being nearly four inches), one foot. Breadth, twenty-two inches ; irides, reddish brown ; bill, bright gamboge yellow ; the upper mandible blood-red at the base, whence a frontal plate of the same colour ascends, reducing to a point above the crown, where it becomes erect, conical, and lightens into flesh colour at the summit : the sides of the wide portion on the forehead, more elevated than the centre, which is of a deeper hue and in some specimens tinged with black ; there is also a red spot, on either side of the inferior mandible near its junction with the chin feathers. The head, neck, breast, and whole under surface are black ; the feathers rounded, minutely tipped with white and the webs separate, which gives a greyish tint. The crown and auricles have a brownish tinge, while the back-neck, from the small feathers there being numerous and more widely tipped, assumes a light grey appearance. The back, tail, wing coverts and tertials are rich vandyke brown, each feather deepening inwardly into nearly black, the colour of the quills, copiously margined and tipped with fawn, with which the outer webs of the secondary coverts are partially mottled. The spurious wing, primaries, secondaries and primary coverts are sepia brown ; the quills above, for two-thirds of their length from the tips upwards are glossy brown, the remainder and underneath, white. The ridge of the wing, with the narrow outer webs of the first feather of the spurious wing and first primary are pure white ; thus giving a peculiar margin to the whole wing in striking contrast with its general colouring and the dark hue of the body. The under surface of wing is light grey, except at the white ridge, the under coverts and axillaries mottled grey and white. The thighs, thigh coverts and under tail coverts are medium brownish grey tipped with fawn. The tail, brief and wedge-shaped, contains twelve lanceolate feathers in pairs of unequal lengths. The legs and feet, olive ; nails, light blue colour, semitransparent and but little curved.

The dimensions of the female nearly correspond with those of the male, but their plumage differs considerably. In the former the bill is olive, the base and ridge of upper mandible, and frontal skin which extends only a short way up the forehead are brownish black ; a spot of dull-red appearing on either side of the lower mandible. The crown, cheeks and back-neck are deep brown ; lines of light brown commencing near the gape, traverse the superciliary ridges and increasing backwards and

downwards cover the auricles. The chin and throat are snow-white ; foreneck and breast, light bistre-brown, the former a shade the darker, waved with narrow bands of sepia ;—the belly, vent and thighs are of still lighter brown, in some specimens, probably the young birds, of dingy white, similarly waved. The under tail coverts have alternate equal bands of black and fawn colour. The upper surface and wings are alike in both sexes ; the latter much rounded, the third and fourth quill feathers the longest ; the tertials nearly the same length as the primaries, which they overlap when the wing is closed. The habits of these birds are strictly aquatic ; running with agility on the leaves of the lotus and long intertwined stalks of the numerous plants which abound in the j,heels ; whose green and succulent shoots, the unripe paddy, and the insects that swarm in such situations afford their food. The flesh, feathering, and courage of the K,horah are all *game* : the last quality being proven by the facts that the males are trained to the combat by the natives, a good fighting K,horah selling for a high price.

*Chinese Jacuna.* Water Pheasant, Com. (Parra Sinensis)—  
Meewah—Na.

Length, eighteen inches, of which the long tail feathers occupy seven and a half ;—breadth, twenty inches, from head of tibia to end of centre toe-nail, nine and a half inches. Irides, deep brown, scarcely discernable from the pupil ; bill, lead colour, brownish and horny along the ridge. The head and foreneck are pure white and the back-neck golden yellow : narrow black bands divide the two, joining above, a glossy triangular patch of the same covering the occiput, and beneath mingling with the coal-like hue that, commencing with the breast, spreads over the whole under surface tail and upper tail coverts ; a few feathers on the flanks only being tipped with white. The upper back, scapulars, and a few of the tertials are deep glossy puce ; the lesser coverts white tinged with cream colour except along the rim ; spurious wing and primary coverts, white tipped with brownish black. The two first primaries are entirely black ; a large portion of the inner web of the third, from its insertion downwards is white ; which appears more extensively, and on both webs of the fourth the tip and a narrow margin only retaining the dark colour, which gradually reduces on each succeeding feather and disappears entirely from the last secondaries and the tertials, leaving them perfect white ; as is also the under surface of the wings except at the tips where dull greyish black corresponds with the deep tinting above. The five first primaries are ensiform and their tips attenuated in a peculiar manner ; the quills agree with the colour of the webs,

being black or white accordingly. At the carpal joints short sharp spurs are attached to the skin only, not to the bone as in the spurwinged plovers. The tibiæ are feathered for half their length; the remainder of the legs and feet, leaden grey tinged with light olive: the toes are of unusual length; that of the centre one, without the nail, exceeding the tarsus which is a little thicker than the tibia: the nails too are very long, the hind one much the longest, slightly recurved and flexible laterally. The tail feathers are ten, in pairs of irregular length, the centre one reaching considerably beyond the others.

The female differs externally from the male only in having her plumage, particularly the golden back-neck of inferior brilliancy. These birds procreate during the rains, in flooded spots where the lotus is plentiful: the pair forming a rude flat nest of grass and weeds interwoven beneath with the long shoots of some growing aquatic plant, which retain it buoyant on the surface; herein are laid six or seven olive-brown pear-shaped eggs of an inch and a quarter in length. Their slender bodies and widely extending toes enable the Jacunas to run with facility, apparently on the water, but in reality wherever any floating leaves or green herbage meets their light tread. The food consists of the green tender paddy or other vegetable growth, dependant on inundation for its production, and the numerous varieties of the insect world, that abound in such spots. The cry is like that of a kitten in distress, whence the native name: in flight the legs are trailed behind like those of the herons. The flesh is excellent. It is remarkable with respect to these birds that a winged or only wounded one is never brought to bag: though not webfooted they dive instantly on the attempt to capture them, and—you see them no more. Now whether they have the power of remaining an extravagant time submerged, or can proceed to a distance and at a rate not even attainable by the *Palmipedæ*; or whether, unable to rise again after the impetus with which they go under water, they get entangled in weeds and die there, are questions for solution.

J. G. F.

Dacca, Nov. 1846.

## THE COUNTRY BETWEEN AGRA AND PHILOOR.

As the line of road, between Agra and Philoor has never been described (that I am aware of), I take the opportunity of sending you for publication, the most likely spots that have come under my observation for game; the sportsman however must be guided by his own experience, according to the season of the year. The present trip was undertaken in the middle of October, when cultivation was heavy, consequently the game was much scattered; I had however no reason to complain, as by avoiding cultivation apart from water, I was seldom disappointed.

Jheels were numerous along the road, caused by the periodical rains, but with the exception of those described, none were favourable for wild fowl. Quail were very plentiful, a few brace of blacks might be daily picked up to Sirhind; antelope, with the large sand grouse, invariably seen of a morning after quitting Kurnaul.

Between Agra and Muttra will be found in a former number of the Review.

JEYT.—Nothing but quail with a few hares—of the former I had some good shooting: by the village were two jheels, where I picked up a few couple of snipe; was informed of some heavy jungle towards the Jumna, containing partridges and hares.

CHATTI.—North of the village about 3 miles, I had some pretty black, and quail shooting; the cultivation is intersected with babool trees.

HORUL.—Previous to entering the town was a tract of jungle, and after passing through was another tract, about a mile north, originally a preserve; both tracts containing blacks, quail, hares, pea fowl, and deer.

BAMINE-KARA.—In a slip of jungle north east, a few blacks might be picked up—pea fowl were very plentiful, and west of the village about 3 miles was a very fine jheel for wild fowl, but dreadfully poached over by the native shikarees.

PEERTULLA.—Nothing of any note beyond quail shooting, that I could discover.

FURREDABAD.—Peafowl very plentiful in the different topes along the road; good quail shooting with a few blacks along a nullah, running towards the hills—but the principal shooting is on the banks of the Jumna, distant 6 miles, in a preserve belonging to the Bullunghur Rajah, where formerly hogs, blacks, and deer were to be found, but the former are now I believe very scarce.

**KISSORE DOSS-TULLOW.**—After crossing a low range of hills, you enter a beautiful valley, extending towards the Jumna, containing deer, quail, and coolens as you approach the river; on the range are found hares, the small painted grouse, and at times the ravine deer; you may also expect to fall in with leopards, having shot them about the ruins of Dowlatabad.

**DELHI.**—Described in the *Sporting Magazine* with the adjacent country, so the following remarks up to Kurnaul, are in continuation of those already offered.

**ALLEEPOOR.**—At the sixth mile there is good snipe shooting, in rice fields; south about 4 miles across the canal, by the village of Choota Kairâ, was a fine jheel for wild fowl—and west, close under the canal, were rice fields, alike favourable for snipe and quail. Between Alleepore and the canal are herds of antelope.

**BAROTAH.**—South of the village about 3 miles, in a slip of jungle bordering cultivation, I had very decent black, with capital quail shooting; however, if you have time, take the canal, distant 6 miles, where there is good black shooting.

**BIHURKEE CHOOKEE.**—I could discover nothing but a slip of dark jungle east, in which a few pea fowl, hares, and grey partridge, may be picked up.

**TAMALKA.**—After passing the village of Gunnoor, antelope are very plentiful on the western side; north west about 2 miles in a slip of jungle, a few blacks and hares may be picked up—quail were very scarce at these two last places.

**PANEEPUT.**—Due west I was informed of some good cover for blacks, but did not try it.

**GOORUNDA.**—A country every way favourable for game: fine cover with moist bottom, just under the canal, in cultivation, would be good black shooting; then along a branch of the canal, with dak jungle, and lastly, along a nullah with cultivation and grass on both sides—there is similar ground on the eastern side, but I always found the canal side the best.

**KURNAUL.**—By the bridge (over the canal) on the western side, was beautiful cover for blacks, but too high to be beaten on foot; a mile from the bridge was a fine jheel for wild fowl—also along the canal up to the town, a few wild fowl may be picked up, with beautiful ground for snipe: six miles east from Kurnaul, (crossing the canal) by the village of Majara, and Koory Poora, are splendid jheels for wild fowl and snipe.

**LALÉE KHAREE.**—Some good jheel for wild fowl by the village of Turrowlee, (which you must pass through); from thence to Lalée Kharee is an extensive grass plain, studded with dak jungle, with water-courses, the whole alike favourable for antelope, blacks, and quail—north east towards a watch

tower, is a heavy dak jungle, containing deer, blacks and hares.

**THANNASIR.**—A fine jheel, full of wild fowl by the religious place of Khalu Chuttru, but in order to avoid the Brahmins who are very clamorous about your shooting at the bathing ghauts, stand on the southern part of the bridge, which crosses the jheel; here you are screened from them, and may commit as much murder as you can. Beyond this jheel is another, about a mile, under a hill: across the Soustee nullah about 2 miles from the village, is a jungle, with a large jheel in the centre, (drying up fast) with cultivation, in which are blacks, quail, and hares—hogs and deer are occasionally seen in this jungle.

**SHAHABAD.**—Beyond a jheel, west about a mile, by a cluster of trees—could discover nothing.

**UMBALLA.**—It is to be hoped that some of the sportsmen stationed here, will come forward with information regarding the shooting places, as from its situation, close to the hills, there can be no lack of game.

**RIGHT BANK OF THE GUGGA RIVER.**—After crossing the river you get capital quail shooting, and in a jungle west, a few partridges and hares will be found.

**RAJPOOREE.**—East of the village, early in the season, there should be good snipe shooting in the rice fields; north about a mile, is a nullah, with grass and cultivation alternately on either side; along this, I had very good black, quail and hare shooting down to some dak jungle east.

**PATTESEE.**—About the village of Brinjarâ, is some very heavy dak jungle, which I should say would require elephants to be beaten properly—however it contains deer and nyghaw, with blacks: by the village is also some heavy jungle, with a nullah running to the centre, here also elephants would be useful; but wherever I found cultivation bordering the jungle, it invariably contained blacks, quail, and occasionally a deer.

**SIRHIND.**—Beyond some good quail shooting, in cultivation, under the bund of a large jheel (dried up) I saw nothing.

**RUNNAI-KE-SERAI.**—There is a heavy jungle south, containing blacks, quail, hares, and antelope, with a large jheel in the middle of it for wild fowl.

**DOURAKA-KE-SERAI.**—Antelope with the large sand grouse will be seen on either side of the road, on the sandy hillocks; a few blacks, with quail will be picked up, in some slight jungle north east bordering sugar kuits.

**LOODIANAH.**—Described in the *Sporting Magazine*, but fresh information required.

**PHILLOOR.**—On the right bank of the Sutledge—to form a separate article.

PURDY.

## A BRUSH WITH A TIGRESS.

It was on a soft still evening in the autumn of 1844, that I found myself sailing with a gentle breeze over a lake-like expanse of water which for many miles, and to a great depth, had inundated the country about Sylhet; and to such an extent had the rain fallen and mountain streams swollen, that where the land should have been covered with luxuriant rice crops and the graceful sugar cane, nothing but water was to be seen; whole villages were submerged, and many a time I found myself sailing up the main street of a Bengallee hamlet, with but the tops of the house-roofs visible. In consequence of this, all the inhabitants of the lower parts were obliged to fly with their cattle to those villages which had fortunately been built on the summit of rising ground or hills, and it was one of these villages I was nearing.

I was amusing myself by looking at my favorite companion and friend, an ounce gauge rifle that had stood my firm ally through many a jungle encounter with the striped tiger and spotted leopard, when my bearer announced that a small boat had just arrived from the village, and its dingy pilot wished to speak to me on serious matters, connected with the visits of a tiger to their village: this was quite sufficient for me, and my visitor was admitted. He reported a series of disasters: night after night, was their peaceful hamlet disturbed by a ruthless tigress which seldom failed in carrying off a cow, with which she swam to an island about a quarter of a mile off, and many a narrow escape had the natives encountered when venturing from their huts after night-fall; in fact she was the terror of the neighbourhood, and by their accounts the Dragon of Wantley, so famed in English ancient history, was a mere lamb to her, and I was proud in the idea that I might be the Saint George the second, to rid the place of such a nuisance. I immediately jumped into my boat, rowed to the village, saw the principal man there, who promised me every assistance for the following morning in the way of boats, &c., and then I went to reconnoitre the tigress' lair. *En route* I saw a young buffalo which had been nearly carried off that morning, and was only saved by the herd of buffaloes uniting and driving the unwelcome intruder away, (a thing frequently done by those courageous brutes in the wilder districts of India), and this made me certain that I had not been imposed upon, and that there was some work before me. I found the dreaded spot to be the summit of a hill, about one hundred and fifty yards in length and fifty in breadth, covered with jungle so thickly, that the underwood grew partly in the water which surrounded it,

forming a regular island. After rowing round the place, I soon regretted that I had not thought of *Eau de Cologne*, for it was evident the carcasses of the slaughtered bullocks were there, and shortly afterwards I was saluted with a very suspicious growl, which was all I wanted, and wishing her striped majesty good night, I departed, the head man of the village promising to have my escort of boats ready early the next morning.

How anxiously I looked for that morning: although wasted by fever, and subdued as I thought in spirit, the idea of meeting with one of my old friends so unexpectedly, was too much for me, and I hardly slept a wink. At length the welcome morning dawned, and away I went with my trusty bearer carrying my extra guns, and I, armed as usual with my favorite rifle, a brace of Mortimer's pistols, and a hunting knife of formidable dimensions. My train consisted of about fifty boats crammed with niggers, which formed a sort of procession until we reached the scene of action, "drums beating" but no colors flying! I placed them round the island to give me early notice if the tigress broke cover, in order to gain another of her haunts on an island about three hundred yards off; and then came the point, how she was to be turned out. The jungle was too thick for me to venture in, and no fire-works were obtainable for love or money: being at my wits' ends, I thought of a herd of tame buffaloes, which were grazing hard by; these were soon sent for and turned in, presenting a firm phalanx to the foe. We heard them advance, when all of a sudden there was a sudden halt, a confused noise, and with an angry snarl the tigress tried to take to the water. As the song says:—

"I saw her but a moment," and methinks I see her now,

"Her tail with anger lashing, just as she'd seize a cow."

She was too quick for me, and as I did not wish to throw a chance away, I did not give her a moment of my presence. She then returned to her old position, about fifteen feet from the water's edge, and as the buffaloes would advance no further, I was obliged to try another plan. There was a large boat in my train manned by about fifty men, used for fishing, with a very high prow and stern; into this I got, having my small fast pulling boat close by. Having given my orders, we gave three cheers, and the men with their long bamboos, pushed the stem of the boat, high and dry into the jungle, just where the tigress was lying, indulging in an occasional snarl. This was too much even for a saint, much less for a savage, for she came at us with a tremendous roar, springing at least fourteen feet in height with her fore paws on the gunwale of the boat, and making every effort to get a lodgment for her hind legs, which would have given us the plea-



sure of her nearer society : as it was, she held on with her teeth and nails for about five minutes, the boat oscillating to and fro, so much that I could not take an aim, more especially as the boatmen were continually rushing forward, and striking the beast on the head with their bamboos : at length she dropped from her perch with an angry growl, and a general shout from all the boats announced that she had taken to the water, then came "the tug of war." She was making vigorous play towards another island, with nothing but her neck and head above water, and when I had advanced to about fifty yards from her, she turned grinning and snarling towards me, as if she was determined to show fight. It was a critical moment. I raised my rifle, and just covered her when she turned from me again. "The *tigress* that deliberates is lost," for at that moment my ball crashed between her ears ; she gave one tremendous roar, raised her body at least four feet perpendicularly out of the water, and sunk ten feet under the surface. I was soon on the spot, and offering a reward to any divers who might venture down after her, I shortly had the satisfaction of seeing the tip of her tail appear, and she was soon safely lodged in my boat. I repaired to the village, and at least five hundred people came to see the monster : she measured ten feet from snout to tail, and appeared to be about two years old. I regretted much I did not search the Island, as from appearances I afterwards discovered, there must have been some cubs under her maternal care. There is a satisfaction, however, in having left some of the breed for a future Sylhet shikarrie, and if he enjoys his morning's brush as much as I did, I shall not regret having spared the butchas, and I only hope that they have fallen ere this to some good sportsman's

RIFLE.

LUCKNOW, Dec. 1846.

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## A FIFTEEN DAYS' DIARY OF OUBARAH SHOOTING IN LOWER SCINDE, TO THE EASTWARD OF HY- DRABAD.

NOVEMBER 5th, 1846.—Proceeded to Atnahkee Gote, found the birds scarce and wild ; only brought to bag four ; all long shots.

6th.—In the same neighbourhood, the same result as yesterday, birds few and wild ; bagged only three.

7th.—At Khykeec Gote found a good sprinkling of birds, and not so wild as yesterday or the day before ; bagged six.

9th.—In the same neighbourhood shot six. The ground consisting of sand hillocks and decayed bushes, both here and at Atnahkee Gote.

10th.—At Jarkareekee Gote, found the birds not at all wild ; bagged five ; the same description of ground.

11th.—At Awkee Gote, birds plentiful ; bagged seven. The ground about here is very good, consisting of sand hillocks covered with bushes and acres of high grass.

14th.—At Summarahkee Gote, I here found that Goolam Mohamed, Suguree, a Jageedar, had taken this direction, accompanied by eight attendants, all carrying matchlocks, shikarrees and a long line of beaters and camels : these gentlemen had come out for a week's shooting, bless them, and had smouched and pouched, they said, twenty-five to thirty birds daily : there was no great wonder in this, for not contented with shooting them on the ground, they carried a good many with trained hawks ; so if they missed the birds in their sitting posture, away went a hawk at them on the wing. So, by these means not one oubarah could escape, and they thus cleared the country throughout their beat. Of course there was small chance of my getting a shot ; however, I saw one bird which rose just within range of my single Joe, and managed to bag him.

18th.—Arrived at Arkerekee Gote, and shot to the northward, having changed my direction out of the way of these sporting gentry. The country about here is really beautiful for oubarah, consisting of stunted bushes and high grass : here I found the birds very plentiful rising in all directions, and had, as must be expected under these circumstances, capital sport : contents of bag this day, eleven.

19th.—In the same neighbourhood, birds as yesterday very plentiful ; bagged nine.

21st.—At Goooroorkee Gote, ground beautiful, being as at the former place grass jungle : birds very plentiful ; bagged eight.

23d.—In the same neighbourhood, saw as usual a good many birds, but owing to a cold north wind having sprung up, they had become very wild: only brought to bag three.

24th.—To-day at Chayleekee Gote, but with very little success, owing still to the cold wind: the birds as wild as hawks; only killed two.

25th.—To-day at Sorrelkee Gote. A warm day, consequently the birds not wild; the ground here, as at the former places, consisting of high grass sand hillocks, covered with stunted bushes: saw a good many birds and brought to bag seven. I knocked down three more, but before I could bag them they were pounced upon by hawks: these poachers followed me throughout the day; however I revenged myself by killing two of them.

26th.—In the same neighbourhood. Not so warm to-day as yesterday: birds wild: though I saw a good number, only managed to knock down and bag four.

28th.—To-day at Mectahkee Dheer. The cold wind had again set in, birds very wild but managed at long ~~distance~~ to kill and bag two. The ground all about here beautiful for oubarah, being high grass, stunted decayed bushes and sand hillocks covered with bushes.

I now wind up this diary: the total number of oubarah killed by me during these fifteen days being seventy-eight, which was accomplished on foot, one attendant, and one gun, a single barrel, the time I was out daily, was from 12 A. M. to 4 P. M. In giving the above account, I do so merely with the object of showing what oubarah shooting there has been this season in Lower Scinde, in these parts, and which from the nature of the ground, has always been a favorite resort of these birds: all round Omerkote they were plentiful. I did not shoot there, but I believe the officer commanding the detachment stationed there had capital sport amongst them. This year they have been abundant about Hyderabad.

SPORTSMAN.

### ANTELOPES' HORNS.

SHOULD you find the enclosed worthy of your notice, perhaps you will be able to insert it in one of your numbers. It is a rough sketch of two pairs of Antelopes' horns of uncommon length. One pair on the animal's head (preserved) the other on only part of the skull. The former measure twenty-five and a half inches, and weigh 1lb. 4oz. and belonged to a black buck, which I killed at Hyderabad (Deccan) in 1846. \* The latter are twenty-four and a half inches long and weigh 1lb. 11oz. and belonged to a dark brown buck, which I killed at Daolee or Deroly, about 60 miles S. W. of this place. Perhaps you will kindly let me know if ever any longer have been seen or heard of by you or any of your friends. I ask the question as I have never ~~seen~~ <sup>been</sup> able to meet with a "Shikardost," who has had or known anything like them. I have seen some thousands myself on our side of India (Madras), and these are certainly the only two pairs which I have met with that come near to them in length. Twenty-two inches is considered a very fine pair, and twenty-three uncommonly long.

H. B. R.

KAMPTEE, *January 1, 1847.*

## THE BARODA MEETING.—DECEMBER 1846.

RACING, in common with other pursuits of Sporting interest has of late years degenerated in Guzrat—once the well-known and much envied scene of many a gallant incident from encounters with the lordly lion down to the old gentlemanly occupation of quail shooting; and formerly swarming with lay-sounders of hog in the fragrant baubul thickets which fringe its river's banks, and in all the extensive tracks of grass land which diversify the "Garden of India."

Those whose active steeds had borne away the palm in the nerve and speed-trying exercises of the Chase, were naturally willing to test their relative qualities on the Turf—so that as late as 1838-39, the Race Courses of Ahmedabad, Rajcote, Baroda and even the isolated station of Deera,—exhibited long strings of well-trained horses, each with a goodly "staff" of confident backers.

During the years 1841 and '42, Ahmedabad showed tolerably well-contested meetings, and in January 1844, three or four stables appeared against the well-known trainer and owner of Schimel, but in vain endeavoured to cope with that first-rate horse, or with another equally successfully trained in the same stud—Cross, who, after, showing himself one of the best horses on the Bombay side, met with a severe accident while running for the Winner's Handicap in Feb. last, and has disappeared from public notice.

During the seasons of 1845 and '46, the Races afforded little interest, although during the last meeting each of the three stables bore away a due proportion of the public money; and from two of these stables were trained the horses about to contest the Baroda Purses for the present meeting.

The Quickwar and Gopal Rao Purses annually given by the potentates whose names they bear, were closed on 1st Nov., 1846, with four nominations from His Highness the Quickwar Sewajee Rao—one from Baroda, one from Broach, and two from different studs at Ahmedabad. Three of these stable had a horse for the smaller stakes and the races promised to be closely contested.

After 2d December, all the competitors had assembled at Baroda, but the appearance of the formidable stud from Ahmedabad, turned all interested views in one direction, few or any being willing to predict success to the evidently weaker parties.

Three Jockeys—two of whom had won several well-contested races and the third a very respectable performer in the

saddle—with six horses in admirable condition as to outward appearance constituted the large stable, which in a lottery previous to the first day's running—took the first place at considerable odds.

Two three year old colts of great figure and each nearly fifteen hands high, under engagements in Bombay, were in good hard condition, but evidently short of fast work. Yet with two entire months' residence in Bombay before the races, their appearance was as good as their owners could expect. Next stood a blood-looking grey horse, five years old, a long but low built figure with considerable racing points, a recent purchase and whose education had either been considerably neglected or prematurely forced, yet, he had the viry and rather lean proportions which characterize the Arab above all blood horses.

The most promising of the stud was a quiet-looking, good-tempered grey maiden horse rising five years old, at least fifteen hands one inch high, with considerable length of figure at all points—a light lean head, well set on, a rather arched but lengthy neck, with a low crest, and the finest sloping shoulders that ever gave grāce to the action of the race-horse. His hind-quarters less broad, and the gaskins and hocks not so low-set or so powerful as were requisite to complete the promise of strength and speed which his other proportions showed. Still he is a magnificent creature, and will probably notwithstanding all the “glorious uncertainties of the Turf,” the inevitable disadvantages which result from the absence of the master's eye and various other items to be calculated with an event as distant as the Bombay Derby, prove as formidable an opponent as The Monarch of last season.

There appeared a wish on the part of the owners to prevent this horse appearing at Baroda, and therefore he had not been brought as forward in his training as he might have been: there was no reason why he should have been, because Exciseman, in the same stable, had been in training for three years—had run in good time at Rajcote in 1844—had been unfortunate at Baroda in 1845—had only won one race in Bombay in Feb., 1846; but was still considered good enough to cope with all that might meet him at the Baroda Central Meeting, in Dec., 1846. One other horse in this stable has not been described; a grey maiden about 14-2 had been for several years in training, but had from various accidents until now never appeared in public: he had most powerful hind quarters, hocks low-set and very broad, hind legs much bent indicative of speed, rather straight shoulders, great breadth of chest, depth at girth and length of body, but the very worst fore legs that ever cantered over turf—in short, below the knees, two large round white-cotton-stocking-looking legs much scared with the iron threatened imminent danger to the

rider after every gallop with which he used occasionally to be indulged, and yet he could go and did eventually with success. There may be no art in training a sound horse but Malmsbury's performance was the triumph of stable management.

The other nomination from the city of the north, was a wild-looking evil-eyed monster, about 14-3 high, lanky, large and long-striding, with much of his robust proportions transferred from his carcass to a more than doubtful leg, apparently ossified, which after each gallop told any thing but a "flattering tale" to his owner, who, however unable to attend at Baroda and after witnessing the formidable training of the last named horses, had sent over this gallant cripple to make sport. The animal had run at Mhow during the past season, carrying a welter weight in 3-3 and was supposed good for 2-57 and 4-1, sufficient for any Mofussil course on this side.

Such were the Ahmedabad studs—one more would have been added, but with its absence comes the painful memory of one who will be long universally regretted by all who knew his frank and friendly bearing, by all who can appreciate the eager zest with which all pursuits were followed by him. Good in the saddle, good in the hall, good with the rifle, the spear and the fowling piece, ever the first to propose, and the last to abandon any plan for the amusement or the benefit of his Station, unfeignedly esteemed by all his acquaintances, not unknown in the local literature of this country, NEW FORRESTER's narratives were those of his own energetic nature, depicted with the vivacity which characterized the author. He has gone from among us; he is added to those on whom memory rests with those pleasing but painful recollections which yearly reduce the number of sporting men—for, though few or any will confess the influence, we do not care to partake with new and younger associates, those pursuits which painfully recall our early friends.

The Baroda horses were four from the stud of His Highness Sewajee Rao Quickwar—which had been trained in profound secrecy, and it is fair to conjecture on principles decidedly scientific for the practical results are yet undiscovered. "How now ye secret, black, and midnight hags, what is it ye do? a deed without a name." The paraphrase was justified by the event. Cruelly early in the morning, long before the drowsy camp had been startled by the morning gun, might these few ill-omened animals have been heard, pounding the Race Course at a cavalry gallop—so overloaded with clothes of sorts, that the most intelligent of Legs would have remained in blissful ignorance of their identity or performances.

Next may be described, Cadet, a maiden of last season, a very fast, compact, well-formed and blood-looking little grey,

who had shewn himself a very respectable up-country horse during the meeting at Ahmedabad, in January, 1846, but whom a rather irritable temper rendered it difficult to make the most of. He was at the time of writing these notes by far the best trained horse on the course, as much from his appearance as from the ease with which he successively cut down the horses opposed to him in his trials—to the manifest satisfaction of his youthful owners, who, if they did not command the first place in the opinion of the experienced, certainly took with them the best wishes of all parties for their success.

A chesnut horse, named Prophet, who had appeared on the Poonah course some years since, was in training by the same gentlemen, but his very eccentric action, more especially with his hind quarters, and the more than doubtful appearance of his fore, had long before the eventful 15th, classed him among the darkest of dark horses.

Last upon the list, and the last arrival on the field where he had alternately borne triumph and defeat during seven years, appeared the veteran Hoffman! Considerable mismanagement during the preceding season, a voyage to Bombay, when he was more fitted for the hospital than the Race Course, and the unavoidable neglect consequent upon the master's absence during three months in the Rains, together with the lack of all desirable adjuncts to successful training and which have by a singular series of mischance invariably attended Hoffman's career, had on this his last appearance at Baroda rendered his share in the great race to the last degree doubtful.

From the long continued heavy rains and for the contracted limits of the only practicable training ground in the neighbourhood of Broach, Hoffman had actually undergone daily exercise, only from the 5th Oct. Meagre from a chronic attack of liver-complaint, from which he had only recently recovered his most sanguine backers saw but the shadow of his former self. His step was still elastic, his eye and coat bright and blazing as on the day of his maiden race in December, 1839, but temporary good health and his known indomitable courage were but a feather in the scale against twelve years of age, inefficient training, and want of condition consequent thereon.

Cadet was before the race in the best condition, Excise-man's appearance not favorable, Hoffman's decidedly bad, and if The Great Western was entered it was thought he ought to win the Quickwar's Cup, in a canter, receiving as he would from the absence of light weight riders, 12lbs. or a stone from Cadet and 16lbs. from the veteran.

Bedlamite was withdrawn from the Great Race, and entered for the Drawing Room Stakes, and His Highness the Quick-



war had omitted to name a horse from the four subscriptions taken for his stable.

NATHANIEL WINKLE.

The report of the Races, with which our correspondent has favored us, will be found in the Racing Calendar.—A. E.

## A FEW WORDS ON SPORTING SUBJECTS.

THE first Meet of the Hounds belonging to the 5th Regiment Native Infantry having been fixed in "General Orders," for as soon after the arrival of that Corps at Dinapore as they were prepared to take the field, and as there appeared to be every chance of the Regiment being relieved about the middle of November—all parties, those going and those remaining behind—regarded each other with a truly chop-fallen expression of countenance that under less distressing circumstances would have been highly entertaining. "Such then," said the Huntsman to the writer of this, "is to be the end of all our trouble—not a single run—for we shall not be able to do anything this season (at any rate) where we are going to—Here's a go!"—To which I replied, "You may say that—It is "a go" for you, but "no go" for us"—and we stared at each other mutely, but earnestly, as two harmonious owls may be imagined to do at a very maudlin stage of the evening's recreations—Well

"Single misfortunes they say  
To Irishmen ne'er come alone,"

nor indeed do mishaps usually come singly to any class of the community, and so it proved in our case. The amateur performance—three tableaux from Venice Preserved and the petite comedy of Charles the Second were unavoidably postponed, and unluckily a combination of circumstances rendered the postponement *sine die*. The races also had to be postponed for a time, and when they did come off, ended with one day's racing, and such walks over as the remaining stable could accomplish, under the

rule that a horse shall only be allowed to walk over once. It is useless beating about the bush for causes when the result is so decided, and I am afraid the Dacca Turf has received a heavy blow and great discouragement, from which it may not rally for years to come. The race ball, a tolerably gay affair made some amends to disappointed subscribers, and that is all that need be said. Never scarcely—certainly not within the last seven years—do I remember to have seen Dacca so dull—so woe-begone—so spiritless—but hold hard! the latter expression don't apply, for in the meantime arrangements had been entered into and carried out successfully for purchasing the pack of Hounds before-mentioned, and amalgamating them with the "Station Pack," which consisting of only a few couple would not have been strong enough to have done much, if anything, by itself.

Having thus risen superior to circumstances which at one time threatened to prove what that great metropolitan philosopher Mr Swiveller termed "an unmitigated staggerer," it became advisable to see what else could be done to promote sport of other kinds, so the Cricket Club commenced play and various hog hunting and shooting parties were from time to time organised and came off—but those subjects may as well be treated under their respective heads, so to return to the Hounds. Two attempts at hunting packs in this district within the last twenty years having ended in complete failure—there were no want of prophets to foretel that they would never answer. First, there was no country to ride over; next the villages were too extensive and too near to each other; then the hounds would never face the rattan thorny jungle; and lastly, when once they got into the jungle, we were never to be able to get them out of it again. The Chinaman who consulted fate, scarcely elicited more interesting facts of futurity than did the circulation of the subscription list for the Dacca Hounds; but Experience, that great teacher, had tested and rated at their true value similar croaking as to the feasibility of hog hunting in this district, so we determined to try and then to judge for ourselves; for as Lady Dufferin says in her poem deprecatory alike of Seers, and see-ers into the womb of Time—

" Could we count ere the battle,  
 The dear lives it cost,—  
 Could we know, ere the struggle,  
 The good cause is lost,—  
 Who would strike the oppressor,  
 Enthroned in his might ?  
 What hand would be lifted  
 For Honor—or Right ?

In the thought of life's sadness,  
 No heart would have peace,—  
 In the sense of its vainness,  
*All action would cease,"—*

\*            \*            \*            \*  
 \*            \*                    \*

"Accurst be such knowledge !  
 Misled by its light,  
 Shall the hand lose its cunning ?  
 The heart lose its might" ?—

and the result of our experience in this instance proves, as she says, "the writing so blurred with errata," (as the list of meets and kills which I propose annexing will prove,) that we were more than justified in not paying any attention to what we were told, and in not taking for granted that the fault of previous failures lay exclusively in the country. I shall not enter into a detailed account of the different runs—the thing has been done quite often enough without my taking it in hand after the freshness has all worn off; nor can it be matter of very great interest to the readers of the Review, how Muggins got a header coming out of that bustee, or how that ubiquitous personage "Smith of our's" was up at the finish.

To quit individuals, however, and return to generalities. The field out usually ranged from six to ten, of whom the smaller number may be said to have been regular in their attendance. The season opened on the 5th December 1846 with a kill on the opposite side of the river (to the Station) which was naturally hailed as an omen of success *in futuro*. The Hounds subsequently threw off twice, and occasionally three times a week opposite, above, and below the Station (on the other side of the Boori Gunga) throughout December, January and February; the last two meets in the latter month were at the Muths—Sampore, where on the 27th we had one of the best runs of the season over uncommon good snipe ground interspersed with a strong sprinkling of nullahs and rivers; and several mishaps, such as being pounded in a nullah or enjoying a ten minutes swim in, a jheel took place—these occurrences were *mistified* if not entirely shrouded by a thick fog which rendered it impossible for any man to see twenty yards before his nose, and prevented the writer and another being with the Hounds at the finish, or indeed seeing any more of the field who were out (with one exception) till we met casually in the afternoon. The following paraphrase of a dialogue in a recent number of the *Sunday Times*, descrip-

tive of the circumstances under which the Newmarket Houghton Meeting came off last October, pretty correctly represents the thing as it was :—

- A. "Where's the Huntsman ?"  
 B. "Here"—  
 A. "Where ?"  
 B. "With the Hounds."  
 A. "But where are the Hounds ?"  
 B. "Along with me."  
 A. "Yes but where are you all ?"  
 B. "Why lost in the fog, we are."

It ended, however, in a kill which luckily was the only serious casualty that occurred.

I may as well annex here the promised list of meets and kills, and for which I am indebted to the kindness of our huntsman.

|            |      |          |        |                                                         |
|------------|------|----------|--------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| Friday,    | 5th  | December | 1846.— | First day with the hounds—1 kill.                       |
| Tuesday,   | 8th  | "        | "      | Killed two. The Hounds worked beautifully.              |
| Friday,    | 11th | "        | "      | One killed in the open, near Athee.                     |
| Tuesday,   | 15th | "        | "      | Two capital runs : no kill.                             |
| Saturday,  | 19th | "        | "      | Two capital runs : both killed—last killed in the open. |
| Friday,    | 25th | "        | "      | Two fine runs : one kill.                               |
| Monday,    | 28th | "        | "      | Two fine runs : two kills.                              |
| Saturday,  | 2d   | January  | 1847.— | Four runs : three killed in the open.                   |
| Tuesday,   | 5th  | "        | "      | Two runs : one kill in the open.                        |
| Saturday,  | 9th  | "        | "      | Two kills in the open.                                  |
| Wednesday, | 13th | "        | "      | Two kills : one of the runs first rate.                 |
| Saturday,  | 16th | "        | "      | Two kills : bad run.                                    |
| Monday,    | 18th | "        | "      | Five kills : one beautiful run.                         |
| Thursday,  | 21st | "        | "      | Three killed : one brilliant run.                       |
| Saturday,  | 23d  | "        | "      | One kill : bad sport.                                   |
| Tuesday,   | 26th | "        | "      | Two kills : one splendid run.                           |
| Thursday,  | 28th | "        | "      | Two kills.                                              |
| Saturday,  | 30th | "        | "      | Three killed.                                           |
| Tuesday,   | 2d   | February | "      | Three killed.                                           |
| Thursday,  | 4th  | "        | "      | Two kills : one noble run through five villages.        |
| Saturday,  | 6th  | "        | "      | Four kills : one fine run.                              |
| Tuesday,   | 9th  | "        | "      | Three kills : two good run.                             |

|                 |   |   |                                    |
|-----------------|---|---|------------------------------------|
| Wednesday, 17th | „ | „ | Blank as to kills :—one brisk run. |
| Friday, 19th    | „ | „ | Two killed.                        |
| Monday, 22d     | „ | „ | No kill : one capital run.         |
| Wednesday, 24th | „ | „ | One kill, two good runs.           |
| Saturday, 27th  | „ | „ | One kill after a very fine run.    |

making a grand total of fifty jackals in three months, killed too in a country which had been pronounced from experience impracticable for a pack of hounds ! All thanks and praise to our huntsman for so gratifying a result, as well as for his excellent management alike in the field and in the kennel. The great drawback to sport consisted in the extensiveness of the villages and their nearness to each other, and from their harbouring numberless wild cats, who were perpetually falling victims to misplaced confidence. The thorny rattan about those same villages was also a great nuisance.

Some men complained of the paucity of fences—*de gustibus*, &c. and besides that is an evil the ryutts will speedily remedy when they find the hunt meeting systematically. I cannot say that such deficiency in my case deteriorated from the sport, under existing circumstances. The pack itself consists of ten couple of hounds belonging lately to the 5th Regiment B. N. I., and purchased last year from the Calcutta Hunt; four and a half couple purchased by some gentlemen of the station from the Garden Reach Pack (one of the original five couple having died in pupping,) and one and a half couple since added to the pack from Calcutta. There are also a litter or two of puppies as yet unentered, so that with the addition of occasional drafts from Calcutta and Garden Reach, there need be no reasonable ground for fear as to not being able to keep up its numerical strength.

Since the foregoing was written, the hounds have thrown off once about two miles up the river on the opposite side, on the 1st of March. It was a fine, clear, scenting morning and three clipping runs with two kills ensued—a field of six out—the first run must have been about three miles, best pace across the open. Johnny having got a good start was not sighted till a nullah (full of water) which he did not think it prudent to cross in his then state and under existing circumstances, brought him up, and consequently he fell a victim to his dislike of the cold water cure. Immediately afterwards another was found on the other side of that nullah, who was run into and broken up after a burst of a mile and a half to three quarters, also in the open. This was scarcely over before a third was viewed away, and though dogs, horses and men were blown somewhat, he only succeeded in reaching a place of strength in the shape of a very

large village at the other side of the maidaun after a rattling run, beating the hounds by about fifty yards. As there were at least half a dozen jackalls on foot within as many minutes after we entered therein, our particular friend saved his doom for the nonce, and we wended our way homewards at about 8 A. M., perfectly satisfied with what was out-and-out the best morning of the season—"the very cream of the thing." Two or three of the old familiar faces unluckily were absent this morning, for it happened to be muster day, but other engagements rendered this fixture indispensable, and left us only one subject for regret; viz. that on such a morning circumstances should have occurred to occasion absentees who otherwise never missed a meet.

This I suppose, unless we are lucky enough to get the North Westers early, when we may hope for an occasional additional run, may be considered pretty nearly the end of the season, for it is becoming very warm at an early hour now and the scent very indifferent generally.

A TURFITE in No. 8 of The Review having done me the honor to mention my name in reference to the subject on which he was treating; viz. "On the extra weighting of Cape Horses," I may perhaps be allowed to offer a few remarks thereanent, especially as my views are pretty nearly identical with his. The only ground on which the supporters of Arab interest can claim to load extra weight on their opponents is the inferiority of their favorites—now this may, or may not be so; and it does not appear to me to be necessary to the broad *public interest* involved to prove or to disprove it. In most, if not all, parts of the world, where racing prevails to any extent, Turf men race with the very best description of horses procurable. Reversing this order of things, we are here in India gravely required to offer a premium, a bonus for that description which is by its own friends and admirers coolly declared to be the very worst. What is the undeniable consequence? While English imported horses are virtually excluded,\* and the value of colonial horses for the Turf materially deteriorated by the disadvantages under which they are graciously permitted to contend, the price of the Arab is kept up to a figure far above his value, whether with reference to other

- descriptions of horses, or the price at which *he* is landed from the Afab ship. Can there be any reasonable doubt that if the races were thrown open to competition on equal terms, the Arab would very shortly find his level and also his true value as a

\* Asmodeus will see how favourably they are let in by the Calcutta prospectus for 1847-48.—A. E.

turf horse, and as a natural consequence, his fair price for those capacities in which, in India, he has no equal—as a hunter or a pack horse—but how many men are there who can afford to go hog hunting on two thousand five hundred rupee horses, and what earthly sport is there in attempting to contest a spear upon a rip? I have said that referentially the Arab is kept up at a fictitious value, and as an instance, I will mention that Glengall, who, if not quite equal to Elepoo and Chusan when he ran in Calcutta, was certainly second to no other, and had no equal the ensuing year at Madras, was landed in Calcutta for a little under the sum of rupees one thousand by the gentleman who imported him, and I recollect hearing the owner of Sir Benjamin and Battledore say last year, that those horses had been for sale at Madras at a ridiculously low figure, though I do not recollect the exact sum at this moment.

On what public ground then, it may be asked, are the Arab dealers to enjoy what is a virtual monopoly of the sweets of the Indian Turf—(I am prepared for a shout at this juncture in which the word Selim will be awfully distinct, but he is the exception, and pray gentlemen what did he cost referentially to his Arab competitors?) at the expense of our fellow countrymen and our brother colonists? Is it that they give a plate or plates for horses purchased from themselves? Well, they may continue to do that if they are so disposed, “and no harm done,” as Pierre say; and for that matter if made worth their while why should not English, Cape or New South Wales dealers do as much? I offer no opinion as to what weights would bring the horses together on equal terms,\* and it may be that all parties would be better pleased and the end of sport more effectually served by dividing the Stakes into classes—English, Colonial, Arab. I do not desire to be supposed as advocating the cause of either individually, but as opposing the enjoyment of monopoly by one at the expense of the rest, and without adequate benefit to the public. The Racing Calendar accompanying this number of the REVIEW will give the time, weight and distance of the principal races run in Calcutta and elsewhere during the past season, and here is a time table of some of the principal races run in 1846 in England,

\* If an English horse be really good no weight will bring an Arab up to him; but looking to the expense and risk of importation, and the chances against an English horse being brought out in good figure, we think they may always be fairly admitted giving small weight to Races that close long before the Meeting.—A. E.

compiled from the *Sunday Times*' Sporting Supplement, 8th November 1846.

| Winner.            | Age. | Place.                       | Stake.                       | Weight  | Distance. | Time.   |
|--------------------|------|------------------------------|------------------------------|---------|-----------|---------|
|                    |      |                              |                              | st. lb. | m. f. yd. | m. sec. |
| Akbar.....         | 5    | Ascot.....                   | Ascot 1st class..            | 8 2     | 2 4 0     | 4 38    |
| Alarm.....         | 5    | Goodwood..                   | Orange Prize...              | 8 9     | 3 0 0     | 5 39    |
| Best Bower....     | 5    | Newmarket 1st<br>Oct.....    | Plate.....                   | 8 13    | 2 0 97    | 3 58    |
| Bravissimo..       | 3    | Ascot.....                   | Ascot Derby....              | 8 7     | 1 4 0     | 2 49    |
| Glentilt..         | 2    | Chester....                  | Sweepstakes....              | 8 5     | 0 6 0     | 1 27    |
| Grimston....       | 3    | Ascot.....                   | Queen's Vase..               | 7 3     | 2 0 0     | 3 47    |
| Grimston....       | 3    | Goodwood..                   | Cup.....                     | 7 4     | 2 6 0     | 5 35    |
| The Hero.....      | 3    | Doncaster..                  | Cup.....                     | 7 0     | 2 5 0     | 4 51    |
| Iago.....          | 3    | Ascot.....                   | Welcome.....                 | 8 7     | 1 4 0     | 2 43    |
| Iago.....          | 3    | Newmarket 1st<br>Oct.....    | Grand Duke Michael.....      | 8 7     | 1 2 24    | 1 16    |
| Inheritress..      | 6    | Wolverhampton.               | Wolverhampton.               | 8 5     | 2 5 20    | 4 45    |
| Jonathan Wild..    | 3    | Goodwood..                   | Goodwood.....                | 4 7     | 2 6 0     | 5 12    |
| Mendicant....      | 3    | Newmarket 1st<br>Spring..... | One Thousand<br>Guineas..... | 8 7     | 0 7 178   | 1 48    |
| Mendicant....      | 3    | Epsom.....                   | Oaks.....                    | 8 7     | 1 4 0     | 2 58    |
| Philip.....        | 6    | Ascot.....                   | Stand Plate....              | 9 0     | 1 4 0     | 2 41    |
| Planet.....        | 2    | Newmarket<br>Houghton....    | Glasgow.....                 | 8 7     | 0 6 0     | 1 16    |
| Phyrrhus the first | 3    | Epsom.....                   | Derby.....                   | 8 7     | 1 4 0     | 2 53    |
| Sir George....     | 3    | Sutton Park...               | Birmingham....               | 5 3     | 2 1 20    | 3 53    |
| Sir Tatton Sykes   | 3    | Newmarket 1st<br>Spring..... | Two Thousand<br>Guineas..... | 8 7     | 1 0 1     | 1 57    |
| Sir Tatton Sykes   | 3    | Doncaster ..                 | St. Leger.....               | 8 7     | 1 6 132   | 3 16    |
| Slayer's Daughter  | 3    | Manchester..                 | Cup.....                     | 5 0     | 2 0 168   | 3 47    |
| Traverser.....     | 3    | Doncaster....                | Scarborough...               | 8 7     | 1 0 0     | 1 45    |
| Van Tromp....      | 2    | Liverpool....                | Mersey.....                  | 8 7     | 0 4 120   | 0 55    |
| Weatherbit....     | 4    | Goodwood....                 | Three Hundred<br>Sovs.....   | 8 7     | 3 5 0     | 7 25    |
| Winesour.....      | 6    | Newcastle.....               | Cup.....                     | 9 3     | 2 0 0     | 3 52    |
| Wits-end.....      | 3    | Newmarket 2nd<br>Oct.....    | Cæsarowitch...               | 6 2     | 2 1 215   | 4 8     |
| Wolf Dog..         | 4    | Newmarket 1st<br>Spring..... | Plate.....                   | 7 8     | 4 1 138   | 8 38    |
| Wolf Dog..         | 4    | Warwick.....                 | Cup.....                     | 8 3     | 4 0 0     | 7 25    |
| Wolf Dog..         | 4    | Newmarket 1st<br>Oct.....    | Queen's Plate ..             | 10 7    | 3 4 187   | 7 25    |
| Yardley.....       | 6    | Newton.....                  | Borough Cup...               | 8 3     | 1 4 0     | 4 44    |

A TURFITE says "granted that we shall have no races unless the Arabs get the best of it." But why are we to take any thing of the sort for granted without a trial? Why assume that the supply of superior cattle for racing purposes from England, the Cape and New South Wales would not be fully equal to the demand? Looking at the foregoing table we may grant that it



is hopeless to bring the best Arabs together with such horses as *Wolf Dog*, *Alarm*, *The Hero*, *Iago*, *Sir Tatton Sykes*, &c., &c., at anything like legitimate racing weights, whatever allowance the Arabs might receive—but this is an argument for (as I before said) dividing the stakes into classes, if with Arabs, we must continue to race yet awhile, and not for loading weight on the backs of the superior breed till they are in effect excluded altogether. As to the relative powers of Cape and Arab horses; in the four Sweepstakes mentioned by A TURFITE the Cape horses, to use a legal phrase, never entered an appearance—but on the sixth day Calcutta Second Meeting 1846-47, for Baboo Radamadub Bonnerjee's purse the g. a. h. Elepoo, 8st. 4lbs., beat the ch. Cape h. Battledore, 8st. 7lbs., there being nothing for choice between the latter and the g. a. h. The Boy Jones, 8st. 2lbs., for third place, R. C. and a distance; and on the same day the h. a. h. Child of the Islands, 8st. 13lbs., won the free handicap Stakes, 1 mile; g. a. h. Elepoo, 8st. 4lbs., running second, and the ch. Cape h. Battledore, 8st. 7lbs., being fourth. The latter however got a bad start and "finished in not a whit worse place as regards the Child than when he started"—which, if it proves anything, shows that a first rate Arab can give to instead of receiving weight from, an acknowledged fast Cape horse for one mile, which mile was run in 1m. 57s.—The blk. ca. h. Voltaire, a winner to some extent at Sonepore, was beaten every race he started for in Calcutta.

The public must draw their inference from fact not from argument, but I have some confidence that the agitation of this question so ably commenced by A TURFITE, will ere long, tend to a new and more liberal era in the annals of the Indian Turf. That the adoption of the system now advocated would be beneficial to all classes of the community except the Arab dealers, does not, I think, (always under correction,) admit of a doubt.

At the commencement of this present hunting and shooting season, game of all sorts and descriptions was pronounced to be unusually scarce, indeed the results of several parties left us to conclude that we might spare ourselves the trouble of going out shooting. As time progressed, however, matters began to wear a more promising aspect. I was one of a party of four who stumbled accidentally on a fine tiger one afternoon within a few hundred yards of the Honorable Company's bullock sheds, but as we did not succeed in killing him, whereas he did succeed in making good his charge on to one of the howdah elephants, from the gудdee of which he took away a mouthful as a trophy, it may be assumed that we had not much to boast of in the encounter; but in fact it was *one* unsteady elephant and the rapidly darkening twilight shadows that robbed us of our prey when he

was literally in our grasp, and sent us home with tails looking downward but with ne'er a tale to tell. A leopard was roused in the same cover on the same afternoon, but in the search for nobler game we heeded him not, and he was subsequently killed by some native hunters with a poisoned arrow. Another tiger or leopard look up his quarters at the same time in the jungle between Phoenix Park and the Race Course, but two attempts at beating him up proved bootless. Buffaloes are becoming few and far between, they are likewise so wild as to render closing with them a matter of art. I got a cow with her calf at her heels out of a herd at Taltallee one afternoon and disposed of both, but the rest with the bull made good their road to the forest jungle, the latter wounded. Several brushes with solitary males at Meerzapore ended also in their escaping to the forest wounded and unwounded, but a few days ago, whilst at Bakhoorta with *OUTSIDER*, a deputation of villagers introduced to our notice a wild bull with a herd of tame cows, who had been doing so much mischief to their crops, and putting them into such imminent peril of their lives, that they besought us earnestly to kill him and relieve them from the nuisance. This we took upon us to do out of hand next morning, having by the first volley incapacitated him from travelling many yards without stopping to rest or lie down. After this he took an immense deal of killing, regarding us throughout with a most pugnacious aspect, kicking up the dust and stubble and brandishing those horns of his as if to show us what he would do if he could only get at us, which in the face of our steady and continued fire he could no more do than we could have stopped his charge with dust shot, or a pea rifle; but the powers of receiving possessed by the greatest glutton have their limit, and the unsteady legs and tottering frame foretold the end, when suddenly confronting us once more with lowered horns—"He is coming at us," exclaimed the mahouts. "Indeed he is not!" was our rejoinder, and there was a volley—another—a thundering fall that almost shook the earth, a solitary shot in the head from *OUTSIDER*, and all was over, save the abominable uproar that thereupon ensued of mahouts and villagers quarrelling, screaming, fighting, and struggling for the meat. In a few minutes the field of honorable contest was converted into a shambles, and a pack of jackals or a flock of vultures would have afforded an example of moderation and descent behaviour to the pack of bestial bipeds, who did us the honor to surround us and apportion the proceeds of our exertions.

Pig-sticking has not been very extensively patronised this season, the pig-stickers being those who were most regular in their attendance with the hounds at cover side; and letting alone the admitted difficulty of being in two places at one time, few

now-a-days can afford to keep up studs so large as to enable them to hunt regularly more than twice and thrice a week—still I saw several very pretty runs (and there have been more) after the unclean beast—one was attended with very unusual as well as unexpected results. The tale as it was told to me runs thus in dialogue:—

A. (*smiling*) "Mr D. has been out hog hunting!"

B. "Oh! Indeed! Has he?"

A. (*still smiling*) "Yes. Killed his horse too!"

C. "The deuce he has!"

A. (*with the smile changing to a chuckle*) "Yes! It was my horse too he was on!"

I understand the boar charged home, ripped up the horse and let out his entrails, and then retired in triumph to his fastness, but as the sportsman was a raw hand at the work that is not so much to be wondered at, and he may think himself lucky that, being alone, he escaped unhurt in person.

Several fine bucks have been ridden down and speared, but the number of deer is diminishing lamentably year after year.

At Taltalla, we saw *none*, so to speak—at Petelgunge as few—at Shabar, Bakhoorta, Oalya, Dumroy and round back and scarcely half a dozen. At Meerzapore they were rather more numerous, but as a set-off to that, a whole morning's beat at Sarcoopar produced only one, and that a barking deer. Floriken, partridge, pea and jungle fowl, snipe, ducks, hares, &c. much as usual, but I have seen only one quail this year, and plover are uncommonly scarce.

In my next, I hope to be able to report more favorably as to the Toke and Burmeah jungles, where I hear that Sambur have latterly been appearing in considerable numbers, as well as that all other kinds of game are plentiful. *Nous verrons*, as Mr Johnny Walker playfully remarked to Mr Simmonds on a recent occasion, when the latter took upon himself to promise to break the former's heart as well as his head.

ASMODEUS.

Dacca, 7th March, 1847.

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## THE HILL PONIES OF TIBET.

MOST of your readers who have been in "the Hills," that is the Sub-Himalayas, are acquainted with the "Hill Ponies," as they are called, and I am sure will generally admit that these little horses are unrivalled for temper, perseverance, strength and sure-footedness. But of all those who know and prize these admirable ponies, how many are aware where they are bred, what different races of them there are, how characterised each breed, or over what extent of country they are found? And yet these are reasonable questions which, fully answered, would form a very interesting chapter in the history of the Horse—a history about which sportsmen at least ought not to be indifferent.

I cannot pretend to much information on the subject; but of what I possess I beg now to present you with the first instalment.

The so-called hill ponies are properly all Trans-Himalayan, have been introduced in comparatively recent times on this side the snows, and are still only bred to a small extent; however, much used, at least by Britons, in the Sub-Himalayas, where the stocks become degenerate and inferior to those of Tibet. In Tibet there are many breeds or stocks, such as that of Lhasa, that of Gián-ché, that of Chengtia, and that of Pùmi, besides numerous others; whilst ponies possessed of the same general qualities and structure are found in all the vast extent of country stretching from China to Bokhara, both inclusive. On this side of the Himalayas they are bred, in considerable numbers, only in Bhútán or Devadharma; but the Parbattias of Nepaul, between the Káli and Trisúl rivers, likewise rear a good many; and I am not aware that they are bred any where else on this side the snows. Col. Smith's notion of a Kalanga breed, that is, a breed reared in the Deyra Doon, being an error, and the climate quite unsuitable. It is singular that the rugged regions between China and Bokhara, should be so well provided with ponies so admirably adapted to them, and, at the same time, nearly deprived of horses which would be equally unfitted for such countries—China proper excepted perhaps. The Indo-Chinese countries likewise have their ponies of precisely our type, so that this extensive region must be added to the geographic range of the Tánghan, Gúnth or hill pony, and be included in the general term China as above employed. The Cábúl Yábús, again, are essentially similar to our Tánghans; and, as the Affghans breed their Yábús (I believe), we must include Cábúl among the Cis-Himalayan sites of breeding. Thus the Tánghan region extends from China to Bokhara, including Cábúl on one side and Burma, &c. on the

other; and every where these animals are distinguished by a strength, hardihood, energy and hardness of hoof, by a sagacious wariness,\* united to perfect tractableness, that in their combination render the "Hill Pony" as valuable in his way as the Arab in his. The Tanghan, though ill-tended and perpetually working on the worst of roads, is never sick or lame, and I have known one of them carry a heavy man forty miles over these immense mountains, between breakfast and dinner, without suffering even temporarily. The East (Central Asia) seems to be the land of ponies as the west of Horses; and the various breeds of Tanghan, of which the Chinese is the least, gradually increase in size Westerly throughout Tibet till the Yábús of Cabúl conduct to the Choughoshas of Bokhara, and they again to the famous Horses of Persia and Arabia.

The high-mettled insular type or Javanese Pony derived from the Tanghan crossed with the Arab. But far beyond our snowy zone towards the Arctic seas, the Tartars, Mongols and Turks breed a variety of *genuine* Tanghans which are, in fact, the prevailing form of the horse from the sea of China to the Aral and even Caspian, throughout that "dome of the world,\*" some of the minarets of which are the Himalaya, the Hindoo-Kush, the Belut Tag, the Kyenlun, the Altai, the Gaikoh; while further to the West, the Cossack ponies of Russia may help the civilized world to judge of what stuff the Tanghan is made in his native home, the dome aforesaid.

The hill ponies are called Tanghan in the Eastern Sub-Himalayas—Günth in the Western, and Tè or Tey in Tibet. I have the pleasure to send you herewith four beautiful delineations of the Habshi of Bhútán, and of the Lhassa, Giánché and Chengtia breeds of Tibet respectively. The Habshi of Bhútán is so called (by the people of India) because his hair is frequently close curled like the head of an African or Negro. He is likewise called Ablac, because still more generally his colour is piebald. These Ponies stand about four feet high, have a largish head with straight chaffron, a full but not very heavy crest, a compact deep barrel, and strong rigid limbs. Piebald may be said to be the characteristic colour of this race, which is less esteemed for courage and spirit than most of the Trans-Himalayan breeds; of which the first in spirit, though least in stature, is the gallant China or Chinese breed. The Púni breed, of medial height, is remarkable for having the false hoofs largely developed, forming flat callosities which cover the top of the pastern behind. This breed is one of the best for vigour and spirit, and stands about as high as the Habshi or Ablac. The Chengtia is somewhat larger, stronger

\* See *Wood's Oases*.

and coarser, with less spirit, and is distinguished by a hollow back, a cat ham, and a somewhat roman nose. This is the dun race, either dark with black mane and tail and dorsal stripe—or pale with yellowish mane and tail. The Giánché is a still larger and heavier breed than the Chengtia, standing from four and half to four and three quarters feet at the shoulder, and is characterised by a thick bull-like crest, its colour being usually grey of various shades, sometimes dappled. The nose of this breed also is apt to arch; yet it is in high esteem by natives though perhaps chiefly for its tendency to obesity and its huge arched crest. The Lhasa breed, in my judgment, the best of all, is usually bay, is of medial size, uniting the fire and grace of the Chinia, with the bone and size of the coarser races. It stands scarcely so high as the Habshi, but is of still more compact make, with a fine Arab-like head, a crest and shoulder free from undue weight and fleshiness, a deep, short, well-knit barrel, capacious quarter, very muscular thighs and fore arms, and clean, sinewy, strong legs. I had one of such indomitable vigour that the natives were wont to say of it that if it could not cling to the rocks in its path with its hoofs, it would do so with its teeth; and truly surprising were the vigour and security with which this gallant little steed would spring from block to block, amid the boulders of ravines, or breast a sheer outcrop of rock on the most precipitous ascent. I have heard much of—but never saw—the Shetland Pony, his sagacity and his vigour: but I incline to the opinion that as there are no mountains like the Hemálas, so are there no ponies capable of dealing with them like the Tibetan tanghans of the better breeds. And now, Mr Editor, I will subscribe myself your old friend.

PARBATTIA.

## VARIATIONS BY JACQUES.

"And what said Jacques?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

Oh yes! my Lord—into a thousand similies."

SHAKESPEARE.

## I.

DID any one ever hear a sermon on Woodcraft? A serio-comic discourse on the general phrenological effect on character induced by pursuits classified as Woodcraft; (not the most expressive but the most English translation of the old obsolete term "Venerie.") There are treatises on horses; treatises on asses; even swine have had their biographers. Learned lucubrations on stable architecture and domestic economy of all sorts—on the philosophy of dress—of drunkenness—and of dreams; but none until of late, ever ventured to discourse on an occupation to which all animal and much, if not all, human nature is inclined, and which every one, at some time of his life, during some phase of his existence contrives, perhaps unconsciously, to make himself a "spectacle for men and angels"—by attempting.

Few indeed progress beyond the accident of the science; few therefore know the many sources of enjoyment connected with a life part of which has been passed "under the greenwood tree." Almost every one, but those with whom enthusiasm walks as their shadow, colouring all objects with a halo of its own—diffusing sweetness into the bitterest moments of existence—imparting a buoyancy of feeling which experience cannot exhaust, disappointment cannot diminish, nor old age extinguish; all but these affect to despise the science of the chase, although success in this, as in every other characteristic employment has ever carried with it, a flattering celebrity, which those who most affect to despise are often compelled to admit.

Take then a text for those who lead a wild and woodland life, and with it bring due patience for a grave discourse, and you shall see that this, the "front of our offending," wears yet "a precious jewel in its head."

The good and banished Duke whose habits Shakespeare drew—whose ways he painted as the ways he loved—even he, far from the life he once had lead, found

"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

That class of the community has long passed away—whose habits of life, whose idealess converse, impressed their less

robust and more artificial brethren with base libels on all associated with the generic term "Sporting men," and with their generation should be forgotten, the short-sighted, one-sided judgment—the jaundiced view which would brand all the vices and follies of the few, a large proportion of the stalwart sons of energy. Was ever man a less loyal subject, a less worthy friend, or—if his inclinations that way tend—a less subtle rascal, because to him, nature and education had imparted the skill.

"To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Was ever man ejected from the "Quorum"—blackballed at the Clubs—shunned by his associates, or "cut" by his tailor—merely because his hand and eye could speed the bullet with unerring aim? And yet these essentials largely as they contribute to form all that most men believe to be "the sporting man," fall wide of those qualities which are but the external indications of sterling principles, more or less called into existence by a life in the Woods.

Not that it is intended for man to become a second edition of Peter the Wild Boy—a human ourang-outang, a misanthrope, or a modern and veritable Orson—but let the innate love of nature in her noblest work occasionally predominate, let it recall him from time to time from the dream of ambition, of riches, or of power, to the scenes and simple pleasures of his childhood. Let him feel that "God made the country," and man only "made the town," and let him always be able to appreciate these works by the author. Let him turn from the surfeit of an artificial existence to the refreshing purity of wild scenery; to the cultivation of a taste for those pursuits, whose tendency is to sharpen many of the finer points of character, and to eradicate selfishness, meanness and petty jealousies, weeds of artificial growth, and let him learn that happiness dwelleth not with wealth, with station, or the admiration of a crowd, but may live with him who is content occasionally to fall back on his own reflections and on the glorious and unfading beauties of Nature.

Every idler can relish the elastic spirit, the joyous excitement of a picnic, profuse in all the pomp and circumstance of a Bengal prince, or complete in the artistical arrangements of the Tent Club: but a deeper feeling than the desire to kill with the game an hour too many—and stronger than the spice of personal vanity with which success savours all pursuits—must actuate him, who through success and through defeat, through fatigue, heat and inconvenience, loneliness and protracted bodily exertion, still preserves that undying enthusiasm, which renders Woodcraft so engrossing—makes difficulties delightful—and the face of Nature in



her wildest features more dear than all that Art can substitute.

You have all, doubtless, known the vanity taken out of many a promising fellow by a few unsuccessful spurts after hog upon an ungovernable horse and with a more unmanageable spear, after a few rough contacts with bauble bushes and trees, or after a few falls upon broken ground or in sinuous ravines, when cooler heads and lighter hands have left the unfortunate novice to a contemplation of his own ill fate—to contrast the unpleasant reality with his pre-formed ideas of hunting in the gorgeous East—and perhaps eventually to vow that a hot tiffin and cool beer are the most attractive parts of a picnic: and to this last most grievous conclusion too many of us come. You all can doubtless recollect many a weary march to some far-famed and much-exaggerated hunting ground. The delight of overnight's anticipations of the next day adventure—well contested first spears won—charging tigers stopped in full career—or the successful and effectual overthrow of gallant bears, stuck full in the “horse-shoe” mark—the quick tramp of the Samber and Nylghai like a charge of cavalry, when the

“ Rounding of a hundred deer  
Have lit the forest gloom.”

—the whirr of the black partridge and the shout of the jungle fowl, or the quick wheel of the game-looking snipe,—all pass in phantasmagory dreams through the night, which with all its interesting anticipation appears never to end. “ But when hour after hour of blank search on the morrow—when hope still “ tells her flattering tale,” and a *sure find* leads from one covert to another, till the whole country for miles round has been traversed with weary foot and a few very wild animals from time to time disappearing with distance have led the misguided Tyro on, till evening closes on his exhausted powers and disheartened energy—Woodcraft bears an altered character to the visions of the preceding night.

Every votary of the chaste goddess has encountered these deceptions, and has triumphed over such privations and such difficulties, or he has ceased to seek with due devotion the spirit-stirring but uncertain triumphs of the chase. True enjoyment is in all cases more imaginative than real, and that enjoyment is of most intrinsic value which can be perpetuated by memory in the brightest and most enduring colours.

The melancholy Jacques, much musing upon many things—has found the theme of Woodcraft “ full of matter”—not only for its own intrinsic worth, but that the spirit which inspires

all who take part therein, seems of more general and pervading nature than most men wot of.

All the world's a wood and all the men and women merely hunters, and one man in his time bags much large game. After the cradle, long clothes, round jackets, and diminutive "*pants*" scarce covering the much increasing legs : after peg-top and marbles and all other engrossing objects of juvenile diversion, yea, when Virgil, Horace, Sallust—the graver and often distasteful occupations have gone,—when man, as Persius expresses by a modern slang phrase, *nucibus relictis*, has come forth from his chrysalis state a full fledged moth—many are the pursuits which become *Nuts* with full-grown child and all partaking of the character of hunting.

First, hunting for a profession, generally a pursuit in which the party most concerned takes no part, either from the desultory state of mind at that period of existence, or from indifference to the game, which is usually left to the mature considerations of the seniors. This momentous question settled, the man becomes a hunter, and from time to time is, in his turn, made very good game of. Ambition, love, and avarice in turn predominates, varying in intensity with the disposition and position of the principal actor—and the last the most enduring; for when every other pursuit has ceased to please, when every other desire has failed, then comes the "old-gentlemanly vice" to swallow up like Pharoah's lean kine all other objects, and to remain to the last flicker of the mortal light, unsatisfied, ungratifying, but all-engrossing.

Let others describe the ingenuity, the technicality, the "vantage ground," required—the artifices resorted to, the glory of success—the heart-rending and regret consequent on defeat, and all the "moving accidents" of place-hunting, tuft-hunting, wife-hunting—or as the modern method transfers the glory of the chase to the weaker sex and turns the fierce pursuit on man—husband-hunting. On all these subjects, sermons, essays and novels have been composed—and some of them read—sufficient to edify the youth of the present and succeeding generations in all the mysteries which experience will in due course of time verify; while the last and most modern art, has formed the subject of a late witty and erudite composition in a style consonant to the weighty theme.

All those illustrious personages who have each in his time electrified his contemporaries and wonderstruck posterity occasionally among their multifarious adventures attained some celebrity in the art of Woodcraft. From Nimrod the original down to Prince Albert—the Alpha and Omega of the sporting world—not in regard to personal merit but as to the accidents of time and opportunity. Imagination's wildest flight can scarcely rea-

lize (as our Trans-Atlantic relatives express themselves) the infinite variety and engrossing incidents which must have marked each hour of the mighty hunter's game, and an equal amount of that gilding is requisite to infuse a becoming portion of romance into the field-sports of modern Europe, always excepting the scenes which must occur in the vast muirs of North Briton—in Argyleshire, Perthshire, or the mountain range of Athol and Mar, the spirit-stirring subjects of Mr Scrope's most graphic pen and of Landseer's gifted pencil.

America and its giant progeny are but comparatively modern story. Europe has been exhausted of all legitimate Wild Sports. In Asia the wild animals are fast receding before the tide of civilization, to make room for the rail-road and the steam engine—the deer of the forest for the “stag” of the Exchange; bears and bulls will soon be as obsolete as their synonymes, and a modern idea is conveyed by the lion and the tiger much at variance with the original genus.

From the scenes described in the *Æneid* down to the more imaginative adventures of La Vaillant—and to the present visits of adventurous Englishmen to Southern Africa, that desolate quarter of the globe has ever proved inexhaustible. Witness the ease with which the venerable hero of the Latin Poet floored his seven samber in succession, and with that primitive weapon the arrow! The adventure is slightly qualified by the reflection that the hero evidently “shot for the pot,” calculated the number of the mess, and having duly pinked off four of the stags, evidently fired into the herd, trusting as much to his “nusecb” as to his skill.

Ovid, too, had a passably correct idea of “coursing” and other branches of the science of Woodcraft, and although he patronized a “gin” to catch antelope with—it must be confessed a poaching propensity—yet he had a formidable faith in the efficacy of Woodcraft in removing many of the ills which flesh is heir to—as a gentle corrective of corrupt tastes—

“Vel tu venandi studium cole.”

He commences an exhortation to some friend, whom he supposes to have suffered for an unrequited attachment to some young woman, not exactly in the way in which the idea occurs to Mr Sam Weller on his first introduction to the Fat Boy; but with a similar sympathetic regard for his friend, he concludes his advice by hinting among other diversions at a day with some well known meet of the time.

“Aut in adverso, cadat, cuspidē fossus Aper,”

evidently explaining his idea of the business to be precisely

similar to the graphic scene with which EXILE concluded his article on the "Boar."

These personal encounters were of rare occurrence among the Romans with whom literature makes us acquainted; they generally contented themselves with hunting by proxy, and sat under a cool tree while their attendants collected a suitable "bag," and the very last idea of the variety of human propensities which occurred to Horace is the "Venator," who remained out all night "*teneræ conjugis immemor*"—evidently to the Venusian poet, the most extraordinary of fancies.

What strange events have hinged upon a day's hunting—what interesting tales have been founded thereon! If any one were, on a modern festive occasion, to volunteer to sing that once popular ballad, "Chevy Chase," how vividly would each of the audience recur to the lines—

To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
 Erle Percy took his way;  
 The child may rue that is unborne  
 The hunting of that day,

And yet that tale was once as celebrated as the poem in which

"Snowdon's knight is Scotland's king."

Who cannot recall the escape of Henry of Navarre from the custody of the artful Queen-mother, or that heartless and, perhaps to some who joined it, most melancholy chase, commenced upon the signal from the Tower gun, that the second wife of that sensual tyrant, the Eighth Henry, had ceased to oppose his legal union with the third unhappy Queen at whose residence that day's hunting terminated. Queen Elizabeth's splendid, and to her hosts expensive, entertainments were all enlivened by exhibitions at which most modern dames would faint, and varied with the slaughter of tame deer by the royal hand. That regal goose, her immediate successor, has been too well depicted by the Wizard of the North, to be forgotten, and his queen, Anne, was not a little remarkable for her method of enjoying the chase. George the Third, of estimable memory, whose devotion to these exercise, has been so unmercifully recorded in the disreputable compositions of Peter Pindar—who has not laughed over the King and the Apple Dumplings, &c.—and later still the Fourth George added to the attributes of "the first gentleman in Europe," the character of a forward man across country, until he became too unwieldy for any conveyance lighter than the state coach or less capacious than his own elegant phaetons. In the present day, the multitude of Journals, Travels and Memoirs of Sporting interest will

show that every corner of the world has been, of late, traversed by men as well fitted to adorn society, as they have shown themselves capable of enjoying all the exciting variety of "the good green wood." If then Woodcraft be viewed not as the occupation but as the recreation of life, as the antidote for the satiety of artificial forms, as a corrective for the fading effects of dissipation, and as a relief for the cares of the world, "too much with us"—if, too, the eye of the painter, the soul of the poet, the patience and observation of the man of scientific attainment, the power of memory and association attained by literary pursuits be added to such a frame that "dangers daunt not and no labours tire," to complete that character most suited to enjoy and to appreciate the science of Woodcraft, then let the hunting field be looked up to as the training ground of more good qualities than are dreamed of in most men's philosophy, and henceforth be held free from the railing humour of even the original

JACQUES.





## SPORTING GALLERY.

No. IX.

W. F. FERGUSSON, ESQ.

You have caught the expression, Mr Grant, of a difficult face, very happily ; but we protest that when " Mr Green " put himself in that attitude he did uncommon violence to his ordinary habit. It is a fine, bold, devil-may-care outline but it smacks of display, as though your original should say—" One hundred even you don't often see such a figure as that ! " Now though Mr Green will accommodate any one in a reasonable way—and might win the bet—we hold him to be among the last men who would offer it. But let us get on with our business.

It is about ten years since Mr Fergusson became a member of the Turf, and a spirited member he has been almost ever since. The Turf is a pursuit followed, in this country, as frequently that it is an inducement to out-door exercise and occupation as with any other object, and we do not think Mr Fergusson's case is an exception. Not always lucky, never signally the reverse, he has been only fairly elated with triumph and defeat has not depressed him. With a temper equal to all trials and a true Sporting spirit he has steered clear of all disputes, and we do not remember a single instance of a reference made touching any horse of his engaged in a Race. He has found that no more in Racing than in any other matter can success be ensured, but with a head to calculate quickly and the boldness to back what his judgment approves he makes hay while others are speculating on sunshine. As regards his own Stable, the owner of such horses as Sweetlips, Chusan and Glaucus has certainly had something to go upon. And the public is always safe with him. He backs his horses fairly and every one is sure they will run, and run their best, if fit to be brought out at all ; and how can that be better ensured than with Robert Ross for a trainer ? .

Mr Fergusson did not carry off any of the large Races this year, but numerically he was successful, having won or received forfeit no less than fifteen times in the first Meeting and won four private Sweepstakes with The Baron in the second. We find him entering only one horse for the next Derby, Eoús ; but there is plenty of time for more ; he has however four in the Colonial and two in the Champagne, and we hope to see him yet with *something in every thing* worth going for, and the Green and White stripe well to the fore, as of old.

A. E.



## FIELDSMAN'S RESEARCHES.

### I.—THE PUNJAB.

I AM anxious to correct a popular error; viz., that there is good shooting in all the Punjab; at least I think this is the general idea of those who give the subject a thought. I for one considered myself uncommonly lucky when ordered to that country, on account of the *shikar* in prospect. During the few months I was there, I availed myself of every opportunity of discovering whether there was shooting or not in the several Doabs—all with the exception of Scinde Sagur. With the *fishing* we were not disappointed; there was excellent sport to be had at Jumoo and above any of the ghâts at which the Force crossed the Beas, Ravee and Chenaub rivers, *en route* to Beembur. When talking of the Jumoo fishing I do not mean in the *preserves*, for there the Mahaseer were perfectly domestic and rose at any thing attractive; but, in the rapids and deep pools under the fort, and up the mountain torrent there, the water of which is beautifully clear and the bottom stony. If you admit the following as a criterion, the *shooting* throughout was decidedly bad. I was out in the Jullunder Doab thirteen times; bag: one peafowl, one teal, five brace of sand grouse (one bag) and thirty couple of quail. In Bari, twice; bag: seven and half couple of quail. In Reenah, nine; bag: one hare, one teal, two brace of blacks and twenty-five couple of quail. In Jinhut twice; bag: three and half couple of quail; total: one hare, one peafowl, two teal, four partridge, ten sand grouse and hundred and forty-four head of quail. It is quite possible I may have shot badly. However, for the guidance of those who may be disposed to try their luck, I will give them the benefit of the following information acquired by personal observation. The whole face of the country is covered with cultivation luxuriant in the extreme, indeed, many of the crops attain such an unusual height that it is difficult to bring the gun to bear upon the game that may be sprung: according to the season of the year they consist of sugar-cane, cotton, bajera, juwar, Indian-corn, rice, maize, wheat, sun, ururh, gram, &c. Quail make their appearance in September, and remain till the rice is all cut. I found this bird most numerous at Jullunder, at Noshera Ghât, on the Beas, right and left banks, and at Phoolowal Ghât on the Chenaub. At Simbul, I have heard twenty to thirty couple were easily bagged in a day by a tolerable shot. Here too, in the grass and dâk at the bottom of the ravines, which inter-

sect the country always, at the foot of the hills, I found black partridges rather abundant. This bird again helps to stock the royal preserves between Simbul and Jumoo. The preserves cannot be beaten on foot on account of the density of forest and predominance of a kind of prickly grass. They are inhabited by the wild hog, hares, pheasant, jungle-fowl, partridges, &c. There are tigers all along the foot of the hills from this towards Beembur; they committed great havoc among the cattle last year. But to hark back to the Beas. In a jheel at Noshera Ghât formed by the overflowing of a canal, water-fowl and snipe are common. I have heard of good jungle at Sultanpore in the Jullunder. It is said to be in appearance like that at Burra-Pind in Reenah. Different regimental messes in the Jullunder were supplied with teal from a large jheel equidistant from the stations of Jullunder and Khurtarpore. At the former station, I was only waiting for the season to have a trial in some dâk to the left of the Loodianah road; there were neel-gye, hares, blacks, &c., in it. Beyond the city, herds of antelope were constantly seen and some individuals shot. At Rumnah-walla, one march from Lahore, there is a preserve. Its denizens are antelope, hogs, hares and blacks, and along the nulla, teal. Many hundreds of mullet and other fish were netted here by the Force when there. At Lahore I observed packs of the large grouse flying to and fro; they decrease north of the capital, and increase towards the Sutlej. The smaller species are more common. Koolen and geese as general as elsewhere. Between Lahore and Russoor Ghât there is a thin thorny jungle holding hares and deer. At the ghât appears a good belt of jow. Having made my exit from the "country of the five rivers" here, I will now cease on this head.

## II.—LEFT BANK OF THE INDUS AND SUTLEJ.

During the end of '45, whilst at Sukker, and when encamped at Roree with Sir C. Napier's force, and according to dates, between the 1st Nov. '45 and middle of Feb. '46, I was out twenty-six times. My different bags made a total of one pig, seven hares, fifty-five partridges (chiefly black), ten quail, three grouse, twenty ducks, and twenty-three snipe. I may here mention that the pig was shot in impenetrable jungle, and that in the vicinity there was no ground for riding. The wild hog is very common all along the left bank of the Indus, especially at Bhawulpore and in the "shikargah" below Roree. Hog deer are in considerable force as well. I did not visit any of the preserves of the Ameers, but heard good accounts of them. The jheel to which the lamented GUNGA alluded in his "Scinde as

a Sporting Country," afforded me a good day's sport or two. I have seldom seen snipes so abundant, except perhaps at Roree where they congregated in immense numbers in the jow, previously to migration. They were very partial to ground, having a nitrous deposit upon the surface. Between Roree and Ferozepore the cover is almost entirely jow, now and then some camel and other thorns appear on the undulated ground towards the desert. Here, on the sand hillocks, the hourbara makes its appearance. Lions and wild asses have been known to approach close to the verge. The following matter from my note-book may prove useful to a few: There are tigers in the neighbourhood of Bahuck-Rodlake, the 4th march from Ferozepore towards Roree; a buffalo and a bullock were carried off just before our arrival there. Next march Luk-ke-ke, one and a half mile up the river, there is an extensive jheel generally covered with aquatic birds. Ramooka, 7th march, another tiger reported to have made away with a cow; neel-gye and ravine-deer seen; 8th march, a large jheel full of large rooe fish, and covered with ducks; several smaller adjoining; 11th march, there are antelope here. Goth-kaim-rees: large jheels and good cover in and adjoining them—full of blacks and hares; sand grouse plentiful morning and evening. Khairpoore, 1st march below Bhawulpore, several jheels, on the banks of which I saw many brace of grouse (painted?) shot before breakfast—good jungle for other game. One march further, a canal distant four miles from camp. We halted here, and I availed myself of the opportunity of duck shooting from a punt. There is beautiful black shooting in the neighbourhood. Following march, great numbers of wild hog crossed the road in front of the corps—next, jungle alive with blacks, and the next ditto.

I'll now treat of the country between Ferozepore and Loodianah. For the first march, Khool, vide an antecedent No. Meersing-walla: antelope, hares and sand grouse constitute the game. Next march yields nothing but grouse. At Hureeke-ghât: florican, hares, blacks and grouse, also deer in good grass cover there. Judghur, saw a herd of antelope and a multitude of large grouse. Here there are covers bearing the resemblance of gorse at home. *Apropos* several grey foxes with white tips to their brushes were seen by myself and others. In April last, killed an antelope here. On the line of march, flights of koolen and geese flew over our heads near Sidham, they settled down upon a sand bank in the river, but would not let us within gun shot. In April, killed a black buck here also. Hum'er, a large herd of deer seen by one of the camp. Bittern, snipe, and golden-plover along a nulla, which runs parallel to the road. Whilst at Loodianah, a buck was killed by a

resident: not an unusual occurrence hereabouts. The district famous for coursing.

### III.—LOODIANAH TO FUTTEGHURH.

Viâ Meerut, by which route much less shooting is to be had than by Kurnal. Khanna-ke-serai, the 2d march: five bucks seen close to the road side; shot one of them in the afternoon. Here as well as at the preceding stage are ravine deer. Jungle dâk. Purchaper, one march from Sirhind, an extensive tree jungle holding large herds of neel-gye—one a bull, measuring thirteen hands! was shot by one of our camp. Rajpooora, patches of jungle; game: neel-gye, antelope, hares, &c. Umballa, five or six miles out, saw deer and pea-chick, also large grouse. Mustafabad, a good dâk jungle intermixed with grass: deer, black, quail, and along the nulla, koolen. Boorea: pigs, peafowl, blacks, &c., and in the sugar cane, ducks, snipe, &c., in a jheel running parallel to the canal. Across the Jumna, between Chill-kanna and the river, is a superb snipe jheel and grass jungle capable of holding any *janwar*—and each got 7 or 8 couple of snipe here. Immense flights of ducks came to feed about sun-set. Kutowlee, beyond Saharunpore: antelope. Dorowlee: ravine deer, peafowl and blacks. Other side of Hopper, several antelope came out of some thorn, near a nulla, as I was walking. Day after; from this jungle hares, quail, &c. were brought into camp for sale. Bag, between Ferozepore and this, only shews a total of two deer, two hares, and twenty-seven heads of birds.

Allyghur: I'll give a few notes from my journal.—Jan. 22, '47. Out in the dâk and grass jungle at Saharunpore, four miles from Koorjah, second march to Meerut, from 10 A. M. till 5 P. M., a line of fifteen altogether. Bag four hares, three greys, one sand grouse, two brace blacks and do. of quail, between two guns. An antelope broke cover close to us and was saluted, as he betook himself to the open plain, over which some others previously scoured. The next day saw us again out for a few hours. Bag two brace of sand grouse, two or three of quails and some greys. Saw antelope in the forenoon, and in the afternoon a fine buck broke away in a barley khet—at my feet; I gave him a couple of oz. of shot, badly wounding him. 3d day returned to cantonments; *en route*, bagged a brace of grouse, a large and a small. 5th Feb., from the bungalow, ten miles on the Meerut road to Somnah: taking a patch of dâk a mile to the right of the road, got one couple of quail, a grouse, a hare and grey. Returning, came across some koolen and ravine deer on the dry bed of a jheel. At an early hour, on a level surrounded by hillocks, the larger grouse may be found about a mile behind Somnah, but

I found it vain to attempt killing them with a common fowling piece. A duck gun and Elloy's cartridges would answer well. Allyghur, of late, like most stations of standing, has degenerated as regards *shikar*. Formerly antelope might have been observed as close as the race-course, or fort,—round the latter in the moat ducks frequently alighted, whilst on the bare plain commencing here, large packs of grouse daily resorted; capital bags of blacks and snipe have been made within 10 miles. Now it is an impossibility much nearer than the Nho-jheel in the Jumna Khadur. The coursing of hares was once renowned—there may be some of this animal at present in the crops.

To Futtlegghur—let whoever goes out for shooting steer clear of the trunk road. It is so much travelled over that game has lost the confidence to approach it. A melancholy account of empty bags between the 16th march and 27th; viz. in 5 days, 1 neel-gye, a goose, 10 ducks (1 bag), 2 teal, a grouse and some quail, &c. Another gun killed 2 antelopes in two consecutive days. For neel-gye, I would recommend Ackbarabad, 1st march; Secundra-row 2d; Mulloun 5th; Kurkowlee 6th; for antelope the same with the addition of Bewah the 9th. At the latter stage succeeded in bagging 2 antelope by the *boarding system*; viz. galloping into a herd, dismounting and firing. We killed one with shot. This *coup-de-main* has been effective in other instances on this road. For geese and ducks the jheels are those on either side of Eta; they lie within gunshot of the road and extend inland three or four miles. At an early hour, when on the feed geese will be geese enough to allow one to approach to within thirty yards. The ducks are the pin-tail and the common; and teal, various.

FIELDSMAN.

SHAJEHANPOORE, 6th March, 1847.

## PANTHER WHIPPING.

I HEARD some time ago from my friend G. J. —. The letter gave the particulars of a narrow escape of his life he had from a panther. Perhaps they may not be thought unworthy of a public edition.

In April or May last, J. and M. were out shikaring in the jungles near Hingolee, and were towards noon one day beating for a tiger or panther, they were not sure which it was. After some time J. twigged part of a spotted body in a thick bush—levelled and fired—out a panther slapt at J. and a cooly he had with him, carrying a spare gun. J. had nothing but a single barrel which had been emptied as aforesaid. The cooly's weapon was a single barrelled carbine, which he discharged at the beast as he was springing out; and, of course missed! Matters now looked alarming. So no doubt did the panther. So J. instantly clubbed his gun, and presented so formidable an appearance to the irritated animal, that he turned from J. to the cooly. He had just boned the unfortunate fellow, when J. let fly at him with the butt-end of his weapon (an enormous duck gun) and to use his own expression—"nearly knocked the panther's head off!" However, he did not do so *quite*, as the sequel will fully prove. The enemy not approving of the turn affairs were now taking, beat a retreat. The duck gun by the performance of the above mentioned feat, was rendered *hors-de-combat*, the stock having been smashed, and the barrel having assumed the appearance of the line of beauty, according to Hogarth—a curve! So J. having armed himself afresh, again commenced operations against the foe. A long half-hour had elapsed, and they had seen no indications of the chace to cheer them, when J.'s cooly (M. was beating the other side of the hill) pulled him by his coat sleeve and whispered, "there he is!" J. looked up and there sure enough he was. The panther was on a rising ground, completely commanding the position of his enemies; instantly with a bound and a roar he was in the air and the next moment J. and the panther were rolling on the ground together—the panther's teeth fixed hard and fast in J.'s left shoulder. The cooly stood his ground like a trump, and pummelled the quadruped well with the butt-end of his empty gun. The panther's claws were not idle either; they were busily engaged in tearing all J.'s outer garments into ribbons, and inflicting sundry scratches on his person; one was within an inch of taking his eye out. J. on his part tried to

throttle the panther and thus it was "a very pretty quarrel as it stood." At last the brute weakened probably by the wound he had received in the first act, and, perhaps, not altogether relishing the *peine forte et dure* he was being subjected to in the muscular gripe of his adversary, thought it advisable to "cut it short," retired to a "convenient" bush and there gave up the ghost. He had only one wound, the one J. had given him at first—and was a very powerful beast of his kind. M. who as I said before, was beating the other side of the hill, while the above tragedy was enacting could only come up at the finish—the business taking much less time to do, than to tell.

J. had three awful holes in his shoulder from the brute's fangs, and several scratches. However, lots of bleeding, fomentations, &c., &c. set him to rights again very soon. Besides showing off his prowess upon J. and his attendant, (the latter by the way had a most extraordinary escape being only slightly scratched,) the panther severely wounded a villager, who would insist on being in the way, thus making a total of—on both sides—one killed, one desperately, one severely, and one slightly wounded in this day's action !

JUVENAL.

## SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

### No. VI.

"THAT's what I call first rate tippie for a frosty morning, Sir," said the coachman, as we wrapped the apron round our knees, after having each imbibed a glass of rum and milk,—“if that ain't nectar, Sir, fit for the gods, it's reg'lar tip-top tippie, and not to be sneezed at by *men* ; by the by, Sir, talking of the Gods—don't you think it's werry improper for a parcel of people a setting themselves up and talking and writing about *Wenus*

and Nepshun, and Joupter, and the rest of the team? fellows as used to travel about in conveyances like butter boats upon wheels, drawd by a pair of horses without no harness,—and there they used to canter over the clouds and never capsize, nor nothing,—it doesn't seem exactly the ticket to *talk* about 'em, much more *believe* in 'em, and yet I'm not sure whether one parson out of six wouldn't swear to the best of his belief that no end of 'em used to travel about the world long afore railroads and steam boats, or even long coaches come into fashion. I don't mind a telling *you*, Sir, that I've set these here hallegories and all that sort of thing down in my own mind as so much rot; if they ever *did* fly about the clouds and dance about the copses, what's become of the breed? If you can answer me that question, Sir, pr'aps I'll ask you another: I'm werry sure that there ain't none on 'em left in England, or else I should have met with 'em in my travels, and I don't believe there ain't any abroad, for I've had lots of talk with gents who've travelled everywhere and I never heerd tell of one yet; besides, they'd ha' had him in the Surrey Zoological if he was available for love or money. No, no, Sir, I've seen lots of pictures in the print shops and there they makes 'em half man, half goat, with hair about their fetlock as long as Meux's dray-horses, and ears like small horns, only not so crooked: these is called hallegories, Sir, and I think they're just as well named as they might be, for I've hunted over Johnson's dixonary, and I'm blest if the only meaning he can give to the word isn't—that something else is meant by it than he's ever been able to find out—and even if he *had* it ain't *that*."

"Well but," said I, "how did you manage to form these opinions, if you've never been taught the meaning of the term?"

"Why, Sir," said he "I will tell you.—When I druv the Lynn Mail, there was a young gent as always went with me about two stages out of Cambridge, and he used to tell me all about these here things, and I werrily believe he thought they was real flesh and blood as used to, people the world, 'cos he went so far as to call his hosses arter them. One of his hacks he used to call Aurora and he wasn't badly named 'cos he was a *leetle* touched in the bellows and was a roarer; another he called "*Gallantus*," and t'other "*Hickarust*," and then he told me as how, the godfather of "*Gallantus*" was turned into a stoat or a weazel, for deceivin a young 'ooman called Juno, and t'other one, Hickarus, being blessed with a pair of wings, and no clothes to speak of, got rayther



flighty, and one warm day in June (called so out of compliment to the deceived young 'ooman I suppose, Sir,) he went a skimming too near the sun and the wax of his wings melted and down he fell flop in the sea and was drowned! Now, Sir, the young gent as told me all this and a good deal more, was a training for a parson and ought to ha' know'd better; but howsomdêver, I mean to say that the plan they've got now of teaching the young highdears in these colleges, ain't by no means a nobby one, and I werrily believe that they stuffs the young gents' heads, with all that gammon 'cos it 'ud look too charity schoolish if they was to teach 'em plain English. I don't set myself up for a horracle, Sir,—not *I*—and I know as how even in my time the changes is wonderful, but as to these here things coming to pass of turning men into weazels or stoats, I'm blest if it would'nt take a larger gullet than mine to swaller it—but, Sir, if we may believe the books (and if we may'nt, I don't see no use in writing of 'em) everything is altered, even a lady and gent as was sweet upon one another, managed their sweet-hearting business differently—the ladies in the old times, usn't to care three ha'pence about money, not they! it was'nt of no consequence to them whether or no their swains (as they used to call their young men) was rich or poor, and I don't know whether they would'nt rayther have had him poor for the fun of the thing: all the swain had to do, was to go and buy a *steed*, this was a werry fiery hoss, Sir, with long mane and tail—then he bought a long spear and a *guttar*, and every night used to go and play under his lady loves winder (like the *waits*) and sing what was called a *serenaide* or a *roundilay*, or something as had no other meaning but the woice, and even *that* could'nt be heerd of a cold night, when the swain's cloak collar was buttoned over his mouth. Howsomdêver, the noise used to wake the lady (who in course was'nt asleep, for she looked for the swain every night, just as reg'lar as my team looks for their feed at the end of the stage.) Well, Sir, she'd come to the lattice (as they used to call the winders) and if the swain was a *werry* insinivatin style of chap—and the lady had her share of pluck—blest if she wouldn't come down a ladder of ropes, and run the risk of breaking her neck for the sake of a spindle-shanked feller, who couldn't have draw four 'osses like these to save her precious little life. Well, Sir, the *steed* was a waiting, and away went the pair on 'em, the young 'ooman a sitting on the pummel of the saddle and the swain behind on the crupper, both on 'em *werry* uneasy, a going across country as if the devil was arter 'em!—and they never pulled up till they reached a place called a "sequester'd spot" in the werry middle of a black forest, where nobody but a old priest potted away his life in making wenison *pastes* and brewing sack and canary,

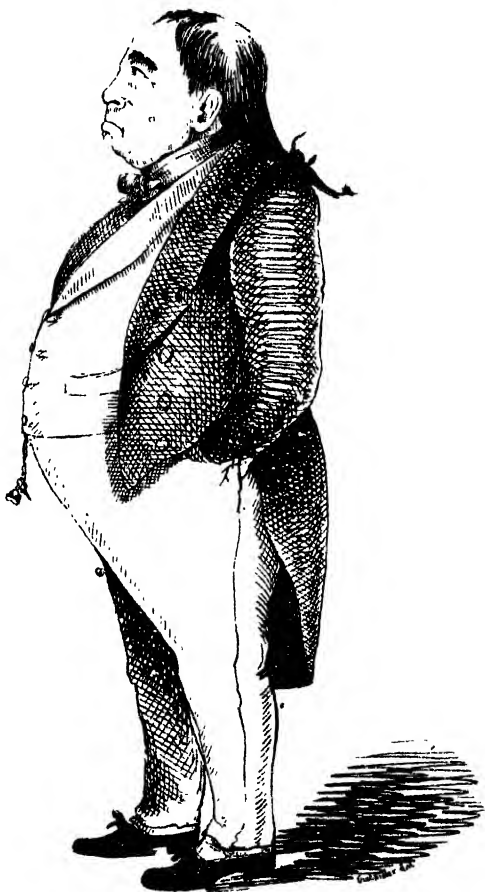
although it ain't never been explained how the old buffer kitch'd his wenison, nor what particular tap he patronized in the middle of the forest—this was called *Romarnce*, Sir, and shews how the run-away kipples managed to get “taken in and done for” in former times, and if it wasn't quite correct, and not quite so quick as railroad travelling, it shews at any rate that the love of money wasn't so much the fashion then as it is now, Sir. Gretna Green and all these here places is all werry well, but you may depend upon it, Sir, the true happiness of married life, as far as the ladies is concerned, is in knowing that as soon as their sarsnet ribbons gets shabby, there's no end of half-crowns ready to buy more. People may talk as they like about *gals* being wild and thoughtless and all that, but *I* give 'em credit for more spice than sugar, and more winegar than either; they're sharp enough when they like, Sir, and except they happens to have a box of money all their own, or no end of funded property, *kitch* them running off with the best looking fellow as ever shaved; they've got no end of ways at their fingers ends, to find out everything, Sir, and there they'll play their own game, keeping their swain at arm's length—until they find out all about him, and then please themselves. Did you ever see a cat with a mouse, Sir? A mouse that she's kitch'd in some dark place or othe', and brings into the light to play with, and shew the world as how she can do as she likes with it; that's the way some women (in course there's exceptions) sarve men, Sir; they *pat* and *dab* 'em about first one way and then t'other till they've made 'em tender, and then they'll either leave 'em to die, or do wuss, or they'll just take 'em, 'cos they feels rayther peckish and it soots 'em to do so! There's nothing as strikes me so forcible, Sir, as the many tricks the women manages to let out in their way through the world—they begin werry early, and have their reg'lar behaviour, one kind for company t'other kind for theirselves: watch 'em at their meals, Sir, they'll take the leg of a fowl and maul and pull it about their plates, as if they was a touching something partick'lary nasty, as they did'nt like to eat; see how they'll turn it over and over and talk between the two gents alongside them, as if all the business of eating and drinking was so much vulgarity to them, and that they can manage werry well to keep in werry good condition and have their coats a shining like satin without indulging their happetites; *that's* all gammon, Sir! *that's* their way, and whenever you hear or see anything of that sort just you set it down in your own mind that they've had no end of a feed before they left home, and could'nt eat no more if they was paid for it,—from the day they leaves school, Sir, they commences that sort of thing and at last it grows upon 'em like the missetoe upon the oak, Sir, till you can't tell whether it

ain't part on 'em. All they think about is dressing and had-mirers, and they'll talk all the way home from church on Sunday about somebody else's welwet mantilly or shally shawl instead of thinking about what they've heerd the parson say, and between you and I and the hind boot, Sir, I *raly* do think that one-half on 'em goes to church just for the sake of looking about 'em and giving other people cause for doing the same. I recollect a werry nice young gal, she was darter—and only darter—of one of my masters: she was werry pretty and she know'd she was so, and knowing that, she generally made the most of what natur had perwid-ed her with. Well, Sir, I was rayther hintimate with the chambermaid at the *Bell Savage*, and she told me as how Miss Julia used to take no end of pains about the way she stuck on her bonnet; and that whenever she was a going out anywheres particklar, she'd always cut away to the bed-room door and putting the front of her bonnet flat against it, shove her face for'ard till she got her nose even with it, as soon as the cold door touched the tip of her nose, she know'd it was all right—and then she'd go and put on her shepherd's plaid shawl, and look as nobby as the first lady in the land. I've often thought of *that*, Sir; and don't know whether it ain't one of the best dodges I ever heerd on. For arter all, Sir, there *is* a good deal in the cock of a bonnet, just as much as there is in the wink of a eye, Sir, if people could only understand it. I've seen lots of women, Sir, with their bonnets on as looked remarkable ugly when they was off, and yet to see 'em walking along the Quadrant they didn't seem at all bad looking; but that only makes what I've said the more plainer; they all on 'em owes the best part of their good looks to their dressses, and although I've heerd say that "nature unadorned is adorned the most," I can't see the drift of the saying—natur *may* be so, bût as for women I suspect if the old gent who wrote it, had merely given it as his passing opinion, he'd find hisself pretty considerably comfusticated if he could set his gooseberry eyes upon all the *cremollin jupes*, and horse hair affairs as rustle and bustle up and down Regent Street every arternoon now-a-days! I'm blest if he wouldn't think it was Van Humbug a coming with his team of eight in hand!"

"That's a Union Work'us, Sir," said my friend pointing out a large red brick building, "tant werry unlike what I can recollect Hampton Court, Sir! but the people as live there comes rayther, wuss off, different sort of pensioners they are, Sir! I'm reg'larly stumpt to know why they call it a *Union Work'us*, for they parts people instead of jining them; its werry badly named, Sir, like

a good many more of these sort of things. A furriner coming here would think it was a church or some place where they marries people—instead of parting on 'em. Ah! Sir it's inside them glaring red walls, that they takes and shoves all the old poor and sufferin sons and darters of John Bull—Marriage wows is all moonshine there, Sir, they ain't got no respect for parsons there—they part man and wife without no warning; and not content with that, they try how little natur can subsist upon, and I dare say if the truth was told they kill no end in trying the 'speriment. Jist fancy a poor old kipple, Sir, as have been a growin grey together for pra'ps 50 year, a working away both on 'em as long as there was anything lissom in their poor old limbs, and when that fails 'em, being separated and shoved into a hole like that to work without strength, live without nothing to eat, sleep without resting, and arter all get bullied by a hound of a feller called the "Master," a feller as never yet know'd what it was to want meal and can't be expected to feel any pity for them as have, that's the way things is carried on *now*, Sir. These are some of the noo-fangled affairs as is got up, without thinking of the conseqences, and they can't never be well understood by the people as starts 'em, 'cos they're intended for *Charities*, and never can be called so by honest men, the general drift of 'em being, Sir, that as the poor of the parishes can't well be comfortably made away with, or murdered off hand, or slowly pisened, the best way is to keep 'em alive upon as little as they can, make 'em as miserable as they can, and set 'em up to the public in general like *mawkins* in a corn field, as a warning and lesson for them not to be so wicked as to get poor, or they'll just get sarved the same! They say it's all done by Committees, Sir, but I haven't been able yet to dis-kiver the use of a parcel of blunder-headed old fellers, who forms these here Committees! My hidear of it is just this, Sir. Six old buffers (more or less) gets apppointed by the nobs of the parish 'cos they've got lots of money themselves and can't be expected to listen to the complaints of them as hasn't: well, Sir, these six old figures, has their quarterly meetings, their monthly sittings and their board days, and the six old chaps always meets in blue coats and white weskits, to what's called discuss business, which means to hargify, and say no end of stale things and propose alterations and changes never meant to be carried out! votes is put up—shews of withered old hands for some cheaper plan of supplyin the poor—all is agreed to—they votes supplies as never goes out, passes resolutions as nobody never hears no more on, and puts the parish to no end of hexpense for the dinners and wine as they always has arter a meeting; and the beauty of it all is, that the we-

nerable gluttons never thinks that the leavings arter each feed, would supply half the poor of the Parish for a week to come! These are the reg'lar old porpoises—as don't know what a draught of pump water is, Sir; old fogies as can't tie their own pigtails for fear the mock turtle should rise with their arms in the action, and yet, Sir, we hear of such contankerous old Beloochees, a saying that there ain't no such thing as starvation in the world,—and all becos they gets their white weskits blowed out with wenison and mock turtle! These are the old bloaters, Sir, as ought to be put to the Brixton Mill, Sir, and made to grind flour (instead of *wind* as does it now,) for the poor as wants it. *They*, the old sinners; has got plenty: *they* never wanted, and never will, it 'ud do away with all their dispeppersy and dinner pills and undigestion, and make men on 'em again, Sir. "Poor law-guardians" is a werry pretty name and is all werry well when they *are* guardians—but when you see a parcel of thick-headed, goggle-eyed, fellers, old enough to know better and too near the grave to be keep in up a flirtashun with the devil; when you see 'em called guardians of the poor,



A GUARDIAN OF THE POOR.

and see 'em a meeting together for nothing else but to consume what ought to go towards feeding the poor, and comes out of charitable people's pockets for that purpose—I call it uncommon hard mouthed, and I for one should like to have the management of the lot.”

We were just turning a corner of the road, which brought us upon a picturesque village, which we soon saw was rendered still more picturesque by the presence of a regiment that had been billeted there for some days, and as we approached they were just falling into marching order, the drums and fifes playing merrily.

“Wo ho, my beauties:” said the coachman, gathering his ribbons well in hand, “they likes music, Sir, and used to be quite a different team afore my last guard died; the music died with him, Sir, for nobody could ever come up to Jem upon the key bugle! Just look at that, Sir!” continued he, pointing to a crowd of village beauties, under some elms on the roadside—“see how the sound of the drum brings 'em out; I'll bet there ain't a gal at home in the willage exceptin them as may be sick; its werry remarkable how they all runs arter the red cloth! I never knowd a woman yet, Sir, from a nussmaid to a milliner as wasn't sweet upon a Grannydear, or a Life Guard, or a Hoxford Blue—or some other idle feller as sits and lollops about the barracks all day in scavenger's boots. I ain't sure whether there ain't a dodge in it arter all, 'cos when you come to consider, Sir, there is a chance of the battle a carrying off their fust venture and then they're at liberty to get a second; its either *that*, Sir, or else their nat'ral fondness for gaythings makes 'em like red coats and lace and feathers, as common people musn't wear. I never knowd a woman yet as didn't run at a scarlet coat like a mad bull: they have oncommon sharp ears for the roll of a drum, Sir, and flies out whenever the soldiers is coming like carrion crows to a dead horse; it's a kind of scarlet fever, as ain't cured by doctor's stuff. I reck'lect a sister of mine as was nussmaid in a gent's family near the Regent's Park; and it was part of her dooty to trot out three youngsters in straw hats and Scotchmen's petticoats every morning about the Park, and wash 'em and rub 'em down when they'd run theirselves into a sweat.—Well, Sir, she did werry well and was a great favorite with her master and missus, and a werry good-looking pretty little tit she was, though I say it as shouldn't! She was werry comfortable and happy, and took her holliday once a month to come and see her father, and she never came without

bringing no end of combustibles for tea; pennywinkles and shrimps and all that, in paper bags, and I can reck'lect werry well a looking 'out for her and the pennywinkles and shrimps and cetera werry anxiously whenever her month was up.—Well Sir, all at once she stopped her wisits and two months went by without us seeing or hearing anything of Marg'ret, and we all thought as how she must be ill, so at last the governor said as how he'd call and see what had become of her, and so he did; and when he come back he told us she was a reglar livin skelinton and werry ill, and delicate, and that the family doctor said as how if she didn't try sea air or sea water she'd go into a consumption, she was so weak and delicate! Well sir, in coorse the sea-side, wasn't the place for a nussmaid to kick her heels at, and so the governor told the doctor she couldn't afford to go, and he couldn't afford it neither, so just as he was a bouncing out of the house a old housekeeper as was up to everything in the gent's family I suppose, touches my governor on the helbow and says, says she, mister Vilks, your darter's ill there's no denying that 'ere, but neither the doctor nor you knows what's the matter with her says she, and if you did, you couldn't neither of you cure her, says she; you don't know how many young gals living about here, has fell wictims to this here dreadful complaint, says she; try bark, says she, try quinine, try sea air, says she, if you like, I never meddles in other people's business, says she, but your darter's got the Scarletteena, says she, and if you take my advice you'll try a Sodjer and she'll soon come round! Well Sir, my father only thought *once*, like a great many more old men; he never dreamt about there being two meanings to one word—he'd heerd some old woman say as how hoysters afore breakfast was a certain cure for consumption, and he'd heer'd of red herrings being called *Sodgers*, so what did the old blunderhead do, but thank the old housekeeper and cut away as hard as his legs could carry him to Thames Street, and bought a quarter of a hundred Yarmouth Bloaters, —they was the only sodgers he thought of—and away he sends 'em to Moggy, and writes upon the paper, "*Consumption physic, dose three afore breakfast.*" I reck'lect werry well what a *rise* it took out of the old chap, when somebody laugh'd and told him what a blunder he'd made, Sir, and as for Moggy whether or no she took the physic, I can't tell, but I know that she tried t'other tack (as the sailors say) and one fine day become Missus Squad of the Life Guards—and found herself blessed with a husband about



A SWEETHEART OF LONG STANDING.

three times as long as she was; howsomdever it didn't last long, the reg'ment moved to Dublin or Calcutta (I forget which, Sir) six months arterwards and Moggy is now living at home with a lively remembrance left of her sodjer, in the shape of a young tiger about five year old, as like Squad as two peas—barring his length, boots, and breast-plate. I think that's a werry good living hinstance of what a young gal gets by marryin a sodjer; they never get no certain



home, Sir, but a'e obleeged to put up with any hole and corner like the bats and swallows; it's march and tramp, tramp and march, till they either gets their poor little feet one marse of blisters, or else gets shook like swealed sovereigns till all the polish is took off 'em: the red coats is werry pretty to look at, so is the tin cap and the breast-plates, but all them things gets uncommon rusty if you looks at 'em with tearful eyes, Sir, as many a poor gal does: *they* don't find it out 'till it's too late; its no use a preachin to 'em; they go at it, as they do at everything else blindfolded by their own vanity, and it leads 'em into no end of mischief—for you may depend upon it, Sir, there ain't much comfort for a woman when her husband's obleeged to be always a movin about, particklerly when there's two or three young heros to go with the other baggage. Children's a kind of light hinfantry, Sir, as comes pretty heavy sometimes, depend upon *that*, Sir!—the hexcitement's all werry well, and all women glories in it,—but when *that's* over, and the mutton has to be cooked in a old tin cannister (and they're lucky to get *that*,) there's many on 'em 'nd rather put up with a saveloy and a penny roll,—if they could only be got to own the truth for once!"

"Well!" said I, "you appear to have made me your confidante, but I cannot help wondering if you tell every passenger the same story."—"Why yes sir, pretty much of a muchness" said he, "if I find a gent talkative, and not proud, (and I must say I ain't had much call to complain.) I know there is some people in the world as can't live without a hargiment; they do all they can to find something to hargy about, and if they can't find nothing, they'd contradict their own grandmothers! I rek'lect when I was a driving the Royal Blue on the Hipswich road—I walked out of the booking office one morning and saw the werry rummest box seat as ever I set eyes on, all ready mounted and lookin as if he was a getting werry impatient—he'd a werry narrow brimmed hat, and had on a black great coat (the fust I ever see of that colour); he'd a brown catskin box round his neck buttoned inside his coat, and fastened in front with a pair of lion's heads,—and barrin the brown catskin, I'm blest if he wasn't all in black—with cloth-topped boots like a woman!—Ho, ho! thinks I, 'you're a werry valuable bein in your own opinion, you're a parson, or a perffessional singer thinks I, or you wouldn't take sich care of your throat, well, sir: I mounted the box, and away we went, so arter we'd got off the stones a little way, I begun the conversation as usual, Sir, by saying, it was a fine morning—werry onseasonable indeed says he for the time of year! too cold for autumn says he,—Yes says I, but the crops is all in, by this time, so it don't matter!—Don't it says he? I should think it *did* matter, young man, for its unpleasantly cold for them as ain't got

no home—howsomdever says he, this weather can't last, we *must* have rain, says he, and then it'll be warmer! Yes says I (seeing he was a rum un and wanting to agree a little with him in opinion), but I don't think it'll rain to-day!—Oh! yes it will says he, them ere clouds looks like rain and there wasn't no dew this morning,—it w'll rain before night, says he, —well then says I, we shall get it warmer to-morrow. Not unless we have rain *all night* says he, and I don't think that's likely! Well! thinks I, you *are* a rum customer you are! wot you means to say I s'pose is that you hexpect it w'll be tolerably fine if it don't rain, and if it does, that it'll be seasonable weather perwided it rains hard and gets warmer, which you don't think is hardly possible; they say a good beginning makes a bad ending, and *wiser worsen*, so I s'pose before we gets to the *end* of the journey, I shall diskiver that you're a huncommon nice gen'lman, for I'm blest if you don't strike me as being a particklery nasty one now. I thought all this, Sir, but if you'll believe me I didn't put tongue to teeth to speak to him again, and when I put him down at Hipswich I took his shilling with more pleasure than I ever took one in my life—he was a Methodist parson I found out arterwards, and he had been a journeyman snob, but I would'nt mind a prophesying, that he won't come to no good end.—He was about the wust box seat I ever had, and I never wish to have another like him!"

"Well," said I, "if you only meet with *one* disagreeable person in your journey you are a very lucky coachman—and the more so as that one happened to be a man, and not a woman—I don't know *what* you would not have said, if you could have added to the list of female faults, that of the spirit of contradiction!"

"Well Sir," said he, "I rayther think I've told you that *that* which you call the spirit of contradiction is born with every woman!—I've seen a many in my time and I never see one do the straight-forward yet; when you think they're in love they ain't, and when you think they ain't, depend upon it they've got a warm corner in the heart for somebody as is'nt at all fond of *them*; it's their natur, Sir, and its called timid-ditty and nerwousness, which is soft names for stark staring wiciousness, only the world don't know it; if they once knows, or fancies, as how a man's fond on 'ein, they'll jist keep a playing with him like a trout at the end of a line—dabble and flap, flap and dabble, till they find they can't kitch another, and then they *may* come to business; but depend upon it, Sir, they won't think of doing so till they've found out that their bait, whatever it may be, is too far gone to hook another! They never think, Sir, of the many men they have druv to drinking and even wuss; that ain't laid at *their* doors, but I looks afore I leaps, Sir, I never forms a opinion without good reason, and

I looks upon it that women finds half the work for a London Coroner!—and though we often hear of Waterloo-bridge and the Serpentine being chose as good jumping places for the soft sex, it ain't the *softest* or the werry best specimens as takes their dives from them. I forget whether it's Shikspere or Byron or Bacon—as says that 'its only 'oomen feels sad and lonely in their sorrows,'—but whoever it was, he know'd nothing about it, and had'nt been cross'd in love! I've know'd oceans of good looking fellers reg'larly floored by women; in coorse it affects different people different ways; some fellers when they can't get the gal they fancy, goes and blows their brains out, and it does'nt take much gunpowder to do it, 'cos if they'd half the quantity as usually falls to men's shares, they would'nt think of sich a thing; these is called fellers de sees: another sort of tempered people goes and wanders about the woods and forests like pigs a poking for acorns; they sees everything as is beautiful in natur—the trees and the wild flowers—but they ain't no longer beautiful to them; they hears the blackbirds a singing, and a getting up a reg'lar free and easy all to theirselves, but their whistling is as so much skreeking to the disappointed lovers: they say as how everything is changed, they goes out shooting and finds the partridges like so many howls and the dog and gun, no amusement; this is what I've *heerd*, and it may be all werry well and werry true, but *I* think it 'ud take a stronger power than the usual style of love, to make me fancy my team four rhinerosserosses! Howsomdever I know there's 'lots of men druv to destruction by women, and yet they're called man's best friends,'—comforters, minist'ring hangels and all that kind of thing—as if they never took a part in the business of life, but only looked on, with a bottle of Dutch drops in one hand and a poor man's plaster in the t'other, to bind up all the cuts and slashes they theirselves is the cause of. I don't mean to hinsiniwate as how there ain't, some good women a knocking about the world—only they're so hard to find that unless a man makes up his mind to be *werry* charitable the have-rage hinclines the wrong way,—there's some women, Sir, who amuses theirselves all their lives by making up marriages!—and pairing the world as if the men and women was so many pigeons, they'll find out a sneaking liking between a man and women, as never set eyes upon one another, they'll diskiver that Jack *this* and Susan *that* has been formed for one another ever since they both drawed breath in this jolly old world—they'll make up tea parties, gipsey parties and all manner of games just to bring young people together, and when they've done as much mischief that way as they well can, they'll lay down upon their feather beds and say, they're ready to die, as they've

done their dooty ! and p'raps they have, but *I* verry much doubt it. There's another set, Sir, as only thinks of *themselves* ; they grows up from children thinking of *number one* and no other number ever comes afore their selfish eyes ; they gets married theirselves arter giving no end of trouble to their fathers and mothers, and then they sets their faces agin marriage for ever ! they pick holes in other people's coats for nothing, they're up to kicking under the table, and always looks at people's feet when they're a sitting in a room ; they've been what's called in the hoven theirselves, and always looks in it for anybody as is lost : they ain't got no feeling for anything but theirselves and p'raps a pug dog and—laugh or cry,—it ain't no matter to them how many hearts is aching that they might do a bit of the good Samaritin to !—them's the people, Sir, as ought to know what trouble *is*, the world's big enough for us *all*, but if I had the orderin of it, or even a voice in the matter, I'm blest if such people should find a werry great deal of peace in it—sympathy ain't put down in their dixonary and I'm a wanderin Jew if they should know that *I* ever learnt it. No, no, Sir, live and let live's my motty ; if I could do a good turn for a friend I'd do it, and wouldn't talk about it, but I'd hexpect him to serve *me* if ever I axed him ; as long as I've a penny to spare, I'll give it, and you may depend upon it Sir, if there was more of that sort of thing in the world there'd be a wonderful saving in the pay of parsons and policemen !”

“ Yes,” said I, “ you have a pretty correct idea of what *ought* to be the order of things, but as we cannot mend them by talking, don't you think it is just as well to go through life bending to the storm, and standing erect in the sunshine ?”

“ Why, yes sir,” said he, “ that's call'd takin the world as it comes—only *you* uses flowery language to it,—that's all werry well, and many a man does it arter he's past forty, 'cos he begins to see it ain't no use a kickin over the pole,—but it's when we're all young sir, that we tries to have a round with fate or anything else as comes atwixt us and our patick'ler vanities, and arter all, the old feller as said life was but a summer day wasn't far wrong, only its more like a day in April than any other month. When we're boy's sir, we look at the lot of grown up faces a frownin and a smilin round us like so many wanegated door-knockers, and we always wishes we was grown up as big as they,—well sir, away we go ! the pinafore's a gettin more like a apron every day, and the skelinton suit has been let out 'till it looks as if it only wanted another slice of puddin to bust all the buttons off !—year arter year slips by, at railroad pace—one sister gets married, then to'ther, and then we finds ourselves uncles ! real live huncles !

and werry young huncles we thinks ourselves, co's we can't see all the gray hairs a sproutin out of both whiskers: p'raps we marries! (many a one's green enough to do *that* sir) and its only *then* sir, when we see the young sprouts a flourishing round us, that we think we *may* be getting reglar old codgers,—and that's why all the *gals* takes a pleasure in a kissing and a hugging of us before younger men, which they never did twenty years before. If a man's mind sir, could only keep pace with his growing, what fine old fellers some on us 'ud make! I'll tell you one thing Sir, as I never yet could make out! Who's the lady as sets the fashion! I'm blest if I ever yet heerd the business explained—you see in the shop winders things with tickets on 'em called capes a lar mode, and tippets a lar mode,—go, half a dozen yards further on, and you'll see writ up in a winder *Beef a la mode*, now Sir I can't make out what these here milliners can have to do with beef—and they calls their shops, *Magazin de Modes*! I'm blest if I can make out what the *mode* is, but it's *French*, and that's jist enough to make John Bull crick his neck a running arter it. I rayther think it's some *Madam Moselle* over at Bolong as sets the fashion Sir, 'cos we always see the steamers so cram full of band-boxes—and all different sizes—it ain't a bad dodge that Sir, of the milliners, fust a having tight sleeves, and large bonnets warn, and then a changing 'em to loose sleeves and little bonnets and gowns as had no hems and tucks afore,—full of 'em from wither to pastern, it aint a bad dodge *that* Sir—and it must be confounded rum to the Yokels a coming up to London every six months, to see a fine lady, as six months afore walked down Bond-street with a bonnet on like a twelf cake, now a doing her constitutional in a thatch like a babby's cap—and looking as proud and pleased as a Noofoundland dog with a crabstick in his teeth!—In course they've a right to do as they like, Sir, but I want to know *who* starts 'em? I recollect werry well a seeing a pair of shoes as I was told once belonged to my grandmother, and I was told as how she used to wear 'em now, I ain't given to unrespecting anybody's word, but when my gov'or told me *that*, I rayther think the old genelman was a drawing 'a werry long bow, 'cos in the fust place they was too small for any woman's feet but a Chiny woman's, and in the next they was made with such *uncommon* high heels, that if my grandmother ever *did* wear 'em, she must ha' been always a sufferin from a sprained fetlock, for I'm werry sure no mortal woman could ha' worn 'em unless she'd been brought up from hinfancy to walk upon stilts, like the gals in bed curtain petticoats and spangles as shews off in front of Richardson's show at Bartlemey fair—howsomever if she *did* wear 'em she was a werry remarkable old

female, for I'm blest if she didn't have a pug dog stuffed when it kicked the bucket and it's now atop of my brother's mantel shelf in a glass case—she must ha' been werry fond of that little huggy pug dog sir, and she wasn't the only one—why sir I see a lady t'other day a walking down Regent Street, and a carryin a spaniel dog like



MY PET SPANIEL.

a child only payin it a great deal more respect sir!—she was a makin it comfortable a'top of her muff and a twistin her boardound it, as if it was real christian flesh and blood. Well, thinks I, you're a nice specimen of female loveliness, you are! You want summut else to carry, you do! and I'm a tinker if I could forget it all day sir, it seems so reg'larly out of all reason sir: fancy keepin a dirty little

cur warm atop of a muff!—Why natur's agin it, ain't a dog perwided with a coat of hair, the same as a 'oss? and when the wind blows chilly, I should like to see either as couldn't keep themselves warm, and yet there was this nasty snarlin little

cur, a sittin on the muff—reg'larly looking down upon people as was obleeged to walk, and seeming as proud and conceited as if he'd got a dimond ring on his tail!—no, no, sir, dogs is all werry well in their way, nobody's fonder on 'em than I am, so long as they keeps their places—but jist let me kitch a gal as cares a straw about me a nussing and humbugging a dog, and see if she ever gets a good word from me again!—howsomever there's wuss things than dogs to take a fancy to? and I've heer'd though it goes agin the grain to believe it, that hinstances has been known of ladies taking fancies for keepin monkeys—I never yet see a hinstance sir, but I'm told it is so—and unless they mean the hundred monkeys as struts down Regent Street every arternoon (and then its werry bad taste) I say there's werry little hope left for a woman as takes sich out of the way fancies into her head.—She must be a wanting either in sense or feeling, or p'raps both, and the sooner she goes to Hanwell Loonatic Asylum the better it 'ull be for her friends.—I ain't patience with such women. I *can* stand a canary bird, or a mavis, and I'm werry fond of a *lark* myself sir,—but a woman as goes beyond Squarrels and Guinea Pigs ain't fit for to live among ciivilized society. Here we change sir—and I dare say if the truth was found out, every one of my team agrees in opinion about its being a change for the better.

OUTSIDER.

DACCA, February 13th, 1847.

## MY OLD GUN SCREW.

## SCREW No. 4.

NOVEMBER was making his last struggle to seem autumnal. He had cleared his misty brow, and attempted a smile, and that resolutely enough for some hours after dawn, but the cheerly look died sadly away like the briskness of forced merriment, and ere it was noon the clouds poured forth their pitiless gush of sleet and rain alternately, as if the rough month were weeping for the death of fair weather. It is not pleasant to be under such circumstances alone in a postchaise—on a hilly cross-country road, with sixteen miles of the eighteen mile stage still before you, with the post-boy sitting on the box driving, and having forgotten his whip,—with—no, on my word, he shall sit out there no longer! The haggard, worn countenance, the sepulchral cough of the poor drenched forgetful one speak of a fast approaching fate that the results of this very day perchance may determine: come, Master Mathew, down with the window, and hold the reins, while he gets in beside you; have you not seen the return chay a hundred times, and a hundred to the back of that, coached home with the long reins, and shall the maintenance of your own small dignity interfere with the out-journey being made once in in a way in like fashion? .

Sixteen miles with a wet consumptive post-boy for a companion, crammed into a narrow chaise with gun-case, carpet bag, and portmanteau, watching the lazy plodding of two hacks,—it was not exactly the mode in which one would have chosen to approach a strange mansion owned by strangers, and I was bound to pay a cold and formal visit at a place in which coldness and formality were, I knew, the prevailing element; for propriety, starched and stiffened to the rigidity of an Elizabethan ruff, ruled the actions, and would, if it could, have fettered even the imagination of all the denizens, casual or permanent, of Kingsallan House.

Sir Philip Kingsallan was a minor, and in every sense one. He was a dwarfish lad between sixteen and seventeen. Lady Kingsallan was his lady mother, who had certainly in a physical way attained *her* full majority, and who was determined that, morally, her son should never attain *his*. She was a dowager of awful amplitude, of commanding presence, a woman of business, the terror of stewards, and the scourge of attorneys. She was sole manager of the Kingsallan property, had had her way all her life, and looked and talked as if she was the woman



fit to "conspire against destiny," as Thersites has it, to have it on and on. All she did was on a large scale like herself;—all that belonged to her was grandiose, and how she ever condescended to have so small a son is up to this hour, a mystery to me. Kingsallan House was a fit residence for so mighty-minded a lady. The park, though destitute of scenic interest, was vast; the avenue, though consisting of graceless trees, was long and wide; the house itself was as incongruous with the country as its mistress, and looked like a very large town-house transplanted, —and when we stood at last before the entrance of the mansion I felt as much out of place with my *no* servant, and sorry equipage as if I had driven such a turn-out in such fashion up to the door of a house in Grosvenor Square about driving-time on a May afternoon. I was completely subdued:—hungry, cold, wet, and chilled, outside and inside, with the weather, and the place, and the people,—but that's a *bull*, for I saw nobody except two ungainly country footmen, and a fat groom of the chambers who took me to my room, and assigned me one of the ungainlies as valet. My room was on the third floor, a corner one with cross lights from four windows and no fire; fires I learned were not lighted in the bedrooms till the 15th at Kingsallan House, nor I suppose luncheon permitted after two P. M.

"Sir Philip is with his tutor;—my lady is in her own apartments;—the dressing bell rings at six, and, Mr Dutton will show you the drawing room, Sir!"

So said the ungainly, and departed, leaving me to identify in my mind's eye the mysterious Dutton with that solemn chamber-groom, who had marshalled me to my melancholy chamber.

Heaven knows it was little idea of amusement that had made me fulfill the wishes of a friend by going to this gloomy mansion to make acquaintance with the heir of the Kingsallans, who, in about a year was to join the college of which I was an alumnus at Oxford. The neighbourhood, a hunting one, was not unknown to me, and I halted in this barren resting place, partly as a convenience, partly as a duty, and in some sort with the hope of securing a day's shooting, or two, altho' knowing that the cherished heritor of the estate was prohibited the gun, lest peradventure mischance might come of it.

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There was a great gathering that evening at Kingsallan House, for when I entered the drawing room it was full of worshipful company, despite the rain and heavy roads. Having in the easiest way my awkwardness would permit of, made my bow to lady Kingsallan, and my greeting to her shy and dwarfish son, there was Allersby of Layvish that I knew, and his guest and

friend Lord Moyola, a young Irish viscount; and his friend, Captain Knock (of Down), and Mrs Allersby, a sort of counterpart dowager to her of Kingsallan. They had been rival county beauties in their youth, and still rivalised but in another manner; for whereas the ample mistress of Kingsallan made it her pride to manage, and maintain in prudent and orderly, tho' rich magnificence the estates and the establishment of her wealthy house, treating her son as something secondary in all relating to it;—so on the other hand did Mrs Allersby make it her pride to keep up county influence and reputation by yielding implicitly to the fancies of young Allersby, a handsome squire-like fellow of some four and twenty, who had learned but one thing from his father, and that was that he should “live like an English gentleman.” Having inculcated this precept, the Allersby that was, put it out of his power to explain what he meant, by dying, as many English gentlemen have done, under his horse at the bottom of a gravel pit. His wife and son treasured up this text without a gloss, and interpreted it each after their own fashion; thus with the former it meant four horses for the dowager's carriage, open house to the dowager's friends, a set of diamonds for young Mrs Allersby (worn meanwhile by the dowager), and London every second year: with the latter from ten to sixteen hunters, a pack of harriers for off-days, Crockfords in town, and chequin-hazard in the country—“and they too,” as Lady Kingsallan would say, “with barely eight thousand a year!”

Then there was a sprinkling of people from a neighbouring hunting rendezvous, then called “Little Melton”—Mr Stokeham with his wife and his intimate friend, both obtained in Paris, and purchased by naught less than disinherishment; for although the lady was positively *née Pompon-Pèpinière*, and (as we all know) consequently of the best blood in France, and although the intimate friend was the Conde Las Heras, a Chilian grandee, the best fellow on earth, let the other be who he may—old Stokeham, a sturdy Worcestershire Squire, swore, in his peculiar phraseology, that his son Jack might make what Russia-neering, foreigneering friends he pleased, but that he should never darken Stokeham Wold in their company, so long as sun shone or water ran while he lived. Hence ensued it that they lived, alternately between Paris and Little Melton, waiting, as the son would delicately say, “for any contingency at Stokeham,” and meanwhile making the most of the world and its pleasures.

The most striking groupe was that composed by a Mrs Meeks and her two daughters, who had been brought from Little Melton in one of the Kingsallan carriages: the girls, beautiful beings were they, sat ensconced behind their mother's chair leaning on each others shoulder with (of course) no eye at all to effect, while

the fair relict, still a handsome woman, addressed in the low voluble tones of a singularly sweet voice and with an expressive pantomime of looks and subdued graceful movements, what appeared to be a tirade of mingled acknowledgements and adulation to Lady Kingsallan, who received the same with singular graciousness. I suspend here any practicable description of this remarkable family, as they will tell their own story. Then we had Sir Angus McGash, a Forfarshire baronet, a bruising rider and eminent four-bottle man, and the exquisite, Capt. Curzon Knocksley, my old friend,—and one or two county magnates, and the celebrated Mr Yoxover, master of the county hounds; a rector or two, and curates of sorts with their females, and various minor personages completed the large and varied party which filled the stiff and stately chambers of Kingsallan. It was odd enough, but every one seemed in this atmosphere of pomp and pride to swell with the consciousness of some real or fictitious dignity, and the only cypher, except Master Mathew, in the gathered mass of units was the poor little dwarf baronet, the unconsidered owner of the lordly mansion.

Dinner was announced, and the company passed off with an edifying amount of starched attention to rank, station, and propriety to the hall, a very spacious ill-proportioned room, in which Master Mathew found himself modestly located towards the lower end of the table between Captain Knock (of Down) and Mr Peagrub, Sir Philip's tutor. The latter gentleman, flat-faced, low-browed, bilious, thin, voracious, ate in an unwholesome way from grace-time till the cloth was moved, and then filled in with a pine-apple and a platefull of Jamaica ginger, speaking no word the while for obvious reasons. The captain was of a different kidney: he inclined rather to the fluids than to the solids set before us, and as the good wine warmed the genial man, he came out with a succession of remarks and anecdotes connected with the people about us, curious, and curiously told. He was a sort of cosmopolite *squireen*, a gentleman in manner, and

‘Tho’ sometimes stumbling over a potato,’

on the whole no bad sort of led captain. He knew me a little, so our intercourse was easy.

‘That’s Mr Yoxover opposite, isn’t it?’ quoth the captain.

‘I said I believed it was.’

‘Faith, I don’t know him:—Mr Yoxover, Sir, a glass of wine?’

The foxhunter stared, bowed, and went through the motions.

‘That’s another acquaintance made, any how,’ said the captain under his breath—‘the county hounds throw off here the

day after to-morrow, don't they? Ah! you don't know: well, they do, and this is a hunting dinner entirely.'

So saying he bent forward, and looked up the table for a little with some earnestness; then leaned back in his chair, cracked a filbert or two with a smile on his lips while he hummed to himself the fag end of some would-be witty ditty—

They hunt, and yet they're hunted,  
While doing of that same,  
And huff up, quite affronted,  
When told that they're the game—

Having finished this elegant lyrical fragment, he asked me if I knew Allersby well—I replied in the affirmative.

'Allersby,' rejoined the captain, loquacious and confidential under the goodly influence of claret,—'Allersby, poor fellow, sets up for a knowing hand, but mark my words, it's the pace that kills, and, of that he is no judge; now Allersby—'

At this moment, something of an exclamation predominating over the clatter of knives, plates, and voices which accompanied clearing away, cut short the cosmopolite's oration.

'Give up the harriers,' said Mrs Allersby, 'why his father and grand-father kept them! they're the Allersby breed! how is he to live like an English gentleman if he reduces the old family establishments!'

'Ah! but now'—responded a mellifluous voice with the true national objective,—'if you reflect, Mrs Allersby, that George is out six days a week with Yoxover, or the Duke's pack, and has only Sundays for the harriers, which you object to—not the Sundays I mean, but the others—what's it?'

'The currant-jelly dogs,' interposed the Captain.

'Exactly—why what use or profit can he have out of them? and that being the case, what's the use of keeping them?—'

'Logic, by —,' said Knock (of Down.)

'Especially when with the same money that goes for them—'

• 'Prudence, prudence for ever.'

'Be quiet, Knock—with the same money he might keep double his present stud of hunters?'

'For his friends to ride,' observed Curzon Knocksley, who said ill-natured things drily, which passed for wit. Of course there was a laugh, and at Lord Moyola's expence, but my next neighbour was the chagrined party: he thought it necessary to enter into an explanation to me touching Moyola's character, the distinguishing trait in which was a singular and extreme prudence, purchased for himself (and friends) by the outlay of all his ready money before he was one and twenty.

'That's gone,' observed he of Down—'that's gone,—but only see the way he manages his credit,—it's beautiful!'

Meanwhile the interrupted conversation had broken into little bits, each of which was taken up, and dealt with by the members of the party according to his or her peculiar fancy. Lady Kingsallan decried the maintenance of state, (looking herself all the while like its incarnation), unless 'the family solidity' was such as to require it. Allersby, feeling he was talked at, gained an approving glance from his mother, by observing that the keeping up of family solidity was as often a *personal* question as not, over which brilliant remark a fair girl at his side laughed a sweet low laugh, one of those which are meant to express sympathy, and fond applause, and do really (seem to) do it. The fair performer was Letitia Meeks.

Now Mrs Stokeham (*née Pompon-Pépinère*—pardon me, but I love the words) like a true Frenchwoman as she was, first openly noticed the progress of the flirtation of which this little laugh was a sure index. She leaned towards her neighbour, the Chilian noble, whispered, and smiled, as if encouraging and urging him to say somewhat evidently intended to be severe. Captain Knock (of Down) saw the movement, and, with the modest assurance of an Irishman, anticipated the remark.

'I see what you're going to say, Count;—one can't live like an English gentleman, as Mrs Allersby says, single,—eh, Mrs Stokeham?—Even the harriers hunt in couples, as they say.'

'Especially,' observed the Chilian; 'when a gentleman shall be a sportsman with a *hacienda*—estate, how call you?—not complete shall he be only with one two littel hartz for his viff to ride, and a pretty viff to ride them.'

Stokeham, who affected to make the Count a sort of butt before people, went at this, into fits of laughter: Lady Kingsallan looked a world of meaning things towards her dwarfish son, as who should say there would be small chance of 'little horses' for a bride of his: Allersby looked into the eyes next and nearest his own, the grey expressive orbs of the fair Letitia: his silly mother looked all delight as she surveyed the handsome beaming features of her reckless 'English gentleman';—but there was one at table who neither said, nor looked, aught; but whose pantomime was more expressive than a world of words. With upturned eyes Mrs Meeks invoked the ceiling, or something higher, while a shower of big bead-like tears coursed one another down her comely cheeks, and, as Mr Yoxover might have said, *span to earth* in the depths of her boddice. There was a movement by the mistress of the mansion; the ladies rose, and the lofty hostess Kingsallan as if compassionating her interesting friend, drew the round arm of the tearful mother, beneath her own, and in

such fashion went off with Letitia and Adelaide, forming, as a curate's wife said 'a sweet group.'

A semi-suppressed, but very emphatic phrase escaped the Captain as after a glance at the retreating figures, he resumed his seat.

'Burn the Brummagem Niobe.'

'And her daughters,' added Lord Moyola.

'Allersby's booked,' continued the man of Down, pouring out a glass of claret,—'my young friend here looks as if he'd like to know *how*; will you tell him, Moyola?—it 'll be a lesson in life for him may be?'

'*Experto crede*,' was the reply, uttered with a motion towards the door—'they yonder very nearly did the thing with me at Cheltenham last year;—it wasn't a bad season tho', for Margaret caught Biggins of the Blues—he was melted into matrimony by the weeping matron.'

'Melted' said I—

'The word itself,' explained the Captain,—'and a mighty good metaphor;—most women cry their daughters up, but she cries them off, which is a better thing.'

'Cries them off?'

'That thing does she;—when she sees a fellow sweet on one of the girls, she goes gracefully into a conspicuous corner—'

'And cries,' said Lord Moyola,—'that's the drawing room cry.'

'Then, says the gentleman, that's in a state of sugar,' continued the man of Down—'what's that for?'—'Oh' its only dearest mamma's nerves—she cries because—because—'and then a simper, and a look, and 'I won't tell you'—(they do it devilish well)—and then.'

'And then' interrupted Moyola,—'then as you saw to-night there's the dinner cry, and the pic-nic cry, and the water-party cry—and so forth through cries of every description, with a meaning in every one of them:—I got as far as the 'engaged affections' cry in the little sitting room, and saw the moment for the slight hysterical shriek, *her* cue to come in you know.'

• 'Well?'

'Well?—why 'twas well with me,—but had I stayed a moment longer I was lost,—it would have been 'bless you both!—Letitia, I see it all—you love him?'—and then a rush out of the room, leaving me nothing else to do—'

'But kiss the girl, and say you loved her,' concluded the Captain—

'Which Allersby would have stayed, and have done as sure as as he 's an English gentleman, but your Irish prudence saved you—he'd have gone too far.'

'And too fast,' added Moyola drily—'he's no judge of pace in any thing.'

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My room was a corner one, as I told you, on the third story, a sitting room by rights to the suite immediately behind it: the corridor which ran along the front gave entrance to the comfortable apartment, good enough for a bachelor, and still more, a boy. But—on my word, my next neighbours are wrong to speak so loud,—there's but these doors between us, and—'tis in vain!—I might have knocked a score of chairs about instead of the one that I broke the leg of, without attracting their notice! That shrill imperious voice, and those broken plaintive accents,—are those the joyous girl, and tearful mother?—I'll tear my clothes on somehow, and *not* hear; come; 'tis done and the door open with all the noise that lock and hinge can give;—worse still! *their* entrance door ajar—nay, more than half unclosed upon the passage at which stands Adelaide gazing back on, doubtless, the mother and Letitia!—

'I cannot, mother dear, I cannot, dare not ride,—don't force me,—my nerves—'

I only so half-heard the taunting violent rejoinder that I'm glad to spare myself an attempt to recollect it.

'Indeed, indeed, mamma, ever since the day poor Moyola's black mare threw me at the Berkeley Castle party—it was the last time we met before that unhappy day when you destroyed all—'

'I destroyed all, girl,—and *poor* Moyola! *poor*, a fool's fondness for the man that baffled, and derided me!'

'Oh! mother, mother, my courage and my spirit broke that day,—and oh! and oh! would that my heart had broken with them.'

A passionate burst of sobbing followed this miserable speech;—the figure at the door hurried back to aid or to console;—'and you?'—and I reader, did *not* hurry down stairs as I might have done, because—I was always a foolish soft-hearted fellow in my boyish days,—because I was,—come, guess, and have done with it!

I heard the threats of banishment to some miserable place in Yorkshire, on the Wolds,—I heard more of that wretched voice,—and then cajoling, and flattery, and promise of fortune, diamonds; what not—from more than one female voice—(there was a London lady's maid's among them—I knew the twang well)—at last with quick and nervous laughing utterance, the words,—

'The habit, Simsby, the habit—she'll put it on I know, and win a fortune! On with it, dear, and look like your own glorious self!'

'Oh' lawk a' massy, yes! she do look glorious—quite a Dianer.'

'Come, sister,' said a softer voice—'it must be,—come.'

'He said,' continued the first speaker, 'only yesterday,—and *how* he looked at you!—that an English gentleman's true English wife on horseback with the hounds at the cover side was the most beautiful sight on earth!'

'In course it is,' said the second—'(the t'other habit-shimmy, please, Miss Adelaide' thank'e) in course it is the grandest *and* most beautifullest'—

'With the certainty of winning such a prize, ride, my sweetest, ride as if never a Moyola on earth had existed.'

A few stifled words followed;—there was a sort of bustling sound, anxious broken enquiries, and directions, the door opened, and then a silence. She had fainted doubtless: so I once more availed myself of the pause to make my escape from a place I never should have been in. The attempt was again futile. As I turned the door handle, short quick footsteps came up the corridor—

'There, ma'am,' said a breathless voice—'them's the drops,—a perfect cordial the housekeeper says;—take 'em, there's a dear,—now do, Miss Letty, do—la! no'e, no, that ain't too strong'—(a little more o' water in the tum'bly, ma'am)—there and now she's nice and hearty'—

Another silence, and then the room-door was thrown back with some violence, wide as for the exit of the whole party. I waited till, as I thought the ladies had passed on, but I was unlucky that morning. Two figures, one gorgeous shape in a riding habit,—were just leaving the long passage,—Mrs Meeks was listening to the parting words of Simsby at the door—

'Plenty, ma'am,—plenty, don't 'e fear for that—she's took enough to ride to Shrewsbury on and back—ay, and further too:—I knows the drops well myself for the matter o' that'—

An evident better judge of pace, that Abigail, thought I, as I followed quietly down stairs, than poor Allersby.

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And here, reader, let me pause for the purpose of apostrophising my Gun Screw;—it will not take me long, and is my best excuse to you, for on my word this is not my fault. Our friend, Abel, the Editor, gets the garrulous metal to draw a bill upon memory, and would persuade him, were he not the most prosaic of Screws, to get imagination to endorse it,—and then you see the result—a sort of phantasmagoria of characters, too many to tell their own story, much less let me tell mine. There—I did not apostrophise him after all,—but it did us well,—and now for Farnley Gorse.



It was a splendid hunting morning,—a sure find,—for the most part a grass country all about;—for the hounds, were they not Yoxover's?—and for the meet was it not, as Curzon Knocksley said, 'as little unexceptionable as any thing out of Leicestershire?' There was only one drawback to Farnley Gorse, and that was Farnley Bottom, a hollow drained by a considerable brook, which at about a mile and half from the cover, encompassed it nearly on three sides. It was traditional in the country that a Farnley fox always broke cover, and took towards this heavy ground, and whether the majority of the field ever saw a run depended on it's condition. On the present occasion the dull and muddy stream loomed in the distance as of no inconsiderable width, the result of the recent rain. It was Stokeham's joke on such being it's condition, facetiously to christen it '*the Downs*.'

There was already a large field, *pink*s predominating; and Mr Yoxover who at the cover side assumed the right to appear in his natural character, dictatorial, and the reverse of urbane, seemed a little inclined to draw before the Kingsallan party, who were late, came up.

'I know 'em'—said he in his peculiar phraseology, but which I can only partially print—Stokeham, and Knocksley, and such like late-to-cover Latin-an'-Greek lubbers, out to see the hounds at twelve in long trowsers! I'll not wait ten minutes longer wasting this scenting morning for all the fools that ever stunk of lavender!'

But as the angry Nimrod spoke, the first detachment of our party arrived. These were the delinquents, Knocksley and Stokeham with the latter's wife and the Chilian, poor little Kingsallan and Master Mathew, accommodated like him with a hack, following rather than joining in the party. Let me here add, that I once heard a friend of mine declare that a fellow who dared appear at the cover side in long trowsers and on a lame horse possessed the acme of moral courage. Reader, I have done both—judge of mine!

While I note this fact, the Count has with much formality addressed Mr Yoxover, prompted thereto by the malicious Knocksley, with an apology for not having his knee-buttons of the hunt pattern, the ire excited by which needless civility enabled Stokeham neatly to observe—

'Wherever Yoxover comes to the hounds, his temper always goes to the dogs, ha! ha!—but, Curzon, do only look at Mrs Stokeham's seat on horseback! is it not perfection!—I attribute that greatly to the cut of the saddle:—Las Heras, (a Chilian you know—rides like a Centaur), says it is, and I always cut out the patterns of her saddles myself. Las Heras, says if I don't know how, who should, ha! ha!—&c., &c., &c.'

\* There was not less contrast in the mode in which the rival dowagers made their appearance at the cover-side than in all else by which they were severally characterised. Allersby with Moyola by his side on the box drove his mother's splendid four-in-hand, herself with Knock, and the Meeks girls within: there was much of solid bustle, so to say; an ostentatious display of horses, and servants, and amid the show, some country provincialism on the style of both mother and son. Lady Kingsallan with the Brumagem Niobe, sat in a low pony phaeton, an exquisite turnout, driven by a diminutive postilion with outriders to match; the heir of Kingsallan was fortunately not in the way to complete the satire.

And now—but let them draw the cover undescribed: the reader will not be less informed as to the proceeding than were three-fourths of the sportsmen, who tightened their girths, smoked their cigars, talked of their boot-tops (in those days, reader), or exchanged a word or two with the ladies in the carriages, as if the sport lay, as far as they were concerned, in the next county. My attention was I own a good deal excited as to the manner in which that unhappy girl would go through her false part under her false stimulus. She was very pale, and there was a sort of fever in her eye, but she was nerved enough for all she had to do, as it seemed to me; she mounted with grace and confidence a chesnut horse of Allersby's under a storm of pressing and even tender attentions from the enamoured squire. It was a noble beast he set her on, perfect in symmetry and temper; and certainly the sight was beautiful; so graceful, and so glorious a creature curbing and controuling that real king of quadrupeds, only in shape and grace less perfect than herself. She joined the fair Parisian horsewoman, and the group rode forward (perhaps in Mr Yoxover's opinion a little too much so, but one can't d— pretty women), to have a good view of the field as they got away when the break occurred towards the famous Farnley brook.

They had not to wait long;—the tell-tale music in the gorse waxed louder and more loud, and, as had been supposed, the fox went away at last towards the point where '*the Downs*' were notoriously the broadest. The field, a somewhat unmanageable one, scattered to take the brook at different points according as each rider's experience of the country dictated. The scene was excessively animated; it seemed to affect Letitia Meeks with a sort of fascination. Mrs Stokeham in vain called to her to come away, the groom placed as no undue precaution, on foot at her bridle rein, had already looked for orders to turn the horse's head homewards,—Allersby and his party, losing every moment their chance of being in the run, were urging her to turn back,

when she suddenly struck the noble brute she rode, and, bursting from the hold of the astonished menial, was, in less time than it takes to tell, riding madly with a sort of shriek towards the broadest width of Farnley brook. The first to recover from the shock of surprise, and follow her, was Moyola,—Allersby, Knock, and the rest were later; Mrs Stokeham turning her plunging and impatient steed with admirable skill, rode back with the servants to console Mrs Meeks with the assurance her daughter was distracted.

Meanwhile that mad race drove across the flat, Moyola following the poor girl close and carefully. It took small time to near the brook, but as her horse approached it, the unhappy rider seemed to have lost all self-command; she reeled in the saddle, now bowing on her horse's neck, now as she held hard at the reins, pulling him out of his stroke, and making the beast roll with her own motion. A moment's reflection convinced the Irishman that, ridden thus, the animal could never even rise to such a leap as lay before him: he checked his own career, and as the girl's horse, jerked back on the very brink of the muddy stream, fell rather than plunged in, Moyola, leaped from his saddle, and without hesitation or delay dived at the place in which she disappeared. Knock's ready hand had caught the reins of his friend's horse, and it needed not his aid, for Allersby had now come up, to help in dragging from the ooze of the swollen brook the drenched and senseless form of that fair creature. They laid her on the ground as decently as could be, while her rescuer with a strange look of emotion, gazed on the beautiful shape with the loose wet garments clinging heavily round it, the eyes closed, and life to all appearance gone. Allersby with an anxious bewildered air, tried to chafe her hands, using every common-place of language that fools do over a bad accident.

'Come, Moyola,' said the man of Down—'here's your horse, and the field's far ahead of you'—

'I believe your're right,' replied the other with his eyes fixed on the insensible form—'but, is there any but that block-head to care for her'?

'Tush, man, she'll do well;—the cold bath has done her hot brain good already,—come,—Irish prudence, my lord,—'be by your friends advised' as the song has it, and so forth,—mount—I'll hold your stirrup'—

'Gad, Knock, you're right, I believe, but'—

'But me no buts—but up, and ride, for here comes the scene that must be for else than you'—

As Moyola took this wholesome counsel, and followed the hunt where the brook was easier crossed, came there across the flat towards the spot we stood at, a sort of troublous crowd of

people, chiefly those who had recently been gay spectators by the cover-side; at its head was the pony and phaeton bearing the horror-stricken loftiness of Kingsallan, and Niobe herself with, now, some cause for tears to which she added shrieks and wringings of the hands, as if a mother's grief were not emphatic without action. She threw herself from the carriage as the panting ponies stopped, and, on my word, was I believe for once a natural creature in her sorrow. But there was no real cause for fear: Niobe, always supplied with salts and essences, her weapons as't were, and portions of herself, for once was able to apply them for her daughter's benefit. The contents of a hunting flask or two chafed on the pulses, aided to restore animation: the first word of the restored as she turned on her sister's shoulder, now seated by her, was—

‘Who saved me?’

‘Allersby,’ answered a round and sturdy voice, ‘and devilish well he did it!’

‘I,’ exclaimed the English gentleman—‘I, Captain Knock!’ why I was—

‘Tush, man,’ rejoined the Captain—‘you saved her though you hardly knew it—look at your clothes. I helped to be sure,’ modestly added he of Down.

This was of course the time for ‘Niobe, all tears,’ nor did she lose it.

‘Letitia—darling, look on your preserver! he did it's true, expose you to the danger of that horrid horse—and let you go too forward towards the hunt, and—but no, but no—you owe him every thing, and what do I not owe him! a dear, dear child recovered, the happiness of a doting mother's life restored, the only comfort of a widowed heart resuscitated.’—

And here tears checked the feeling creature's utterance, while, in her joy's delirium, she unconsciously joined the wet cold hand of the half benumbed Letitia with that of the full blooded still-astounded squire, a sort of hero for the nonce without well knowing why.

The poor girl turned uneasily as if amid the crowd she should have seen him to whom a sort of instinct told her she had owed her life. Alas! 'twas a blank round of soul-less wondering faces, except her mother's, all artifice, and her sister's, all misery.

‘They were made for one another,’ said Lady Kingsallan of Kingsallan.

‘Who the devil doubts it?’ replied Captain Knock (of Down.)

And this was their doom!

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It was two years after that, at his own house at Layvish, that I next saw Allersby. He was sitting on the corn bin in his hunting stable, drinking ale with a horse-dealer. It was the old story,—the one wanted money, the other had none to give,—so they were drowning the difference in drink.

There were others, and many others, than the horse-dealer, whom drink could not satisfy, when gold was not forth-coming. The old-English-gentleman system had dipped the property deeply before Mrs Meeks had aught to say to it, but of what remained fifteen hundred a year was absolutely secured to her daughter, and the unhappy dowager, Mrs Allersby, driven on less than a dowager's annuity, far from all the temporal pleasures of home. Allersby, with his harriers sold, and his stud diminished, with a cold imperious wife in his house, and a tyrant mother-in-law, instead of his own foolish doting parent, took to low society and lower pleasures, and, as he was never a judge of pace, as we know, rode post to his own ruin with surprising celerity. There were not those wanting who said that the rival dowager, lady Kingsallan, had accomplished the destruction of the house by aiding and abetting, against the son and heir of Layvish, the machinations of the Brummiagem Niobe:—but, (retributive justice be praised!) were that the case, she worked out her own extinction by those very means; for Adelaide Meeks with the full opportunities given of family intimacy, entangled the dwarfish Sir Philip in a marriage engagement, held him to his word when of age, turned his mother adrift from the pomp and pride of her exclusive rule to the nothingness of dependency, and, hating her husband, made the hall, he was never bred to enjoy, scene of a misery his inoffensive nature hardly merited.

Knock (of Down), who after Allersby died at Boulogne, married his widow, used to say philosophically enough as to these two families.

‘After all it’s like a race—won or lost, by being too fast, or too slow; the great thing is to be a judge of pace, which Allersby was not, poor fellow!’

MASTER MATHEW.

## A REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON.

It is not very easy to account for the fact that though within the last five or six years the amusement of racing has flourished in Calcutta to an extent beyond all previous experience, and has gradually assumed an importance which it never before attained, the same period has been marked by a rapid diminution in the number of Provincial meetings, and with one or two exceptions, a very perceptible deterioration in the sport of those that remain. The meetings formerly held at Ghazeepore, Benares, Kishnagur, Jessore and Cuttack have all in turn declined and their names no more appear in the racing calendar—Dacca, as a racing station, still drags on a lingering existence, but the racing there for the last two years has not been superior in quality to the average of Sky Meetings, and unless some strong stimulus be applied, it seems more than probable that the coming season, if it live to reach it, will be its last.

In the Madras Presidency, alas and well-a-day! the turf appears to have received its death-blow. But much as the extinction of this noble amusement in the Presidency which has brought out some of the best horses that ever started in India is to be regretted, there can be no question that such a consummation is preferable to the unhealthy condition in which it latterly languished. At Madras and Bangalore, racing and discoid seem to have been almost inseparable, a certain indication of lax and inefficient management on the part of those whose duty it was to reconcile differences, to make proper regulations, and to see them rigidly enforced.

A very little consideration will suffice to shew, that almost every serious dissension that has arisen within the last few years, among those who have adopted the turf as a recreation is to be traced to this cause; and there cannot be a stronger argument for exercising the strictest care and circumspection in selecting persons to fill the office of Steward and for upholding their authority when chosen. To find gentlemen possessing the requisite qualifications and willing to undertake the duty is no easy matter. There are few situations in social life which require so much tact, temper, decision and firmness as that of Steward to a Race Meeting, or in which the want of any of these qualities is likely to produce such bad consequences. The office of Steward is one of very great responsibility; its functions should neither be lightly undertaken nor carelessly performed.

The last Bangalore Meeting afforded no ground for hoping that the interests of the Turf in that quarter were in an improving

state. The sport, if sport it could be called, was of the most wretched description. Walks over or races that were little better, formed the burthen of the meagre returns ; and excepting that it gave those horses that were entered for the great stakes in Calcutta, an opportunity of qualifying for the five pounds allowance, this once celebrated periodical reunion might have been just as well honored in the breach as in the observance.

How different was the state of things at the next meeting on our list—Sonepore. Long may it flourish ! for a more sporting rendezvous is not to be found in India. For forty years has the running at this rallying point for the sportsmen of Behar occupied a place in our annals. Held regularly notwithstanding the vicissitudes that have attended the turf in other quarters, the meetings here have gradually advanced in importance until Sonepore stands in our Calendar as second to none but Calcutta—and the sport this year fully maintained its well deserved reputation. Strong stables, good horses and valuable plates ensured well-contested races: the time—the Indian test of the quality of sport—was better than has yet been known there; and save and except that there was a thin attendance of the ladies, the late meeting at Sonepore may be said to have been the best that has ever occurred in Behar.

The number of Behar horses that were heavily engaged in Calcutta, and the circumstance of the meeting having been fixed for a much earlier date than usual, by which ample time was given to get them through a second preparation after their journey, made the Calcutta racing men regard the Sonepore meeting this year with unusual interest, and this increased, as the meeting progressed. The excellent running of the first day proved that there was material at Sonepore, that would ensure the Presidency Meetings being above an average quality. It is remarkable that the best maiden and best plater of the Behar Meeting were both beaten in their first races, though they showed themselves in those very races to be better than their antagonists. Problem lost the maiden plate when to all appearance he had it in a canter, and Voltaire was beaten by Glenmore through the execrable riding of a native jockey, who went off at score contrary to his instructions, and rode his horse to a stand-still, when a pull for half a dozen strides could not have failed to ensure him the victory. Voltaire was a recent importation from the Cape, where he had earned some distinction. He was got by Seth, one of the speediest horses of his day at Newmarket, and is altogether a very creditable specimen of Cape breeding. Speed was supposed to be his forte, but his running on the fourth day when he beat Glenmore and Soldan for the Civilians' Plate, a mile and three quarters, heats, accomplishing the first heat in 3-26, and the second in 3-24, and

coming out immediately afterwards and defeating Young Emblem in a mile race, which was run in 1-52, proved that he had lasting powers as well; and when it was known that he was fairly on his way to Calcutta, to be added to Geo. Barker's string he took a very conspicuous place as a favorite for the Merchants' and Civilians' Plates, the two great events of the second meeting. It is said that Mr De Vaux has a chip of the same block in the shape of a maiden in training; if so and he gets into the Colonial Stakes with a 10lb. allowance, let the Walers look to themselves. Among the debutants at Sonepore was a very likely mare (Bellona) of whom more anon. The only drawback to the pleasure of the Sonepore Meeting was the retirement from the turf of the gentleman whose name is Norval; who, finding that racing was not likely to increase his store, and disgusted with a succession of the mishaps to which good horse-flesh is liable, like a frugal swain, determined to sell his stud and cut the concern. Mr Cunyngham became the purchaser at a low figure. The vacancy caused by Mr Norval's secession, will, however, be supplied by the return of the well-known Mr Fitzpatrick, who with Honeysuckle and a strong stable of dark maidens under the surveillance of a Milesian jockey rejoicing in the name of Blagg, will no doubt make Mr De Vaux's horses move quite as fast as they have hitherto done.

The unsettled state of affairs on the Northwest frontier has been sadly detrimental to the Turf in the Upper Provinces for the last two years, but in point of fact racing has been on the decline in the Agra presidency ever since the retirement of that excellent sportsman, George Bacon. During the last two years, however, no military man could venture to establish a strong stable, or enter into heavy racing engagements owing to the uncertainty that prevailed as to whether the army would be called into the field. Had the extent to which the racing men in the Northwest consigned the Sikhs to perdition for marring their sport, been generally known in England, the Yorkshire huntsman might have been spared the trouble of enquiring "if them Sykeses in Indy was any relations of Sir Tatton's?" Now that a grin-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front," and the troops have for the most part returned to their old cantonments, we may trust to see the regimental coat superseded by the silk jacket, and to hear "the shrill trumpet" sound for the purpose of calling out a lot of trim jockeys instead of a squadron of cavalry. That a right good spirit prevails among our brethren in the Northwest, is manifest from the fact that no sooner did they get into quarters that afforded them the prospect of even a temporary respite from active service, than arrangements were entered into for getting up a race meeting. Frenchmen under the same circum-



stances would probably have started a *spectacle—chacun à son gout*.

The earliest and decidedly the most important of these somewhat impromptu affairs was the Umballah Meeting. How could it be otherwise than successful, ushered in as it was under the auspices of one, whose name has for more than a quarter of a century been held as high in esteem by the votaries of the turf, as it will be henceforward by all to whom the military reputation of our country is dear. Gallantly supported by his aides, Sham Sing and Loll Sing, the veteran general cut down all his antagonists one after the other, and with the single exception that, whether from good luck, good riding or good management, the cream of the stakes fell to the portion of one stable, the Umballah Meeting went off with a degree of *eclat*, that augurs well for the future. As a maiden meeting it reflected great credit on all who took a part in getting it up, and it is satisfactory to see that it is to be followed by another in April.

The time now approached for putting the finishing touch to the preparation of the Calcutta Derby horses—a perilous operation! Owing to the late rains there had been up to this period an unusually small number of the horses in training “fiddled.” The course was still in capital order, with a degree of elasticity on the surface that is seldom retained by an Indian race course after October, and the middle of November found at least a dozen of the Derby nags in strong work, exclusive of those expected from Sonepore and Madras. Among these Cadwallader, Shereef, Eous and Albuera may be instanced, as those whose movements attracted the most attention. The four being in distinct stables, and doing their work separately, little could be known of their comparative qualifications for the Derby distance. The betting up to this time had been very languid. Albuera had been backed to some extent at ten to one against him; Eous, the Bombay flyer, the same: after this Honeysuckle hitherto an outsider, and pronounced by competent judges to be more “like a cat in patens,” than a racer jumped at once into the first place in the betting, but soon retired into a more modest position. Shereef whose last year’s running had stamped him as a jade, was then made a favorite for a brief space, and to him succeeded Cadwallader. Next came a lull and all speculation seemed to be at an end, when suddenly a flourish of trumpets burst upon the ear, and the two Madras horses, against either of which twenty to one might have been had up to this time, were openly declared by the party to whom they were consigned, to be the only horses that had a ghost of a chance; and this announcement being accompanied by a challenge to all and sundry to lay against them, a very few days sufficed to instal them in the first rank. Busi-

ness now became brisk. Three to one was eagerly taken against the Madras two, and large sums were laid out at 10 to 1 against their being first and second. Problem having reached the scene of action from Sonepore in good order and looking all over like a race horse, though a little deficient in power, became a favorite with many, and a very satisfactory trial having confirmed his friends in their opinion of his merits, he was freely backed. Honeysuckle under a change of masters again assumed a prominent position. It was confidentially communicated to a select few, that a trial of his had surpassed Fieschi's best performances, and as it was now known that George Barker had been especially engaged to ride him, and that his party had quietly got on a heavy stake upon the event, and were determined to stand their money, a strong disposition was shewn by the takers\* of odds to have him on the right side of their books. Amidst these fluctuations, however, the Madras horses continued to advance in the public estimation, and the Child having been thrown out of work for a few days by a trifling accident, which *contretems* compelled those who had the management of that stable to declare to win with Minuet, the latter horse stood on the eve of the race in the proud, if not profitable position, of first favorite at five to four against the field, barring the Child.

The eventful morning of the 26th December arrived, and with a heavy book, but a light heart to the race stand we wended our way. Bless us what a sight was there! The front of the Stand, in which not a soul had been seen for the last ten months, was crowded with gay bonnets and pretty faces, while the press of carriages about the door proved that "the Derby day" had attractions for the belles of the City of Palaces almost equal to what are held out to our fair countrywomen at home by Ep3om or Ascot. The entire Cossitollah was ranged up against the rails; and on the rising ground in front of the Stand Pagans and Christians of every colour and degree and in every conceivable or inconceivable description of vehicle filled up the scene. Arab horse-dealers and swaggering baboos—all the boys of all the schools in Calcutta—mixed up with a goodly portion of "Jockeys, Jews and Parlez-vous" crowded the enclosure; while the great unwashed drawn up in line along the fence were kept within their proper limits by a strong body of the new police. The bugle had just sounded for saddling, expectation was on tip-toe, and with a determination that, win or lose, we would take it coolly, we waited the signal for the horses to come out.

The bugle sounded again and out they came. The first that caught our eye was Shereef: he had split his hoof in a gallop about a fortnight before, and since then had rarely made his appearance: in consequence he had fallen to Zero in the betting.

He trotted past the stand, however, as sound as a bell, took his preliminary gallop in excellent style, and excepting that he looked a little lusty seemed as fit as when he ran second to Glaucus last year. Next came Farewell, a showy looking nag and a good mover, but apparently a bit of a puller. Barker's two followed and attracted much attention. Cadwallader was quite up to the mark, and as he bounded past excited a murmur of admiration—but then the recollection of the weight he had to carry came over the minds of his backers and the feeling of exultation was followed by a sigh. Honeysuckle trotted out in a style that showed he was as right as a trivet, but looked a trifle too light; some said he was overmarked in his work, but those most likely to know attributed his altered appearance to a slight attack of fever a few days before. Maynooth now appeared: he had never stood high in the opinion of the betting men, and had been but little supported by his owner, but Robert Ross had all along maintained he would run a good horse and in this opinion he was joined by the Sheik—their judgment was fully borne out by the event. Now all eyes were turned towards the Crack, who followed by his stable companion walked leisurely past the Stand, giving ample opportunity to scan their proportions and condition. High in flesh but strong, in work, with tempers as unruffled as a lady's maid, they cantered slowly down to the two-mile post, reflecting the highest credit on the management of Hall, their trainer. Lapwing and Problem were the last out, and in five minutes more the lot were in line at the starting post. With a beating heart we had drawn out our chronometer, and had just placed our thumb against the stop when something between a roar and a murmur comprising every variety of intonation from the gruff growl of old — to the dulcet notes of Miss — informed us they were — off!

Exactly twenty-nine seconds after this announcement Hall came tearing past the Judge's chair a couple of lengths in advance of the lot, grinning and weaving as if it were the end instead of the beginning of the race. Laying his horse close to the inside and shaving every post he led them at what seemed to be a merry pace round the first turn. Look out! now! half mile, fifty-nine seconds. We thought it had been faster, but it will mend directly. Look out! now! three quarters, one, twenty-nine. What the deuce are the light weights about? Surely George Barker usually so wide awake must be taking a nap upon Honeysuckle. Look out! now! mile one, fifty-eight. Well I never! the race will be Cadwallader's to a certainty and we shall be "up the tree"—Hall still keeps a good lead. Farewell holds second place but now gives way to Problem; the Child, Honey, Cad. and the others are handy; Lapwing quite out

of the race. Look out ! now ! mile and a half, two, fifty-seven : a little better. Now they draw upon Minuet and the race begins in earnest ! what a pace they go ! here they swing round into the straight running. One, two, three, four, five, well together ! Now they near the distance post. By heavens Hall is beat, see he gets up his whip ! No by Jove he comes away like a good 'un ! The rest are all hard at it and not one can touch him ! Five to one on Minuet ! Ten to one on the Crack ! Fifty to one ! a hundred to one ! a horse to a hen ! Minuet ! Minuet wins ! Hurrah !!!

Totally forgetting to stop our watch in the excitement of the moment, we rushed out of the Stand, cleared the rail of the enclosure at a bound as the last horse galloped past, pushed our way through the mob by which the course was now thronged, and met Minuet, looking much less distressed than his rider, returning. Following him to the weighing room we saw Hall safely deposited in the scales. "Weight," cried the Steward, and then and not till then we yielded our mind to the delightful consciousness of having won ——— we will not reveal how many hundred gold mohurs.

After so glorious a commencement it was difficult to take a deep interest in the minor events of the morning. We saw Paris win the Australian purse, and netted another fifty with as much indifference as if it had been a donkey race and our winnings half a crown. It is true we dropped that and another fifty to boot on the 50 G. M.'s sweepstakes, two miles and a quarter, in which Glaucus beat Elepoo, having unfortunately been let into a secret two days before and backed the old horse at 2 to 1—on the strength of it ; but what of that ? Treating with contempt such trifling mishaps we did not stay to see the Sheik's plate carried off by Maynooth, but mounting our hack, went Derby pace across the *maidan* to revenge ourselves on the eggs and mutton-chops at breakfast.

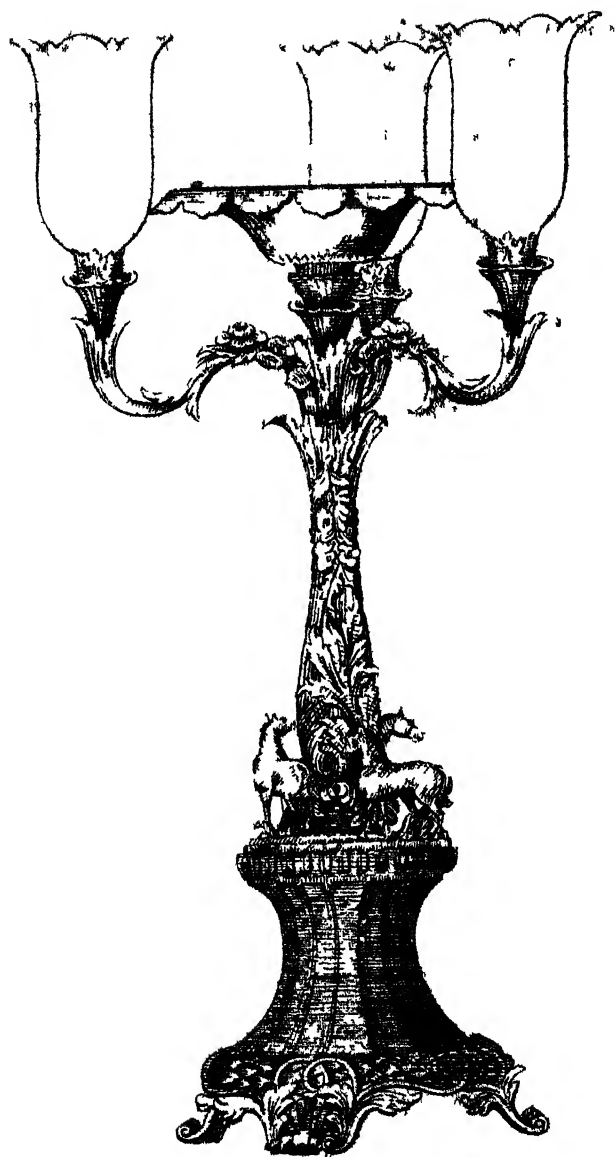
The second day with five races on the list afforded so poor a prospect of sport that a handicap purse was got up by some liberal supporters of the turf, to eke out the morning's amusement. For this ten were entered and six declared to come to the post. The first race that came off was the Champagne stakes, Cadwallader and Farewell being the only horses out of an entry of twenty-four that ventured to shew against Glaucus, who in consequence of his running on the first day was backed at four and even five to one against the field. Glaucus made the running at a middling pace, was collared by Farewell at the two mile post and defeated before he reached the distance. Farewell then carried on the running to the Leger post where Cadwallader went up and challenged him : half a dozen strides

decided the event, Cad winning cleverly by a length. The handicap proved a better race than appeared probable considering how little the handicappers could then know of the horses. Old Glenmore with 9st. 2lb. up took the lead at starting, was never headed and won by more than a length. The Waler, Selim, was second carrying 8st., the rest well up: the time 3m. 25s. R. C. The 30 G. M. purse, three quarters of a mile heats, was won by Problem, (the Arab), at three heats, in the last of which Maynooth who had won the second, went on the wrong side of a post at starting. Two walks over, for as many sweepstakes and an exercise gallop for the Park Street stakes, in which Croton Oil led Ibrahim, filled up the returns for this day.

The bill of fare for the third day included no less than six removes. The first course being "the twentieth renewal of the Calcutta Great Welter Stakes," for which Maynooth *walked over*. It is satisfactory to see by the prospectus for next year's races that this once popular but now obsolete exhibition of gentleman jockeyship has been swept away with the rest of the rubbish of mediæval racing. The sport to-day was of very inferior quality; the only race that requires any special notice was that between Elepoo and Glaucus for the second of the series of private sweepstakes, the distance being one mile. West who rode Elepoo having waiting orders, Barker was obliged to make the running. At the Leger post the old horse, who had up to this point lain on the quarter of his antagonist, went up to his head, when Glaucus resigned the contest almost without a struggle. The time was bad for first raters—a fraction under 1m. 54s. .

We had again six races down for the fourth day. That old established, cut and come-again affair, the 40 G. M. purse for maiden Arabs, R. C. heats, forming the *pièce de résistance*. Minuet, Maynooth and Croton Oil were the competitors. Upon this occasion, Maynooth sadly disappointed the expectations of his friends, who had been induced to lay out a little money upon him on the strength of his running for the Derby. He was beaten from the post in both heats, owing it was afterwards said to want of strong work in the interval: whatever the cause may have been he earned upon this occasion the appellation of a "reg'lar' pheasant," which stuck to him for the rest of the meeting. For the sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, three miles the Baron beat Farewell very unexpectedly. The defeat of the latter was doubtless attributable in a great measure to his having been amiss for some days before the race in consequence of a blow or a kick he was said to have received in the race for the Derby. The third of the series of private sweepstakes brought out Elepoo and Glaucus once more to contend for mastery in a tussle of two mile heats. West's orders were to stick to the





**THE BENGAL CLUB PLATE.  
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tactics which had been so successful on the last occasion of their meeting. Glaucus was therefore obliged as before to make his own running, and with the same result: he gave up the contest in each heat directly he was collared, thus affording some colour to the charge of *currishness* under which he laboured before his brilliant success of last season.

The entertainment for the fifth day consisted of three races only, and two of these, the 50 G. M. purse and the Newmarket stakes were regarded as dead certainties, the first for the Child, the latter for Bellona; and so they proved. The Craven however was not so easily disposed of: four had declared to go, and though Minuet was greatly fancied there were not a few who thought the Craven weights would prove too much for him, and that the stakes might fall to the lot of Glenmore or Glaucus. The betting at the ordinary the night before the race was very brisk on these three, Minuet holding his ground as first favorite, and being backed in some instances at even against the field. The race was a very exciting affair,—the four got well away together, old Crab, who apparently had been put in to cut out the work, performing his duty in a most satisfactory manner by running the first half-mile in 54 seconds, having accomplished which he resigned his place to Minuet, and gave up the contest almost immediately afterwards. The pace continued very severe to the two-mile post where Glenmore who was second yielded his position to Glaucus, the latter gradually closing with the favorite. At the Leger post it became clear that Hall was in trouble; he was caught without a pull to spare, and his horse was all abroad. Glaucus ridden with the most admirable patience by Barker was held to him till the last two strides, and then was landed first by a neck amidst a cheer that might have been heard at Government house. That this race was won by superior jockeyship alone, no one who saw it could doubt.

The sixth day has been appropriated from time out of mind to the Bengal Club Cup, and those who remembered the desperate contests for this prize in days of yore sighed when they saw it carried off at one heat by the Child—"that child will be the death of us!" To compensate, however for the disappointment there was as good a handicap as human wit could devise for the 50 G. M. purse T. I. Fourteen had been put down for the handicappers to exercise their ingenuity upon, and of these six declared themselves "content;" viz. Emigrant, Minuet, Boy Jones, Cadwallader, Selim and Bellona. The betting on this race surpassed every thing of the sort that had been seen during the meeting, excepting that for the Derby. Every horse was backed as long as fair odds could be got against him—Minuet's friends



were so determined to make up for lost time that they ran their horse up from 4 and 5 to 1, to 5 to 3 against him, and at last backed him even against the field. The race fully answered the expectations of the lovers of sport.—Emigrant made the running at a tremendous pace for three quarters of a mile, when his bolt was shot, and the rest of the lot came round the Sudder turn in a very compact body. Between the two-mile post and the distance five were still in the van, and every one with a chance. The Boy was the first to give way, and his example was almost immediately followed by Minuet; Cad and Bellona, then raced together till within twenty yards of the chair when the mare was disposed of, and the backers of Cad considered the event decided; a little too soon, however, for Charles Barker, on Selim—coming with a rush which would have done credit to Chifney—almost snatched the victory from his grasp. Selim was beaten by a head, the mare an excellent third, time 2m. 51s. which says enough for the pace. This beautiful race was followed by the fourth and last of the series of private sweepstakes; Elepoo and Glaucus being still the only two that shewed. The distance was a mile and a half, but in running it became a half mile contest and one of the finest ever seen, being won by less than a head by the old 'un. A selling stakes gave two tolerable heats between Merry Monarch, Problem (the Waler) and Lapwing. The Monarch was victorious and was claimed at his price—1,600 Rs., but an arrangement was afterwards made by which he reverted to his original owner.

There is one circumstance attending the Ditch meetings which distinguishes them, very favourably from those in the Provinces, and that is the absence generally of anything like a blank day—whenever the “bill o’ the play” is too meagre to give any hope of entertainment, an interlude is sure to be got up in the shape of a handicap, and this was the case on the seventh day. There being two races only likely to come off—the all Arab cup, and a sweepstakes for gentlemen riders—it was proposed at the Stand on the morning before to give a handicap purse for a race, R. C. In fifteen minutes sixty Gold Mohurs were subscribed by amateurs of the turf, which added to a sweepstakes of twenty each, five forfeit for not standing, formed a sufficient inducement for eleven nags to go in, out of which number six were declared ready to “have a shy.” The race for the all Arab cup requires notice only for the extraordinarily good time in which it was run. It was the Child’s race from the post, but this was the first occasion on which an Arab had ever run a mile and a half on the Calcutta course, in 2m. 48s., letting alone the fact that the winner came up the last hundred yards in a

*canter*. After this let us hear no more of putting extra weight on Colonial and Country-bred horses—but to return. Elepoo, Selim, Glaucus, Sir Hugh, Bellona and Glenmore, were the six declared to start for the purse, and the betting at the ordinary on the night before the race was very heavy at the following odds: 3 to 1 against Elepoo, 4 to 1 against Selim, 4 to 1 against Glaucus, 5 to 1 against Sir Hugh, 5 to 1 against Glenmore, 6 to 1 against Bellona. The race was one of those that leave a lasting impression on the memory; though run from end to end at a pace which baffles description, the finish was one of the finest ever seen on a race-course. At the distance every horse was struggling for the lead: a few yards from home Selim and Elepoo singled themselves out from the ruck; and a set-to which made men's hearts leap into their throats gave the race to the young one by half a head. The first mile was run in less than 1m. 52s. and R. C. in 3m. 22s.

All that now remained for the Stewards to do in order to establish their characters as worthy servants of the public, was to bring the winners together on fair terms in the two mile handicap, and to perform a similar office for the unfortunates, who had failed to make out a title to be placed in that category, and were consequently condemned to the inferior distinction of figuring in the mile and a half heats. Of the manner in which the task was performed, it is only necessary to observe, that out of fourteen submitted to their discriminative powers, ten were declared "to go." Why the Madras horses were not among the number was a puzzle to most people, for they were unquestionably as well in as any horse in the race: indeed the sequel proved that had the Child started, and been judiciously ridden, nothing but an accident could have prevented his adding the Winners' handicap to his other achievements. Be the cause what it may, the public were disappointed of seeing what might have been the best start ever known within the Ditch, and the only consolation was, that the recreant resolve to "sit out" was attended with the certain sacrifice of more than a hundred Gold Mohurs. Now for the race:—no sooner were the weights declared at the Stand on the morning preceding it, than the betting began, and was resumed at the ordinary at night with a degree of spirit that proved the intention of the speculators to make this event their Waterloo. Elepoo took the lead in the betting from the first, and as the odds were regulated by the disposition shewn to back the horses rather than by their relative merits, he continued to rise until 2 to 1 was the utmost that could be got against him. Selim stood a couple of points lower, and Cadwallader held nearly an equal rank. Glaucus was heavily

backed at 6 to 1. Bellona at 10 to 1, and towards the close of the betting at 12 and 13 to 1; 15 to 1 was taken about Boy Jones, and the same about the Baron; Croton Oil had friends ready to take 20 to 1, and they got it. Glenmore was hardly mentioned, but a heavy investment was made on Maynooth at odds that indicated more boldness than discretion on the part of the layer. The start was a good one, Croton Oil with a feather made the running from the post, but Glaucus breaking away with his jockey, soon relieved him of that task. On Glaucus\* resigning the premiership, Cadwallader undertook the office and held it to the two-mile post, where Elepoo attempted unsuccessfully to oust him. A hundred yards further Bellona and Selim ran through their horses, and then came the tug. Ten yards from the chair the latter was a neck in advance, he compounded, however, at the critical moment, and the mare won by sheer gameness on the post by barely a head in 3m. 50½s. Her sporting owner won a heavy stake by the result—to his own satisfaction and the delight of his friends.

The Losers' handicap was won by Sir Hugh beating Boy Jones, Crab and Master Henry at three heats—the first of which was a dead one between Sir Hugh and the Boy. Maynooth, none the worse for his gallop in the winners' handicap, then made his appearance again, and beat Repulse in a match 8st. 7lbs. each, two miles; accomplishing the feat in 3m. 55s. very easily and proving by his running in both these races, that he had nothing of "the pheasant" about him this day.

With this excellent morning's sport the meeting terminated—as good a one upon the whole as the Ditch has seen for many a year. The somewhat too liberal allowance of weight accorded to horses for having run at other meetings certainly had a prejudicial effect by rendering many valuable stakes that would otherwise have afforded fine races, dead certainties for the Madras stable, but the encouragement thereby given to the owners of horses to send them to Calcutta fully counterbalanced the evil. Fortunate, indeed is it that such dangerous animals as the Child and Minuet fell into the hands of *so considerate* a party. Had they come under bolder management the Ditchers might have long had cause to rue the day when the Madrascers came over the water.

### THE SECOND MEETING.

The protracted excitement of the First Meeting was followed by a lull which at one time threatened to terminate in a dead calm. The attractions of hog hunting and shooting had allured away many of the old familiar faces; a few had dropped their





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tin and would not "come again." Several who had run down from Mofussil stations on leave for short periods had been obliged to give up the stirring interest excited by handicaps and the long odds, for the monotonous drudgery of *Towjees*, and lists of arrears. The strings of crack horses that a short time before had been daily rattled past the Stand were reduced to a few fourth or fifth-rate platers leading slow gallops for young ones, the hope of coming seasons. The jockeys had formally abjured short commons, and it was difficult to recognize the 6st. 10lbs. artist in the chubby looking personage, who occasionally gave a breather to Problem or Bellona. With the exception of a few of the old *habitués*, whose absence would have portended the annihilation of the turf, not a soul was to be seen sipping coffee in the enclosure or lounging about the fubbing-houses. But after a short respite certain indications that all was not over were observed. First was heard a faint whisper of some smart betting or a lottery at the Club; next came "a gram dinner," at which a good stroke of business was transacted; this was followed by another feed of the same profit-and-pleasure-combining character, and marked by still increasing activity, and on the eve of the soul-stirring event—the race for the Merchants' Plate—the spirit of speculation was roused to a pitch that has hardly been equalled since the great race between Pluto and Scud, five and twenty years ago. Voltaire, Greenmantle and Selim had each in turn been backed to a considerable amount. The first named threatened at one time to become a formidable favorite, but doubtful legs and consequent want of work had latterly left him friendless. Sir Benjamin too—the crack of the by-gone year—notwithstanding he carried his leg "in a sling," had occupied the public attention for a brief space, under the notion that he was reserved by his owner—the mysterious and "medicinal gum"—as his "pot" for this particular event. All these, however, gave way at last to the Child, who some days before the race was announced as the horse with which the party had determined to win, and on whose success all the Madras remittances, as well as the gains of the First Meeting were to be staked. Never was an ordinary better attended by "men of business" than that on the eve of the 30th January, but after some investments had been made on the outsiders, and a great deal of money laid out at 5 to 1 against the favorite and Minuet being first and second, the confidence of the Madras party fairly dumb-cowed the fielders, and the speculation on the plate was confined chiefly to the lotteries, the betting being directed into other channels. It was past midnight when the books were closed and the weary turfites retired

to snatch a short repose, in the comfortable assurance that they would be wiser if not better men in half a dozen hours.

The morning came—as favorable as could be desired, still, clear and bracing. Before seven o'clock the Stand was filled, and the bright yet anxious glances darted from the front rows, as well as from the line of carriages drawn up along the rails, proved that the interest taken in the fortunes of the day was not confined to the business-like and grave looking individuals who occupied the platform reserved for the Stewards and owners of horses. A vain attempt having been made by a well-known turfite to get some more money on the favorite, and the usual preliminaries having been gone through, about eight o'clock, the following horses came up to the Leger post and “the bravest held his breath for a time” :—

|                           |      |        |                      |
|---------------------------|------|--------|----------------------|
| The Child of the Islands, | 7st. | 13lbs. | Hall.                |
| Minuet,                   | ..   | 7st.   | 13lbs. Sherburne.    |
| Voltaire,                 | ..   | 8st.   | 13lbs. Chas. Barker. |
| Greenmantle,              | ..   | 8st.   | 10lbs. Ross.         |
| Sir Benjamin,             | ..   | 9st.   | 5lbs. Mark Noble.    |
| Paris,                    | ..   | 8st.   | 6lbs. Goode.         |
| Cadwallader,              | ..   | 7st.   | 13lbs. Evans.        |
| Elepoo,                   | ..   | 8st.   | 12lbs. West.         |
| Selim,                    | ..   | 7st.   | 11lbs. Geo. Barker.  |
| Morgiana,                 | ..   | 9st.   | 3lbs. Barnes.        |

No sooner was the word “off” out of the starter’s mouth than the Child, who had the inside, and Morgiana, who was outside of all, flew to the front with Voltaire close at their heels, and made such running as is seldom seen but in a half-mile race. Some five or six lengths behind them came the rest of the lot in a tolerably compact body, Sir Benjamin and Selim forming the rear guard, and in this order they continued for about three quarters of a mile. A little before coming to the Calcutta corner, the mare shewed symptoms of having had enough, and the Child going a clear length in front of all carried on the running to the mile post, where Greenmantle pulling double, ran up to his girths, and held her place in spite of every effort of Hall to shake her off. From the mile the pace rather increased than diminished in severity to the Gaol, at which point Morgiana, Sir Benjamin, and Voltaire were beaten quite out of the race, and soon afterwards Paris also gave up the struggle. Approaching the rails, Geo. Barker, who had gradually and almost imperceptibly crept up to the leading horses, perceiving an opening, made a rush like lightning for the inside, having secured which he took a pull at his horse and laid him neck and neck with the

Child. The favorite was now in difficulty beyond all doubt, but notwithstanding the tremendous running he had made, and the reckless goading of his frantic jockey, the gallant animal, as true as steel, maintained his place in the front rank, till they came well into the straight running, when completely defeated, but game and unflinching to the last, he fell into the ruck, and was passed in succession by Minuet, Greenmantle and Cadwallader. The race was now over, Selim came sailing up the distance amidst the cheers of the fielders in the Stand, with a strong pull upon him and almost without a competitor; for though Cadwallader, excellently piloted by Evans, made a determined effort between the Leger post and the chair to collar him, Barker no sooner called upon his horse than he shot three lengths away as if the other had been standing still. Minuet and Greenmantle, who ran for places were third and fourth. The time was first-rate; R. C. 3m. 20s.—Leger course 3m. 28s. and most watches made it a second less.

The great event was followed by a slashing affair for a selling stakes. Four came to the post and ran the race right honestly. Poor old Orammore with a pair of legs as round as a couple of bed-posts proved the conqueror, beating Merry Monarch by a head, Emigrant by a half a neck, and Goldfinder by half a length! Time 2-24—not so bad for a mile and a quarter. The winner was not claimed.

The third race was a half-mile sweepstakes between the Baron, Repulse and Master Henry, in which the last named received 10lbs. from the others who carried 8st. 7lbs. each. After a dead heat between the two first, the race was given in favor of the Baron. This was the first of a series of private sweepstakes between the same horses, at the same weights; the distances being half a mile, a mile, a mile and a half, and two miles, to be run on different days. The whole may be disposed of at once by mentioning that they afforded four good races, were all run in good time, and showed the horses in the same relative position at the finish of each. Between the dead heat and the deciding one Cadwallader shewed again for a mile sweepstakes, which he won cleverly, the weights being all in his favor, beating an Australian debutant known as Brown Jumper and three others. The Jumper looked at the Leger post as if he were about to jump in first, but either cut it or tired when called upon, and gave the race to Cad by nearly a length. Altogether the morning's sport was capital, and gave good promise of what was to come.

After the Merchants' Plate there could of course be no uncertainty, as to the result of the Steward's handicap on the second



day, and had there been any, the manner in which the race was run would have sufficed to remove it. The Boy Jones, Elepoo and Sir Hugh were the only opponents of the now formidable Selim, and as *waiting* was the order of the day, it was a nice exercise gallop for the winner in which he was hardly required to shew his turn of speed at the finish. When this had come off the Child treated the public to a similar exhibition for a 50 G. M. sweepstakes, two miles: he was followed by Croton Oil at a respectful distance. The third event on the bills was a sweepstake of 20 'G. M. each, which brought five to the post, Brown Jumper, Voltaire, the two Problems and Merry Monarch. Brown Jumper had the race safe twenty yards from home, but getting a refresher from the needles on Problem, the Waler, attempting to collar him, he swerved and shewed the cur most unmistakeably: luckily he was too close on the post to lose the race, and won against his will by a neck.

The Civilians' Plate followed. This race though never occupying the public attention in the *ordinary* course of speculation so largely as that for the Merchants' plate, had nevertheless for a long time entered considerably into the calculations of the book-makers, and the value of the prize ensured there being a good start for it. Six out of an entry of nineteen came to the post, Minuet was the favorite backed at evens against the field. Cad had a strong party of friends, and held second place, and Maynooth and Greenmantle were not considered altogether as *dead 'uns*. The race is easily described: Paris, whose business it was to cut out the work, resigned the office in disgust at the end of three quarters of a mile, and the task devolved on Minuet, who shewed no disposition to exert himself till they reached the mile and a quarter out. Here Cadwallader's backers considered the event settled, the race having been run so far exactly to suit their pet. Hall, however, got up the steam so effectually in the last mile that none of the others had a chance with him; neither Maynooth, who ran second, nor Cad could touch him, and he won without difficulty by four lengths, disposing of the mile in 1m. 50s. Cad's party attributed the defeat of their horse to Barker lying too much out of his ground, but be this as it may, the speed exhibited by Minuet in the latter part of this race exceeded every estimate that his greatest admirers had formed of his racing powers. The morning's diversion was wound up by that useful little horse the Baron sweeping another hundred into the pocket of Mr Green (*lucus a non*).

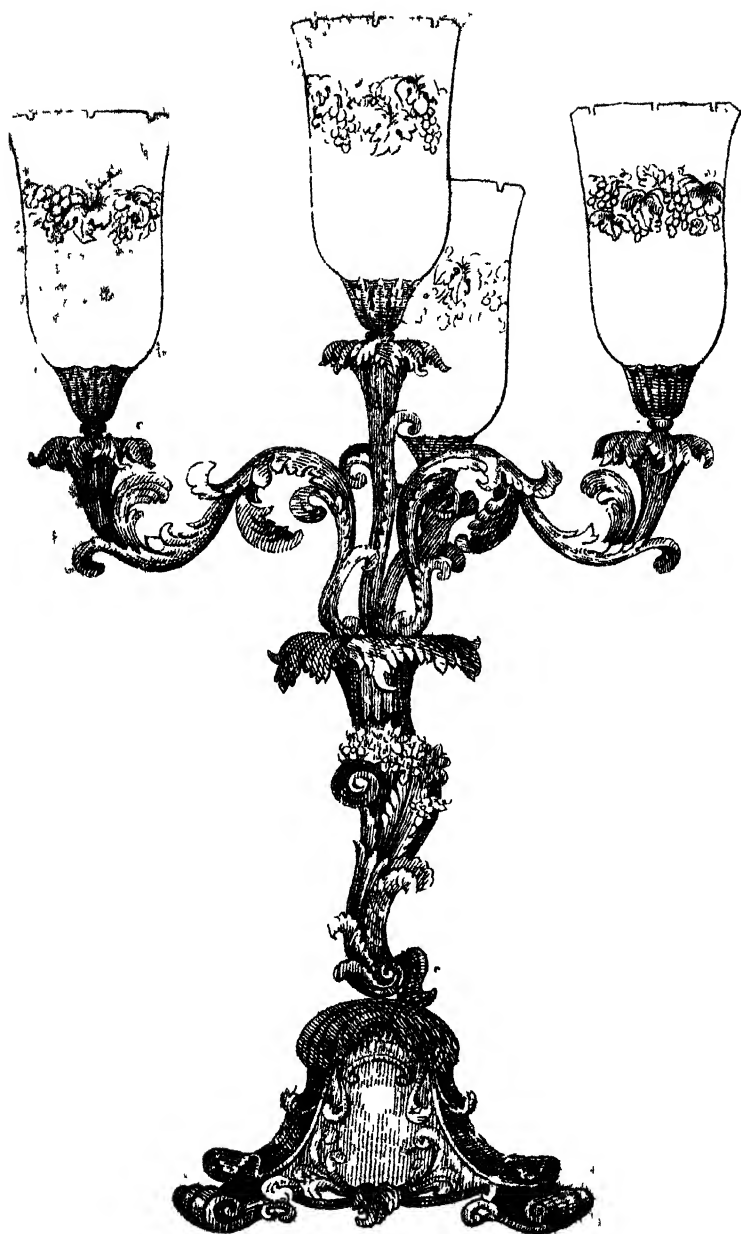
The third day afforded one race only of the slightest interest. This was for a whip presented by his Highness the Nawab Nazim, the terms to be settled by the Stewards, who arranged





THE TRADES CUP.





**THE NAWAB NAZIM'S PLATE.**

that it should be a mile handicap. There were six competitors, and the English mare Morgiana was landed first by a head by the younger Barker after a desperate rally in which every horse was well up. This fine finish confirmed the judgment of the handicappers, and tended to prove the oft questioned feasibility of bringing all classes of horses together at racing weights. The Trades' Plate was a walk over for the Child, an unfortunate result which it is to be hoped will not again occur, for the Tradesmen of Calcutta deserve a better acknowledgment of the support they have given the races for many years past by contributing so valuable a prize to the Second Meeting. It is difficult however to ensure a sporting race except by making the terms of it approximate to a handicap, of which it may be questioned if there is not *quant. suff.* already, if the real object of racing is to be kept in view.

Friday the 5th was the day appointed by the Stewards for the race for the Nawab Nazim's Plate, value 2,500 Rs., with 50 G. M. for the second horse. The terms on which this magnificent gift was to be contended for had been left for the decision of the body who usually regulate those matters, and they determined that the race should be over the Leger Course at handicapped weights. It may admit of a doubt whether fixing an intermediate day for it to come off was a judicious arrangement, inasmuch as three consecutive days of racing were more likely to thin the fields than two severe days with an interval of rest between. Be that as it may, however, the race was one of great interest and gave ample scope for speculation. Minuet was the favorite when the weights were first declared, but it having transpired that Selim had gone round the Course in extraordinary time when taking a sweat two days previous, the Madras horse fell into the second rank, and at the ordinary there was such a rush made by those who had "the office" to get their money on the Waler that he rose in the course of the evening to the almost unprecedented odds, for a handicap, of 3 to 1 upon him against the field. He won the race with the most perfect ease, accomplishing the R. C. in 3m. 21s. with 10lbs. over his weight for age—a performance which contrasted with his running in the First Meeting shews the beneficial effect of strong work on "a good doer," and goes far to support old John Ward's dictum that "half the goodness of a horse goes in at his mouth." On the following day the Sweepstakes coupled to Baboo Radamadub Bonerjea's Purse of 50 G. M. fell to Selim as a matter of course, there being nothing to oppose him but Cadwallader, whose owner must have forgotten that discretion is the better part of valour. The terms on which the purse was given having required three

horses to start it was withheld, but the worthy donor, with the liberality for which he is distinguished, determined that there should be a race for it after the Winners' and Losers' Handicaps had been run off, and an extra day was accordingly fixed for another handicap, round the course and a distance. That there might be no lack of amusement, a purse was as usual on such occasions subscribed for to fill up the morning, open to all comers, to be handicapped, over the Gilbert mile.

Seventeen winners to be brought together in a two mile race was a severe test of the Stewards' abilities; how they performed the task the sequel will shew. Seven were thought by their owners sufficiently favored to have a chance, and though Minuet, as usual, was the favorite, his position was to be attributed rather to the unabated confidence of the party, than to want of judgment in the handicappers, and this was proved by the result. The chosen few that "went for it" were Elepoo, Sir Hugh, Morgiana, The Boy Jones, Minuet, Maynooth and Cadwallader. The running was made by Sir Hugh and the pace was good throughout. At the distance it was a toss up between Elepoo, Sir Hugh, The Boy and the mare: at the corner of the Stand the two last shook off their companions, and the final struggle gave victory to the Boy by half a head. This race is to be noticed as the fastest for the distance ever run by an Arab in public up to that day. The time was 3m. 50s. The favorite never shewed in front in any part of the contest, a circumstance it is difficult to account for if we look to his running in the one that followed.

This was a private Sweepstakes for Maiden Arabs, two miles; the object being to bring the Derby horses together at weight for age without any allowance. Both the Madras horses were declared to go, and the only owner besides who was *game* was the "never-say-die" Mr Green, who being in with Maynooth resolved to have at least the semblance of a race for his money. As it turned out it was a very pretty one, though Maynooth with 4lbs. more than the others had but little share in making it such—in fact he was beaten from the post. Hall and Sherburne, however, having nothing else to beat, resolved to try the bottom of their nags against each other, and ran the race through right merrily, the Child winning in the end by half a length but with all ease in 3m. 50s., which, considering the weight (8st. 13lbs.) was a performance to stamp him the best Arab that ever appeared on the course. What the object of this exhibition was, unless it was to open the eyes of the handicappers for the two races that yet remained, it is difficult to divine, and the incident must be classed with the other eccentricities

by which the course of these bright particular stars was influenced.

The finale was now at hand, and it must be confessed that three consecutive days of excellent racing and an extra day to "top up" with, was a dose sufficient for the most ardent admirers of the noble art. For the first race—Radamadub's Purse—Cadwallader, The Boy Jones, Elepoo, Morgiana and Battledore came out—Elepoo got away with the lead and made strong running from the starting post, the rest lying far out of their ground. About half a mile from home West took a very judicious pull and eased his horse until he came round the Sudder turn, allowing the others to close. He then set him going again, was never touched, and just won, with nothing whatever to spare, by a length—Morgiana taking the second place. For the mile Elepoo and Battledore came again, in company with The Child, Emigrant, Problem (the Waler) and the Baron. As soon as the word was given the Child jumped from the post like a hare out of its form, was two lengths in advance in half a dozen strides, kept improving his advantage and at the half mile post had made every horse in the race safe. He won without difficulty in 1m. 51s. Battledore, who had been backed heavily for this event, was very fractious before starting and got away at least sixty yards behind the others. Had it not been for this mischance there can be little doubt that the finish of the race would have done more credit to the handicappers. The curtain now fell, amid a general admission that the cup of excitement had been drained to the dregs. The two Meetings had given fifteen days of capital sport; the settling went off "like oil"; there were some heavy winners but the losings were spread over so large a surface, and the results had been so chequered, that none appeared to be much the worse for the wear and tear of the campaign.

The Meerut and Bombay Meetings followed, and may be considered to have closed the season. Of the first of these the less that is said the better. It is painful to see the Turf, which, when properly regulated, and entered upon in a right spirit, ought to be the means of promoting gaiety and good fellowship, having a directly contrary effect owing to differences in which no party appears to be altogether blameless. The Bombay Meeting was certainly far inferior to that of last year, though some of the races brought out good fields in point of number. Judging from the time given in the published accounts of the running we must not look for a Derby winner among the maidens that preserved their purity through the arduous struggles of the recent meeting.



There is one particular in which the season just expired must be allowed to surpass all its predecessors, and that is the time of the races—the test in India, as has been already remarked, of the goodness of any given performance. This improvement is confined, it is true, to the races within the Ditch, for though the average of the timing at Sonapore was superior to any on record as regards that locality, and came nearly up to the best of the former Presidency Meetings, the running of the Behar horses would bear no comparison with the clipping feats of the Calcutta flyers, whether as a whole or in particular instances. It is no exaggeration to say that when the weights are considered some of the races beat in point of time any public performance over the Calcutta Course, even including those of English horses. The fastest recorded two-mile race occurred in 1822 when the English horse Pluto 5 years old, carrying 8st. beat Scud 6 years, 8st. 4lbs. in three minutes and forty-nine seconds; but in the last meeting we saw The Child of the Islands, also 5 years old, ran the same distance in three minutes and fifty seconds, carrying 8st. 13lbs. The year 1822 is memorable also for the quickest race round the course: it was won by the English mare Sophia, 4 years old, carrying 8st. 11lb. and was run in three minutes and nineteen seconds, but this is certainly equalled if not surpassed by the race for the Nawab Nazim's Plate, in which—the distance being the St. Leger course—Selim, the winner, a four year old, ran round the course in three minutes and twenty-one seconds, with 13lbs. more weight up. The fastest run mile to be found in our chronicles came off in 1823: the winner was the English horse Cannonade, five years old, and he got over the ground in one minute and forty-eight seconds, carrying 8st. 7lbs. hardly a better performance than the Child's on the last day: and the race for the All Arab Cup in which the last named horse with 7st. 8lbs. completed a mile and a half in two minutes and forty-eight seconds, coming home in a hand gallop, has certainly no parallel in the India Racing Calendar. Regarding the running of the Arabs at the periods referred to, it is only necessary to mention that R. C. in three minutes and forty-five seconds appears to have been an achievement that called for special notice on account of its excellence.

In one respect—fine displays of jockeyship—the season just expired must be pronounced inferior to the one that immediately preceded it. It is true there was no scarcity of artists, some of them of a very superior quality, and nearly all above mediocrity, but from some cause or another their talents were never exhibited in those beautiful struggles for mastery which made so many of the races of 1845-46 memorable—among these that for

the Allipore Champagne Stakes, for the Blue Stakes, and for the second race for the Winner's Handicap, might be instanced as equal to any thing of the kind that would be seen in England. Of close contested races this season there was no lack, but none of them were distinguished by that consummate jockeyship exhibited by Copeland and George Barker in the final struggle for the Blue Stakes last year. Poor Copeland! his untimely death will long be regretted by the lovers of racing, for a more complete master of his art was never tossed into a saddle. But it was not only among the admirers of fine riding that his merits were appreciated. His acuteness, integrity and industry, combined with his good humoured disposition, and sprightly but respectful manners won him friends among every class of the community.

The great importance that racing has acquired in Calcutta as a public amusement, and the encouragement it receives contrasted with the feeble support that was given to it some fifteen years ago must be attributed to a variety of causes, among which the reduction in the amount of entrances and the discontinuance of those heavy Sweepstakes for which the Presidency Meetings were formerly famous, are among the most noticeable. A few years back keeping race horses in Calcutta was a much more serious business than it is at present. Few could then venture on the turf who had not long purses: and this was owing solely to the amount of the stakes, for in no country can a stud of racers be kept at so moderate an expence as in India. The consequence of this state of things was that racing was confined almost entirely to matches, or to Sweepstakes with three or four Subscribers, and the public, taking little or no interest in such events, shewed no disposition to maintain the races by their contributions. But how different is the case now—during the last meetings a sum exceeding Rs. 5,000 was given in purses from the public racing fund alone, and the plates and purses contributed by associated bodies or by individuals amounted to nearly Rs. 15,000, exclusive of the plates given by dealers—making a total of more than Rs. 20,000 or £2000 of English money. When we consider that the public money given at Epsom, one of the first meetings in England, amounts to no more than £630, and at Doncaster, notwithstanding the enormous profits of the townspeople during the races, the public contribution does not exceed £1000, the rest being made up entirely of stakes and forfeits, it is no vain boast to assert that for munificence as regards the support of this noble national amusement Calcutta will stand a favorable comparison with the most celebrated places of racing resort at home.

There is one respect in which the turf in India, and more particularly in Calcutta, stands pre-eminent, and that is the liberal and gentleman-like spirit that pervades all its transactions. The practices that have brought racing at home into such deserved disrepute, are here utterly unknown. Here it is followed as an amusement by gentlemen instead of being adopted as a means of livelihood by professional sharpers. It is a very great error to suppose that racing necessarily leads to gambling and lavish expense, for in point of fact there are few men generally so little addicted to play or even to heavy betting as the owners of race-horses, and the occupation furnished by superintending a string of racers usually takes up enough of a man's leisure to prevent his indulging in other expensive pleasures. It may appear paradoxical to affirm that it is an economical pastime, but to those who will take the trouble to make it, a very little calculation will suffice to shew that, as much money is annually frittered away by men who without any propensity to gamble seek relaxation in cards or billiards as would with care and good management keep up a moderate stud of racers; and this with the chance of turning up a trump that might cover their entire expences for years to come. For varied amusement and healthful excitement there can be no doubt about which course of expenditure is the more profitable.

It is now time to conclude. For the convenience of those who may wish for an easy means of reference, a figured statement is appended, which will be found to furnish in a condensed form almost every particular regarding the recent Calcutta Meetings, on which information is usually sought. Respecting its accuracy no more need be said than that it has been prepared for the most part from the Secretary's books, and that, though a trifling error may have crept in here and there, no pains have been spared to make it substantially correct.

A TURFITE.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE CALCUTTA MEETINGS,—1846-47.

## FIRST MEETING.

| Race.                                          | Entered. | Started. | Winners.                         | Age. | Weight.  | Distance. | Time.                    | Amount of Stakes. |
|------------------------------------------------|----------|----------|----------------------------------|------|----------|-----------|--------------------------|-------------------|
|                                                |          |          |                                  |      | st. lbs. | m. f.     | m. s.                    | Rs.               |
| Derby, . . . . .                               | 41       | 9        | <i>Minuet</i> , . . . .          | 5    | 8 3      | 2 0       | 3 53                     | 7,120             |
| Australian Purse,                              | 10       | 6        | <i>Paris</i> , . . . . .         | 5    | 8 13     | 1 4       | 2 54                     | 3,248             |
| Sheik's Plate, . .                             | 6        | 3        | <i>Maynooth</i> , . .            | 6    | 9 3      | R. C.     | .. ..                    | 2,480             |
| 50 G. M. Stakes,                               | 2        | 2        | <i>Boy Jones</i> , ..            | aged | 8 7      | 2 0       | 4 17                     | 1,600             |
| Champagne, . . . .                             | 24       | 3        | <i>Cadwallader</i> , .           | 5    | 8 6      | R. C.     | 3 26                     | 5,760             |
| 70 G. M. Handicap, . . . . .                   | 10       | 6        | <i>Glenmore</i> , ..             | aged | 9 2      | R. C.     | 3 25                     | 4,160             |
| Auckland, . . . .                              | 2        | 1        | <i>Sir Hugh</i> , ..             | Do.  | 8 8      | 2 4       | .. ..                    | 960               |
| Australian Welter, . . . . .                   | 4        | 1        | <i>Paris</i> , . . . . .         | 5    | 11 7     | Leger C.  | .. ..                    | 1,120             |
| 30 G. M. Stakes,                               | 5        | 5        | <i>Problem</i> , ....            | 6    | 8 7      | „ 6       | { 1 24<br>1 24<br>1 25 } | 2,400             |
| Park St. Stakes,                               | 5        | 2        | <i>Croton Oil</i> , ..           | aged | 9 5      | R. C.     | 3 33                     | 2,000             |
| Great Welter, . .                              | 5        | 1        | <i>Maynooth</i> , ..             | 6    | 11 7     | R. C.     | .. ..                    | 1,600             |
| 50 G. M. Sweep.                                | 4        | 1        | <i>Ditto</i> , . . . . .         | ..   | 8 3      | 2 0       | .. ..                    | 2,800             |
| Colonial Stakes,                               | 7        | 2        | <i>Paris</i> , . . . . .         | 5    | 8 13     | R. C.     | 3 32                     | 2,280             |
| Green Stakes, . .                              | 13       | 4        | <i>Baron</i> , . . . . .         | 5    | 8 13     | 1 4       | 3 0                      | 3,760             |
| 30 G. M. Purse,                                | 5        | 3        | <i>Child of the Islands</i> , .. | 5    | 8 8      | 1 0       | 1 52½                    | 2,080             |
| 40 G. M. Purse,                                | 19       | 3        | <i>Minuet</i> , . . . .          | 5    | 8 8      | R. C.     | { 3 28<br>3 33 }         | 4,160             |
| 30 G. M. Sweep.                                | 3        | 2        | <i>Boy Jones</i> , ..            | aged | 8 9      | 0 6       | 1 26                     | 1,200             |
| 50 G. M. Sweep.                                | 4        | 2        | <i>Baron</i> , . . . . .         | 5    | 8 3      | 3 0       | 6 10                     | 2,400             |
| 50 G. M. Sweep.                                | 7        | 2        | <i>The Child</i> , ..            | 5    | 8 4      | 1 0       | 1 52                     | 4,000             |
| 50 G. M. Sweep. for N. S. W. horses, . . . . . | 5        | 2        | <i>Selim</i> , . . . . .         | 4    | 8 4      | 1 0       | 1 54                     | 2,800             |
| Craven Stakes, . .                             | 4        | 4        | <i>Glaucus</i> , ....            | aged | 9 7      | 1 2       | 2 22                     | 1,600             |
| Newmarket Stks.                                | 2        | 2        | <i>Bellona</i> , . . . .         | 3    | 7 9      | 1 0       | 1 56                     | 960               |
| 50 G. M. Purse,                                | 10       | 3        | <i>The Child</i> , . .           | 5    | 7 11     | 2 0       | 3 52                     | 5,520             |
| Bengal Club Cup,                               | 22       | 2        | <i>The Child</i> , ..            | 5    | 8 2      | 2 0       | 3 58                     | 4,000             |
| 25 G. M. Purse,                                | 3        | 3        | <i>Merry Monarch</i> , . . . .   | 5    | 8 3      | 1 0       | { 1 56½<br>1 58 }        | 1,600             |
| 50 G. M. Purse Handicap, . .                   | 14       | 6        | <i>Cadwallader</i> , .           | 5    | 8 7      | 1 4       | 2 51                     | 2,240             |
| All Arab Cup, . .                              | 12       | 3        | <i>The Child</i> , ..            | 5    | 7 8      | 1 4       | 2 48                     | 4,600             |
| 60 G. M. Purse Handicap, . .                   | 11       | 6        | <i>Selim</i> , . . . . .         | 4    | 8 5      | R. C.     | 3 22                     | 3,280             |
| Winners' Handicap, . . . . .                   | 14       | 10       | <i>Bellona</i> , . . . .         | 3    | 6 10     | 2 0       | 3 50½                    | 5,136             |
| Losers' Handicap                               | 5        | 4        | <i>Sir Hugh</i> , ..             | aged | 8 10     | 1 4       | { 2 55<br>2 56<br>2 59 } | 2,000             |

Total... 88,864

## SECOND MEETING,—1846-47.

| Race.                      | Entered. | Started. | Winners.                 | Age. | Weight.  | Distance.           | Time. | Amount of Stakes. |
|----------------------------|----------|----------|--------------------------|------|----------|---------------------|-------|-------------------|
|                            |          |          |                          |      | st. lbs. | m. f.               | m. s. |                   |
| Merchants' Plate,          | 19       | 10       | <i>Selim</i> ,... ..     | 4    | 7 11     | Leger C.            | 3 28  | 7,600             |
| Selling Stakes,..          | 4        | 4        | <i>Oranmore</i> , ..     | aged | 8 1      | 1 2                 | 2 24  | 1,600             |
| 25 G. M. Sweep.            | 6        | 5        | <i>Cadwallader</i> , ..  | 5    | 8 0      | 1 0                 | 1 54  | 2,400             |
| 20 G. M. Handicap, .....   | 13       | 4        | <i>Selim</i> ,... ..     | 4    | 8 8      | R. C.               | 3 30  | 2,920             |
| 30 G. M. Sweep.            | 3        | 2        | <i>The Child</i> , ..    | 5    | 8 0      | 2 0                 | .. .. | 1,200             |
| 20 G. M. Sweep.            | 6        | 5        | <i>Brown Jumper</i> ..   | ..   | 9 7      | 0 6                 | 1 23  | 1,920             |
| Civilians' Plate..         | 19       | 6        | <i>Minuet</i> ,... ..    | 5    | 8 3      | 2 2                 | 4 25  | 9,400             |
| Nawab Nazim's Whip... ..   | 8        | 6        | <i>Morgiana</i> , ..     | 5    | 9 0      | 1 0                 | 1 54  | 1,280             |
| Trades' Plate... ..        | 17       | 1        | <i>The Child</i> , ..    | 5    | 8 3      | 2 0                 | .. .. | 4,400             |
| 25 G. M. Sweep.            | 2        | 1        | <i>Paris</i> ,... ..     | 5    | 8 4      | 2 0                 | .. .. | 600               |
| 30 G. M. Sweep.            | 2        | 2        | <i>Problem</i> ,... ..   | 5    | 8 12     | R. C.               | 3 28  | 960               |
| Nawab Nazim's Plate,.. ..  | 17       | 6        | <i>Selim</i> ,... ..     | 4    | 9 0      | Leger C.            | 3* 31 | { 4,400<br>800*   |
| Radamadaub's Sweep.....    | 17       | 2        | <i>Selim</i> ,... ..     | 4    | 8 10     | 2 0                 | 3 57  | 4,240             |
| Forced Handicap            | 17       | 7        | <i>Boy Jones</i> ,... .. | aged | 7 12     | 2 0                 | 3 50  | 2,720             |
| Maiden Arab Sweep....      | 6        | 3        | <i>The Child</i> ,... .. | 5    | 8 13     | 2 0                 | 3 50  | 2,000             |
| Radamadub's Purse,... ..   | 7        | 5        | <i>Elepoo</i> ,.....     | aged | 8 4      | R. C. and distance. | 3 38  | 3,200             |
| Free Handicap Purse,... .. | 10       | 6        | <i>The Child</i> ,... .. | 5    | 8 13     | 1 0                 | 1 51  | 3,040             |

\* Second Horse.

Total, . 54,680  
Total, 1st Meeting.. 88,864

Grand, Total..... 1,43,544

## PRICES OF PLATE.

|                       |     |       |
|-----------------------|-----|-------|
| Bengal Club Cup,....  | Rs. | 1,000 |
| Merchants' ditto,.... | ..  | 1,200 |
| Nawab Nazim's,.....   | ..  | 2,500 |
| Trades' Plate,.....   | ..  | 1,550 |

## SUMMARY.

|                          | Number of Races. | Amount of Stakes. | Pieces of Plates. |
|--------------------------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Won by Arabs,.....       | 33               | 101760            | 2                 |
| by Cape Horses,.....     | 0                | 0                 | 0                 |
| by Country Breds,.....   | 0                | 0                 | 0                 |
| by N. S. W. Horses,..... | 13               | 40504             | 2                 |
| by English Horses,.....  | 1                | 1280              | 0                 |
|                          | 47               | 1,43,544          | 4                 |

N. B.—The above does not include matches or private sweepstakes.

SELECTIONS,

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

# SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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SELECTIONS,  
AND  
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

//////////.  
ENGLISH SPORTS.

BY SARON.

RACING.

“ And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace  
So swift, it seemed a flight, and not a race.”

---

“ First stood the prizes to reward the force  
Of rapid racers on the dusty course.  
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,  
Skill'd in the needle and the lab'ring loom ;  
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,  
Of twenty measures its capacious size.  
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,  
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke.  
The third, a charger yet untouched by flame ;  
Four ample measures held the shining frame.  
Two golden talents for the fourth were placed,  
An ample double bowl contents the last.”

HOMER'S ILIAD.

The advantages derivable from the encouragement of turf amusements are too well known to require recapitulation. Suffice it then to say, that independent of the great benefit our country has derived from its breed of horses, not a little gain has been derived from having festive meetings, where the patrician and the plebeian, the rich and the poor, the landlord and the tenant, the peer and the peasant, the farmer and the



labourer, accompanied by their respective families, may meet for one common purpose, that of recreation and innocent amusement.

Since the cant of modern times has put an end to fairs, wakes, May-day games, and other harmless amusements of the humbler classes, I feel happy to think that the turf is flourishing; and now that the spirited exertions of the present Under Secretary of State for the Home Department have put an end to the low, cheating, gambling booths, the race-course is now what it ought ever to have been—an arena for good sport and fellowship. The Earl of Bath, in his description of Newmarket and its races, in 1753, writes as follows:—"This is, indeed, a noble sight; it is a piece of grandeur, and an expensive one too, which no nation but our own can boast of." What would his lordship have said had he lived to have attended the Ascot or Goodwood meetings of 1845?

Nesbitt, in his Treatise on Sports and Games, gives the following interesting and classical account of the antiquity and progress of horse-races:—"Horse-races were used at public festivities even so early as the patriarchs' times. They began in the most eastern nations, and from them other countries followed their example. At first, the horses drew their burthens, instead of carrying them on their backs, as they now do; saddles were not invented until ages after. The Persian monarchs celebrated the festivity of Mithras with great pomp; and amongst other amusements they had their chariot races. The Greeks had their Hippodromes, and the Ludus Trojanus was instituted in Sicily. Montfaucon tells us, the Equeria at Rome were so called from the races that were run in the Campus Martius. Augustus, the Emperor of Rome, was a great admirer of these horse-races, as Virgil tells us in a most inimitable description; and after the Emperors had instituted the solemn festivities of the Romans, the horse-races were a principal part thereof. How far the horses ran before they got to the last *meta* from the starting place, is not expressed by historians: but we are informed that the Grand Circus at Rome was about 2167 Roman feet in length, and 960 broad, of a semi-circular form at the end; the other end in a right line, but rather circular; and that the races commonly ended at the seventh turn round the *meta*. The number and length of the heats also varied, the usual number of *missus* or matches was about twenty-four, though sometimes a far greater number was exhibited: for Suetonius says, that the Emperor Domitian presented a hundred matches in one day. At those races, the Romans, as in the present day, rode in different colours, particularly the company of charioteers, to distinguish themselves; these were generally four—viz. *prussina* (green), *russita* (red), *alba* or *albata* (white), and the *veneta* (sea colour). Montfaucon gives a copper-plate of a drawing of an urn which has two inscriptions upon it—the uppermost, regarding the horses; the lower, human beings. Over the quadruped was the following inscription:—"That this was to the memory of the horse Equilo, begot by Equilo, which had conquered 137 times; won the second prizes 88 times, and the third 37 times." In Spartianus we find that Hadrian was so fond of his horses, that he built sepulchres for them; and there yet remains an epitaph to Borysthenes, called Alanus, from the country he came from, who was the property of the Emperor."

The breed of race-horses is descended from stallions brought from the Medes, Persians, and Arabians, which they give mares to suit in size, strength, and wind; in all which we have excelled other countries. Roger de Belesme, created Earl of Salisbury by the Conqueror, is the first upon record that introduced a Spanish stallion into his seat at Powisland; from which, that part of Wales was celebrated for a swift and noble breed of horses. Geraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the reign of Henry II., takes notice of it; and Michael Drayton, contemporary with Shakspeare, sings their excellence in his *Polyolbion*. This breed was destined to mount the flower of the nobility in their tournaments.

James Markham, who wrote in 1579, mentions running horses; but these were only designed for matches between gentlemen. This diversion, however, got greater in favour, and subscriptions were entered into to make a purse, or to purchase plates for the winner. Thus the turfmen of those days went on breeding for shape and speed alone, without considering bottom, until the reign of Queen Anne; when a public-spirited individual left thirteen plates or purses to be run for at such places as the crown should appoint, upon condition that every horse should carry twelve stone for the best of three heats—four miles. By this means a stronger horse was raised, who, if he was not good enough upon the race-course, made a hunter.

Races appear to have flourished greatly in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to such an excess as to have ruined many of the nobility. The celebrated George Earl of Cumberland is said to have wasted more of his estates than any of his ancestors, and principally by his love of the turf and the tilt-yard. It does not seem that the Virgin Queen was addicted to the sport, for races are never mentioned among the courtly diversions of that day, nor did they take place at the far-famed *fête* at Kenilworth, where Leicester introduced every amusement calculated to gratify the taste of his royal mistress. In the following reign, racing seems to have thrived better, as we read of some celebrated courses. Camden also states that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a small golden bell. Hence the origin of the saying of "bearing of the bell." Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, denounces the system of races. "The exercise" writes this gallant philosopher, "I do not approve of, is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away."

In 1720, George the First discontinued the cups or bowls, originally given by that merry-hearted monarch, Charles the Second, estimated at one hundred guineas value, and upon which the names of the winning horse, owner, and jockey were usually engraved. Since that period, King's plates and Queen's plates have been paid in specie.

In the historical list of horse matches published by Cheny, there were, in 1727, only eleven of these royal plates run for—viz. three at Newmarket, and one at Black Hambleton, Guilford, Ipswich, Lewes, Lincoln, Nottingham, Winchester, and York. Since which period the royal patronage has been extended to the following places:—Ascot, Bedford, Burford (discontinued in 1802), Canterbury, Carlisle, Chelmsford,

Chester, Curragh (Ireland), Caledonian Hunt (Edinburgh), Doncaster, Edinburgh, Egham, Guildford (this ought to be transferred to a more sporting meeting), Goodwood, Hampton, Ipswich, Lichfield, Leicester, Lewes, Liverpool, Lancaster, Manchester, Northampton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Plymouth and Devonport, Richmond (Yorkshire), Shrewsbury, Salisbury, Warwick, Weymouth, Winchester, and York.

Harrod, in his antiquities of Stamford, Lincolnshire, has the following curious remarks:—"From an ancient copy of articles, which came into my hands, it appears that there were races formerly run over Whittering Heath yearly, on the Thursday before Midlent-Sunday, for a plate of ten pounds value, provided by the town, the fifth article of which is here copied for its singularity: 'Art. V. That if anye of the matched horses, or theire riders, chaunce to fall in anye of the four heats, the rest of the riders shall staye in their places where they were at the tyme of the fall, until he so fallen have his foot in the stirrope again.' I apprehend that the running horses, at the time of making the above article were not so fleet as now, for it appears to me that it would be very difficult to stop them in their present career.

Among the distinguished men who have supported the turf in this country, may be mentioned George the Fourth and William the Fourth; the late Duke of York; the Dukes of Richmond, Cleveland, Grafton, Bedford, and Beaufort; Marquises of Exeter and Westminster; Earls of Glasgow, Stradbroke, Wilton, Chesterfield, Eglintoun, Verulam, and Lonsdale; Lords George Bentinck, Foley, Kinnaird, &c.; and last, not least, the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. In a memoir of this celebrated statesman, we find the following notice:—"An orator from his infancy, and a sportsman by intuition, or the prevalence of fashion, it can create no surprise that we find him a blazing comet of the senate, and a member of the Jockey Club. Upon the turf he was always accustomed to animadvert upon his own losses, and repeatedly observed 'that his horses had as much bottom as other people's, but that they were such slow, good ones, that they never went fast enough to tire themselves.'" He had, however, the gratification to experience some few exceptions to this imaginary rule; for in April, 1772, he was so lucky at Newmarket as to win nearly sixteen thousand pounds, the greater part of which he got by betting against the celebrated Pincher, who lost the match by only half a neck. The odds at starting were two to one on the losing horse. In the year 1790, his horse Seagull won the Oatlands stakes at Ascot, of one hundred guineas each (nineteen subscribers), beating the Prince of Wales's Escape, Serpent, and several of the very best horses of that year, to the great mortification of His Royal Highness, who immediately matched Magpie against him, to run four days afterwards, two miles, for five hundred guineas. This match, on which immense sums were depending, was won with ease by Seagull. At this period, Lord Foley and Mr Fox were confederates.

In the same year, Mr. Fox and his confederate had thirty horses in training, the majority of which were of no great celebrity; but the winnings of Seagull, in stakes alone, amounted to no less than fifteen hundred and twenty guineas, exclusive of at least double that sum in bets. In

those days, we must remind our readers that the plates averaged from fifty to one hundred pounds, which will account for what in that time was looked upon as a large sum of public money to win, but which in ours would be trifling.

The death of Lord Foley in 1793, the friend in whose judgment Mr Fox most confided, relaxed his ardour for horse-racing. His Lordship entered upon the turf with a clear estate of £1,800 a year, and £100,000 ready money, which was considerably diminished by his doings at Newmarket, Ascot, and Epsom. At the Spring Meeting at Newmarket, in 1789, Mr Fox is said to have won not less than fifty thousand pounds; and at the October meeting, at the same place, the following year, he sold two of his horses Seagull and Chanticleer, for four thousand four hundred guineas. In the previous year, 1788, Mr Fox and the Duke of Bedford won eight thousand guineas between them, at the Newmarket Spring Meeting. In the course of these races, Mr Fox and Lord Barrymore had a match, which was given as a dead heat, and the bets off.

On coming into office with Lord North, in 1783, Mr Fox sold his horses, and erased his name from several of the clubs of which he was a member. It was not long, however, before he again purchased a stud, and in October, 1783, he attended the meeting at Newmarket. The King's messenger was obliged to appear on the course, to seek one of the ministers of England among the sportsmen on the heath, to deliver dispatches upon which perhaps the fate of the country might have depended. The messenger on these occasions hid his badge of office, the greyhound, not liking that the world should know that the King's adviser should be amusing himself at Newmarket, when he should have been serving him in the metropolis. But Charles Fox preferred the betting rooms to Downing-street.

The race-horse of this country excels those of the whole world, not only for speed, but bottom. There is a great difference, however, between the present race and that of fifty or sixty years ago; for in those days four-mile heats were the fashion. The sporting records at the end of the last century give the following exploits of horses of that and previous periods:—Childers (known by the name of Flying Childers), the property of the Duke of Devonshire, was looked upon as the fleetest horse that ever was bred: he was never beaten; the sire of this celebrated horse was an Arabian. Bay Malton, by Sampson, the property of the Marquis of Rockingham, won nearly £6,000 in seven races: at York he ran four miles in seven minutes forty three and a-half seconds. Dorimant, belonging to Lord Ossory, won prizes to the amount of £13,360. Eclipse was allowed to be the fastest horse that ever ran in England since the time of Childers; after winning largely for his owner, he covered, by subscription, forty mares at 30 guineas each. Highflyer, by King Herod, was the best horse of his day; was never beat but once, nor paid forfeit but once: his winnings amounted to above £9,000, although he only ran as a three, four, and five year old. Matchem stands high both as a racer and as the sire of many of our most favourite horses: as a stallion he realized for his master more than £12,000: he died in 1781, at the advanced age of

thirty-three. Shark won a cup value 120 guineas, eleven hogsheads of claret, and above £16,000 in plates, matches, and forfeits.

The Whip, supposed once to have been the property of Charles the Second, is of a very antique form; and the legend runs that the royal "father of his people," as he well might be called, presented it to some nobleman of his day, and whose arms it now bears. The handle, which is very weighty, is of silver, with a ring at the end of it for what is usually called a cord and tassel, but which, in this instance, is made of the mane of Eclipse, while the lash is made of the tail of that celebrated horse. There is no official record of the origin of the challenge for the whip, nor the year in which it was first made; but as the nobleman above alluded to was probably the Master of the Horse to the merry regal Giovanni of 1670, it is not unlikely that it commenced during that monarch's reign.

The following are the results of the respective struggles for this ancient trophy:—

1756.—Mr Fenwick's Matchem, by Cade, won it, beating Mr Bowles's Trojan. The odds fluctuated not a little; 2 to 1 at starting upon the winner, which varied to 5 to 1 on the loser. During the race it was, at the turn of the lands, Windsor Castle to a Highlander's bothie on Matchem. On being taken out of training Matchem became a covering stallion, by which his owner cleared upwards of £17,000.

1764.—H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland's Dumplin, by Cade, beat Lord Grosvenor's Pangloss, by Cade. 7 to 4 on the loser.

1768.—Lord Rockingham's Malton beat Lord Grosvenor's Cardinal Puff, in a canter. 5 to 1 on the winner.

1770.—Lord Grosvenor's Gimcrack beat Lord Rockingham's Pilgrim. 5 to 2 on the winner.

1775.—Lord Grosvenor's Sweet William beat Lord Abingdon's Transit.

1777.—Mr Pigott's Shark received 100 guineas compromise from Lord Grosvenor's Manbrow, the noble lord retaining the Whip.

1778.—The prize was carried off by Mr Pigott's Shark, beating Lord Ossory's Dorimant; Lord Abingdon's Pretender paying forfeit. 7 to 4 on Dorimant.

1781.—Lord Grosvenor challenged for the Whip, and named Potoooooooo; and no one being bold enough to enter the arena with this son of Eclipse, the whip was passed to his lordship.

1783.—In this year Potoooooooo retained the prize, beating Sir John Lade's Nottingham.

1783.—(October Meeting) Mr Parker's Anvil beat Lord Foley's Guildford and Mr O'Kelly's Boudrow, who fell lame. Anvil the favourite, at 11 to 8 on him.

1786.—Mr O'Kelly's Dungannon beat Mr Wyndham's Drone. Anvil, sold to the Prince of Wales, paid forfeit.

1792.—Duke of Bedford's Dragon beat Mr Wilson's Creeper and Lord Clermont's Pipator.

1794.—Mr Wharfton's Coriander, by Pot8o's, beat Mr Wilson's Creeper, who again ran second, realizing the lines of the poet:—

“Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,  
Cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo.”

PERS. Sat. v. 71.

1795.—The Whip was challenged for in the Second Spring Meeting, by Lord Darlington, naming St. George; and no one being found to encounter the patron Saint of England, the prize was handed over to his lordship. It did not, however, long remain in the possession of the noble owner of Raby, as in the Second October Meeting of the same year it was challenged for by Lord Sackville's Kitt Carr, and passed into his hands.

1808.—Lord Grosvenor named his mare Violante as a competitor for the Whip; which not being accepted, it for the fifth time went to Eaton.

1815.—The Hon. George Watson challenged for, and came into possession of, the Whip, naming his horse Pericles.

1822.—Mr Lechmere Charlton took the prize without a contest, having challenged with his Orville horse Master Henry.

In 1823 Lord Foley named Sultan by Selim, and became possessor of the Whip. In this year Master Henry paid £400 in forfeits to Sultan.

In 1827 Lord Anson challenged with Sligo.

In 1828 Colonel Wilson's Lamplighter, 5 yrs. old, received forfeit from Lord Cleveland's Memnon, 6 yrs. old.

In 1829 Mr Gully's Mameluke beat Colonel Wilson's Lamplighter.

The Whip may be challenged for on the Tuesday or Wednesday in the Second Spring, or on Monday or Tuesday in the Second October Meeting in each year; and the acceptance must be signed, or the Whip resigned, before the end of the same meeting. If challenged for and accepted in the Spring, to be run for on the Tuesday in the Second October Meeting following; and if in the October, on the Thursday in the Second Spring Meeting following, B. C., weight 10st., and to stake 200 sovs. each, play or pay.

At the First October Meeting, 1768, Augustus Henry, Duke of Grafton, who died highly respected May 4, 1811, entertained a large party of noblemen and gentlemen, principally members of the Jockey Club, at Euston Hall, who then and there determined upon the purchase of what was in those days considered a splendid gold cup, to be called the Jockey Club Gold Cup; each member, twenty-seven in number, subscribing five guineas each. The late Sir Charles Bunbury—the George Bentinck of the turf of that day, as far as spirit and liberality are concerned—was appointed treasurer. The following are the names of the subscribers:—Dukes of Ancaster, Bridgewater, Grafton, Kingston, and Northumberland; Lords Barrymore, Bolingbroke, Grosvenor, Molyneux, Ossory, and Rockingham; Sirs Charles Bunbury, L. Dundas, John Moore; Colonel Parker; Messrs. Blake, Fenwick, March, Meynell, Ogilvy, Panton, jun., Pigot, Pratt, Shafton, Stapleton, Vernon, and Wentworth.

In 1768 Mr Vernou's Marquis won the Jockey Club Cup, beating three others.

In 1769 Mr Shafto's Goldfinder gained the prize, beating Marquis, the winner of the previous year, and four others; four paying forfeit.

In 1770 Mr Shafto's Goldfinder walked over. On the following day he broke down in his gallop, or he was to have started for the King's Plate against Eclipse. Goldfinder possessed great speed and power, was never beat, nor paid forfeit. He was sold to Sir Charles Sedley in 1771 for 1,350 guineas.

In 1771 the Duke of Cumberland's Juniper beat a field of four, three paying forfeit. But the cup was not doomed to grace the royal sideboard long, for in 1772 Lord Ossory's gr. f. Circe won it in a race reduced to a match; the Duke of Cumberland's Pompey paying forfeit.

In 1773 Mr Foley's Pumpkin won it, beating two horses, two paying forfeit. One of the latter was Mr Blake's Firetail, who in the preceding Spring Meeting had beat Pumpkin, 8st. each, R.M., 500 guineas. 5 to 2 on the loser.

In 1774 Lord Grosvenor's Mexico was proclaimed winner, beating two others; one paid forfeit. 4 to 1 against the winner.

In 1775 his lordship was again successful. Sweetbrier, by Syphon, walking over; it being his last appearance upon the turf. Sweetbrier was never beat. In 1790 he was sold at Tattersall's for 20 guineas.

In 1776 the star of good fortune still shone on the house of Grosvenor; Sweetwilliam, by Syphon, walking over for the cup.

In 1777 Lord Ossory's Dorimant walked over.

In 1779 and 1780 Lord Grosvenor's Pot8o's walked over.

The conditions are, that the cup may be challenged for on the Monday or Tuesday in the First Spring Meeting in each year; to be run for over the B.C. on Tuesday in the First October Meeting following, by horses, &c., the property of members of the Jockey Club; four years old carrying 8st. 7lb., five years old 9st. 2lb., six years old and aged 9st. 6lb. Each person, at the time of challenging, is to subscribe his name to a paper, to be hung up in the Coffee-room at Newmarket, and deliver up to the keeper of the Match-book the name or description of the horse, &c., sealed up, which shall be kept till six o'clock on the Saturday evening of that week; and if not accepted, or only one challenger, to be returned unopened; but if accepted, or if more than one challenger, to be then opened and declared a match or sweepstakes of £200 each, play or pay. If the challenge be not accepted, the cup to be delivered to the keeper of the Match-book, in the meeting ensuing the challenge, for the person who may become entitled to the same.

In order to lay before my readers the system that was adopted during the last century and at the commencement of the present, I have selected some of the most extraordinary races that have been recorded; and, in looking them over, it will be seen that their principal characteristic was, length of course, weights, and heats. In the days we live in, heats are nearly abolished; there are few races of more than three miles, and the weights, except for Welter Stakes, gentlemen riders, never exceed ten stone. How it could have paid a *plater* in the days of Queen Anne to

run twelve or sixteen miles for £30, £40, or £50, I know not. The wear and tear of the animal, added to the expense of training, the jockey, winning money, &c., must have left what was usually called a Flemish account, but which I now presume may be called a Pennsylvanian one, *id est*, no balance in hand. But proceed we with a card and a sheet list of races in the olden time.

1709.—York (on Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings). A Gold Cup, value £50, for six years old horses, 12st. each, four-mile heats.

|                                       |   |      |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|------|---|
| Mr Metcalfe's b. h. Wart .....        | 1 | 1    | 3 |
| Mr Heblethwaite's gr. h. Stout .....  | 2 | 2    | 1 |
| Mr Wilke's b. h. Captain .....        | 3 | 3    | 2 |
| Col. Norcliffe's b. h. Squirrel ..... | 4 | dis. |   |

According to the rules of racing at this period, the horse which had won the first and second heats was obliged to start for a third, and to save his distance to entitle him to the prize.

1711.—York. Sir W. Strickland's gr. h. Castaway won a Plate of £20, four mile heats, beating a large field of horses.

1714.—York, Friday, July 30. A Plate of £40 for aged horses; 11st. each. Four-mile heats.

|                                     |   |   |   |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Her Majesty Queen Anne's Star ..... | 3 | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| The Lord Chamberlain's Merlin ..... | 1 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| The Hon. Mr Cecil's Creeper .....   | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 |

During the running on the following Monday, an express arrived with the news of Queen Anne's death.

1717.—York, August. A Plate of £40, four-mile heats.

|                                    |   |   |   |
|------------------------------------|---|---|---|
| Mr Pulleyn's Sly .....             | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Lord Huntingdon's Bully Rock ..... | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Stapleton's Bridget .....       | 3 | 3 | 3 |

Mr Howard's Crutches dis.

High odds on Crutches, who was leading, near the distance-post, when his rider, Thomas Duck, intentionally threw himself off. The horse won the heat notwithstanding, but was deemed distanced by not bringing in his weight.

1718.—Newmarket, Duke of Warton's Chance and Lord Hillsborough's gr. m., 9st. each; four miles; 500 gs., h. ft.; *ran a dead heat*.

1719.—Newmarket, April. Three Matches, six miles each.

1719.—Newmarket, October. Two Matches of six miles each, one of *eight*. In the latter the Duke of Devonshire's b. m. by Barto, beat Mr Frampton's Nutmeg, 8st. 6lb. each; 150 guineas, h. ft.

1720.—Newmarket, March. One Match of eight miles, six of six miles, and two of five miles. In one of the six-mile races Lord Drogheda's Galloway beat Mr Fagg's pony. Owners on. 50 guineas, h. ft.

1720.—Newmarket, September. Duke of Wharton's Coneyskins, 11st. 10lb., against Lord Hillsborough's Speedwell, 12st.; *twelve-mile heats*. 1000 gs., h. ft. The match was drawn. Mr Frampton's Hob-



ler, 11st. 11lb., received forfeit from Lord Drogheda's Pickle Herring, 11st.; *eight* miles. 200 guineas, h. ft. Lord Hillsborough's Winchester beat Lord Drogheda's Beelzebub, 8st. 3lb. each; *eight* miles. 200 gs., h. ft.

1721.—Newmarket, October. Mr Panton's Molly, 9st. 2lb., received forfeit from Lord Drogheda's Tickle Pitcher, 9st.; four miles. 200 guineas, h. ft. Mr Panton's Molly, 9st. 3lb., received forfeit from Lord Drogheda's Tickle Pitcher, 9st.; four miles. 200 guineas, h. ft. Mr Panton's Molly, 9st. 5lb., received forfeit from Lord Drogheda's Tickle Pitcher, 9st.; four miles. 200 guineas, h. ft. The second of these three matches was to have been run forty-four minutes after the first, and the third at the same interval after the second.

1722.—Newmarket, October. Mr Panton's Molly beat Mr Morgan's Bean, 9st. each; *six* miles. 300 guineas. Duke of Devonshire's Childers, 7 years old, beat Lord Drogheda's Chanter, 12 yrs. old, 10st. each; *six* miles. 1,000 guineas. Mr Cotton's Fox beat Lord Drogheda's Snip mare, 8st. 6lb.; six miles. 150 guineas, h. ft. Lord Hillsborough's Sparks received forfeit from Colonel Pitt's Merry Pintle, 8st. each; six miles. 200 guineas, h. ft. Mr Clarke's Tinker received forfeit in a racing match from Col. Pitt; 7st. each; twelve miles. 500 guineas, h. ft.

1723.—Newmarket, October. Town Plate of 20 guineas, 12st. each; *four* mile heats.

|                          |   |   |   |   |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Mr Glascock's Neal ..... | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|

|                           |   |   |   |      |
|---------------------------|---|---|---|------|
| Mr Morgan's Ruffler ..... | 1 | 1 | 2 | dis. |
|---------------------------|---|---|---|------|

Lord Drogheda's Othello, whose occupation went in the second heat.

1724.—Newmarket, September. Lord Halifax's Red Robin and Lord W. Manners's Venus. 10st. each; six miles; 100 guineas, h. ft.; *ran a dead heat*.

1727.—Grantham. The Whimsical Plate of £40, added to a Sweepstakes. The horse that wins the first heat to win the plate, and the remainder to run for the sweepstakes.

1728.—Newmarket. Col. Howard's ch. m., by a foreign horse, won the King's Plate, 10st. each; four miles.

1732.—Newmarket. Mr Hutchin's b. m. beat Mr Levin's b. m., 7st. 7lb., twelve miles. 50 guineas, h. ft.

1745.—Chester, April. The annual City Plate, value £30, for any horse carrying 10st. exclusive of saddle and bridle; four-mile heats.

|                                   |   |   |   |   |
|-----------------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Mr Brograve's Smiling Billy ..... | 5 | 1 | 4 | 1 |
|-----------------------------------|---|---|---|---|

|                          |   |   |   |   |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Mr Parker's Shrimp ..... | 7 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|

|                               |   |   |   |   |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Sir H. Harpur's Darling ..... | 1 | 5 | 5 | 3 |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|---|

Six others started.

1746.—September, Curragh of Kildare. His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas for any horse carrying 12st.; four-mile heats.

|                              |   |   |   |   |
|------------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Mr Keating's Grenadier ..... | 5 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
|------------------------------|---|---|---|---|

|                              |   |   |   |   |
|------------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Mr Dillon's Ground Joy ..... | 4 | 1 | 3 | 2 |
|------------------------------|---|---|---|---|

|                            |   |   |   |   |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Mr Johnson's Forfeit ..... | 1 | 3 | 5 | 3 |
|----------------------------|---|---|---|---|

And two others. Heavyish work, sixteen miles, with 12st.

1747.—Burford, September, £50 for five and six years old, which had not won a Royal Plate; four-mile heats.

|                                |   |   |   |     |
|--------------------------------|---|---|---|-----|
| Mr Keck's Lady Charlotte ..... | 5 | 1 | 2 | 1   |
| Sir J. Moore's Shadow .....    | 4 | 2 | 1 | 2   |
| Mr Dutton's Rat .....          | 1 | 3 | 4 | dr. |

And two others, drawn third and fourth heat.

1749.—Newmarket, October. A £50 Plate for five and six year olds; four mile heats.

|                                                 |   |   |     |   |
|-------------------------------------------------|---|---|-----|---|
| Lord Portmore's Skin, by Crab, 6 yrs. old ..... | 3 | 4 | 1   | 1 |
| Mr Greville's Noble, 5 yrs. old .....           | 4 | 1 | 3   | 2 |
| Duke of Kingston's Jolly Roger .....            | 1 | 3 | 2   | 3 |
| Duke of Hamilton's Chance .....                 | 2 | 2 | dr. |   |

1761.—Carlisle, May. £50 for four-year-olds, 9st. each. Two-mile heats.

|                               |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|-------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dr. Dunn's Cadabora .....     | 1 | 7 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 |
| Mr Dalton's Bold Burton ..... | 8 | 5 | 6 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Mr Lupton's Stella .....      | 3 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 3 |

Five others started. One fell; another ran against a post, and hurt his rider so much that he expired the same night.

In 1793 Mr Donner's b. c. by Drone (afterwards called Meanwell), ran fourteen heats for three plates within five weeks; viz.: September 11, at Stockton, four heats; October 3, at Boroughbridge, five heats—the third a dead heat; and lastly, October 16, at Malton, five heats—the fourth a dead heat. The same jockey (J. Shepherd) won both of the five heats; riding Drowsy, by Drone, at Boroughbridge, and Mr. Donner's b. c. by Drone at Malton. After that task, what's in a name? A drone colt running two such races is prodigious!

1797.—Doncaster, September. One hundred pounds; weight for age. Two-mile heats.

|                                  |   |   |   |   |     |   |
|----------------------------------|---|---|---|---|-----|---|
| Mr G. Crompton's Warter .....    | 5 | 0 | 5 | 1 | 0   | 1 |
| Sir C. Turner's Pepper Pot ..... | 3 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 0   | 2 |
| Sir F. Standish's Stamford ..... | 1 | 3 | 6 | 2 | dr. |   |

Four others started. 5 to 1 against the winner at starting. After each heat the betting fluctuated pretty considerably.

1800.—Egham, September. The Ladies' Plate, for two, three and four-year-olds. Two-mile heats.

|                                                                         |   |   |   |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|-----|
| Mr Fletcher's Allegranti, by Pigeon, three years old (W. Chifney) ..... | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr Slark's Lady Skirmish, by Pegasus, three years old ....              | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2   |
| Sir. C. Banbury's Gig, by Whiskey, three years old .....                | 0 | 0 | 2 | dr. |

1803.—Cardiff, July. A free Plate of £50. Four-mile heats:—

|                                                            |   |   |   |   |
|------------------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|
| Mr Phillipps's Rolla, by Overton, six years old .....      | 1 | 1 |   |   |
| Colonel Kingscote's Tango, by Buzzard, four years old .... | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Mr Jenner's Highlander, by Rattler, six years old .....    | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 |

After the *two dead heats*, Colonel Kingscote and Mr Jenner divided the stakes. Sixteen miles for £25 *rather* sharp work.

Six days afterwards Highlander had a twenty mile job for the Stewards' Plate of £50, at Carmarthen, beating Rolla, who won the first heat, but fell and was distanced in the third. The brave Highlander got the second heat, King Edward by Pegasus the third, and the fourth proved a *dead* heat (query, *dead heat*) between Highlander and King Edward: the fifth was won by Highlander.

1804.—Lichfield, September. £50 for three and four-year-olds, that never won a plate of greater value. Two-mile heats.

Mr Clifton's Sir Ulic M'Killigut, by Whiskey, four years

old..... 4 4 1 0 1

Mr Coventry's Laura, by Pegasus, four years old ..... 0 1 3 0 2

Mr Kellerman's Mary, by Precipitate, four years old .. 3 3 4 3 dr.

Mr Brookes's Optician, by Telescope, three years old .. 0 2 2 dr.

1806.—Bibury, June. Handicap Plate of £50. Heats, the new mile.

Mr Douglas's Ducat ..... 5 3 1 1

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales's Pedestrian ..... 0 1 0 3

Mr Mellish's Norod ..... 0 4 0 2

Mr Lindon's La Mancha..... 3 2 dr.

Duke of St. Alban's b. m. by Young Eclipse ..... 4 dr.

1807.—Malton Craven Meeting, March. £50 for all ages. Two-mile heats.

Mr N. Hodgson's Lady Mary, by Beningborough, six years

old ..... 0 0 1 1 \*

Mr Marris's Sir Sampson, by Stamford, three years old .. 0 0 2 dr.

Six miles for a three-year-old! "Train a child how he should go!"

1809.—Leicester, September. The Burgesses Plate of £50. Four-mile heats.

Lord Lowther's Hylas, by Beningborough, five years old 0 2 0 1 1

Sir T. Stanley's Viper, by Serpent, five years old .... 1 3 0 2 dr.

Duke of Rutland's Ned, by Teddy, four years old .... 0 1 3 3 dr.

1816.—Newton, June. A Plate of £70, the gift of T. Blackburn, Esq., weight for age. Three-mile heats.

Sir T. Stanley's Charioteer, by Young Chariot, four years

old ..... 3 4 1 1

Mr Sykes's Outcry, by Camillus, five years old..... 0 0 2 2

Mr Garforth's, by Camillus, dam by Ruler, four years old.. 0 0 dr.

Mr Fletcher's Viceroy, by Sancho, six years old .. 4 3 dr.

1820.—Newcastle, Staffordshire, August. Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 guineas each, with 50 guineas added, for all ages. Heats, twice round and a distance.

Sir J. G. Egerton's Astbury, by Langton ..... 3 3 3 1 1

Mr Mytton's Handel, by Governor (afterwards Theodore

Majocchi) ..... 0 0 0 2 2

|                                            |   |     |   |   |     |
|--------------------------------------------|---|-----|---|---|-----|
| Sir W. Wynn's Tarragon, by Haphazard ..... | 0 | 0   | 0 | 3 | dr. |
| Sir T. Stanley's Cedric, by Walton .....   | 4 | dr. |   |   |     |

The horses were handicapped by the Honourable *Henry Rous* of that day, Dr. Bellyse, of Audlem, Cheshire; and was a proof of his knowledge of the turf. Handel and Tarragon ran three dead heats.

1825.—Wells, July. Sweepstakes of £5 each, with £30 added. Heats, one mile and a distance. Four subscribers.

|                                    |   |   |   |     |
|------------------------------------|---|---|---|-----|
| Mr Dundas's b. c. by Pyramus ..... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1   |
| Mr Dilly's Parody .....            | 0 | 2 | 0 | dr. |
| Mr Small's Eaglet fell.            |   |   |   |     |

The Pyramus colt walked over for the last heat, Mr Dundas dividing the stakes with Mr Dilly. Small profit this, after the expenses of jockey, winning money, &c.

1827.—Newmarket, May. Handicap Plate A. F.

|                                     |   |     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-----|---|
| Mr Scott Stonehewer's Goshawk ..... | 0 | 0   | 1 |
| Mr Wyndham's Stumps .....           | 0 | 0   | 2 |
| Mr Payne's colt, by Octavius .....  | 3 | dr. |   |

Three others started. Some money must have changed hands, as before the race it was 5 to 1 against the winner. After the first dead heat, 6 to 4 on Stumps; after the second dead heat, 5 to 4 on Stumps. Lots of *stumping-up* that day.

Among the curiosities of the turf I find the following names:—At Malton, 1735, Mr Parson's "I am little, pity my condition." At Salisbury, 1742, "Coughing Polly," and "Peggy grieves me." At Hereford, 1743, "Have patience and you'll see." These are worthy the attention of some of our modern name-givers, who call their horses: "I wish you may get it;" "Stop awhile, says Slow;" and "To bed, to bed, says sleepy-head."

In 1737 I find a match between Lord Portmore's Squirt and Lord Lonsdale's Sultan, *crossing and jostling barred!*

To show what gentlemen jockeys did in by-gone days, I see that in April, 1745, Lord Byron's Robin Hood beat Lord R. S. Manners's b. h., ridden by the owners; twelve stone each; *four-mile* heats; 200 guineas. And again, Mr Parson's b. h. beats Lord Byron's gr. m., and Duke of Kingston's b. h.; *fourteen stone*; owners to ride.

In January, 1795, a match was run over the race-course at Doncaster, one *four-mile* heat, for a stake of 200 guineas, between Mr Sitwell's grey mare and Mr Johnson's ch. gelding, carrying *siateen stone* each; won by the former. The chronicler of those days adds: "This was a hard race, and most powerfully contested; the extra high weights exceeding the *customary annals of racing etiquette!*"

We cannot conclude this account of the turf without recording two celebrated matches that took place at Newmarket and York; in the former of which the late Duke of Queensberry figured, and in the latter Mrs Thornton, who, though defeated in her first match, finally bore off the bell.

In Mr Pick's "Historical Racing Calendar" we find the following account of the carriage-match, made by the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensbury, and Earl of Eglington, with Theobald Taaffe and Andrew Spowle, Esqs., for 1,000 gs. "The conditions of the articles were, to get a carriage with four running wheels, and a person in or upon it, drawn by four horses, nineteen miles in one hour; their lordships were to give two months' notice what week it should be done in, and had the liberty of choosing any one day in that week." The match was performed on Newmarket Heath on the 29th of August, 1750, in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The machine, with a postilion of Lord March's, fixed thereon, weighed about twenty-four stone. The horses were all properly trained for racing; the two leaders, including riders, saddles, and harness, carried about eight stone each, and the wheel-horses about seven stone each. Tawney (late Mr Greville's), the near leader, was ridden by W. Everett, Mr Panton's groom, who had the conducting of the pace. The off leader, Roderick Random (late Mr Stamford's); the near leader, Chance (late Duke of Hamilton's); and the off-leader, Little Dan (late Mr Thompson's, of Beverley, Yorkshire) were ridden by three boys, who had bolsters to preserve their shoulders. A groom, dressed in crimson velvet, rode before to clear the way. The postilion was dressed in a white satin waistcoat, black velvet cap, and red stockings; and Mr Everett, and the three boys that rode the horses, were in blue satin waistcoats, buckskin breeches, with white silk stockings, and black velvet caps. The traces of the machine (by an ingenious contrivance) ran into boxes with springs, when any of the horses hung back, to prevent the traces from getting under their legs, and a rope went from the further end of the carriage to the pole, and was brought back under it, to keep the pole steady. By the side of each wheel there were tin cases with oil dropping on the axletree, to prevent its firing. The boy placed thereon was only to fulfil the articles. It started about seven in the morning, near the six-mile house, and ran between the Warren and Rubbing-houses, came through at the ditch called the Running Gap, then turned to the right, and ran three times a corded piece of ground four miles, and then back to the place it started from. The first four miles were ran in nine minutes. The match was performed before a great number of spectators, without any person attempting to ride with it, except Mr George Tuting and Lord March's groom, who were to assist in case of accident.

The late Sir Charles Turner's leaping-match, made with the Earl of March, for 1,000 guineas, and performed on Fell, near Richmond, Yorkshire. "The conditions of the match were, that Sir Charles Turner should ride ten miles within the hour, in which he was to take forty leaps; each leap to be one yard, one quarter, and seven inches high." Sir Charles performed it on a Galloway, with great ease, in thirty-six minutes.

We now approach the celebrated Thornton match, which created so great an interest at the time; and certainly the novelty of a lady riding over a public race-course, against, in one instance, a professional jockey, was one that surprised not a little the weak minds of the sportsmen of that day. Certainly, as far as horsemanship, courage, judgment, and seat went,

few could be found in any period to have competed with this fair equestrian.

The match took place on the last day of York Races, August 25th, 1804, for 500 guineas, and 1,000 guineas bye; four miles; between Colonel Thornton's ch. h. Vingarillo, and Mr Flint's br. h. Thornville. Mrs Thornton to ride her weight against Mr Flint's. Three days before the races, the fair jockey, mounted upon Vingarillo, took a four mile gallop. She was dressed in mazarine blue, and wore a neat black jockey-cap, looked very well, and was in high spirits. She went off in a canter, sat her horse amazingly tight and snug; at times put him to the top of his speed, winded him, and showed that she had all his powers perfectly in her command. All the knowing ones were astonished at the style of *horsemanship* in which she performed her gallop, and declared it equal, if not superior, to any Chifney or Buckle, of Newmarket celebrity. Unfortunately, when within about three distances from home, the saddle-girths gave way, and she came with considerable violence to the ground. Fortunately the fair equestrian did not sustain the slightest injury. But to the race. "Never did we witness," says the chronicler of that day, "such an assemblage of people as were drawn together on the above occasion—one hundred thousand at least. Nearly ten times the number appeared on Knavesmere that did on the day when Bay Malton ran, or when Eclipse went over the course, leaving the two best horses of the day a mile and a half behind. Indeed, expectation was raised to the highest pitch from the novelty of the match. Thousands from every part of the country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional people were employed; and, much to the credit of the 6th Light Dragoons, a party of them were also on the ground, mounted for the like purpose, and which unquestionably was the cause of many lives being saved. About four o'clock Mrs Thornton appeared on the ground, full of spirit, her horse led by Colonel Thornton; afterwards appeared Mr Flint. They started a little past four o'clock. The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles in a most capital style. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two. When within a mile from home, Mr Flint came up, took the lead, and kept it. Mrs Thornton used every exertion; but, finding it impossible to win the race, she pulled up, in a *sportsmanlike* style, when within about two distances. Before the race the odds in favour of the lady were 5 and 6 to 4; and in running the first three miles they got up to 2 to 1. During the last mile the tables turned, and Mr Flint was backed at high odds. Never, surely, did a woman ride in a better style. It was difficult to say whether her *horsemanship*, her dress, or her beauty, were most admired—the *tout ensemble* was *unique*. Mrs Thornton's dress was a leopard-coloured body, with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and blue cap. Mr Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds. Thus ended the most interesting race ever run upon Knavesmere. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humour with which she has borne her defeat, have greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners. From the very superior style in which

she took her gallop on the previous Wednesday, betting was greatly in her favour; her *close-seated* riding astonished the beholders, and inspired a general confidence in her success. Not less than £200,000 were pending upon this match."

The following letter shortly afterwards appeared in the *York Herald*, which shows the pleasantry, as well as the pluck, of the lady. We ought to mention that Mr Flint was brother-in-law to the intrepid horsewoman, having married her sister.

"MR EDITOR,—Having read in your paper that Mr Flint paid me every attention that could be shown upon the occasion of the race, I request you will submit the following elements of politeness to the gentlemen of the turf, for them to sanction or reject, upon any future match of this kind taking place:—

"ELEMENT 1.—Mr Baker, who kindly offered to ride round with me, on account of the dangerous accident I met with on the Wednesday before, from my saddle turning round, was *positively* and *peremptorily* refused this permission.

"ELEMENT 2.—At the starting post the most distant species of common courtesy was studiously avoided; and I received a sort of word of command from Mr Flint, as thus—'Keep that side, Ma'am!' For a morning's ride this might be *complimentary*; but it was here depriving me of the *whip hand*.

"ELEMENT 3.—When my horse broke down in the terrible way he did, all the course must have witnessed the very handsome manner in which Mr Flint brought me in, *i. e.*, *left me out*, by distancing me as much as he possibly could.

"If these should be received as precedents, the art of riding against ladies will be made most completely easy.

"CHALLENGE.—After all this, I challenge Mr Flint to ride the same match, in all its terms, over the same course next year; his horse, Brown Thornville, against any one he may choose to select out of three horses I shall hunt this season.

"ALICIA THORNTON.

"*Thornville Royal, Sept. 1, 1804.*"

In the August Meeting of the following year, at York, Mrs Thornton's two matches came off. The first was one for four hogsheads of Coti Roti, 2,000 guineas, h. ft., and 600 guineas, p. p. (which the lady stood herself), Colonel Thornton's Mr Mills, alias Clausum Fregit, by Otho (rode by Mrs Thornton), walked over; Mr Bromford having declined to ride. The second was entered as follows:—Colonel Thornton's Louisa, by Pegasus, out of Nelly, 9 st. 6 lbs. (rode by Mrs Thornton), against Mr Bromford's Allegro, by Pegasus, out of Allegranti's dam, 13 st. 6 lbs., Mr Buckle to ride. Two miles. 500 guineas. The following account of the race, from an old record, will not, we think, be uninteresting to our readers:—

"Mrs Thornton appeared dressed for the occasion in a purple cap and waistcoat, long nankeen coloured skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings; she was every way in health and spirits, and seemed eager for the decision of the match. Buckle was dressed in a blue cap, with blue-bodied jacket, and white sleeves. At half past three they started; the *skequstrian* (as Mathews was wont to call female equestrians), taking the lead, which she kept for some time. Buckle then put in trial his

jockeyship, and passed the lady, keeping in front for only a few lengths, when Mrs Thornton, by the most excellent—we may truly say—horsemanship, pushed forwards, and came in in a style far superior to anything of the kind we ever witnessed; winning her race by half a neck. The manner of Mrs Thornton's riding is certainly of the finest description; indeed, her close-seat and perfect management of her horse, her bold and steady jockeyship, amazed one of the most crowded courses we have for a long time witnessed; and on her winning she was hailed with the most enthusiastic shouts of congratulation." Rather a good afternoon's worth, say we, £2,205 and four hogsheds of Coti Roti.

In conclusion, I am too happy to find that the turf is looking up. Her Majesty's patronage at Ascot tends considerably to the encouragement of horse-racing. It was in the early days of George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, that under his auspices the turf flourished, until the unfortunate event occurred that deprived Newmarket of the presence of His Royal Highness. He was, indeed, *ἡ τροχίμης βασιλεὺς*, the horse-delighting Prince of the Greek poet; and we should hail the day with gladness that brought the Queen's Royal Consort upon the turf. His Royal Highness is a keen follower of Nimrod, a first-rate shot, a good practical farmer, and were Prince Albert to become a breeder and owner of race-horses, his character as an English *sportsman* would be complete; and what can exceed that appellation? The country, to whom His Royal Highness is allied by the dearest ties, look up with gratitude to the patrons of field-sports, to those who, sympathizing with their less fortunate brethren, support the manly exercises and amusements that our ancestors have handed down to us. May they never degenerate in our days!

The space allotted to me in this monthly number prevents my entering into a detail of the racing of the present day; suffice it to say that through the strenuous exertions of that Napoleon of the turf, Lord George Bentinck, racing is flourishing. There has been a greater sum of money subscribed for the last three years, for Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, and Goodwood, than has ever previously been known; more horses are in training; and the system of punctuality in starting, which is as necessary upon the course as it is in private life, is now being carried out at almost all the great meetings. Roguery has been exposed, Levanters have been warned off, and the whole system has a more healthy aspect. Despite, then, of what modern innovators may say, the turf will flourish, so long as it is supported by such men as the Dukes of Richmond, Bedford, and Beaufort, the Marquis of Exeter, Earls of Eglintoun and Glasgow, Lord George Bentinck, and others, whose names would swell a column.

*Sporting Review, for June and September.*



## THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

“Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum  
Collegisse juvat; metaque fervidis  
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis  
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.”

*Horat. i. 1.*

The Olympic course was divided into two parts—the Stadium, and the Hippodromus; the former of which was an elevated open causeway, six hundred feet long, being appropriated to the foot-races and most of the combats; while the latter was reserved for the chariot and horse races. Pausanias has transmitted to us an accurate description of both, particularly of the Hippodromus; but, instead of a detail, which would be little interesting to the general reader, we prefer copying the following animated picture of the scene exhibited at Olympia on the morning when the games were opened. “At the first dawn of day we repaired to the Stadium, which was already filled with athleteæ, exercising themselves in preparatory skirmishes, and surrounded by a multitude of spectators; while others in still greater numbers were stationing themselves confusedly on a hill, in form of an amphitheatre, above the course. Chariots were flying over the plain; on all sides were heard the sound of trumpets, and the neighing of horses, mingled with the shouts of the multitude. But when we were able to divert our eyes for a moment from this spectacle, and to contrast with the tumultuous agitations of the public joy the repose and silence of nature, how delightful were the impressions we experienced from the serenity of the sky, the delightful coolness of the air from the Alpheus, which here forms a magnificent canal, and the fertile fields, illumed and embellished by the first rays of the sun!”\*

The candidates having undergone an examination, and proved to the satisfaction of the judges that they were freemen, that they were Grecians by birth, and that they were clear from all infamous and immoral stains, were led to the statue of Jupiter within the senate-house. This image, says Pausanias, was better calculated than any other to strike terror into wicked men, for he was represented with thunder in both hands; and, as if that were not a sufficient intimation of the wrath of the deity against those who should forswear themselves, at his feet there was a plate of brass, containing terrible denunciations against the perjured. Before this statue the candidates, their relations, and instructors, swore on the bleeding limbs of the victims that they were duly qualified to engage, solemnly vowing not to employ any unfair means, but to observe all the laws relating to the Olympic Games. After this they returned to the Stadium, and took their stations by lot, when the herald demanded “Can any one reproach these athleteæ with having been in bonds, or with leading an irregular life?” A profound silence generally followed this interrogatory, and the comba-

\* Anacharsis, cap. 38.

tants became exalted in the estimation of the assembly, not only by this universal testimony to their moral character, but by the consideration that they were the free unsullied champions of the respective states to which they belonged; not engaged in any vulgar struggle for interested or ordinary objects, but incited to competition by a noble love of fame, and a desire to uphold the renown of their native cities in the presence of assembled Greece. Such being the qualities required before they could enter the lists, it was some distinction even to have been an unsuccessful competitor, for each might truly exclaim in the words of Achelous, when defeated by Hercules,

Non tam

Turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum.

Filled with anxiety, their friends gathered round them, stimulating their exertions, or affording them advice, until the moment arrived when the trumpet sounded. At this signal the runners started off amid the cries and clamour of the excited multitude, whose vociferations did not cease until the herald procured silence by his trumpet, and proclaimed the name and abode of the winner. The following is a translation of an epigram upon this subject in the Greek anthology, the hyperbole of which, when the poet describes the swiftness of the victor, may be compared with Virgil's upon Camilla. It must be borne in mind that Tarsus, the birth-place of the winner, was founded by Perseus, who in old fables is represented as having had wings upon his feet.

ON ARIAS OF TARSUS, VICTOR IN THE STADIUM.

The speed of Arias, victor in the race,  
Recalls the founder of his native place,  
For, able in the course with him to vie,  
Like him he seems on feather'd feet to fly.  
The barrier when he quits, the dazzled sight  
In vain essays to catch him in his flight.  
Lost is the racer thro' the whole career,  
Till victor at the goal he reappear.

The prize of the simple foot-race in the Stadium, as it was the most ancient, was deemed the most honourable of any; so much so, that the name of the victor was generally associated with the Olympiad, and quoted with it by writers and historians; a distinction which must have been more attractive than any other to a people so passionately fond of fame as the Greeks. To vary the diversions of the Stadium, foot-races were afterwards performed by children, by armed men, and by athletæ, who ran twelve times the length of the Stadium. None of the victors were crowned till the last day of the festival, but at the end of the race they carried off a branch of palm, an emblem, says Plutarch, of their insuperable vigour and resolution in triumphing over difficulties, since it is the nature of that plant to rise and flourish against all endeavours to bend or suppress it. In order to excite the greater emulation, the olive crowns, as well as the palm-branches, were deposited on a table of gold and ivory, placed within view of the competitors, and of the whole assemblage. On his

receiving the palm, every one pressed forward to see and congratulate the victor; his friends and relations embraced him with tears of joy, and, lifting him on their shoulders, held him up to the applauses of the spectators, who strewed handfuls of flowers over him.

The gymnastic exercises, which bore the name of the Pentathlon, consisted usually of leaping, running, quoiting, darting, and wrestling, the precise form and manner of which it is unnecessary to detail, though we may notice, before we quit this part of the subject, that the leapers performed to the sound of flutes playing Pythian airs; and that they seem to have had poles or some artificial assistance in jumping. This, indeed, would be necessary, if we are to credit an inscription, cited by Eustathius, on the statue of Phaulus of Crotona, which asserts that he had leaped a distance of fifty-five feet. Chionis, the Spartan, is said to have accomplished fifty-two.

The *Cæstus*, a cruel and dangerous species of boxing, in which the hands and arms were furnished with gauntlets, loaded with lead or iron, was revived in the twenty-third Olympiad; but, as the victory in this game was frequently stained with blood, it was never held in much estimation by the Greeks, who evinced in their public sports none of the sanguinary ferocity that characterized the Romans. Damoxenus, a champion of the *cæstus*, having slain his adversary under circumstances of much cruelty and treachery, was not only refused the wreath, but driven from the Stadium with every mark of infamy and indignation, while his deceased victim was solemnly crowned by the judges. The combatants in this exercise wore headpieces of brass for their defence, notwithstanding which they were often terribly mutilated, though they might escape with life and limb. The following epigram of Lucilius informs us, that a *cæstus*-fighter once became so disfigured that, being unable to establish his identity, he lost his inheritance to a younger brother.

ON A CONQUEROR IN THE CÆSTUS.

This victor, glorious in his olive wreath,  
Had once eyes, eyebrows, nose, and ears, and teeth,  
But turning *cæstus*-champion, to his cost,  
These, and, still worse, his heritage he lost !  
For by his brother sued—disown'd—at last,  
Confronted with his picture, he was cast.\*

Aulus Gellius relates a singular story of one of the *athletæ*, a confirmed stammerer, who, being a candidate for one of the four sacred crowns, and perceiving the officer who was appointed to match the combatants fraudulently endeavouring to put a wrong lot upon him, cried out against it with such vehemence, that, the impediment being suddenly cured, he continued for the rest of his life to speak without hesitation.

These gymnastic exercises, being the most ancient, took precedence of the horse and chariot races, though the competitors in the latter were, generally speaking, men of higher rank and consideration than the *athletæ*,

\* Anthol. lib. ii. cap. 1. ep. 1.

and the spectacle was much more pompous and magnificent. The richest individuals of Greece made a study and a merit of producing the species of horses best adapted for the course; thus accomplishing the original object of the institution, which probably had in view the improvement of the breed: and even sovereigns and republics frequently enrolled themselves among the competitors, intrusting their glory to able horsemen and charioteers. At one festival, seven chariots were entered in the name of the celebrated Alcibiades, three of which gained prizes, and furnished an occasion to Euripides for inscribing a complimentary odè to the conqueror. Over a bar that ran across the entrance of the lists was placed a brazen dolphin, and upon an altar in the middle of the barrier stood an eagle of the same metal. By means of a machine, put in motion by the president of the game, the eagle suddenly sprang up into the air with its wings extended, so as to be seen by all the spectators; and at the same moment the dolphin sank to the ground, which was the signal for the cars to arrange themselves in order for the race. Besides the statue of Hippodamia, and the table on which were placed the crowns and palm-branches, there were several images and altars in the course, particularly that of the Genius Taraxippus, who, as his name imports, was said to inspire the horses with a secret terror, which was increased by the shrill clangour of the trumpets placed near the boundary, and the deafening shouts and outcries of the multitude.

While the chariots were ranged in line ready to start, the horses, whose ardour it was difficult to restrain, attracted all eyes by their beauty, as well as for the victories which some of them had already gained. Pindar speaks of no less than forty chariots engaged at one and the same time. If we recollect that they had to run twelve times the length of the Hippodrome in going and returning, and to steer round a pillar or gaol, erected at each extremity, we may imagine what confusion must have ensued when, upon the signal-trumpet being sounded, they started amid a cloud of dust, crossing and jostling each other, and rushing forwards with such rapidity that the eye could scarcely follow them. At one of the boundaries a narrow pass was only left for the chariots, which often baffled the skill of the expertest driver; and there were upwards of twenty turnings to make round the two pillars, so that at almost every moment some accident happened, calculated to excite the pity or insulting laughter of the assembly. In such a number of chariots at full speed, pushing for precedence in turning round the columns, on which victory often depended, some were sure to be dashed to pieces, covering the course with their fragments, and adding to the dangers of the race. As it was, moreover, exceedingly difficult for the charioteer in his unsteady two-wheeled car to retain his standing attitude, many were thrown out, when the masterless horses plunged wildly about the Hippodrome, overturning others who had perhaps previously escaped every danger, and thought themselves sure of winning. To increase the confusion, and thereby afford better opportunities for the display of skill and courage, there is reason to believe that some artifice was employed for the express purpose of frightening the horses when they reached the statue of Taraxippus. So great sometimes was their consternation, that no longer regarding the rein, the whip, or

the voice of their master, they broke loose, or overturned the chariot and wounded the driver. Perhaps it would be impossible to give a more accurate description of a chariot race in all its forms than is furnished by the following passage from the *Electra* of Sophocles, as translated by West. After enumerating the ten different competitors for the prize, the author proceeds—

These, when the judges of the games by lot  
Hâd fix'd their order and arranged the cars,  
All at the trumpet's signal, all at once,  
Burst from the barrier, all together cheer'd  
Their fiery steeds, and shook the floating reins.  
Soon with the din of rattling cars was fill'd  
The sounding Hippodrome, and clouds of dust,  
Ascending, tainted the fresh breath of morn.  
Now mix'd and press'd together on they drove,  
Nor spared the smarting lash, impatient each  
To clear his chariot, and outstrip the throng  
Of clashing axles, and short-blowing steeds,  
That panted on each others necks, and threw  
On each contiguous yoke the milky foam.

But to the pillar as he nearer drew,  
Orestés, reining in the nearest steed,  
While, in a larger scope, with loosen'd reins,  
And lash'd up to their speed the others flew,  
Turn'd swift around the goal his grazing wheel.

As yet erect upon their whirling orbs  
Roll'd every chariot, till the hard-mouthed steeds  
That drew the Thracian car unmaster'd broke  
With violence away, and turning short,  
(When o'er the Hippodrome, with winged speed,  
They had completed now the seventh career,)  
Dash'd their wild foreheads 'gainst the Libyan car.  
From this one luckless chance, a train of ills  
Succeeding, rudely on each other fell  
Horses and charioteers, and soon was fill'd  
With wrecks of shatter'd cars the Phocian plain.

Erect Orestes, and erect his car,  
Thro' all the number'd courses now had stood ;  
But, luckless in the last, as round the goal  
The wheeling courser turn'd, the hither rein  
Imprudent he relax'd, and on the stone  
The shatter'd axle dashing, from the wheel  
Fell headlong, hamper'd in the tangling reins.  
The frightened mares flew diverse o'er the course.

The throng'd assembly when they saw their chief  
Hurl'd from his chariot, with compassion moved,

His youth deplored, deplored him glorious late  
 For mighty deeds, now doom'd to mighty woes ;  
 Now dragg'd along the dust, his feet in air ;  
 Till, hasting to his aid, and scarce at length  
 The frantic mares restraining, from the reins  
 The charioteers releas'd him, and convey'd,  
 With wounds and gore disfigur'd, to his friends.

On the last day of the festival, the conquerors being summoned by proclamation to the tribunal within the sacred grove, received the honour of public coronation, a ceremony preceded by pompous sacrifices. Encircled with the olive-wreath,\* gathered from the sacred tree behind the Temple of Jupiter, the victors, dressed in rich habits, bearing palm-branches in their hands, and almost intoxicated with joy, proceeded in grand procession to the theatre, marching to the sound of flutes, and surrounded by an immense multitude, who made the air ring with their acclamations. The winners in the horse and chariot races formed a part of the pomp, their stately coursers, bedecked with flowers, seeming, as they paced proudly along, to be conscious participators of the triumph. When they reached the theatre, the choruses saluted them with the ancient hymn, composed by the poet Archilochus, to exalt the glory of the victors, the surrounding multitude joining their voices to those of the musicians. This being concluded, the trumpet sounded, the herald proclaimed the name and country of the victor, as well as the nature of his prize, the acclamations of the people within and without the building were redoubled, and flowers and garlands were showered from all sides upon the happy conqueror, who at this moment was thought to have attained the loftiest pinnacle of human glory and felicity. Diagoras of Rhodes, himself an Olympic victor, brought two of his sons to the games, who, on receiving the crown they had won, placed it on the head of their father, lifted him on their shoulders, and bore him in triumph along the Stadium. The spectators threw flowers upon him, Exclaiming—"Die, Diagoras! for thou has nothing more to wish," a complimentary exclamation which was unfortunately fulfilled; for the old man, overcome by his happiness, expired in sight of the assembly, and in the arms of his children, who bathed him with their tears.

The last duty performed by the conquerors at Olympia was sacrificing to the twelve gods, which was sometimes done upon so magnificent a scale as to entertain the whole multitude who came to witness the solemnity. Their names were then enrolled in the archives of the Eleans, and they were sumptuously feasted in the banqueting hall of the Prytæneum. On the following days they themselves gave entertainments, the pleasure of which was heightened by music and dancing; or they were banquetted by their friends, who, as we learn from the following story in Plutarch, vied with one another for that honour, and thought no expense too great

\* This trifling reward was supposed to be in memory of the labours of Hercules, which were accomplished for the public good, and for which the hero claimed no other distinction than the consciousness of having been the friend of mankind.

for the occasion. Phocus having obtained a victory in the Panathenean games, and being invited by several of his friends to accept of an entertainment, at length pitched upon one to whom he thought that preference was due. But when Phocion his father came to the feast, and saw, among other extravagances, large vessels filled with wine and spices set before the guests when they came in to wash their feet, he said to his son, "Phocus! why do you not make your friend desist from dishonouring your victory?"

At these festivities, whether public or private, were frequently sung by a chorus, accompanied with instrumental music, such odes as were composed in honour of the conqueror; but it was not the good fortune of every victor to have a poet for his friend, or to be able to pay the price of an ode, which was sometimes considerable, as we learn from the scholiast upon Pindar. The friends of one Pytheas, a conqueror in the Nemean games, came to Pindar to bespeak an ode, for which he demanded so large a sum, that they declined his offer, saying "they could erect a statue of brass for less money." Some time after, having changed their opinion, they returned and paid the price required by Pindar, who, in allusion to this transaction, begins his ode with setting forth, "that he was no statuary, no maker of images, that could not stir from their pedestals, and consequently were to be seen only by those who would give themselves the trouble to go to the place where they were erected; but he could make a poem which should fly over the whole earth, and publish in every place that Pytheas had gained the crown in the Nemean games."\*

Already loaded with honours at the scene of action, the victors returned to their own country with all the pageantry of triumph, preceded and followed by a numerous train, and sometimes entered their native city through a breach made in the walls, to denote that the place which could produce such strong and valiant men, had little need of stone bulwarks. "In certain places the victors had a competent subsistence furnished to them from the public treasury; in others they were exempt from all taxes; at Lacedæmon, where every distinction was of a warlike nature, they had the honour to combat near the king; almost every where they had precedence at the local games; and the title of Olympic victor added to their names ensured them an attentive respect, which constituted the happiness of their future lives."†

To perpetuate their glory after death, the conquerors themselves, their friends, or their country, generally set up their statues in the sacred grove of the Olympian Jupiter, which contained an almost incredible number of these figures. A long list of the most remarkable may be found in the sixth book of Pausanias. The statue of Ladas, an eminent racer, was so animated, not only in point of attitude, but in the lively expression of assured victory in the countenance, that "it is going this moment," says an epigram in the Anthology, "to leap from the pedestal, and seize the crown."

\* West's Pindar, vol. iii. p. 185.

† Anacharsis, cap. 38.

To form a correct notion of the appearance of Olympia and its neighbourhood at the period of the games, it must be recollected that the whole open country, and more especially the banks of the Alpheus, bore the semblance of a vast encampment, from the great number of tents set up to accommodate the visitors; and that as business and traffic were combined with pleasure in this national festival, the great fair, with its dealers, showmen, mountebanks, and exhibitors of all sorts, occupied every moment got engrossed by the games. River and sea were covered with innumerable vessels; the shore with carriages and horses; spectators were thronging from all quarters of the earth, and in every possible variety of costume, some conducting victims for the Olympian Jupiter, some deputed to publish edicts; others coming to display their vanity and ostentation, or to distinguish themselves by their superior talents and knowledge. Here sculptors, painters, or artists, exhibited specimens of their skill—there rhapsodists were to be seen reciting fragments of Homer and Hesiod; while the peristyles of the temples, and all the most conspicuous places in the porticoes, walks, and groves, were crowded with sophists, philosophers, poets, orators, and historians, arguing with one another, reciting their productions, and pronouncing eulogies on the Olympic Games, on their respective countries, or on distinguished individuals, whose favour they wished to conciliate.

In the midst of the various pursuits of this amazing congress of people, all animated by feelings of interest or of pleasure, they would suddenly suspend their avocations and amusements to participate in some pompous ceremony of that religion which, uniting them all in a common bond of alliance, sanctified and exalted their diversions, by imparting to them a character of duty and devotion. It is not sufficient to picture to ourselves the scenery, the climate, and all the varied magnificence of the spectacle we have been attempting to describe; we must imagine the moral, religious, and patriotic feelings of the assemblage, and the enthusiasm that such a union would generate, before we can form any conception of the Olympic Games.

Among the benefactors of this festival, at an advanced stage of its existence, was Herod, afterwards King of Judea. Seeing on his way to Rome the games neglected, or dwindling into insignificance, from the poverty of the Eleans, he displayed vast munificence as president, and provided an ample revenue for their future support and dignity. That they should derive such assistance from a Jew, to the nature and ordinances of whose religion they were so repugnant, seems a strange and anomalous circumstance. But though this and subsequent instances of equally powerful patronage might for a time protract their lingering existence, nothing could finally prevent the extinction of these celebrated games. The political decadence and impoverishment of Greece, the devastation of that country and of all Europe by the barbarians, but above all the extending influence of Christianity, whose votaries proclaimed open war not only against the deities but the institutions of the pagans, at length accomplished the downfall of the Olympic festival.

So mutable are human affairs, so short is the comparative duration of the mightiest dynasties and empires, that the Olympic Games, by the



mere fact of their having continued in unbroken quinquennial celebration for a thousand years from the period of their revival, command a sort of reverence, and excite a feeling of involuntary sadness at the thought of their discontinuance and oblivion. Lofty and ennobling, and pleasant from the classical reminiscences they awaken, are all the associations connected with them. Kings and powerful states were often competitors at these illustrious sports, to the periodical recurrence of which the whole civilized world looked forward with an intensity of expectation that absorbed every other thought and pursuit. Public and private business was forgotten, the fiercest wars were suspended, a universal truce was proclaimed by sea and land, that all mankind might travel in safety to Olympia, and regard nothing but the paramount, the supreme object of attention—the festival. And all this has passed away like a dream which, however glorious and magnificent while it lasted, leaves not a shadow behind! That institution, which had endured for so many ages, and formed the delight of such numerous generations of mankind, is now only an empty remembrance, a subject for the antiquary and the historian. Olympia is no more: its solid temples, the colossal statue of Jupiter, the sacred grove with its myriad of statues, altars, trophies, columns, monuments of gods, kings, and heroes, in brass, marble, and iron, have crumbled into dust, and become so effectually mingled with the earth, that even the site which they embellished can be no longer recognised. Nay, the very deities themselves, in whose honour these games were instituted, and who had received the homage of the pagan world since the infancy of time, have fallen into utter oblivion, or are only remembered that they may be converted into a by-word and a laughing-stock.

If there be something humiliating to human reason in the thought that it may be devoted, through such a long succession of centuries, to an imaginary heaven, and an evanescent pageant of earth, it is at least consolatory to reflect that the same human reason, victorious over time, and death, and destruction, possesses the power to embalm its own corruptions and delusions, and erect them into a beacon of imperishable reminiscences for the guidance and instruction of the latest posterity. The Olympic Games, with their emblazoned glories and massive monuments, have passed away like a sun-illuminated vapour, which is exhaled into the air, and leaves no trace to tell us where it hovered; but the Odes of Pindar, in which he has recorded the names and exploits of the victors, are still as fresh and perfect as when they were first written. The passing stream of ages does but petrify and strengthen them against the waves of coming centuries, and they will doubtless endure till the tide of time itself shall be lost in the ocean of eternity. This is the last, indeed the only trophy that the Olympic Games have left behind them, and it is one of which all mankind may be justly proud, for it affords an additional assurance, if such were necessary, that the intellectual soul is a divinity which shall survive its perishable shrine, and enjoy in another world the immortality which it can confer in this.

That the unclassical reader may form some idea of the mode in which this illustrious poet celebrated the victors, we subjoin the shortest, though by no means the best of his Odes, as an appropriate termination

to this brief account of the Olympic Games. It must be recollected that these poems were recited or sung by a chorus, to the accompaniment of musical instruments, dancing, and action. The first stanza, called *Strophe*, was sung while they danced round the altars of the gods ; in the second, called *Antistrophe*, the dance was inverted. The lesser stanza was named the *Epode*, in which they sang standing still.

#### THE TWELFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

*Inscribed to Ergoteles, the son of Philanor of Himera, who in the seventy-seventh Olympiad (472 years B. C.) gained the prize in the foot-race called Dolichos, or the long course.*

##### STROPHE.

Daughter of Eleutherian Jove,  
To thee my supplication I prefer !  
For potent Himera my suit I move ;  
Protectress Fortune, hear !  
Thy deity along the pathless main  
In her wild course the rapid vessel guides ;  
Rules the fierce conflict on the embattled plain,  
And in deliberating states presides.  
Toss'd by thy uncertain gale,  
On the seas of error sail  
Human hopes, now mounting high,  
On the swelling surge of joy ;  
Now, with unaffected woe,  
Sinking to the depths below.

##### ANTISTROPHE.

For such presage of things to come,  
None yet on mortals have the gods betow'd ;  
Nor of futurity's impervious gloom  
Can wisdom pierce the cloud.  
Oft our most sanguine views th' event deceives,  
And veils in sudden grief the smiling ray :  
Oft, when with woe the mournful bosom heaves,  
Caught in a storm of anguish and dismay,  
Pass some fleeting moments by—  
All at once the tempests fly,  
Instant shifts the clouded scene,  
Heav'n renews its smiles serene,  
And on joy's untroubled tides  
Smooth to port the vessel glides.

##### EPODE.

Son of Philanor, in the secret shade,  
Thus had thy speed, unknown to fame, decay'd ;

Thus, like the crested bird of Mars, at home,  
 Engaged in foul domestic jars,  
 And wasted with intestine wars,  
 Inglorious hadst thou spent thy vig'rous bloom ;  
 Had not sedition's civil broils  
 Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,  
 And driv'n thee with more glorious toils  
 Th' Olympic crown in Pisa's plain to meet.  
 With olive now, with Pythian laurels grac'd,  
 \* And the dark chaplets of the Isthmian pine,  
 In Himera's adopted city plac'd,  
 To all, Ergoteles, thy honours shine,  
 And raise her lustre by imparting thine.

*Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.*

## REVIEW OF THE PAST CRICKET SEASON.

Now that the shooting season has come in, that small shot has put an end to the exchanges of ball, that markers are stuck up in trees to chronicle flights instead of runs, that regard for coveys has superseded the interest taken in fields, that shooters cease to be content with wickets for their prey, and (though, as in Æsop's time, men are still the painters) pointers have become of more importance than points—in plain English, now that cricket is over, let us, before we finally lay our bats in their boxes till another year, take a short glance at the most important events of the past season, and see what lessons we may derive from it, and what prospects we may anticipate for the future.

It may be in the recollection of some of the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*, that in a paper which appeared on the subject of cricket in the number for last March, I deprecated strongly the habit that so many clubs were getting into, of relying for their bowling almost wholly on the services of hired players. I objected to it on four grounds:—First, the unfairness of it, as a club which gained a victory by such means was seizing laurels which it had not gathered itself, and therefore had no right to claim. Secondly, the expensiveness of it, which compelled many good players to make it a rule to avoid matches. Thirdly, the absurdity of gentlemen pretending to like cricket themselves, and fancying they showed such a liking by paying others to play for them. And fourthly, and above all, I urged that the custom was wholly uncalled for, as there were plenty of excellent gentlemen bowlers, if they were only let bowl ; and pernicious, inasmuch as it deprived the gentlemen bowlers of the practice necessary to keep up their skill. With regard to the second of these objections, the Marylebone Club itself seems to have felt the inconvenience of the ex-

pense arising from its use of paid players—an expense amounting in 1845 to the enormous sum of nearly £800, as was stated by Mr Kynaston at the opening dinner of the club this year; and with a view to lessen this expense, they came to the resolution not, as could have been wished, of discontinuing the practice of employing them at all, or even of employing them less, but they merely determined to pay them less. Even in this I conceive they were quite right, as it must, I think, be clear to every one that the rate at which the professional players were paid (four pounds if their side lost the match, and six if it won) was enormous, and wholly disproportioned to the gains of persons of their station in life in any other possible way. As, however, the new resolutions, in consequence of what subsequently took place with reference to the Gentlemen and Players' Match, were much canvassed and attacked, I will here give them in the words of the committee:—

“ The committee having considered the subject of the remuneration to the professional players for winning, can perceive no reason for paying the players of their own ground £1, and players not belonging to their ground £2, in addition to the sum paid for their services; and having also considered the improved rapidity and cheapness of travelling, have unanimously resolved that the following be the scale of payment in future for all matches in London and the country :

“ If the player's journey to the ground shall exceed 100 miles, £5; where it shall exceed 50 miles, and be under 100 miles, £4; where it shall be under 50 miles, £3.

“ Players belonging to the ground to be paid as follows: for one day's match £1; for a match exceeding one day, £2.

“ All players on the winning side to be paid £1 in addition to the foregoing scale, except in a one-day match at Lord's, in which the remuneration to the players, of the ground shall never exceed £1.

“ Umpires and scorers at Lord's shall be paid as usual—the former £2 each, and the latter £1 each. But in the event of a match at Lord's lasting but one day, the umpires and scorers to be paid only half those sums. In all country matches, except those in the immediate vicinity of London, such as Eton, Harrow, &c., &c., when the terms must be matter of special agreement, the umpires and scorers shall be paid a medium price between winners and losers on the foregoing specified scale for professional players.”

As the resolutions respecting the payment of the players of the ground at Lord's are not of general interest, I shall pass them over, and address myself to the first and third resolutions only, which caused some discussion from Pilch's refusing to play on those terms in the Gentlemen and Players' match. Of course no one can contest the point that he had a right to do as he liked, and that Mr Dark's argument, in his letter to *Bell's Life*, that he ought to play in the match out of gratitude to the Marylebone Cricket Club, some of whom assisted to make up a match for his benefit, by which he got from £200 to £300\*, was preposterous.

\* Pilch replied to this, and denied that the clear profit to him amounted to more than £80 or £90.

Whatever the payment might have been, he had no right to be compelled to play against his will; still, as the question was discussed—mooted, I believe, in the first instance, by ill-judging friends of his own—it can only be argued on the ground of whether the payment fixed in the above resolutions was a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; and this was denied by his advocate, who wrote the first letter that appeared in *Bell's Life* on the subject, and who accused the Marylebone Cricket Club by implication of grudging those who ministered to their amusement a fair remuneration. Now I do not wish in any way to speak disparagingly of Pilch. I have known him myself for many years, and, if it were not superfluous, could bear testimony to his having been a most thoroughly well-conducted and respectable man; of his skill as a cricketer it is even more unnecessary to speak. But still, let the question be looked at fairly: so much is due to the Marylebone Cricket Club, who ought not to be exposed to the imputation of grudging men what they fairly earn. I do not know where Pilch was, but probably within fifty miles of London; if so, the sum he would have received for playing a match which might have been expected to last three days, was £3 if he lost it, or £4 if he won it—that is to say, at the very least, a pound a day for eight hours' employment each day. Now let any one who thinks this an inadequate payment consider for a moment what he could have got by any other means—by his regular trade, for instance. Pilch is, or was, a tailor. I do not mean to object it to him as any reproach, nor to hint in any degree that I am prepared with an eleven able to play ninety-nine Pilches; but could he or any other man earn at that trade as much in a whole week as he might here have secured in half a one? I know that it is some counter-balance to this that the cricket season lasts only a part of the year; still, for four months in the year, a player of Pilch's eminence is sure of an engagement, if he wishes it, for at least two matches a week, sometimes for even three; so that even this reduced scale will secure him more than a pound a day for the whole season; and that, I submit, is ample payment for anyone. I repeat that I should be very sorry to speak slightly of Pilch; it would be impossible to find a body of men of their class equal for general good conduct to the professional cricketers—at least, that is my opinion of them, formed after much experience of them, and while I earnestly deprecate the practice of playing them as regularly as is now done; and among the whole body there is no one whose character stands higher than Pilch's, still I cannot help thinking that in this instance he yielded unduly to a feeling of pique and disappointment, and that in refusing to play on terms with which Lillywhite, Hillyer, and Box were contented, he wished to shew his importance, imagining, probably, that his demands would be acceded to, as the backers of the men would feel they could not do without him. I am not sorry that he was disappointed, and very glad that his substitute Martingell (a most excellent player, and a thoroughly well-conducted man) proved so efficient as to leave it doubtful whether in this instance the players lost anything by the exchange, as Martingell's two innings amounted to 37, which is quite as much as anyone, even Pilch, could be considered worth, and more than anyone else, except Guy, got in the match on that side.

To come to a more important matter, namely, the deficiency, real or imagined, of gentlemen bowlers, which is the reason which is alleged for the employment of the professional players: I hope myself, before the close of this article, to prove what I urged last March, that it exists but in a very slight degree; but all are not of that opinion, and a club was formed at the end of 1845, and has been in full vigour this season, consisting of the finest players of the Marylebone Club, and others living in the neighbourhood of London, formed for the express purpose of encouraging gentlemen bowlers—I need not say I mean the celebrated Zingari, who have adopted as their main principle that of never employing paid bowlers—a rule adhered to now by very few clubs. I am not aware of any club that never departs from it, except the two Universities and the Lansdowne at Bath. The Zingari, however, have dared to go back to the old-fashioned custom of relying on their own strength, and the same *Bell's Life* that contained the new rules before quoted, of the Marylebone Cricket Club, contained also a most excellent letter to the members of the Zingari from their president; a gentleman who, being always a spectator, may be expected, according to the old proverb, to be a more accurate judge of the weak points of his friends than those actually engaged in the contest. He reminds his friends that “the one all-important object which the founders of the club had in view was a determination to advance the science of bowling among the gentlemen-cricketers of England;” and while he considers that of gentlemen-bowlers there is at present a “deplorable deficiency,” he still points out to them that the plan of the club for remedying the evil, if gradual, is, at all events, certain. We wholly agree with him, and tender him most heartily on our own part the thanks which he deserves from every cricketer; and it is gratifying to see that the club over which he presides acts up to the principles it professes, and supplies already a greater change of bowlers than probably any other in England. Nearly, if not quite, twenty of its members have already appeared as bowlers in one or other of its matches, including names of such eminence as Taylor, Yonge, Pickering, Duff, Ponsonby, and Randolph; and it is remarkable that their first defeat, and the most signal one they received the whole year, was at the hands of adversaries whose bowlers too were all gentlemen—the invincible Eton boys.

Let us now take a slight glance at the doings of the last season. The Marylebone Club seems to have been more than usually successful, having lost, I believe, only five matches in the whole year—three against the Universities, and one match against Surrey, and one against Sussex. Now it is remarkable that the only matches in which they had to contend exclusively with gentlemen-bowlers were their matches with Oxford and Cambridge, and those matches terminated in this manner:—

|                                                                             |   |     |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----|-------|
| At Oxford—M. C. C. first innings, 109; second, 43 and 3 wickets to go down. |   |     |       |
| Oxford                                                                      | „ | 53; | „ 97. |

Lillywhite and Hillyer being the Marylebone bowlers; Yonge (who was very ill during part of the match), Randolph, Soames, and Davies, the Oxford bowlers. Even this shows no great inferiority on the part of the

gentlemen bowlers; and it must be remembered the Marylebone men have the reputation of being the two best in the whole kingdom; but as so few of the Marylebone Cricket Club members can bowl at all, they had no means of trying a change; while the Oxford men had a change at each end, and had still more available if they had wanted it. But if this be creditable to the gentlemen-bowlers, look at the remaining three matches. At Cambridge this was the state of things (it was the first match of the Marylebone Cricket Club for the year):

|                                                                        |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| M. C. C. first innings, 54 ; second, 51 ; total, 105                   |
| * Cambridge       ,,       74 ;       ,,       63 ;       ,,       137 |

the Cambridge bringing three bowlers into the field—Lee, Leith, and Clissold; the Marylebone Cricket Club playing the same two that went down to Oxford the week after. Nor was it at all an indifferent eleven that the Cambridge bowled for such small scores; for, besides the two men, both fair bats, it contained Mr Kynaston, Mr E. Grimston, and Mr R. Grimston, Mr Whittaker, and Mr George. The return matches were still more in favour of the gentlemen-bowlers—that with Cambridge (it was played with twelve on each side) stood at the end—

|                                                                       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| M. C. C. first innings, 74 ; second, 94 ; total, 168                  |
| Cambridge       ,,       144 ;       ,,       68 ;       ,,       212 |

and the Oxford redeeming their laurels by beating the Marylebone, on their own ground, in one innings, the score being

|                                                      |
|------------------------------------------------------|
| M. C. C. first innings, 24 ; second, 97 ; total, 121 |
| Oxford       ,,       138                            |

though this time the Marylebone Cricket Club had the aid of Sir F. Bathurst as a change of bowling.

The match between the Universities this year was played at Oxford, and won by Oxford (partly, perhaps, from that cause) by three wickets, each side using three bowlers in the course of the match.

There was also a match worth remarking played early in the season at Cambridge, between Lord Stamford's Club with Lillywhite and Wisden, and a very strong team of the Zingari. The match was not finished, the Zingari having only one innings; but in that innings, while Lillywhite bowled but two wickets in 31 overs, and Wisden one in 38, Lord Stamford bowled five in 14 overs, and Mr Townley two in eight. Again at Oxford, in a match between the Bullingdon (not the *University* Club) with Buttery against Blenheim Park; Buttery got but three wickets, while Mr Randolph got six, besides the enormous number of 116 runs.

The first of June was a "glorious" day at Lord's this year, for the club wishing to pay the unrivalled batter, Mr Felix, a compliment, signalized White-Monday by a match in his honour, the two elevens consisting of the picked men of all England, at least, of all such as are in the habit of playing at Lord's. The sides were chosen by Felix himself and Pilch. Felix, I should have thought, had the strongest side, having no fewer than five bowlers, Dean, Mynn, Clarke, Dakin and Mr

Taylor, while Pilch had but the two—Hillyer and Lillywhite. The game, however, ended—

Felix, first innings, 47; second, 128; total, 175.

Pilch, „ 104; „ 105; \*, „ 209.

A good deal of excitement was created by the news that Mr Felix had nerved himself to play Mr Mynn a match at single-wicket; not from any feeling of uncertainty as to the event, for few people expected Mr Mynn would ever be got out at all, but from curiosity to see what it was on which Mr Felix could found any hope of success. Each had two fields, Mr Felix certainly having the advantage in that particular, as Messrs Taylor and Pickering gave him their aid; but he was beaten in one innings: his second innings, however, was a most wonderful display of skill. Felix never played more finely; but his finest cuts were behind wicket, and many fine hits were lost from his being off his ground; while Mr Mynn bowled nearly 300 balls consecutively, and only gave one wide ball in so doing. A return match is to be played at Bromley on the 29th of this month,\* but I cannot imagine there will be any difference in the result. On the 26th of June the Marylebone Cricket Club received their severest defeat at the hands of Sussex; giving up the match when they had 227 to tie, and only two wickets to do it with, the victory being chiefly owing to Box, who got in his two innings 48 and 79—Bushby also got 32 and 41; the same Sussex men being beaten the next week by Kent by 144 runs, of which Adams got 74, Kent being beaten soon after, in one of the most interesting matches of the season, by one wicket.

Kent, first innings, 91; second, 66; total, 157

England „ 71; „ 87; „ 158

of which Mr Taylor got 16 and 43 on one side, and Mr Mynn 21 and 17 on the other.

I have already spoken of the Gentlemen and Players' Match. That match has never been drawn so fine before, adding, as it did, one more to the many important matches which have been won this year by the last wicket. The Gentlemen relied wholly for bowling on Mr Mynn and Sir F. Bathurst, the former getting eleven wickets, and the latter seven; while on the men's side the work was done by Lillywhite, Hillyer, and Clarke, but the glory rested with Hillyer, who got eleven wickets, Clarke five, and Lillywhite three. The batting on each side, too, was very fine; Mr Taylor's score amounted to 23 and 44, Mr Long's to 34 and 9 (not out), Mr Haygarth's to 1 and 26, and Mr Nicholson's to 4 (not out) and

\* Since writing the above the return match has been played, and has ended as I anticipated; though the state of the ground must have been greatly in favour of Mr Felix, for, besides its having the usual consequence of preventing the balls rising, and therefore being against him who relied on his bowling, and in favour of the one who trusted to his batting, Mr Mynn's weight made such a hole in the soft ground that he was consequently bulked by it, and in the second innings out of nine runs that Mr Felix scored no less than eight were wide balls.



18, the total score of the Gentlemen being 105 and 126; and on the men's side, Guy with 25 and 31, and Martingell with 11 and 26, were the most effective, the innings of the men amounting to 85 and 145, the men getting from byes, wide balls, &c., the extraordinary number of 48 runs. I cannot pass over the School matches, as it is to them that I have before pointed as the nursery for gentlemen-bowlers, and the proof that there is a sufficient supply of them if it be only fostered. The Etonians had even more than their usual success, winning both their matches in one innings, that against Harrow with 135 runs to spare, that against Winchester with 55, Harrow having beaten Winchester by 14 runs. The Eton bowling was extraordinarily good, and very straight too; they brought three bowlers into the field, Harrow four, and Winchester six. I ought not to omit to mention that the Eton brought into the field the best boy wicket-keeper that has been seen for more than twenty years, and who well maintained his reputation in the match of the Marylebone Cricket Club against Sussex a fortnight after. I passed over the Kent and England matches in their proper order to take them when the time came for considering the great Canterbury week. The matches at Lord's came off thus:—

Gentlemen of Kent, first innings, 157; second, 162; total, 319.

———— of England, „ 168; „ 152; and 7 wickets to go down.

On the Kent side Mr Felix getting 47, and Mr Edwards 72; in the second innings of England, the almost unprecedented score for three wickets being made by Mr Pell and Mr R. Grimston, getting 54 each, and Mr Haygarth 39. The Kent bowlers were Messrs Mynn, Harene, and Banks; the England bowlers, Sir F. Buthurst, Captain Lautour, Mr Denison, and Mr Lee.

At Canterbury the Kentish men were equally unfortunate, the score being—

Gentlemen of Kent, first innings, 91; second, 140; total, 231.

———— of England, „ 152; „ 172; „ 324.

This, however, they partly attributed to the loss of Mr Mynn, who had hurt himself by running against Box the week before. In the match, with the entire strength of the country, they did better, losing the match in London by only one wicket, and winning the return match on their own ground by one innings and three runs, getting England out for 49 the first innings and 42 the second.

Two interesting matches were played at Brighton; the Marylebone Cricket Club with Mynn and Martingell for Dean and Lillywhite against Sussex, won by the Marylebone Cricket Club by 21 runs, the numbers being 167 and 89 for Marylebone Cricket Club, and 120, and 115 for Sussex, Clarke, the bowler, getting 65; and one between England against Sussex with A. Mynn, in which there were many remarkable features: first, that the great Sussex bowler Lillywhite did not play; secondly, that though the match lasted three days, it was not nearly finished, England not having begun their second innings; and thirdly, the greatness of the scores obtained by some of the players, Felix getting 76, Guy 55 (not

out), Taylor 67 and 16, Wisden 4 and 40, Picknell 19 and 21; and, best of all, in this whole match England did not give one wide ball. The score was

England, first innings, 224.

Sussex,               ,,               118; second, 162; total, 280:

With such a disproportion it was not singular that great dissatisfaction was evinced at the match remaining unfinished. A correspondent of *Bell's Life* complained that on Monday the match did not begin till more than half-past twelve: on Tuesday it ceased at a quarter-past six, and on Wednesday did not begin till twelve, the players well knowing they were nearly all engaged on Thursday morning. Without agreeing with him that the match, if finished, was a dead certainty for England (who had thirteen more to get than they got in either innings against Kent a week before), still no doubt it was much in their favour; and the management which contrived to protract a match for three whole days—and fine days too, with the exception of one shower on Wednesday—and then to leave it unfinished, reflects but little credit on the managers.

The end of the season was signalized by three very extraordinary matches, eleven picked men of England undertaking to play twenty men of Yorkshire at Sheffield; eighteen of Manchester at Manchester; and eighteen of Leeds at Leeds, and winning two of the three matches in good style. The England eleven were Dean, Hillyer, Clark, Mynn, Martingell, Pilch, Dorrington, Sewell, Butler, Guy, and Mr Smith of the Oxford eleven, who was pressed into the service at the eleventh hour for Mr. Felix, who had been expected; and who proved a most efficient substitute, getting 22 at Manchester and 34 at Leeds. These were the scores:—

England, first innings, 80; second, 106; total, 186

Yorkshire,       ,,       72;       ,,       115; with 5 wickets to go down.

Dorrington with 33 and 1, and Sewell, with 0 and 38, heading the score, and Hillyer and Dean being the most effective bowlers, the former getting 17 wickets, and the latter 14.

England,   first innings, 228

Manchester,       ,,       72; second, 125; total, 197

Hillyer getting 18 wickets, and Pilch 62 runs.

England, first innings, 102; second, 128; total, 230

Leeds,       ,,       72;       ,,       86;       ,,       158

Mr. Smith heading the score for England, as I have said before, with 34 runs. Great complaints were made at the beginning about the bowling of Ibbotson on the Leeds side, as his delivery was considered too high. At last, Girling was prevailed on to stand umpire, and called him "no ball" for some time; till he was forced to retire, from not choosing to bear the angry expressions that were used towards him. Now this cannot be animadverted on in too strong language: it was most disgraceful conduct on the part of those who presumed to utter a word against the umpire's decision: it was contrary to every principle of cricket; and

besides being ungentlemanly in the highest degree, it was very foolish, as nothing could be more calculated to prevent the match being repeated in a subsequent year. A more creditable finale to the match was found in a present made by the players to Mr. Smith, who, when he agreed to play the first match, expressly said that he should be engaged afterwards; but finding that England really had a difficulty in filling his place, staid with his party and played, and that most efficiently, in the remaining matches; and the players were so impressed with his kindness in serving them at great personal inconvenience to himself, that they subscribed and bought a silver cigar-case, which was presented to him at dinner after the conclusion of the match. The last match of the Marylebone Club for the year was played at Swaffham, between the Marylebone Cricket Club and the County of Norfolk—the return match—the Marylebone Cricket Club having won the one in London by 88), in which the club were the conquerors, though they had an up-hill game to fight, being 34 behind in the first hands. The score was—

M. C. C., first innings, 52; second, 149; total, 201.

Norfolk,                   ,,       86;       ,,       82;       ,,   168.

The Marylebone bowlers being Hillyer and Dean; the Norfolk, Mr. Raven Raven, who got eight wickets, Mr. Wright, who got six, Mr. Frederichs, Mr. Leeson, and F. Pilch. In this match Dean got 50 runs in very fine style.

Such have been the results of a few of the most important matches. The first thing that I think strikes one is that the bowling has this year proved itself the master of the batting in a greater degree than usual; or, in other words, that there have been fewer long scores obtained. The players, too, have got more runs than the gentlemen this year, if we take the general run of the matches; though I think there can be no doubt that batting is really the point of the game in which the gentlemen are incontestably superior; indeed, if, as must be admitted, the men are at present the better bowlers, it can only be to this superiority in batting that their victory over them must be attributed. Box's scores (already mentioned) of 48 and 79, in the match Sussex against Marylebone Cricket Club on the 26th June, was the greatest performance this year, either in a single innings or in an entire match. In spite of this, I think we can see the prospects of cricket among the gentlemen are rising. The general excellence (though they have not done so much this year) of their betters is unquestionable. They have a wicket-keeper of the highest promise (it has been their weak point since the retirement of Mr. Anson); as usual, he comes from Eton, and seems likely to equal anyone who has ever been seen—except, of course, Mr. Jenner. As to their fielding, Mr. Pickering who deserted them for some time, has returned to his colours; and his wonderful achievements in the match with the players showed he had lost nothing of his former skill. There remains then only bowling; and the inferiority which they themselves admit, I do really and truly believe to be very slight now, and one certain wholly to disappear if they would rely more on their own strength. I will not only point to the great Marylebone bowlers Sir

F. Bathurst, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Harenc, nor to Mr. Mynn, but to the many gentlemen in the country who have proved themselves first-rate performers during the last year—to Mr. Raven, of Norfolk; to Lord Stamford; to Mr. Duff, of the Zingari; to Messrs. Yonge and Randolph, and the other bowlers of Oxford; to Messrs. Lee and Clissold and Ottey, of Cambridge; and to the Eton boys, Blore and Aitken; many already of the highest excellence, and all the others giving certain promise of attaining it if they have only fair play in having sufficient practice, and in not being shelved as incompetent, to give way to a prejudice founded on little reason; for even allowing Lillywhite and Hillyer to be rather better than any two of the gentlemen, yet I am sure that even now the players have not so many bowlers of first-rate excellence as the gentlemen have. The number of first-rate bowlers that the players can muster does not exceed eight or nine, while the gentlemen, even now, when bowling has been so much neglected by them, can easily produce double the number; and even if their best are not quite so good as the best of the men, yet the change they could supply would prove quite as effective in the generality of matches. Let the Zingari Club, however, and all gentlemen's clubs, act up to the advice of the Zingari's president and practise bowling, and I do not despair of soon seeing them equal the professional players in the merit of individual bowlers, as I contend they already do in the aggregate force of their whole body. The only point in which I venture to differ from P. P. Z. is in his recommendation to those who cannot excel in the round bowling, to try the old style of underhand bowling, rather than not bowl at all. Underhand bowling can never become effective again; it was given up because it was fairly beaten by the bat, and now that the batsmen are accustomed to the rapid rise of the high delivery, it would be more beaten than before: I would rather say, if you find you cannot bowl fast, or, indeed, whether you can or no, practise bowling slow. It is the desire for pace that prevents so many young aspirants from getting a correct pitch, and the necessary straightness; but because Mr. Mynn and Sir F. Bathurst are very fast, they think they must acquire the same pace if they seek the same renown. Let them recollect that not only all the professional bowlers of the present day are moderate in their pace, but that, with one or two exceptions, they always have been: Redgate and Brown, I may almost say, have been the only fast professional bowlers for the last twenty years and more. Slow, too, very slow, were the great gentlemen bowlers of former days—Lord F. Beauclerk and Mr. Budd: besides, common sense shows that the greater the ease with which one bowls, the greater is likely to be the precision with which the ball is delivered, and consequently the greater will be the effect; also, catches off slow bowling are easier held, and tips and draws fail, of course, in adding nearly as much to the score as when the bowling itself, if it is only diverted from the line of a field adds as many runs to the score as the hardest hit; and it is but a small counterbalance to such drawbacks to be able to astonish the natives at country matches, as the reporter of the *Morning Herald* says Mr. Mynn did at Cambridge, till they said, as a sort of climax I suppose, "Oh, my! was n't that a ripper?" Yet even Mr. Mynn's

average of wickets has I believe, never equalled that of Lillywhite and Hillyer ; and even if it had, how absurd it would be for those who have not half his strength to aim at acquiring all his pace. Again, then, I say to the gentlemen, Practise bowling ; but let it be round, and let it be slow, and it will not be long before your industry is rewarded with success ; and you will be as the gentlemen of England ought to be—at all points invincible.

*Sporting Review for November.*

## THE HANDBOOK OF THE CHASE.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

### THE PYTCHLEY COUNTRY.

Why do almost all the modern writers on the chase speak of its glories in the past tense, and lament over the changes to which it has succeeded as natural heir ? Progress is the spirit of life : would they have fox-hunting, which is the epic poetry of motion, the only thing that is to stand still ? In alluding to the first artificial gorse covers got up for the service of this hunt, a sporting author of great practical skill, and an enthusiastic kennel huntsman, says disparagingly—"But a quick find and a sharp burst are all now required ; and whether that is sport or not, I leave for others better qualified than myself to pronounce judgment upon." And why not a quick find ? Must a fox be as coy as one's lady love ? And why not a sharp burst ? Now-a-days, twenty miles an hour rates as a donkey's canter. And why should not furze be cultivated far and wide ? Doth not the proverb say—"When gorse is out of bloom, kissing is out of fashion ?" Here is a Medes and Persian authority, wherefore the land we live in ought to be one entire and perfect gorse garden. The times are changed, and with them as well are we ourselves altering, as the circumstances that surround us. 'Twas but the other day I was talking over the Quorn—its men, country, and hounds—with one who has had half a century's experience of that especial district of Diana. "When first I hunted Leicestershire," said the hearty old sportsman—as hale as a youth in his teens, and still as fit to go as the best of them—"when first I hunted Leicestershire, not one-half of the country was enclosed ; and now there are more railways than brooks in it, with a station at Melton. Some folks growl and grumble at this ; but depend upon it, it's not all loss. D'ye think that Meynell or Lorraine Smith would have turned up their noses at a hack that should carry them from May Fair to Kirby Gate

while they were getting through the morning paper? No, no; change is barter: there you give; here you take. We've not the worst of the bargain by a good deal."

I am not writing the annals of the Pytchley Hunt, or my office would include biographies of nearly all the most distinguished members of the chase since fox-hunting became one of our national sports. As I have had occasion to observe in speaking of Leicestershire, it has long disputed the palm of perfection, as a district having first-class local properties, with the Quorn country. It has furnished masters for that renowned hunt; and it has been subsequently adopted by them of preference. It is essentially the more rural of the two; and possessing, as it does, the most extensive woodlands of any of the midland countries, it is more favourable to hounds generally than any other. You can there begin with them as early as you please in the season, and end almost as late. "The New Forest hounds," Mr Vyner observes in his *Notitia Venatica*, "which used to hunt out the first week in May, now generally close their campaign on or about the 20th of April; and I am not aware of any other hunt of the present day which prolongs the season beyond the end of that month, excepting the Pytchley, which remain at their woodland quarters at Brigstock until about the 6th or 7th of May, and sometimes even as late as the 12th." From the nature of the country, there being little or no arable land between the woods, and part of it including Rockingham Forest, no mischief can be done here at this season of the year any more than at Christmas, and there being plenty of foxes, their sport is always of the very first order. A great part of these woods belong to his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, who is not only a master of hounds himself in the north, but a good friend to the cause. Nimrod, in alluding to them in one of his tours of a quarter of a century back, says they contained at that time avenues to the extent of seventy miles in various directions, and observes he need scarce remark that they are a treasure to a master of fox-hounds. Strangers who have passed the April month at Kettering, Mr Vyner declares, have not been more delighted at the excellence of the runs than astonished, as they well might be, at the great destruction of foxes. Yet the increase is so great, and such excellent care is taken of them out of the season, that when hunting again commences plenty of game is found, and by the end of October they can generally count from twenty to twenty-five brace of noses on the door of the Brigstock kennel. We are, however, travelling somewhat fast, even for these fifty miles an hour times, and must therefore hark back for the nonce.

It was a great oversight which caused my not prefixing the following paragraph as a motto to this my Hand-book. It is better late than never, even, to offer good counsel; and to that intent I set down the aphorism of one in every sense a fitting guide and philosopher for all of the same craft that shall come after him. "As a master of hounds I have many things to expect. I have a right to expect a strict preservation of foxes from every one. I have a right to expect old foxes, and also a strict preservation of cubs; for without young foxes the stock cannot be kept up, and blank days will be the result. On the other hand, you have a right to expect from me the most polite attention in the field and out of the field:

to expect a correct announcement of *all* the meets: in fact, you have a right to expect me to hunt the country, not for my own convenience, but to the satisfaction and amusement of others." There is a golden rule of woodcraft! only let every master of hounds make it his maxim, and a beggarly account of empty covers will be a tale of the times when exclusiveness visited the hunting districts, as the rot has come upon the fold and the blight upon the harvest.

The oldest artificial gorse-cover in the Pytchley country, we are told, upon the authority of many of the oldest of Northamptonshire Nimrods, is one in the Yelvertoft-field. It has had many descendants, and no doubt will have many more. For this cause, no list of the Pytchley fixtures, or any other hunt, can be other than a contrivance on the sliding scale; while its temporary worth entitles it to a place in a compilation, the purpose of which is to furnish aid and convenience to those immediately in need of guides to the hunting-field. The subjoined chart of the Pytchley fixtures was obligingly furnished to me by Mr Smith, when he was master of the hunt—an office he filled as much to his own credit as to the satisfaction of all the members. It is scarcely necessary to say the gentleman here spoken of is that thorough practical sportsman so well known as the author of the "Extracts from the Diary of a Huntsman." During his occupation of the country, he introduced the practice of cub-hunting in the afternoon—a habit of unquestionable personal convenience to those engaged in the pursuit. In one of those post-meridian chases, he ran a fox four hours, and killed at eight o'clock in the evening—a feat which may be the *forerunner* of similar clippers, when fashion shall recognise it as quite correct to hunt by gas-light. In the subjoined list Northampton is the centre point, and from it the distances are measured.

| FIXTURES.            | DISTANT FROM<br>NORTHAMPTON. |        | FIXTURES.        | DISTANT FROM<br>NORTHAMPTON. |        |
|----------------------|------------------------------|--------|------------------|------------------------------|--------|
|                      |                              | Miles. |                  |                              | Miles. |
| The Brixworth Kennel | ..                           | 6      | Althorpe Park    | ..                           | 5      |
| Maldwell             | ..                           | 10     | Brook Hall       | ..                           | 7      |
| Kelmarsh             | ..                           | 12     | Stow Wood        | ..                           | 10     |
| Oxendon              | ..                           | 15     | Wilton           | ..                           | 12     |
| Brampton Wood        | ..                           | 17     | Holdenby         | ..                           | 6      |
| Thorpe Malsford      | ..                           | 14     | Crick            | ..                           | 13     |
| Cransley             | ..                           | 12     | Winwick Warren   | ..                           | 13     |
| Fox Hall             | ..                           | 12     | Yelvertoft       | ..                           | 15     |
| Pytchley             | ..                           | 11     | Guildsbrough     | ..                           | 10     |
| Oslingbury           | ..                           | 10     | Stanford Hall    | ..                           | 16     |
| Harrowden            | ..                           | 9      | Welford          | ..                           | 17     |
| Sywell Wood          | ..                           | 6      | Salby            | ..                           | 18     |
| Eaton                | ..                           | 5      | Kilworth         | ..                           | 20     |
| Buttock's Booth      | ..                           | 3      | Weekly Hall Wood | ..                           | 16     |
| Wooton               | ..                           | 2      | Naseby           | ..                           | 13     |
| No Bottle Wood       | ..                           | 6      | Thornby          | ..                           | 11     |
| Harleaton            | ..                           | 4      | Everdon Wood     | ..                           | 11     |
| Fansley              | ..                           | 12     |                  |                              |        |

These may be regarded as the principal meets; there are others, but not of similar account; some of them lie actually in the line of the North Western Railway, as the Birmingham is now called. For instance, Wilton

and Crick—the cream of this strong country. It is all grass, and fenced in a style that requires a workman and a good nag to help him. This wide range of country of course affords choice of head-quarters of ample scope. Your very fast men, who want to be within reach of three or four packs of hounds six days in the week, are in the habit of patronising Market-Harborough, where they can command not only the Pytchley, but also the Quorn and the Atherstone, nearly at all times. The little town of Brixworth, where the kennel is situated, once upon a time was the resort of some of the best sportsmen that Northamptonshire has known. The little hostel of the Red Lion was the domicile of “the squire,” where he showed them how fields were won in the palmy days of his career. Northampton is perhaps the best locality for placing hunters—for their masters, now-a-days, it matters but little where they may choose to abide; and in especial cases does this liberty apply to those who select the Pytchley country as the scene of their woodcraft. It is in some sort a railway focus—the centre of a radius of lines, literally from all the ends of the earth. A meet of the Pytchley is within easy distance of Paris or Peking. Once in a railway carriage, and it makes little difference whether the distance be computed by units, tens, hundreds, or thousands; only secure a train that is fast enough, and a *fico* for space! They are getting them up at any speed—from the “Parliamentary,” as the Brighton direction has unsanctimoniously christened their slow and nasty, to the Express, which shoots you from one county to another as if you were blown out of a mortar.

For the true lover of fox-hunting as a true old English sport, Northamptonshire abounds with legitimate attraction. The farmers are all men of substance, and almost without exception sportsmen. “They all keep hunters,” says Nimrod; “and if they can’t ride themselves, they have sons that can ride for them.” And they have an eye to business in those parts too. Mr. Vyner states that the kennels at Brixworth were built by the joint contributions of four gentlemen of fortune, which with the paddocks and stables, give each of them a vote for the division of the county in which they are situated, while the greater part of their property lies in the other division.

Excellent, however, as it is in all natural qualities, Northamptonshire has had many discouragements. It has suffered vast vicissitudes of masters. About a quarter of a century ago it was hunted by the celebrated Mr. Musters (it might be too familiar to write him Jack), a pupil of the Socrates of the chase, Hugo Meynell. He was Mr. Osbaldeston’s contemporary with the Quorn, the Squire succeeding him in the Pytchley. That was the period of Nimrod’s tour, who scarcely speaks very favourably of the posture of affairs at the time. Speaking of the establishment, he says, “Few packs of foxhounds will bear a microscopic scrutiny: Mr. Musters’ certainly will not. The bitches are handsome and of a good stamp, but the doghounds are many of them past their prime, and, as a pack, not so sightly as they should be. A liberal draft is wanted, and a larger supply of three and four year old hounds is necessary for the work Mr. Musters’ gives them.”



I am not quite sure that the country was not occupied by some one between Squires Muster and Osbaldeston ; but the latter had a long reign there—up to 1834, when he abdicated. The state of the public exchequer was the cause of this resignation ; the subscriptions, which had become small by degrees, finally settling down at some twelve hundred pounds per annum—too paltry a revenue to supply even the necessaries of life. The Squire offered to continue if properly supported ; but none came forward, and so off he went. According to a writer in a sporting periodical, “ Providence then did more for the country than it deserved, seeing the land-owners would do so little for themselves, and found a successor in the person of a Welsh gentleman, Mr Wilkins, M.P., for Radnorshire, a good sportsman, who had kept hounds for some years in his own country, but which”—that is to say, the hounds—“being unsuited for Northamptonshire, and Mr Osbaldeston’s hounds having passed into Mr Hervey Combe’s hands”—to be sure this is a mortal long-winded sentence—“Mr Wilkins reinforced his kennel with a considerable portion of Mr Grantley Berkeley’s pack. Indeed it was generally supposed that Mr Berkeley had a share in the management. Mr Wilkins got Jack Stevens from Mr Osbaldeston for huntsman, and the hounds had very fair sport, all things considered ; but at the end of the season the country was again vacant, Mr Wilkins returning, with the pick of his hounds and horses, to Wales”—and Providence once more parting company with the Pytchley. It should seem that Mr Wilkins went off for want of countenance. He was a stranger, and they took him in ; that was all. When taken in they left him to his fate, as the custom is in all similar cases. They left him to pay the people just what the people asked. No one cared to put him in the way of buying his corn a good pennyworth ; nobody volunteered to cheapen his horse-flesh ; no Samaritan counselled him who to trust or who to shun. They also left the subscription to look after itself, which consequently it did in the most unsatisfactory manner. In short, Mr Wilkins made himself scarce very soon.

Now it’s provoking, no doubt, besides being very expensive, to have a hunting establishment thrust, as it were, upon you, with the promise of funds to carry it on, which are not forthcoming. But there are two sides to the medal in your subscription countries. People who at first pay cheerfully their quota to some scientific stranger who takes the management of the hounds, and comes among them with a vast *prestige* for kennel knowledge and brilliant field-practice, at length begin to find out, perhaps, that they are not only contributing to support a subscription pack of bqw-wows, but a gentleman in difficulties also. Among the many refuges for the destitute that the astute discover in states of extreme civilization, not one has yet been found to answer the purposes of a man of enterprise and spirit so perfectly as farming a pack of hounds, or “living out of a hunting country.” To be sure he has no sinecure of it. Very likely he has a committee to deal with, and then it’s diamond cut diamond. The committee keep his nose to the grinding-stone, and get all they can out of him for their tenants and tradesfolks, and the like : he cajoles the members to their faces, laughs at them behind their backs, and the “country” goes to the wall. And it’s to be feared there is no

medium. Either the master of a pack of subscription fox-hounds makes a very good thing of it, or a very bad : the latter the rule, the former the exception.

A clever hand on this subject has thus written of it recently :—  
 “ Let us not be disposed to disparage the importance of a subscription : quite the contrary. We maintain that subscription packs, with a local sportsman at their head, of station and influence, are the most legitimate establishments ; but then the head must be a real head, and not merely a man to carry a horn. We also think subscription packs are productive of more energy and less cavilling than private ones. Every man feels his interest at stake both summer and winter, and will look to things all the year round, instead of lounging carelessly out during the season leaving the breeding and protection of foxes, the propitiation of farmers, and other *et ceteras*, to the private owner of the hounds, who, in all probability, leaves it to the huntsman, who deposes it to the earth-stopper, who leaves it to an assistant, who leaves it undone. A subscription pack makes every man put his shoulder to the wheel, not only to keep down expense, but to promote sport, each subscriber feeling his own credit identified with the credit of the establishment. Somehow or other, the present generation do not subscribe to hounds as their fathers used to do. We know men who used to come down with their fifties as regular as could be, whose sons can hardly screw out five pounds for the Club, and then they talk as big about it as if they gave a hundred. One thing, perhaps, is, that luxuries have become more diffused, and the men of the present day have expenses their fathers and grandfathers did not dream of. Other pleasures too are more come-at-able ; and altogether we are a less tarry-at-home people than we used to be. To be sure, in Boney’s time there was no such thing as going abroad, except in the “ dashing white sergeant” style ; but still our forefathers enjoyed their hunting, and thought it the greatest luxury of life, and, we dare say, wished for nothing better.

A well-known sportsman of the old school has left a notice of the Pytchley country in Lord Althorp’s time, which, as it affords a very graphic reminiscence of it, ought not to be omitted in this sketch. He commences with a general allusion to the country at the date of his record. Northamptonshire, he says, as a whole is hunted by many packs ; but that which may be deemed its own more particular, and from which it takes as well as gives to them a long, very long established reputation, second to none, and in the eyes of many superior to all, is that so well known as the Pytchley. This denomination it takes from a small hamlet or parish of that name, at the Old Manor House of which, in days of yore, when “ there were giants in the land” (Dick Knight, who then hunted them, rode upwards of eighteen stone), and when they were at least as celebrated as ever they have been before or since they were kept, and whence also under the denomination of the Pytchley Hunt or Club, some of the first sportsmen of title, rank, and fashion of the day hung out their flag. Pytchley originally belonged to the Knightleys, whether of Fawsley or not I never knew. After it was given up as the regular Club House, it was frequently uninhabited. It had nothing very particular about it ; and its situation, as the country was hunted under Lord Althorp

and subsequently, was not just the most central. Probably when it was in its glory, a wider scope or a different district formed the scene of operations.

The country, still generally so called, as were the hounds as often as not—though their proper title then was Lord Althorp's—lay principally east, west, and north of Northampton, being more curtailed to the south, where the north of the Duke of Grafton's country bounded it. The hounds were kept at Althorp. This country, then, extends in the direction above-named, from Northampton, by and beyond Billing, Sywell, Hardwick, the Harrowdens, Pytchley, Broughton, Kelmars, Stanford, Yelvertoft, Crick, Watford, Norton, Brockhall, Weedon, Fawsley, Lower Heyford, Duston, Upton, &c. This includes an immense tract of fine country, lying as it were in a ring, the nearest point to the centre of which is the town of Brixworth, seven miles on the direct road from Northampton, through Market Harborough to Leicester. Here, to a person who comes to hunt with the Pytchley and nothing else, is certainly the best place to quarter, and the accommodations are good. It was the abiding place of Messrs. Davy and Gurney; Colonels Alix, Park, and other first-rate sportsmen. Northampton is excellently situated in the middle of the Pytchley and the Duke of Grafton's country; and to a man who had half-a-dozen horses, and wanted to hunt every day in the week, was certainly the best *point d'appui*. Accommodation of every or any description to suit any man's purse or habits could be had; and there are comfortable inns of all sorts, which are all furnished with sufficiently good stabling. The George is the principal; and here, though there is no regular club, there is generally a good muster of sportsmen, who, for the most part, live together. The Angel is equally good, and the stables are of the best description. As a town, I should say it is a particularly dull one.

Althorp, where the hounds were kept at this period, is four miles from Northampton, on the road to Rugby, and though lying rather to the left of the centre, is in that point much better than Pytchley. It was, moreover, excellently situated for some of their finest country, adjoining Warwickshire and Leicestershire—Crick, Watford Gap, Stanford Hall, &c. The residence of Mr Osbaldeston, when he hunted the country—Pitsford House—was perhaps the best quarter in this respect in the county, lying close to Brixworth, in the very centre of the whole. It was occupied at this period by Colonel Corbett, a veteran sportsman. The country on the whole is a severe one, both for man and horse. Indeed, none but a man and a hunter have any business in it. It may in some measure be divided into two parts, having each, on the main, characteristic and distinguishing features—the grass district more decidedly. The road already spoken of as leading to Market Harborough may be taken as a rough division of them: the country to the right and north-east of Northampton, and stretching away by Sywell Wood and the Harrowdens towards Kettering, and thence westerly towards Kelmars, Naseby, &c., being the plough; arable land chiefly prevailing, and some of it very extensive and heavy. As to Naseby Field, of bloody memory, it is reckoned the veriest choke-jade in England, for it would stop almost anything in deep weather if fairly ridden over. When it is even partially so

attempted, there are always tales to tell—spell the word “tale” or “tail,” whichever you please.

On the other hand, taking the country from its furthest extent in the south-west from Fawsley, and so on back by Weedon, Brockhall, Watford, Crick, and Staunford, the intermediate is almost wholly a grass country of the most splendid description. Of course I do not mean to say the one has not sprinklings of turf, and the other occasional strips of plough, but these are their general characteristics. Both are tremendously fenced: the post and railing on the plough of other days having given way to the now grown-up hedges, which they never used to cut; while the enclosures about the villages are stiff, stark, and well staked. Brooks, too, adorn the bottoms—not your piddling water-cuts, so dignified to suit the vanity of the would-be hard rider, but genuine streamlets, in which there is no mistake, if you manage—no hard matter—to get in. Bullock-fences, and all the variety necessary to keep in cattle; stiff stiles, locked gates, &c., bedeck the grass country in profusion. Nor is it deficient in water, either running or in large pools: where these latter lie, as they frequently do, just under a bull-finch, they prove no mean squire-trap. I have seen three “gents” at one and the same time in one of them. *I have been in myself*—“*horresco referens*.” The main *desagrément* in both these lines of country is the practice of not cutting the hedges, at least, it was so. I think it is Devonshire that does or did boast of broken knees as a coat of arms: the Pytchley might as well of bunged ogles. Scarcely any horse can go a season or two in this county without injury to, or partial loss of, sight; and the rider has so much to do to guard his own, that he can hardly take as much care as he might perhaps of his horse. While I was there I had one horse lost an eye, and another blemished, though not injured, through severe slaps in these tremendous high and stiff quicks. Nevertheless, difficult as it is, it is the best country in England to please me, and I never yet knew one who stuck to it but liked it, though he might have felt otherwise at first.

It may not be in good taste, perhaps, to say a great deal about the master: he who now hunts the Commons pack for my Lord Grey in the St. Stephens’ country.\* It is not my business, whether it might or might not be for the benefit of the field at large; but I will hazard the assertion that the former noble official would find it greatly for his own ease if he could introduce among these heterogeneous and babbling new drafts, whom their second season don’t seem to have much improved, some of the admirable discipline he had established in the Pytchley. It was so perfect that there is no use in trying to describe it: where there was literally nothing to object to, there could be nothing to notice.†

Lord Althorp was a thorough sportsman, a resolute rider, and, of course, mounted as such a man in such a country should be. I speak it not (no sportsman could suppose another guilty of such folly) in disparagement of men like Musters and Oshaldeston: but it was a sorrowful day to those used to that establishment—about which the manly condescension and noble urbanity threw a halo within the influence of which

\* The reader will keep the date of this reminiscence in his “mind’s eye.”

a man must have been to conceive—when the endless vexations of a badly dislocated shoulder, which never could be kept in its place, induced Lord Althorp to give up the Pytchley.

Of their huntsman, Charles King, few words will suffice: anything I could say would add none to his well-earned reputation. In my humble opinion, he was the best huntsman I ever saw; for in a long acquaintance I cannot call to mind ever having seen him commit anything like a blunder. Everything went every day (weather, of course, allowed for), like clockwork. The basis of his system was evidently *hunting*, and nothing else. “Hounds, do your work!”—To this was superadded a quickness, in which, while there was no bustle, there was as little delay. If necessary, and it was seldom I saw him practise it, he could let the varmint feel that he knew as much as himself, and sometimes a little more. He was an excellent horseman, ever with his hounds, and liked and would permit few to ride before him. He was admirably mounted, always with two horses out. In this respect, as probably in others, I heard he was much indulged, from not being in a general good state of health. I cannot enumerate all the good ones I have seen him on, but I will name one or two—Blue Beard, a bay gelding, not apparently thorough-bred, a good 14st. horse (King was about 12st.), and said to be as perfect a hunter and as good a horse as any in England, but impossible to shoe without casting;—Grasper, a black gelding, nearly sixteen hands high, a stealing horse in any country or ground, and, to my idea, the *beau idéal* of a crack huntsman's horse; he wore the coat of arms I spoke of—a queer eye; indeed, he was, I believe, quite blind of it, from a slap of a thorn hedge;—Sir Paul, a thorough-bred brown gelding, sixteen hands high, with lop ears; a lengthy powerful horse, not a showy hunter, but apparently a great favourite.

The first whip, Jem Wood, was in all respects worthy of those above him. He was the best horseman I ever remember to have seen; and Dick Christian, of Melton celebrity, however excellent he was, could not have been better. A young thorough-bred one, that never saw a hound, was in his hands a perfect hunter; and many a one he used to ride for the neighbouring gentry. One day, at Sywell, we were not able to throw off till past twelve for the snow, which, however, had thawed by that time sufficiently. A very sharp burst succeeded an immediate find, and in the hustle the snow-balls from the horses' feet were anything but sport. Wood was on Calaba, a Sorcerer mare, bred, I believe by Mr Andrews, of Harleston, but now belonging to Mr Elwes, of Billing—<sup>a</sup> descendant (grandson, I believe) of the Elwes—a first-rate performer with hounds, and who mostly rode thorough-bred ones. This mare was then just five years old, and like most of Mr Andrews' stock at that time, had not turned out in the high form that the great care, expense, and experience bestowed upon it might have led others, as well as the breeder, to calculate upon. But if ever there was a thing which man yet tried wherein he ought to fortify himself against the ten chances to one of unlooked-for and endless failure, where, on the contrary, from all the premises, precedents, and data, he has good reason to look for complete success, it is in the breeding of thorough-bred stock to race. That Mr Andrews bred some

very good horses there can be no doubt; but were they in performance like what everything would have induced the most fastidious even to reckon on? I cannot help thinking they were not. Well, Wood was on this raw mare: she had been trained and tried: I forget whether she had ever raced or not; but at this time she had been only as many months taken off suckling her first foal as put her in sufficient condition to stand the rally she was sure to get from Wood. She was a lengthy, rather hollow-backed chestnut mare, and to look at, barely able to carry 12st. The shower of snow and mud-balls from the horses' feet was, as I have said, anything but sport, and after getting through the first gate, a few of us hauled to our left to avoid it: among others, Wood. It brought us upon an ox-fence, a very high flight of rails, with a sort of hedge and a deep, wet, broad ditch on the other side. The leading man, Mr Nethercoat, of Haslebeach, a determined rider, charged it on a known good hunter whose four legs, however, the snow-balls took from under him at taking off, and he went *through* into the next field about as ugly a fall as need be, where he lay, horse and all, doubled up like a hedgehog. Wood was sufficiently to his left, and behind, to have pulled up. But *no!* young or old, trained or as green as holly, was all one to him. At it he put her; and such a fence, taken in so fine a style, I never saw horse and rider clear. I made use of the fallen man's clearance; and hearing from himself that, as the Irishman says, he was only *kilt*, I played away as best I was able. We had a trying sharp burst of about five miles to a drain, whence our fox was again bolted in less than five minutes, and thence a very severe chivy by Orlingbury and Isham to a large homestead and farm near Barton Seagrave, where King, seeing pug was likely to prove tricky, gave one of the few lifts I ever knew him make, and turned up Charley in a ditch. Through the whole of this Wood was going at his ease, and the mare at hers apparently, and "no mistake," in every sense of the word, and seemed to make no bones about it; and I believe he made this animal perfect in a few days. He had done the same before for Mr Elwes, with one horse in particular, a Sorcerer, too, of Mr Andrew's breeding, which turned out a superb hunter. I have seen Wood on a famous nag, and once on a coach horse, to which he was reduced in consequence of an accident—and it was all the same. They all went brilliantly; but *how* was probably as much known to Wood as to themselves. His style, in every sense of the word, was *impressive*: he put them at any thing—generally *fastish*. That he had them at his will in an extraordinary way I infer, because I can safely say I never saw a horse balk with him, and I saw him ride hundreds, and used to amuse myself with observing him and his tactics. He had a fine voice, knew his business to a T, and was one of the civillest beings living.

Jack Ward was the second whip—a civil, quiet, and younger man, who, from the excellent management the hounds were under, had but little to do in the field: however, he did that little well. He had a slack style of riding, but was always in his place.

Our old schoolman's narrative of a good old English run with the Pytchley, whereof (his modesty to the contrary notwithstanding) *pars magna fuit*, is so racy that I am fain to give it in the capacity of a reno-

vator for weak nerves. Let the easternmost cockney that ever attempts the Queen's hounds at the "Magpies" peruse it before he sets forth to do his *devoir*. Then, mounting his own spurs and some other individual's horse, putting his heart in his heels and his reliance upon Providence, though the Thames or Hampton Court Palace should lie in his line, he'll "have a shy at it, if he lose his stick."

Stanford Hall, the seat of Mr Otway Cave, is at the confines of the Pytchley country, as well as of the county of Northampton, touching upon Warwickshire. It is a neutral draw between the Quorn and the Pytchley; the former drawing it, if it chance to fall in their way when in the Harborough country. The house is, or was, a large old-fashioned one, but a most comfortable-looking residence, with, however, little or no pleasure-grounds, and sheltered with but few trees. As I saw it upon this occasion, it was the picture of a fox-hunting quarter, standing in a district, which, for miles and miles, is an unrivalled champaign. The covert, or rather coverts, are strong gorse: one stands above the house on a gentle rise, as you approach from Northampton; the other, below, in the exact opposite direction. It is a fixture which always excites considerable expectation, as it generally holds a fox. There is no chance of his hanging, and, in short, there is nearly a certainty of top sport, whether it be as old Beckford has it, "short, sharp, and decisive," or this most splendid one, combining every feature which can well be conceived of fox-hunting in all and each of its best traits. It was the first week in March, and the winds had been sufficient to *air* without drying the country. More than usual interest, too, was felt, as it happened to be a sort of spare day with the Meltonians and Sir Bellingham Graham's men; and it was known that they were to muster pretty strong on the occasion. We, at Northampton, sent our horses over night to Welford. The morning rose fine and fair; and, after a twenty miles' gallop, which, by the way, three of us who rather *slipt in*, did in a time that a wager might have been lost and won on, we found the hounds on the move from the house to the upper covert, and a field with them that was a great deal more imposing in appearance than pleasant to contemplate, with reference to probable consequences. King evidently did not relish the look of it, and he was also little pleased at being told by Mr. Otway's groom that when out soon after it was light, with some of his horses, he had seen a fox cross from the lower to the upper covert. It was hardly possible to arrange or control such a crowd; and the upper covert was drawn blank—though of the groom's story being correct, some of the best of these universally good hounds gave evidence. The lower covert was the next try, and on the way most energetic remonstrances were made to the field not to crowd, or come within some hundred yards of the gorse. It was stronger than the upper, but not so large. We were able to obtain fair play for it, but still it was drawn blank. Long faces were plenty; but King had heard some of his trusty myrmidons speak in the upper covert in terms which assured him that the vermin was still there, or at no great distance, and he said he felt confident we should yet find, if the horsemen would keep aloof, and not cross a particular small road or waggon track which he pointed out with some difficulty.

This was managed ; and he took his hounds into the gorse about half way up, when, strange to say, at the very furthest point, after a few challenges (they must have come right on him, for they burst all at once into full blaze), away went as fine a dog-fox as ever was tallied, and which the groom swore was the same he had seen in the morning. He turned short down the side of the hedgerow which bounded the bottom of the gorse ; for had he gone fair away, they would not have made twenty minutes' work of it, so close were they on him. In the bottom he luckily got some trifling advantage, and he slipped out again down to the house, and the small clumps about it, leaving the lower gorse untouched. The field burst away, too, like sky-rockets, and, meaning not to interfere, rode wide of the clumps ; but pug had gone such a pace that he, too, had cleared the clumps along a hedge or brook, or wet-ditch side, unnoted, before them ; and thus, unfortunately, the whole mass nearly crossed, and over-rode the scent ; so that when King, with the hounds, came out, there was not a touch or vestige. Although supreme that day, for Lord Althorp was not out, it could not have been said of King (Charles) that he was a merry monarch, for I think I never saw so angry a man ; and as if in despair and to rid himself of the nuisance of the crowd, he spun Bluebeard over the brook and hedge (a yawner) and halloo'd his hounds.

Whether he thought the fox must have been headed (it was anything but his line, so dreadfully pressed as he was) I cannot say ; but at this very moment there was, quite clear of the lower gorse, a halloo on a small rise about half a mile ahead. The lucky King had here saved the day. He got like lightning to the halloo ; and though two or three of Sir Beltingham's men (youngsters), who seemed bent on mischief, followed him, still it was no easy matter to catch Bluebeard, with a field's start or so. The field, at least the bulk of it, kept up the hedge-side, crossed the brook at a gate, and got away to the left as they could. The hounds being now well on the scent, and beginning to go, there was just time to get to them, and no more, ere the pace became serious, and the crowd so great, that I think the first mile was the most dangerous thing, from people following over fences, and coming so close, that I ever experienced. I heard Mr Davy loud in deprecation more than once ; and there certainly was much occasion for it.

At length, the goodness of the pace, and the number of the falls, cleared the way ; and those that could and would ride fair, had a chance to enjoy the glorious grass country we were almost racing over. He held on the first few miles in the direction of Lutterworth, though still in Northamptonshire, to the village of Shawell, when he turned to the left, short, in a parallel line with the road from Rugby to Lutterworth. Here, going into an orchard, over an ox-fence, my nag struck a hidden rail, and over we came together against a tree ; luckily, however, I managed to keep hold of his head. The orchard led into a farm-yard, which opened upon the road ; and when I got there, I just caught sight of Wood, nearly two fields ahead, as he was, for a wonder, not in front. Him I kept in view, hard set to do it, and dreading every moment to be flung. When just above Brown's Over, puggy luckily crossed the Avon, when the



hounds checked for an instant or two ; and as the last were taking soil, I got up. The river was not very wide or difficult ; and another slight check, and a field or two of cold hunting on the other side of it, allowed my horse—a good one—to catch his second wind.

The line was now evidently for Coombe Abbey, Lord Craven's, and over the whole of the beautiful Warwickshire country, which may be best described as lying—as, indeed, it does—between Rugby and Nuneaton. He took us, if not best pace, certainly the very next door to it, over this brilliant expanse of champaign. Coombe Abbey, or more properly speaking, the plantation next us, lay on a slight rise from the grass vale we had spun across, and in the field next this were (the first we had seen that day) four ploughs at work. This headed our resolute fugitive ; and without hesitation he turned away full stretch, till near upon the town of Nuneaton, where, bidding adieu to Warwickshire, more than twelve miles of the finest part of which he had brought us over, he seemed to have made up his mind to take sanctuary in Leicestershire ; but whether he was out of his reckoning or not, I am not prepared to say : he pointed by Burbage ; and without check, or even condescending to touch cover or hedgerow, he absolutely stood before the hounds over about eight miles of grass in the line for Lutterworth, where he was raced into in the middle of a large enclosure, after a run of two hours' and twenty minutes, during which he was computed to have covered nearly thirty miles.

The last twenty minutes were the fastest of the whole thing ; and I never saw, in the same space and time, so many falls or so many horses disposed of. About a dozen—among whom were Mr Gurney on a nag like a cart horse (but what racer could have gone before him ?) ; Mr Davy, on his celebrated old white horse ; Mr Mowbray, on Beningbrough ; King and Wood, the latter on an animal few other men would have seen that run with—were well up. Some half-dozen or so dropped in just after the “ whoo-whoop,” and claimed place ; the rest were all dead men, so could tell no tales. The mischief-makers were all among the last lot. King told me that he had the grim satisfaction of riding over one of the worst of them, a flashy fellow on a fiery grey horse, as he lay smothering in a deep out-ditch, supplicating help in terms, that would have melted the heart of a grindstone ; “ but,” said the incensed huntsman, “ I told him the undertaker might fetch him, for me.” . . . King told me this was one of the very best runs he had known in thirty years' experience. . . . To our thinking it was not only fit to put before a King, but worthy a congress of emperors. . . .

“ Igneus est ollis vigor, et coelestis origo  
Seminibus,”

says our old school fox-hunter, is the motto he should have selected for the Pytchley Hunt in his time, in the palmy reign of my Lord Althorp : and as we know it had golden days of a later date, it is but fair to class it as *le brave parmi les braves*. As to the first—that is, the fiery vigour—they eminently possessed it then and since ; and if it could not, neither may now be, proved to the satisfaction of logic that they are of heavenly sort, they can boast of godlike sport, which is some claim to glorious

attribute. In common parlance, he observes, however incorrectly, we say, "a heavenly day," and the like; and, of a verity, there never was, to sportsmen's eye, a more heavenly sight than that same Pytchley pack of hounds. I am not in possession of its list of names and pedigrees; but the son of Lord Spencer, and the successor of the Wards, could find but little difficulty in getting the best blood to be found in the best of the kennels of England. They were the fullest size of fox-hounds, though under in appearance, Lord Fitzwilliam's or Colonel Berkeley's; but, when taken altogether, they were the best loined and coupled animals I ever saw—which might, to the eye, abstract from their actual height when looked at attentively. There were among them a good many iron-grey pies—not blue—a colour which, as far as my observation has led me to form an opinion, stamps more real good hounds than most others. In the field their discipline was perfect. I never saw the least disposition among them to riot, or unsteadiness of any disposition. Northamptonshire was not then, nor is it now, the exclusive country for men who, like *Sir Charles Cropley* in "The Poor Gentleman," "hunt in Leicestershire, for that's the thing." But it was frequently visited by the *élite* of the sporting world, both exclusive and otherwise; and it used to be often in the mouths of the old resident sportsmen, when they happened to hear that any such had arrived, "Well, I dare say they won't like our country, but they *can* find no fault with our hounds, let them have been where they may." And this was, in plain fact, a self-evident truth. I never saw hounds that could hunt, and go at the same time, in the perfect style they did.

*Sporting Magazine, for October and December.*

## REFLECTIONS ON GASTRO-ENTERITIS AND INFLUENZA.

*By Mr W. C. LORD, F.R.P.S., V.S. 17th Lancers.*

*To the Editors of "The Veterinarian."*

Gentlemen,—In looking over Mr Percivall's Hippopathology, vol. ii., I have been struck with the following remark on Gastro-Enteritis:—"One case—one solitary case—is all that is to be found in *THE VETERINARIAN* on the subject from our own countrymen. How is all this? Is it really so rare a disease? Or have we, when it has been present, called it, or rather miscalled it, by any other name?—By fever, or influenza, or something else. From its mostly occurring in the epidemic form, it was natural enough for us to give the disease the name of influenza."

Now, gentlemen, as I have seen many cases of this disease, and have always, when called in time (with the exception of one or two cases),

succeeded in curing it, I will venture to give my views, which are very simple when contrasted with D'Arboval's, on this important subject.

You are, no doubt, aware that, during the spring and fall of the year, a very important process is taking place in the constitution; that the horse at both periods is losing his old coat, and getting a new one. This, to the general or casual observer, seems a very simple affair, but the acute veterinarian will observe that it is always accompanied by constitutional disturbance. The appetite becomes more or less capricious: it may be defective, or it may be voracious, which, I may state, I have often observed, and indicates morbid action. The temperature of the body is changeable, and suffers from chills and heats, which may be of so slight a character as to pass unnoticed; and, indeed, I may say, in the majority of cases, you cannot discover them in any other part of the body except in the extremities; and here, in horses that have not their legs bandaged, you will always in the spring and autumn perceive variableness of temperature—sweating is produced more readily on exertion than at other times; and I have usually remarked that my hunters purged when taken out with the hounds at the commencement of the casting process, from which I would infer that the secretions are all more or less altered. That this proceeds from nervous debility, I think, there can be little doubt, when we reflect how easy it is to tire a horse, or, in jockey phrase, how “foggy” he is at such times, though, in making this remark, I am aware I differ slightly from a very clever veterinary author.

But, to sum up all these phenomena in one word, he is suffering from fever of a low and debile character, with a determination of nervous energy to the bulbs or roots of the hair, and a consequent decrease of nervous power in the internal parts of the body, more especially in the mucous membrane, as it presents the largest surface for secretion, being everywhere thickly studded with small glands for the secretion of mucus.

Now, as a certain portion of nervous energy is necessary for the healthy secretory process to be carried on in the mucous follicles, it follows that, when these are supplied in a less ratio than is compatible with health, they must become weak and diseased; and what is the consequence of glandular weakness? Is it not derangement of the secretions of that gland?—for instance, grease and which is another disease that D'Arboval places as the effect in light of the cause: but this is a very common error with French veterinarians, and men who attempt to draw fine pathological distinctions.

Yes, gentlemen, I repeat that, although I differ from the French, I shall be borne out by all good English veterinary surgeons, that grease arises from weakness caused by diminution of nervous energy in the glandular apparatus of the skin of the heel, giving rise to an alteration in the quality and quantity of its peculiar secretion; and a somewhat similar weakness and consequent alteration in secretion of the mucous membrane lining the stomach and bowels, causing indigestion, slight abdominal pains, &c., gains for it the appellation of *gastro-enteritis*.

If the same membrane lining the bronchia is similarly affected, it is called bronchitis. If there is a deflection from the nostrils, the air-passages becoming affected, and the glands of the throat swelled from the

change that has taken place in the quality of the secretions passing through them, it is called catarrh; or, owing to some peculiarity in the fever which has given rise to catarrhal symptoms, it is called *influenza*. But, with the exception of the difference in locality, bronchitis, catarrh, influenza, and gastro-enteritis, are one and the same disease, and are all mere effects of constitutional disturbance or fever. Then, if this is the case, all those variously-called diseases or common effects of the one disease (fever) must be more general, and are therefore called epidemic in the spring and fall of the year, when the animal is coating; at which period I have already proved there is fever in the system, and this agrees with the following passage in Mr Percivall's Hippopathology:—"I believe many of the cases presented to us about the spring and fall of the year will be found to possess the gastro-enteritic character."

He might add, that every case of influenza possesses it in a more or less degree, for we cannot have fever to any extent without the functions of the digestive organs becoming more or less impaired; and laying hold of this effect, instead of looking for its cause, the celebrated Broussais asserted that four-fifths of diseases consist in irritation of the mucous membrane, and that therein resides the essence of fever. I however feel confident that any person who takes nature as his guide will not agree with Broussais, or with the following passage in D'Arboval's exposition of the disease:—"The principal and most constant lesion, however, that which constitutes the disease, and from which all others were derived, was inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines."

Now, gentlemen, the civil veterinary surgeon may not have the same opportunity of seeing this disease in its first stage as the cavalry; for the latter inspects almost every horse in his regiment twice a-day, and consequently must detect the first symptoms of disease. But those who have been called in will agree with me at once, that all the symptoms of fever, as chilliness and heats, increase and alteration in the character of the pulse, and also in the respiration, together with loss of appetite and dullness, always precede any indications of gastro-enteritic irritation. Therefore it is from this fever, and not from "inflammation of the mucous membrane," that all the various phenomena and complications attending gastro-enteritis (and so minutely detailed by the French) are derived; the gastro-enteritic affection itself being one of the many effects produced by the same cause which in one animal gives rise to the assemblage of symptoms, termed influenza, and in another (according to the constitutional predisposition, &c.) to those which constitute gastro-enteritis. Any person that will take the trouble of placing Professor Dick's description of influenza by the side of D'Arboval's gastro-enteritis, will perceive the similarity that exists between the two, and this is precisely what we should expect, as there is nothing specific in either; for the symptoms in both, as I before stated, are mere products in the same membrane of one parent, and that parent is fever.

I do not mean to say that this fever is always produced by one single agency: it may be caused by a sudden change in the weather, by moisture, by bad food or water, by a sudden chill, or by any or every agency which can disturb the functions of the brain and nervous system. But,

however this fever has been produced, it is necessary for us to know that it exists, and that it is to it our attention must be principally directed ; and this leads me to its treatment.

But, as all the readers of *THE VETERINARIAN* may not have that best of all English veterinary works, Mr Percivall's Hippopathology, to refer to, I will first give the symptoms of gastro-enteritis, as I have observed them in the army and out of the army, in England and out of England ; as it is by no means a rare disease in other countries, or in America, where my first thirst for the investigation of veterinary science commended.

*The Symptoms* are—loss of appetite, dulness, shivering, and staring of the coat, cold extremities, pulse and respiration but slightly increased.

This stage has usually passed off before the veterinarian sees the patient, so that when he arrives he finds the surface of the body much warmer than usual, the head drooping or resting on the manger, and to all appearance he is suffering from headache. The eyelids are nearly closed from serious infiltration, and very often we find this serous effusion in various external parts of the body, as the legs, sheath, chest, and belly, and, if it comes on early in the disorder, is a favourable indication.

The appetite is completely lost, but thirst usually undiminished, although in some cases, and particularly when the throat is sore, he will neither eat nor drink. The pulse may be 50, or it may be 100, and in one case I remember it 120 ; but in the majority of cases it is small and characteristic of debility after the first paroxysm has subsided.

If the mucous membrane lining the air-passages be the part principally affected, he retains the erect posture ; but if, on the contrary, the same membrane lining the stomach and bowels bears the brunt of the disease, he generally stretches himself out at full length in the stable, and seems quite indifferent to every thing around him : however, if you now press on the abdomen, he evinces signs of pain by groaning, raising his head, and pointing with his nose to the part in which he suffers most ; and if you watch his eye when using this pressure, you can read in it the pain which you assuredly give him, and which is usually of a sub-acute nature, yet not invariably so, for I have, in some horses, witnessed a great uneasiness, such as pawing, lying down for a few minutes, and then again resuming the same desponding position as before. His respiration becomes quick and short, the bowels are costive, the dung being either black and covered with slime, or dry and clay-coloured. The urine is also made in small quantities, and changed in colour and consistence. The tongue is foul and clammy ; and not unfrequently swelled. The breath in two horses, whose death evidently was caused or hastened by bleeding, acquired so offensive a smell, that I could hardly go near them. I have also, in damp low situations, and particularly in the centre of Ireland, observed a swelling of the head to accompany those symptoms. The ears are usually cold and bedewed with a clammy sweat, and the temperature of the body is variable ; but the most prominent feature in this disease is the rapid tendency to weakness. If not soon relieved, he may become affected with inflammation of the lungs or pleura, inflammation of the heart, and, which is a very

common occurrence, inflammation of the kidneys or bladder; and an effect which I have frequently witnessed at the decline of the disease is inflammation of the synovial membrane of the joints. But, as I think you would rather have a case from the regimental records than from my book of private practice, I will take the last scenes and post-mortem appearances from Case 56, No. 8 of 3d Troop. The mare was admitted to hospital on the 20th of June, but from that day to the 30th did not eat so much as a mouthful of hay.

*June 28th.*—Affected with extreme nausea and abdominal pains; her pulse quick and thready, but until this day it continued soft and feeble; her respiration has become deep and jerking, eye dull, lid infiltrated, and she seems quite to give up all hopes of her own recovery. Her extremities are not cold, though the ears are bedewed with a clammy sweat. The dung, which is hard and covered with slime, has a most offensive smell. The tongue is foul and clammy, and the breath tainted. She is very restless—pawing, getting up and down frequently, grinding her teeth, looking at her flanks, and, if offered food or drink, throws up her lip with disgust.

*29th.*—The abdominal pain still continues, and I find it rather increasing every time I drench her; but the hot flannels give her considerable relief. She will drink nothing but what she is drenched with, and her bowels are yet costive.

*30th.*—Fell down, her hind extremities having become paralyzed, and after two hours of extreme suffering she died.

*Post-mortem.*—The lining membrane of the œsophagus slightly inflamed, but the vascular membrane of the stomach was very red. What appeared to me rather strange was, that there were five or six bots attached to it, and only two to the cuticular coat. The small intestines were slightly inflamed, but the lining membrane of the large, and of the the cœcum in particular, was very much so, being, in some parts, quite black and ulcerated; and lodged in the mucous membrane, or between it and the muscular coat, were innumerable small calcareous bodies about the size of a pea, but largest and in greatest numbers where the inflammation was most intense, and so hard that I can with difficulty divide them with a sharp knife. I would enter into the nature of their production with reference to the disease, but I find it would make this article too long. The liver was diseased, but neither the kidneys, bladder, nor spleen, in this case, appeared to be so; nor was the heart much affected, though the right cavities were filled with yellow fibrinous concretions, the left with black blood, and the tricuspid valve redder than natural. Right lung slightly diseased, the left sound. In every other horse that I examined after death I found the heart much more diseased than in this one.

*Treatment.*—Were my theory an imaginary one, and not founded on facts, together with a due reference to nature, I would never bring this part of my reflections before the public; for I am aware of the opposition which it will meet from the great body of veterinary surgeons, both in the British dominions and on the continent; but, having weighed and sifted it thoroughly in the sick stable, I have attained a degree of confidence which

my years in the profession would not, in any other respect, entitle me to. This being premised, I shall commence in the same place with the majority of authors, by reference to blood-letting, but with very different views on that subject. D'Arboval says—"Among the therapeutic combatants for it, the most useful is blood-letting, &c." Now, to a person taking a confined view of this disease, or of the fever that produces it, this treatment appears very correct; for he looks upon the debility which always accompanies it in a greater or less degree, as also on the fæces, as being both effects of inflammation of the mucous membrane: and such a person's argument is, "reduce the inflammation by bleeding, and you will prevent the fever from assuming that low typhoid character which usually carries the animal off."

This theory appeared to me, at one time, very plausible, until I met with a few cases of the disease; and what led me to doubt its accuracy was, that I could never meet with a case in which there were not evident signs of debility present before the fever acquired its height, and before there was any inflammation of the mucous membrane: then, with such a fact as this before my eyes, and with the evidence of Brüssais that both fever and convulsions are caused by bleeding, how could I any longer doubt that weakness of the brain and nervous system may be a cause as well as an effect of gastro-enteric fever? To account for this weakness in spring and autumn, I must again direct your attention to the coating process, and to the fact that, during that period, there is an increased determination of nervous energy to the skin; and consequently it is in a great measure abstracted from the whole of the digestive organs, the result of which must be inability of those organs to convert the food into its elemental principles, or to separate the nutritious from the innutritious matter. Then, as the food is passed through the intestinal canal without affording its usual nourishment to the blood, and as the brain cannot remain in a healthy state without a sufficient supply of that fluid, can we wonder at the whole system becoming weak, and falling into a state of derangement of fever? This low fever may continue during the coating process, or for an indefinite period, without causing any thing more than mere functional derangement; but if an exciting cause (such as a sudden change in the weather, &c.), is applied, this fever may become typhoid or malignant, or may terminate in inflammation of the mucous membrane lining either the ærial passages or intestinal canal. And, if we want further proof than my own senses afford of this disease being caused by weakness, I have only to turn to Dupuy's account of it, in 1825, when it assumed a vertiginous character, and was, he says, particularly fatal in old horses, and such as were oppressed with work beyond their powers, or otherwise debilitated.

But a more familiar fact to almost every veterinary student is the appearance presented by an animal slowly bled to death. In it we perceive the quick pulse, spasmodic twitchings and pains, the same flatus or secretion of air in the intestinal canal, as also the shivering fit and sweating fit, together with vertigo, and other prominent symptoms of gastro-enteritis. However, what thoroughly convinced me of the impropriety of bleeding in this disease was having witnessed two cases that appeared

to have nothing more than the ordinary symptoms about them, but they were bled, and both from that moment got worse; and the fever, which, prior to the bleeding, was of a mild character, speedily became typhoid, and the consequence was death. They were both bled, I should add, early in the disease. In the same stable with one of those that died from this bleeding was another with higher inflammatory symptoms, and evidently worse than the one that was bled, and yet he recovered without losing a drop of blood. Since then, although I met many cases similarly affected to those three horses, I always abstained from blood-letting; and my success has been such as to convince me of the inutility of that operation in subduing this fever.

But, although I fear I shall incur the censure of the most successful practitioner in our profession in his treatment of those epidemics, by bringing his name before the public, yet I am under so deep an obligation to my predecessor, Mr Wilkinson, now veterinary surgeon to the 2d Life Guards, for allowing me to see his practice in 1841 and 1842, that I cannot pass over this part of my subject without again thanking him for his kindness in opening my eyes to the fallacy of bleeding in influenza and gastro-enteritis; and whether my theory for abstaining from it be a rational one or not, I leave it to the profession to decide: but of this I am confident, that any unprejudiced person who will test it practically in these catarrhal epidemics will lose much fewer horses, and restore them to health in a shorter time than by the present system of blood-letting. If there is too much nervous energy, can he not subdue it by many other equally effective remedies, and leave that fluid in the system, which is so necessary after the disease be removed, to repair the ravages which it has committed, and by that means prevent those chronic terminations and complications? But in the majority of cases, you will find that, instead of diminishing, we must do all we can, to strengthen the brain and nervous system: and what can more forcibly prove to us the utility of this treatment, if properly used, than the benefit which almost immediately follows the exhibition of a stimulant in the cold stage or shivering fit? A very good ball for this purpose is that recommended by my esteemed friend Mr Gloag, of the 10th Hussars, in his "Hints to Cavalry Veterinary Surgeons:" it is composed of carbonate of ammonia, camphor, and ginger. Then, when the cold stage has passed off, shall I be guilty of so great an inconsistency as to bleed, in order to prevent this low fever from becoming typhoid? No, certainly not: I still continue my treatment on the same principle with which I commenced, by the administration of a mild laxative combined with some carminative, in order to get the digestive organs to perform their proper functions, and by that means strengthen the system. But I am not satisfied with stimulating the digestive organs alone, for there are other parts of the body, equally essential, suffering from debility, as the kidneys, absorbents, &c.; so I help them on to healthy action by mild diuretics, and, though last not least, I strike boldly at the fountain-head of the whole—the morbid irritability, or weakness of the brain—by the administration of tonics.

I regret that time and space will not allow me at present to enter more minutely into this important subject, for I fear that in curtailing



it I have rendered some parts not quite so intelligible as I should wish, and have also been obliged to keep back some facts which would tend to strengthen my arguments; however, it may be as judicious to keep up a "corps de reserve," in case of an unexpected sally from the enemy's camp. But I do not think my professional brethren of this country will offer me any opposition, although they may be equally startled at my condemnation of bleeding as at the undeniable fact, that broken wind can be cured; indeed, I dare say they will be even more so, as I do not know a single veterinary surgeon but Mr Wilkinson, of the 2d Life Guards, to whom I can appeal for the practical truth of my assertion. But they will all at once perceive that nothing but a love for my profession and a desire to serve it have induced me to lay these my humble reflections (on a subject apparently wrought in mystery) before them; and, with the same object in view, I am at present busily engaged making some experiments, and carefully watching some other diseases, as also in testing the action of medicinal agents. However, I shall never consider any personal trouble too much, so that I can serve a science of which I feel justly proud.

And with a fervent wish that a few years hence may find us all pursuing a more rational and consistent course of treatment than we are doing at present,

I have the honour to be,  
Your's, &c.,

Cavalry Barracks, Brighton,  
January 1846.

\* \* I should state that in all my *post-mortem* examinations of horses dying from low fever, and in which evident signs of headache were present, as also in those affected with gastro-enteritis (with the exception of one case), I have found a *serious effusion in the lateral ventricles of the brain*, and which I look upon as an additional proof of the weakness of that organ.

*The Veterinarian, for February, 1846.*

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## DONCASTER: ITS SPORTS AND SATURNALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GAMING, GAMING-HOUSES, AND GAMESTERS."

The course at Doncaster, under its present regulation, is free from every description of gambling booth or table. Formerly it was infested with gangs of the most desperate vagabonds that ever preyed on vulgar credulity, and every species of inventive machinery and novel implement of temptation was had recourse to, with a view to excite the cupidity of, and plunder, the inexperienced. The most adroit of the London professors and houses, or schools, as they are termed, of itinerant thimble-riggers, and others, from all parts of the country, assembled, and were generally distributed over the course, and in every by-path thereto, to prey upon the credulous multitude; and so daring and desperate were their depredations, as well in regard to their practices on the course as to their delinquent mode of business in the town, that the magistracy of the county and the corporate authorities determined on their complete extirpation. At the period spoken of there were at the least from fifty to sixty houses or apartments engaged, in different quarters of the town, for the express purposes of play, most of them on the determined system of fraud and plunder; and so lax were the authorities of the town, that the doors of the respective houses were not only indiscriminately thrown open to all who presented themselves, but placards, absolutely printed by the mayor, (the chief authority of the town,) were posted, and every degree of publicity given to the proceedings within. Constables also (the minor authorities of magistracy) were placed at the entrances of the respective dens,—not to preserve peace and order, but (*credat Judeus*) to invite the passing multitude to the illicit pastime. In the High Street, between the Mansion House and Bagster's Gate, it was common to see a continuation of windows exhibiting the paraphernalia of the game of *Un Deux Cinq*. A cylinder or wheel, of gorgeous colouring, with an immense griffins, head in the centre, with extended jaws, grinning horror and destruction at the gaping crowd, and in juxtaposition with this *caput horribile* a large ivory ball, bearing numerous indentations on its surface, and coloured respectively black, red, and blue, the speculative points of the game, which, even its recognised and understood character, was of most destructive result to a player, but which, under the roguery practised by means of false balls, (termed, in the technical slang of the thieves who adopted them, "strong Johnnies," from the circumstance it is presumed, of their being weighted so as to produce and effect an extra strong pull against the player,) was certain and speedy ruin.

The open streets of Doncaster, as well as the houses, swarmed with these infernal machines of plunder; and so daring was the villany practised, and so barefaced and extensive the robberies effected,—so frequent, also, were the acts of personal outrage and violence committed on complaining parties, that remonstrance could no longer be resisted for the abatement of a nuisance which had reached so fearful an extreme,—

dangerous alike to the visitor, and subversive of the best interests of the townspeople. High and low, rich and poor, were indiscriminately plundered; and those who escaped the evil consequences of play were in many instances robbed in the open streets of whatever they possessed, by some one or other of the many gangs of desperadoes who frequented the place for the avowed purpose of plunder, and who daringly placed themselves in front of the Betting Rooms, and other conspicuous positions, to watch their prey as they came out, and as daringly to attack them in the highway to their respective habitations.

It is now about twenty years since the mayor and corporation of the town commenced their efforts to enforce an abatement of the nuisance. Their measures were not, in the first instance, of that decisive and determined character to meet the evil with effect, being chiefly confined to public notifications in the town and county papers, that gaming establishments would no longer be suffered either on the race-course or elsewhere, under the pains and penalties attaching to any violation of the prohibition. The corporate authorities were evidently aware that they had a difficult task to accomplish in the grand measure of reform. The constabulary force was most inadequate to enforce the regulations against any opposing powers by the hands of the desperate men they had to deal with. It should be stated also, that at that period the Betting Rooms had been but recently established, and the fact could not be concealed that most of the nobility, gentry, and other visitors, nightly congregated therein, to indulge in the speculations of play. Hence arose a difficulty how the general prohibition could be enforced without interference with the amusements of the higher grade. Regard being had to this point, it was generally concluded that the notifications were mere matter of form and pretext, and that there existed no real intention on the part of the authorities to adopt any practical means to put a stop to gaming,—it was argued, and that with reason, that no partial suppression of play could be enforced; but that the law, in its just administration, must be applied with equal energy, to major and minor delinquents,—to nobs and nobblers,—there being virtually no distinction between the one and the other in the object and pursuit of gain by illicit means.

Under the impression, then, that the proprietors of the Rooms, and their titled and privileged patrons, would remain unmolested in their sports and speculative games, the whole tribe of gamblers flocked as usual to their grand rendezvous; and no sooner was it known that the proprietors of the Subscription Rooms had made their usual tabular arrangements for play, than the whole denounced party took example, and again overwhelmed the town with hazard, roulette, thimble, E O, and *Un deux cinq* tables. For the first two days in the racing week they were unmolested in their avocations both on the course and in the town; but on the grand day of meeting, the St. Leger day, a bold, well-arranged, and determined plan was put in force, which terminated in the complete rout and extirpation of the grand gang of thieves and vagabonds who for years had infested the locality.

Although on the morning of the day in question some whisperings and rumours were abroad that the authorities intended to enforce the

prohibitions of which public notice had been given, yet they produced not the effect of deterring the tribe of plunderers from their pursuits, but merely put them on the *qui vive* against attack. Their tables and implements of play were as usual pitched about the course, and, in protection thereof, some hundreds of most desperate characters hovered about, prepared for determined resistance, under any attempt to molest them. It appeared that a meeting of the county magistracy had been held in the town, and at such meeting the measure had been determined on to put down the evil by remonstrance and advice, but this failing, to adopt the alternative of force.

As the hour of racing approached, the usual immense concourse of persons had assembled on the course; and in a field at the back of the refreshment booths, situated in the rear of the grand stand, were seen a multitude of persons congregated together, armed with bludgeons, and with large bags filled with flint-stones. A more desperate or determined set of men in appearance can scarcely be conceived. They had formed themselves in some order, to the number of five or six hundred strong, and appeared to be waiting an expected interruption and attack. About one o'clock a strong party of the magistracy, at the head of whom were the late Lord Wharnccliffe, and his son, Mr Stuart Wortley, Lords Milton, Spencer, and other noblemen and gentlemen, with their large retinue of tenants and servants on horseback, aided by the authorities of the town, and by many of the surrounding gentry and farmers, with certain townspeople sworn in for the occasion, appeared on the course, and were seen approaching the position taken up by the denounced thimble-riggers and their desperate gang.

The cavalcade moved in most quiet order until they reached the narrow entrance to the field; and no sooner had two or three of the foremost of the magisterial party appeared, than a shower of flint-stones and other destructive missiles was directed against them. This bold, insolent, and outrageous proceeding put an end to all hope of successful remonstrance; and, no other course being left to the magistracy but that of determined attack, Lord Wharnccliffe and his son, followed by other noblemen, gentlemen, and their followers, most gallantly rode in amongst the party, amidst a most destructive discharge of flints and flourish of bludgeons, which failed not to effect serious mischief. Lord Wharnccliffe was severely wounded on the head by one of these missiles; but, notwithstanding the flow and loss of blood, his Lordship did not quit the field until after the complete route of the gang.

Although a lamentable affray in its consequences, it became ultimately ludicrous in its character; for, after a warfare of about a quarter of an hour only, during which the strong iron-handled hunting-whips of the noblemen, and gentry, and their servants, did most heavy execution on the heads and shoulders of their desperate enemies, the whole battalion of scamps were most effectually put *hors de combat*, and all their implements and machinery of play destroyed. The ludicrous part of the business was, that some twenty or thirty of the swift-footed of the beaten party were seen scouring the country, and making their flight over hedge and ditch to escape capture, but closely pursued by the grooms and tenants of

Lords Fitzwilliam and other whippers-in, who laid on the lash with no light or sparing hand.

The fray ended in the capture of about ninety of the most desperate of the gipsy and thimble-rigging school, and their safe lodgment (many severely wounded) in the cage under the grand stand, from whence they were in due course removed to prison. Nothing could possibly exceed the cool and determined courage of Lord Wharnccliffe and his party against a host of most powerful and desperate characters. The effect of this result was, as may be imagined, most beneficial; for, inasmuch as most of the thimble-rigging vagabonds were engaged in the low, fraudulent gaming establishments in the town, they were fearful of the consequences that might attend their detection, and accordingly disappeared altogether, and so disburdened the town at once of half its plague and pestilence. Since this period the respective mayors and authorities of Doncaster have at times acted in further suppression of gaming-houses; and indeed, with the exception of the Subscription Rooms and the Berkeley Club, there are no *known* establishments of play in the town,—although there are still many “close shaving shops,” held in obscure passages, and out-of-the-way parts of the town, to which introduction is given by touts, or fellows who prowl about to pick up flats or pigeons for plucking.

Last year, one such establishment was complained against by a victim who had been dexterously fleeced by some ten or twelve fellows in concert at the table, and they speedily decamped, under apprehension of the evil which would certainly have resulted to them had they dared to re-open their den of plunder. Above all other evils that operate to the ruin of men addicted to play, close hells (or houses exclusively opened to the youthful and inexperienced inheritors of fortune, and to the wily and self-dubbed gentlemen scoundrels who cater for and aid the demon proprietors in their lawless practices) are the most destructive. Gaming is a passion so universal, and so interwoven with human nature, that human laws and enactments have in all ages been ineffectual to its control. Check it in one way, and its scrofulous nature will find outlet and action in twenty others. On the point at issue between public and private play, the verdict must be in favour of the former, by reason that there is mutually protective influence in a crowd or number of persons opposed to a bank, which is not the case between party and party. At such an epoch, and on such events as that of Doncaster Races, when so many thousands congregate in the town, all immediately intent on sporting and speculative pursuits, all provided with means, and all restless in their anxiety to increase such means by chance or skillful operation, it is questionable, under impartial and unprejudiced consideration of the subject, whether policy does not point out non-interference by the authorities within reasonable limit, and where no fraud is resorted to at public play, as the least baneful course in its general effect, inasmuch as the extensive losses and evil consequences of private play are greatly diminished thereby, and the designs of the prowling sharper and his insidious confederate pimp, having less field for operation, are in great measure defeated.

In reference to the two establishments at Doncaster (the Subscription Rooms and the Berkeley Club,) which have hitherto escaped the sur-

veillance of magisterial authority, it is but truth to say, that the system of play is that of the fair and recognised principle of the game, with which every player actually is, or is supposed to be acquainted, before he commence operations. At the Berkeley Club, in particular, where French hazard alone is played, and where the *élite* of the Doncaster visitors resort, the arrangements are upon a very liberal principle of business and accommodation, a fact that may be accounted for by their being under the immediate direction of one of the old school, and a stranger to the narrow-minded, and covetous, and quibbling system of modern hellites.

Doncaster may therefore, in a comparative sense, be said to be purified from its former state of play pollution. The course, as before observed, is free from all those dangerous temptations which formerly fascinated the idle, and gulled the credulous multitude. It is now in absolute character a place of holiday recreation and pleasurable excitement, opening a field of enjoyment to thousands, and that within wholesome and reasonable limits.

The immediate approach to the course from the town is by a pleasant avenue of tall umbrageous trees, which on the occasion of the races are usually placarded with detached sentences from Scripture (the selection of methodist missionary preachers and tractarians) admonitory of the sin of indulging in such vain and ungodly amusements, and reminding, or intending to remind, the passing million that "the wages of sin is death," and that "for all these things God will bring them to judgment," with many other such admonitory passages. Some years back, this avenue approach to the course used to be the resort of every description of the most crippled and mutilated specimens of deformed humanity, many of them of a nature so frightful in formation, or so horrible from disease, as to shock the firmest nerves,—all congregated, and took up position at this particular spot, as one most favourable for successful appeal to public sympathy. Extensive offerings of charity were bestowed, which served but to increase yearly the number of wretched objects there assembling. The painful feeling, and other serious consequences emanating from such frightful exhibition of defective and diseased humanity, in due time forced themselves on the attention of the town authorities, and happily the visitor is now no longer subjected to the pain and distress which such mournful exhibitions were calculated to create.

On the Wednesday, the great and eventful day of the St. Leger,—a day big with the fate of betting men and book-makers,—the whole population of the county appear to be on the move towards the grand concentrating locality of Doncaster. From the dawn of day up to the very hour of the start for the great race, a continual and uninterrupted influx of visitors keeps pouring in. Vehicles of every description, from the aristocratic four-in-hand team to the costermonger's humble drag, are in request. Stages, post-chaises, phaetons, gigs, dog carts, vans, and conveyances of every form and kind, and laden each with double the number of passengers sanctioned by legislative enactment, bring their thousands from every town and village within distance of fifty miles. Shoals, too, of equestrian and pedestrian travellers are continuous in their arrival, all eager to witness the great event of "t'Leger," as the Yorkshire dialect

elliptically pronounces it. The main street of the town, from its southern entrance to midway of its extent, is literally choked up with vehicles of all kinds, for which no accommodation can be found in the place. Every inn and private stable is doubly and trebly occupied, and many of the by-streets absolutely impassable. The curb-way of the High Street on each side presents an exhibition of tables and stalls, groaning under the weight of immense Yorkshire hams, and magnitudinal rounds, sirloins, and ribs of substantial beef, and other viands, with pies, puddings, and cakes, having the cubic dimensions of length, breadth, and solidity peculiarly adapted to Yorkshire appetites.

About twelve o'clock the multitude are on the move to the course, at the entrance of which commences another long line of temporary erections, pregnant with creature comforts for the thirsty and famished. From the hour of twelve until two o'clock the scene presented is that of a moving-panorama, which the art of Stanfield might well depict. Situated at the entrance of the course, and immediately opposite to the starting point for the St. Leger, is a large handsome building, which for some years past has been appropriated to the laudable purpose of a Deaf and Dumb Asylum for children of Yorkshire parentage. To a visitor who can find time to pleasure himself in exhibitions of a philanthropic kind, and whose heart can rejoice at the happy results of benevolent intentions practically carried out for the benefit of his fellow-creature under privation of faculty, there is in the scene presented on this day much to afford gratification and delight. The children of the Institution have holidays granted them on the two grand days of the week, and, if the weather permit, they take their position on the balcony of the building, the boys on one side, and the girls on the other, their youthful countenances beaming pleasure at the diversified scene before them, and their young minds busily engaged therein, as is most apparent from their constant communication of thought and observation with each other through the medium of digital language; the rapidity of which on the one side, and the instantaneous recognition of which on the other, as signified by expressive motion of the head, or by immediate reply through the same medium of the fingers, is most remarkable. The children are well and genteelly clothed, and are most healthy and happy in appearance.

But the hour of one arrives, and crowding to the scene of sport are seen the more aristocratic and *élite* of the company. Carriage after carriage draws up to the entrance of the grand stand, to set down its fair inmates. The upper stories and roof of the building are already crowded, and the interval of time from one o'clock to the first race of the day is occupied by the arrival of the nobility and gentry, and their families, to whom is appropriated the lower balcony. In former years these arrivals created much greater interest than they have done of late. It was then usual for the nobility and gentry having great landed property and position in Yorkshire, and the adjoining counties, to characterise their visit to the races by a conspicuous display of equipage and retinue, which gave importance and life to the scene. The late Lord Lieutenant of the county, Earl Fitzwilliam, and his son, the present Earl (then Lord Milton), were most elaborate in such respect. Their respective carriages and six horses

were usually preceded by six or eight grooms in the family livery on horseback, and the old Earl was invariably escorted by a large equestrian retinue of his chief tenant-farmers, who thus paid their spontaneous homage of honour and respect to their noble landlord. In the rear of the carriage followed half-a-dozen more of his Lordship's servants, each leading a saddle-horse for the accommodation of such of the Earl's family or friends who might wish to take equestrian exercise on the course. The Dukes of Cleveland and Devonshire, Lords Londonderry, Scarborough, Derby, Spencer, and many other noble and distinguished personages, adopted similarly distinctive style. In those days two full hours and more were taken up by the arrivals and setting down of the company at the stand; and immediately before the start for the great race the balcony presented a *coup d'œil* of beauty and elegance unsurpassed at any meeting in the kingdom. Much of this delightful and popular character of the meeting (for the populace regarded such display with pleasure, and as manifestations of a desire to give countenance, support, and importance to their sources of amusement) has passed away. The present Lord Fitzwilliam appears, it is true, in a carriage drawn by a set of horses on the days of the St. Leger and Cup; but beyond this there is scarcely any distinguishing feature. Many private carriages and post vehicles set down their occupants after the ordinary fashion. Ladies Chesterfield, Eglington, and one or two other females of *ton*, are usually present; but they do the exclusive, and generally take up their position in the stewards' stand, somewhat ungraciously, and as is thought injudiciously, avoiding contact or community with the county families, and the company generally assembled.

The preliminary business of the day being completed, and the first race on the card decided, the all-absorbing matter of interest is now in immediate thought. The grand stand is crammed,—myriads of human heads are intently and anxiously looking out,—the course is instinctively and spontaneously cleared by the anxious rush of the crowd to secure to themselves places without the railings, in favourable view of the race. A few policemen and special constables are in attendance, who good-humouredly, and with more of persuasion than authority, (for Yorkshiremen are somewhat obstreperous under the latter tone,) clear the ground of the more indolent and tardy, and at length the bell rings for saddling. Thousands of bodies are stretching and eyes straining for a first sight of the terrible high-bred cattle, as they come out from the respective stables in the vicinity of the course. One after another they appear in all their beauty and high condition. As the noble animals proceed in their walk down the course, they eye the multitude, their heads and ears erect, and for a time seem irreconciled to the murmuring mass of human beings around them; but their experienced riders humour and conciliate them, and at length they successively spring into the preliminary exhibitory gallop before the grand stand. Then is opinion rife amongst the *cognoscenti* on their respective merits,—then arise newly-created hopes and fears in the minds of the anxious and deeply-interested thousands,—then is heard the confused voices of the betting multitude on the stand, and within the inclosed space allotted to the subscribers, loud in offer of, and response to, wagers adapted to the peculiar state



of their general account. The anxiety of the crowd increases,—the whole list of starters, as announced by the numbers on the preliminary board exhibited near the stewards' stand, are now there collecting. Lord George Bentinck (who burdens himself with immense trouble and responsibility on the occasion) is seen marshalling them into order, under peremptory direction to their respective jockeys. He now precedes them, with flag in hand, down the course to the distance-post, some million of eyes intent upon the move. The sight is indeed grand and interesting, and one of most anxious excitement. They are now on the turn,—Lord George is heard in loud and imperative tone to some of the riders non-observant of prescribed regulation, and threatens them with consequences. They are again in order of march, his Lordship still preceding them, watching with lynx-eyed vigilance every move of the jockeys. They have now again gained the stewards' stand, every eye following them, and every heart (even those uninterested by wager) beating with anxiety for the start. Now they are all seen in close and admirable arrangement at the starting point, near the high North Road. Not a voice is heard—breathless anxiety pervades the vast multitude—when suddenly Lord George is seen to give the signal, and a simultaneous exclamation is heard from a thousand tongues. "They're off!"

The announcement is correct, and away fly the whole group within the space of a sheet's covering, the air vibrating with the now loudly and anxiously expressed opinions of the spectators on the stand. Hundreds of telescopes are raised to observe the progress of the race,—the horses have now reached the hill,—the speed is terrific,—three or four already exhibit symptoms of incapability to live it out,—they approach the Red House,—some half dozen have tailed off, and the contest between the others becomes more decided and energetic. The cry is now changed, and echoed by innumerable voices, "Here they come!"—and horse after horse, as the slightest change of position appears, is alternately pronounced from the vicinity of the stand to be the probable winner. But they have reached the distance-post, and again some hundreds of voices are heard in loud and rejoicing tone, not unfrequently accompanied by an emphatic oath, "The favourite's beaten!" And true it is: an outsider is now well up in the front rank and conspicuous position, his rider giving no sign of any extraordinary effort, or of being what is termed "at work," but looking to his right and left with cunning and significant inquiry. The struggle now begins. Whip and spur are in action; but not yet has the outsider received the artificial impulse of either. The crisis is at hand—three neck and neck—another thirty yards, and all will be over. The struggle continues under increased energy; the race is for the moment doubtful in its result—every nerve is strained, and every muscle both of horse and man are in full operation. That great effort of jockeyship, the last rush, is now made,—the unfavoured one is let out by his dexterous rider, and by a sudden spring, and extraordinary length of stride, shoots ahead of his competitors, and is proclaimed victor amidst the shouts and huzzas of a million voices. Thus, in the short space of from three to four minutes, is decided an event which occupied the minds of the sporting public throughout the previous year, and the doubtful result of which

said event gave impetus and spirit to speculation, involving an enormous matter of account.

The race over, and the victor declared, some score or two of pigeons are instantly on the wing, and for a time seen in revolutionary motion, preparatory to their straight and direct flight to their destined localities, with the important and anxiously looked for news of the result of the race. The multitude on the course hurry to the stewards' stand to witness the return of the horses and their riders,—the latter to undergo the ordeal of the scales, in test of prescribed weight. The sporting gentry and betting men again assemble in large numbers within the betting space, many of their countenances indicating the "change that has come o'er the spirit of their morning's dream." Some have lost the animating maternal beam of hope and expectation, and assumed a solemnity and elongation of visage expressive of anything but satisfaction; others, on the contrary, have changed from the thoughtful and fearfully anxious cast to the decidedly joyous and happy. The problem involved is one of easy solution. The merry faces of the winners and the melancholy visages of the losers, under the immediate feeling created by the event, stand out in striking contrast in the great picture of the day.

Within a quarter of an hour from the termination of the great race the whole event is on record in extemporaneous ballads, landatory of the victor nag and his jockey, sung by a hundred stentorian itinerant songsters, in as many different tunes, and with a degree of vocal energy and determination which would put Toast-master Tool out of countenance. The after-sport of the day, which at any other time would excite great interest, passes off with comparative indifference, excepting to the real pleasure-taking north-country holiday folks. The distinguished portion of the company quit the course long before the day's programme has terminated; the mass subsequently move homeward from time to time, as inclination and fatigue prompt. The High Street of the town again exhibits an overwhelming multitude of human beings, a considerable portion of whom have indulged in potations deep,—some under the thirsty excitement and good fortune of the day, others in support of the nervous system under loss and disappointment. Vehicles of all descriptions are again on the move with their ponderous assignment of passengers, amongst whom are frequently some of the over-anxious to take hasty leave of the town. The Betting Rooms are crowded for a short time, preparatory to the prandial hour of the nobility and gentry; and without are congregated thousands, with inquiring look and greedy ear, devouring every whisper and rumour connected with the day's event. From the hour of seven until ten the Rooms are partially abandoned, and comparatively tranquil, and the scene without assumes more of the moving panoramic feature of a fair. The shops are in grand illuminated exhibition and display, to attract; feasting and revelry of all kinds are in grand operation; ballad-mongers, with candles in hand to enlighten them on the matter of their song, are again bawling forth the praises of the winner of the great St. Leger; and one general state of confusion reigns throughout the whole town.

About ten a grand muster commences at the Betting Rooms, and

some trifling matters of settlement take place by persons who contemplate early departure on the following day ; but the general business is in discussion of the great past event,—the winners, of course, being proud in their pretended foreknowledge and judgment, and loud and eloquent in their praise of their crack nag,—the losers by no means concurring with such encomium, but attributing the result of the day to some unforeseen casualty and auspicious chance, that could not come within the fair and reasonable scope of calculation. The majority assembled are intent on making up their accounts for the morrow's important settlement.

In the rooms above hundreds are congregated around the hazard and roulette tables. On this night the *furor ludendi* may be said to be at its height,—the potent impulse and excitement is on all. The winners on the race are spirited in speculation under their good fortune, and calculated morrow's increase of means,—the losers are equally so under the desperation of their losses, and the hope of recovering by the operations of the dice, or other chance event, the amount necessary to liquidate their reverses on the turf. This general impulse produces an enormous advantage to the proprietary ; an immense amount of money is in constant risk, and continual operation to the banker's benefit. To observe the rolls of notes of large amount in the hands of the numerous and respective players, congregated two and three deep round the table, all pressing forward in anxious desire for a bet, and to behold the apparent carelessness and indifference with which most of them (particularly the north countrymen) threw down their tens, twenties, and fifty pound notes on the chance event of a minute or two in its decision, would astound a novice, and lead him to the conclusion that "scarcity of money," so frequently complained of as a commercial and public inconvenience, must be a mere imaginative creation, existing only in a visionary state of things.

The play tables at the Betting Rooms are, as before noted, six or seven in number, and of variety in the games played thereat. The roulette tables attract the crowd, as well for the reason that the game opens to the player many modes of proportionate risk, as that it affords him opportunity to play smaller sums on any one event than he can at hazard. At the former game the lowest stake is half-a-crown ; at the latter, nothing less than the regal coin of a sovereign is permitted to "stand the hazard of the die,"—the pull, or per centage, of roulette against the player being, however, nearly five times that of hazard. The small stakes played realize as large a result to the bankers. It requires all the vigilance of a player to guard his interests at this game ; for, generally speaking, there is much confusion in the distribution of money staked by the many adventurers on the numbers and other points of speculation attaching to the game ; and dispute not infrequently arises between two or three different claimants for the produce of some fortunate or winning result. These contested claims often arise from inattention in the player to the exact position of his money on the board, but are sometimes occasioned by the attempt of some sharpening knave to possess himself of that which belongs not to him. The officials at the table, too, are most dextrous in their practical avocations,—more particularly so in the principle of drawing the money from the losing points of the game, immediately the winning number, &c. is called.

The rapidity with which this operation is performed is most remarkable, and gives immense additional advantage to the bank ; for it very often happens that, in the general sweep, the adroit croupiers rake off much more than they are entitled to ; while, on the other hand, they can never, under any circumstances, be called upon to pay more than the loss attaching to the event.

On the St. Leger night it may be with truth averred that one-third of the players are under excitement of drink, and other influential impulses, and in such state are as blind to the actual results of the game, and as incompetent to protection of their own interests, as can well favour any unfair attempt on them. Novices, too, are frequently content to take considerably less in amount of payment on a winning number than the proportions of the game award to the event,—a piece of negligence which tells sadly against them in a few hours' play, and the evil of which might be avoided by no very great arithmetical effort.

The Berkeley Club confines its operations to the game of French hazard ; and, although it cannot boast of the mob of players which resort to the rival establishment, the proprietary may with truth aver that they are patronised most extensively, and by the most distinguished and *elite* company. Their rooms, which are most spacious and convenient, are open, without subscription payment, to all persons whom known character or marked impropriety of conduct do not disqualify ; but, for the reason that the arrangements of play do not recognise a less risk than a sovereign, the multitude of smaller speculators prefer the roulette tables at the Betting Rooms. There is no lack of number, however, at "The Berkeley," as will be concluded from the fact, that in the racing week of 1843 there was but one table in operation at the establishment,—in 1844 there were two,—and at the last meeting in 1845 they increased to three, all of which were well filled and in full operation throughout the evening, in transactions of large amount, the bank, or capital, of this establishment being of large extent, and admitting of, and permitting, a greater sum to be staked by the players. The arrangements of the proprietors embrace much accommodation to the frequenters of the place ; and, without more distinctive observation than accords with absolute fact, "The Berkeley" must be declared to be the superior, and in every respect more convenient and less disadvantageous resort, for a sporting gentleman determined on the risk of his superfluous cash.

While these hazardous and speculative amusements are going on within the walls of privileged pandemonium, without the scene is one of free and unrestrained hilarity. Until long past the hour of midnight the High Street is a complete fair, presenting a most incongruous medley of trade and traders. Master and servant, drunk and sober, are all crowded pell-mell in the peripatetic multitude ; and as in the Roman Saturnalia one general quality prevailed, so in the Olympic festivities of Doncaster is there a comparative non-observance of grade and distinction. The Yorkshire lads of the labourers' and operatives' class are roughish and uncereemonious customers in manner and exterior ; but it is a fact, notwithstanding, that this night of riot and revelry passes off usually without much serious result.

The morning of settlement arrives,—at an early hour winners and losers on the great event are making hurried way, under the aspect of anxious and business-like countenances, to the Great Sporting Exchange, where, on the steps and in the porch of the building, sprinkled around the shrubs there tastefully arranged, are already positioned some anxious creditors on the look out for parties whose coming is of doubtful expectation, but most essential to the squaring of a good book by the waiting parties. Within the rooms, seated at the several convenient tables, is a motley group of Lords and legs, amateurs and professors, in cool calculation of their respective accounts, and waiting payment and distribution in settlement thereof. The room fills fast, the interchange of money begins and continues for the space of two or three hours, under a system of order and great business-like regularity. Pocket-books heavily lined with the faithful promises of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England and other firms are abundant in display, rolls of the like precious and much to be relied on promises, are in the grasp of a hundred different hands, and continually changing owners, and Cheque books are brought into use and operation in aid of the heavy business of the day. Notes are as abundant as nuts, and pass and repass from hand to hand without much apparent concern. Some disputes occasionally arise, and loud and angry assertion on one side, and denial on the other disturb the harmony of business, but in such cases one or other of the disputants is of the class of knaves whose assurance exceeds their assets, and who, under loss and partial incapability, boldly adopt the repudiative system, or deny their engagement in toto. Appeals are in such cases made in the rooms, to the stewards of the race, sometimes to the general opinion, and the result is a compulsory decision of just settlement, which if not complied with, subjects the disclaiming party to exclusion and denouncement as a betting man. Many of this class, who have from time to time received a mittimus from the Rooms and from Tattersall's, still, however, haunt the extreme limits of the principal race-courses; exclusives and outsiders themselves, by reason of fraudulent and dishonourable acts, they still continue to do some business in betting, and that through the medium of some friend or relative of better standing in the market, and who has not yet run the gauntlet of repudiation in the ring; an ingenious game it will be admitted, but one which ought not to be suffered; looking to the probable result of such confederacy, it may be fairly inferred that the individual who thus countenances knavery in others, is himself a knave, and 'waiting only the day of reverse to prove the fact. It is a pretty certain system of speculation, (and the annals of the Turf and the Ring shew that it has been more than once adopted,) for two concerting parties, both alike regardless of their own individual honour and credit, to take up a system of betting against two particular horses, favourites of the day. It is certain, in fact, that only one of such two horses can win, and it is clear that if one of the two parties in concert and confederacy, *put the pot on*, (as the phrase is,) against one horse, and the other do the same thing against the other horse, it *may* follow that both adventurers shall win, but it *must*, under any circumstances result that one or other of the confederacy shall be on the safe

and winning side of account. Should neither of the particular horses, so selected for opposing speculation, win the race, *the two* parties in concert appear at Tattersall's to receive the amount of their co-operative ingenuity, and on this they base future pretension as successful and honourable men ; if, on the other hand, one of the two horses should win, the consequence is simply a Levant excursion by the loser, and the punctual attendance of his friend and confederate on the day of settlement, to touch the proceeds of his game, which is, in due course, divided with his absent friend. And who is to prove the conspiracy ? Suspicion, it is true, may be awake to the fact, but suspicion alone is insufficient to establish the delinquency, proof being necessary to conviction. The knaves, therefore, succeed in their closely concocted scheme of fraud. One retires under consoling circumstances, to be an outsider, or excommunicated Leg,—the other keeps his position in the ring, his success giving greater confidence in his bets, and greater extent thereto ; for a time he continues his successful course, but at length the day of reverse and loss comes to him, and having previously levied rather heavy contributions from the pockets of the wealthy and credulous of the ring, he concludes that it is time to retire, and coolly and philosophically intimates this determination to his expectant friends, at “ the corner,” by failing to put in his appearance on the settling day. From such, or similar original fraudulent design, but successful in its result, have sprung into money and credit one half of the vulgar and ignorant upstarts who infest Tattersall's and the various betting establishments in their respective localities. The secret of their present position is, that their first “ *run for the gloves*” came off right, and on this result they have taken up the foolish and mistaken notion, that they have qualified for association with gentlemen, and men of honour.

The remaining sports of the week, with the exception of the important contest for *The Cup*, are of interesting but less exciting character. The Cup day is, however, in regard to the influx of visitors and general company on the course, of character with that of the St. Leger, and the scene of feasting and revelry in the town, and of desperate speculation at night, of similar colour and degree. It is the wind-up of the week, and with many the last desperate *coup* for a favourable balance.

On the Saturday, myriads are once more on the move to the metropolis and other parts. Thousands flock again to the Station at Swinton, all the old mutilated specimens of coach conveyance are again in demand. Special trains, in constant succession, re-convey alike the joyous and the discontented to their respective destinations ; and, in the space of a few hours, the town is restored to its original state of tranquillity and ordinary business. *Sic transit gloria Doncastri.*

*Bentley's Miscellany, for Nov. and Dec.*

## SPLINT.

*By "No Vet."*

It is proposed to call attention to the looseness of language, habitual both with veterinary writers and practitioners, on the subject of splint. The writers generally define splint (somewhat) as a bony union of the splint bone and cannon bone; Blaine, however, describes it as an "exostosis upon or about some part of the metacarpal bones." If one asks a veterinary surgeon to define it, he will generally describe it as the bony union, &c., and at the same time call any bony enlargement on the fore leg between the knee and fetlock a splint, and talk about and treat it as such.

Spooner, in his valuable and scientific Treatise on the Foot and Leg, defines it, p. 239, as "a bony deposit situate between the large and small metacarpal bones;" and afterwards, under the same title, deals with bony tumours on other parts of the fore leg. In treating of the splint as defined by himself, he says, p. 239, that the absence or presence of lameness "used to be explained, or rather endeavoured to be explained, by saying that the latter interfered with the sinew, the other did not. The enlargement, however, cannot interfere with the flexor sinews; and it is doubtful whether its proximity to the suspensory ligament is ever a source of lameness." It would very much contribute to perspicuity, if writers would agree on different terms to be applied to things so different in their origin, and many of them in their properties, as splints limited as by Spooner, and the other bony enlargements between knee and fetlock; and for this purpose the first may be called splints, being truly such; any other bony enlargement between knee and fetlock a pseudo-splint. Now, it is pretty evident that a splint cannot interfere with the flexor tendons. But the usual explanation of lameness is not confined to the flexor tendons, but is generally extended to any interference with any tendon or ligament; and this may be true of splints in numerous instances, according to their situation.—But to the question, How do those bony enlargements cause lameness? It may be answered in three ways at least.

- 1st. By the periosteal inflammation, pain, &c.
- 2d. By interference with a tendon or ligament or other sensible part.
- 3d. By increased or aggravated concussion.

The first is common to splints and pseudo-splints; and it is remarkable that Spooner almost confines his explanation of the lameness from splint, and its treatment, to this mode; though it would seem to be with both kinds the most transient and manageable damage.

As to the second, as has been already remarked, splints may effect lameness in a variety of places; and though splints viewed externally when in their usual, i. e. middle place, cannot touch the flexor tendons, yet, with due deference to Spooner's doubt, it would seem that they may be so placed, for instance at the lower end of the splint bone, as may

seem even externally to interfere with the suspensor, or a branch of it. But there is another mode, in which it is suggested for the consideration of vets. that they may affect the suspensors. May not the bony enlargement, or the inflammation, extend inwards, and invisibly to the suspensor, or its connexions, and so effect lameness? The writer, three or four years since, returned a high-priced hunter as unsound from splent. The splent was situate very favourably about midway, and was thought incapable of producing mischief. The horse stood his walking exercise for a month without any sign of damage or tenderness on or about the splent; but on his first gallop the splent became tender, and the neighbouring parts in a line with the suspensor above and below swelled, precisely as in an incipient suspensor affection. The symptoms were easily removed by the usual hot and cold treatment, but returned on a second gallop, almost to lameness; this reduced the case to demonstration, and the dealer submitted qualifiedly.

It would seem, too, that the splent may produce suspensory affections by damaging the connexions therewith, without touching the suspensor itself. Now, it is doubtful—and this is suggested as another problem for veterinary solution—whether the neighbouring swellings and tenderness preceding or accompanying suspensory affections are an original damage, communicating disease and enlargement to the suspensor; or whether the suspensor, being first damaged, communicates such damage to the neighbouring parts.

The lumbrici, for instance, as described by Spooner, p. 27, may be first damaged; but the writer only suggests this as a matter for inquiry, feeling himself here getting somewhat out of his depth. Having been recently hit in the suspensory regions from overweighing a well-bred nag, he is led by his observations of the case to offer these suggestions.

The third mode Spooner slightly alludes to, and this mode may account for splents close to the knee being more mischievous than elsewhere. Nature seems to have intended the splent bone as a separate bone from the cannon; and it is obvious that the bony union of the two must increase the concussion, and that in proportion to its nearness to the great centre of concussion, the knee. As bearing on this point, it is important to ascertain whether the union said to take place naturally from age, without an external splent, and without lameness, extends throughout, up to the knee, or ceases short of it. The remarks on Carpitis (*Veterinarian*, vol. xviii, p. 670) bear strongly on this part of the case, and seem almost to have anticipated the writer of this, whose notice was directed to that part of your publication by a veterinarian with whom he was accidentally discussing the point.

Similar considerations are applicable, though not so easily, to the subject of spavin, which has been called splent of the hind leg; but that subject is in such able hands, that even to suggest would be impertinent (*Veterinarian*, vol. xviii, p. 663) in the writer of this, who, though a zealous hippophilist, is, it is needless to add, no vet.

*The Veterinarian, for February, 1846.*



SPRING-TIDE;  
OR, THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENTLEMAN.

THE FIRST DAY.

Senex.—Julian.

*Senex.* This way: our road lies along this path and over yonder stile, on the other side of which is the river. What a morning for the angler! The sun has hidden himself, and these light clouds bode no rain, while the gentle south wind stirs the leaflets and curls the surface of the water. Oh the merry month of May! how often have I sighed for these scenes of my early childhood, while pent up in chambers in London. Truly a man must have experienced such durance to render him fit to enjoy the country as he ought.

*Julian.* There is some truth in that remark. Often, when gazing on a beautiful prospect, I have noticed that my country companion did not participate in my raptures; yet even scenes like these are cheerless in foul weather; we cannot have perpetual May.

*S.* God forbid that we should, for then we should lose that benefit of contrast. Yet I am not one of those who would forsake the country even in foul weather. Yes,

When the rotten woodland drips,  
And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

It has its charms for me in all seasons. What sight more beautiful than hedge-rows and coppices glittering in the sun's rays on a frosty morning. Flocks of wild fowl, no longer secure in their sedgy retreats, are scouring the country in all directions; small birds, tamed by hunger, draw near your dwelling, and robin in his scarlet pour-point, perched on the window sill, begs a crumb from your trencher.

*J.* Excellent! You should write a panegyric on Dan Winter, and recite it to the owls who haunt the tall elms near the house. One of these creatures kept me awake the whole night when I last visited you. Its hooting was incessant.

*S.* Not a word, as you love me, against the "anchorite of birds." I have an especial veneration for such of the feathered race as haunt old buildings, and delight in watching the jackdaw in church towers, though he differs much from my solemn friend the owl. Just observe them about the turrets of the old minster in a cathedral town. Garrulous grey pates vie with the bipeds below them. They chatter, quarrel, fall out, and cuff it at times, like the lords of the creation: doubtless like them, too, they prate of politics and of a pedigree, but they cling with filial

fondness to the old fane, however fierce the storm may howl around it. But of all birds "commend me to the owl."

*J.* Do you recollect Drayton's picture of your favourite :—

'Twas near the eaves and shelter of a stack,  
Set to support it at a beech's back,  
In a stubb'd tree, with ivy overgrown,  
On which the sun had scarcely ever shone,  
A broad faced creature, hanging of the wing,  
Was set to sleep while every bird did sing."

*S.* Ay, ay : he who wrote the lines :—

" Can grave and formal pass for wise,  
When we the solemn owl despise ?"

was a Cockney, and knew nothing of the bird. Minerva did not despise him when she adopted him for her crest, and thousands of Attic drachmas, still existing, attest that the Athenians held him in veneration as I do. Other birds may be loud at prime and complin, but the owl's is the midnight service. Apart from the superstitious feeling of which some of the best informed of us are scarcely free, there is something inexpressibly solemn in the note of the bird of night. Did you ever, when threading a wild wood, come upon some ivy-sheltered nook protected from the blaze of the noontide sun, and see the owl perched in his solitary retreat so near you that you might strike him down with your staff. I have, when a boy often encountered him in that way, and felt awed at the presence of the majestic bird. How he loves the mouldering pile which piety raised and fanaticism shattered from roof-tree to crypt : his lineage could tell of the times when rude and impious hands battered and defaced corbel and mullion, and delicate tracery wrought by the cunningest craftsmen in christendom. Here he abides in dignified solitude, from which he emerges only when the world is asleep.

*J.* Yes, all except the poacher and the night-prowler ; and here I am disposed to say a word in behalf of your favourite. I verily believe he assists in imparting awe and solemnity to darkness, and this has a salutary effect upon the morals of your village population. When once your chawbacon becomes habituated to late hours and night-walking, he is, if young, easily persuaded to become poacher, and so on from bad to worse until the hulks or the gallows close the scene.

*S.* True, every word of it, and therefore long let that noble bird be honoured. Long may he find a refuge in the retreat he loves. As a friend has eloquently written of him—"The illuminated rites, the swelling organ, the monkish magnificence of processions have passed away ; theirs was but a transient possession, but your owl shall be mitred abbot to the end of time !"

*J.* Your friend, however, excites no veneration among the birds of the air, who thrash him soundly when they catch him abroad. "Mine heritage," says the prophet, "is unto me as a speckled bird ;—the birds round about are against her."

S. I have often thought of that passage as I have seen the owl reeling and blundering through the air at day-light, assailed by small birds of all sizes, even including the titmouse and the wren. But these little creatures sometimes attack the cuckoo and the hawk as their common enemy, in the same manner, and occasionally suffer for their temerity from the talons of the latter. These allusions in holy writ remind me that a few years ago some witling talked of writing a book to show the acquaintance of the inspired writers of the Old Testament with natural history, as if nature's huge volume did not lie before them in those ancient days when books were few and precious.

J. Wonderful discovery! I believe there is an advertisement not long since issued, announcing a work illustrating Shakspeare's knowledge of natural history!

S. A veritable *mare's nest*!—but here's the river, and yonder comes, my ally, Simon Paradise, a true specimen of the “Chawbacon”—shrewd, but honest, and grateful for little kindnesses.

J. I confess I have little sympathy with these clods. There is in them a good deal of low cunning under the mask of simplicity, and their manners are intolerably boorish.

S. Hold there! I cannot bear to hear my smock-frocked friends and neighbours so vilified, “nor shall you do mine ear that violence.” I have all my life loved these simple people whom you abuse. Coarse, and even brutal many of them certainly are, but take what class you will, I believe you will find among them a larger number more vicious, and with infinitely less excuse for bad living. To me there is something affecting in the hard and simple lives of these people, who, when well disposed, present better examples of christian patience and resignation than may be found even among the educated. If you knew them as well as I do, you would confess that the agricultural labourer is a long-suffering and enduring creature—rude and unpolished, but often honest and submissive to his superiors to a degree that you will look for in vain among the half-educated and often half-infidel mechanic. I can never forget that our Great Master and Teacher chose for his companions on earth men of the simplest habits and humblest walk of life; and often as I looked upon the cluster of white frocks in the aisle of our village church, and watched the serious up-turned weather-beaten countenances of the group—often, I say, have I, while contemplating this sight, prayed for the simple faith of those poor clowns.

J. Well, perhaps if I lived longer among them, as you have, I should be more reconciled to their habits; but their dialect puzzles me sorely; it is English run mad!

S. There, again, let me venture to set you right. It is no jargon, as many have supposed; on the contrary, it more resembles the language of the great Alfred—you stare,—but it is true—than that I am now using; and this I hope to shew you before we part. Well, Simon, (*Simon comes forward*) are we to have any sport to-day?

(*Simon making his obeisance*). I haups zo, zur; there is a girt un or two, about dree pound a piece, down by them elmin trees yander.

*J. (aside).* A sample of the language of Alfred the Great! Oh Gemini!

*S.* Give me my rod, and help this gentleman to put together his.

*Simon.* Eez, zur.

*S. (searching his pockets)* "Eh," as the great Christopher says,—"not in our coat, not in our breeches, not in our hat!"—run up to the house, Simon, and fetch me my fly-book; you'll find it on the hall table (*exit Simon at the pace of a hunted hare*). Now then, let me tell you that one of the two last words uttered by that fellow was more like the language of Alfred, and Beda, and Ælfric, than our own.

*J.* Indeed! Pray let me hear—which of them?

*S.* Why that which sounds to moderns the most rustic of any—the word "Eez," which is most palpably nothing more than the Anglo-Saxon *gese*, the *g* being perhaps soft, or as the learned suppose, having been softened like *y* under the Norman rule; in this way "*geceleid*" became *yeleid*, a form in which it is found in our literature up to a comparatively recent period.

*J.* If you run on at this rate, you'll make a proselyte of me for a certainty. Here comes our henchman. 'Tis is a sweet spot which old Walton himself would have revelled in: you remember Withers' lines:—

"Two pretty rills do meet, and meeting, make  
Within one valley a large silver lake,  
About whose banks the fertile mountains stood  
In ages passed, bravely crown'd with wood,  
Which lending cold sweet shadows, gave it grace  
To be accounted Cynthia's bathing-place."

*S.* Yes, Withers viewed everything with a poet's eye, and considered a running stream indispensable to the perfect beauty of a landscape. Witness another passage in the same poem:—

"For what offence this place was scanted so  
Of springing waters, no record doth show;  
Nor have they old traditions left that tells  
But till this day at fifty fathom wells  
The shepherds drink."

Without running streams a country loses half its charms. The ancients considered them the proper ornaments of sylvan beauty; hence Maximus Tyrius tells us the mountains were sacred to Jupiter, but the valleys to Diana. And now let us try our skill against one of the denizens of this pretty water.

*J.* What's your fly?

*S.* Try a hackle and a "yellow dun." Like most persons who cast a fly, you have, I suppose, your crotchets, and would not for the world put two of the same sort on at the same time, though I'll venture an even bet that the "bob-fly" is taken four times out of five in preference to the "stretcher." This you may soon test by ringing the changes.

*J.* I am, as you know, but a novice in fly-fishing, so I shall implicitly follow your advice, which is a very fair answer to some of the quackeries on Angling. "Put on a palmer or hackle," says one oracle, "and another fly supposed to be in season, and when you have taken a fish, open his belly and see which he has been feeding on, then use a fly of the same colour."

*S.* I have heard the same stuff gravely enunciated by people who never once paused to consider its utter absurdity, and who set me down as a Johnny-raw in the science, when I ventured to remark that I would fish any river with three palmers of my own choosing.

*J.* There must, however, be very different fishing in different rivers, some requiring more dexterity than others. The Irish and Scotch are good anglers, I believe.

*S.* Undoubtedly; but some of them would find it difficult to fish such streams as these. In sharp running water you must strike the moment you feel your fish, or he is gone; but where the current runs sluggishly, it is necessary to give him time, or you lose him to a certainty. Much of the angler's success, however, depends on his acquaintance with the water, and the whereabouts of the fish. But, come, let me see you throw for a trout. I think you will find one lying just to the left of that tuft of weeds. Can you reach him?

*J.* I'll try. There!

*S.* You moved him. Wait a moment. He seems inclined, but let him recover himself. Take up a foot of your line, and, if he takes your fly, be sure you do not let him plunge into the weeds. Now try again. Well done!—you have him. Walk down stream with him, and wind up as fast as you can. He's a fine fish, and shows excellent sport. Be ready, Simon. Give him a little line again. So! that was well done!—now recover it.

*J.* He's evidently 'averse to any acquaintance' with the fool at the other end, and declines a meeting.

*S.* His struggles are vain. See,—he reels, and shows his golden side! It's all over with him. Give me the landing-net, Simon. Now lead him to the bank. No—*non placet*—another struggle for life or death, but in vain. Bring him in. There, sir, he's yours,—a well-fed fish, and a good pound and a half.

*J.* Faith! this is worth all the bottom-fishing in the world!

*S.* Ay, truly, and your quarry is more elegant. Your fly-fisher may take to trolling when trout fishing is over, but he looks impatiently for the return of spring. Some skill is needed, too, in playing a fish with light tackle like this, but you may tow a jackass down stream with jack-tackle; or, as the "Young Angler's Instructor" acutely observes, "you can only lose him by not giving him time."

*J.* A friend of mine never fishes with more than one fly at a time. What think you of the practice? This fish you see took my bob-fly, and in his floundering and plunging I feared the other would become entangled.

*S.* Mr Penn, who in his "Maxims and Hints" has given us some of the best instructions in trout-fishing, has a remark on the subject which is a good answer to all that has been said. "The learned," says

he, "are much divided in opinion as to the propriety of whipping with two flies or with one. I am humbly of opinion that your chance of hooking fish is much increased by your using two flies, but I think that by only using one you increase your chance of landing the fish." There can be no doubt of this, and I have illustrated it myself occasionally, having caught with one fly a fine fish, and with the other a most obdurate weed or a bramble, which has either broken my tackle or suffered the fish to shake himself loose. Notwithstanding this, I prefer using two flies, because I think the "bob," as you draw your line across the stream, more frequently invites the attention of the fish; moreover, it is generally taken at the end of a straight line, and therefore the creature is more likely to hook himself. Come, try again.

*J.* There's a fish rising a few yards lower down. I'll throw for him. I have him! quick!—the landing net.

*S.* You need not trouble yourself: your friend is small, and not fit for the creel.

*J.* I thought him at first a fine fish. He took the fly greedily, and made a great fuss.

*S.* Just so,—which is almost a certain sign of his extreme youth. You did not find your first fish do so: he scarcely showed himself at the onset. I love to feel my rod bend with the sudden sullen downward plunge of a trout, for that generally assures me that my fish is of a fair size, while a small one dashes at the prize as a spoilt child snatches the apple you offer him. I have lost a very heavy fish, which went down in the sullen manner, without showing himself at all, and after a few minutes succeeded in getting clear off. Salmon will sometimes serve you so, and you have no resource left but to pelt them up.

*J.* I like the look of your rod better than my own: give me leave to exchange with you for a short time.

*S.* Yours is somewhat too pliant for my hand, but it is a well-made rod, and as fine as brass rings and varnish can make it. This smartness dazzles the eyes of our clowns, who sometimes say the rods are "a nashun zite too vine var the vish,"—don't they, Simon?

*Simon.* Eez, zur, um do. Vishes be martial timersome, and dwont like anything as glisters too much. Jack Ockell wud sometimes be out early in the marnin, and just as a'd get to the river zide, up'd come owld Varmer Smith wi' his white smock vrock on, and put Jack in a girt pelt, coz 'ud stand clost by the zide on hin to watch hin. "Od drattle't!" Jack u'd cry, "If you be gwain' to stand there, I med as well drow my hat at um, that's ael!" and then the varmer 'd gwo away laughin, and say Jack was a curious wosbird to be zhure!

*S.* (Aside to *J.*) My friend, you see, is coming out; and, if you can bear with him, you will hear some queer stories presently.

*J.* To be sure I will; but I find some difficulty in understanding him.

*S.* I'll supply the gloss.

*J.* Thank you: I am quite ready for my lessons in the language of Alfred and Beda. There's a fish rising under that bank. Pshaw!—I cannot reach him. I cannot cast so far by a full yard.

*S.* Let me try. There;—I have him.

*J.* Phew! what a length of line! and what a fine fish! He fights nobly, but you have him well in hand.

*S.* I hold with Mr Penn there, who says your success will often depend greatly upon the manner in which you first commence your acquaintance with a fish, who, if you give him time to put his helm up, may cause you much trouble. Now, Simon, out with him. Humph!—about two pounds.

*J.* A beautiful fish. I wish I could cast a line with your skill.

*S.* You will do that soon. I am a poor hand, compared with many whom I have met; but the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and a habit of observation as to the haunts of fish will often compensate for some want of skill. Still, to be able to cast a long and light line to a great distance, is an unquestionable advantage. It is amusing to see a green fisherman whipping away at a fish that lies just out of his reach, till by and by a rustic-looking personage appears by his side, bearing a rod whose staff is like a weaver's beam, and, with a "I thenks I can put it auver hin," *swash* goes the aforesaid staff, out goes the line some twenty-five yards or so, and, in a twinkling, a big trout is plunging at the end of it.

*J.* I am surprised to find so many fish here in a stream so much exposed. I suppose Simon helps to watch it.

*Simon.* Eez, zur, I helps a bit now and then. Us tuk one chap laast zummer, and a purty nigh drowned oon on us, but us got on out at laast, and tuk un in to the public, when a axed lave to dry zelf, and tuk ael's duds off; but I'll be whipped if a didn't bowlt out o' winder as naked as a worm, and tuk across the vields, and got right away, a poaching wos-bird!

*S.* They can do less harm here than in smaller and shallower streams, except by poisoning.

*Simon.* Ye yeard, I s'pwose, how Tom Ockell pwizind Squire ——'s vish, Zur?

*S.* No; how was that?

*Simon.* Whoy, a was never quite clane in ael's life; zo one vine night laast midsummer, a perswaded hizzelf to get into the Bruk, and the next marnin,—to be zhure!—there *was* a vine caddle! A'd pwizoned ael the vish, a was so cushnashun dirty!

*J.* (to *S.*) There is a choice epithet which your friend has used more than once, and which I don't remember meeting with before. Pray what does he mean by a *wosbird*?

*S.* It has been supposed by many to be a term synonymous with *bastard*, but I am inclined to the opinion of a friend, who suggests that the first syllable is composed of the Anglo-Saxon "*wo*," *wrong*, *evil*, *misfortune*, or *mischief*: a "*wosbird*" is therefore equivalent to a *bird of evil*, or *bird of mischief*, and in this sense it is applied by those who use it. I don't believe it is used at all in the north of England, and it may therefore be considered a remnant of the West Saxon dialect, to which, like many other words, it is peculiar; while some are common among the rural population throughout the country, from the Isle of Wight to the

Tyne. Thus the pure Anglo-Saxon "ael," for *all*, is still found from north to south; but in the counties south of the Avon it is less frequent, and only heard among those who adhere to and use the "owld taak," as they term it. But if you encourage me in these etymological reveries, you'll lose some fine fish, and this is a morning which the angler ought not to neglect. Let us go and look after Simon's "two or drie girt uns down yander." I remember, some years since, when near this spot, running to the rescue of an elderly piscator, who had hooked and was playing a fine trout, when suddenly the fish's guardian angel appeared in the shape of a wasp, which careered at his nose so menacingly, that, but for my timely assistance, the veteran angler would have come off second best.—(*Eaeunt.*)

*Bentley's Miscellany for December.*

## SPORTSMEN AND SPORTING MEN.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

It is by no means unlikely that there are some persons who may say and think using the two terms of "sportsmen" and "sporting men" a matter of supererogation, and will further say that the two terms are synonymous. I am quite sure no true sportsman would say so, though it is by no means improbable that some, indeed many, sporting men might. If they should, and also really *think* it, I can only assure them they labour under the influence of a very material error, and by so doing arrogate to themselves a title to which they have no claim—or at least such would be the case with many. That a sportsman is a sporting man, is quite clear; but it by no means follows that a sporting man is a sportsman, although a great many men are both. There is, however, this distinction between the two characters (and no trifling distinction is it); the true sportsman, by his pursuits, taking them in all their bearings, *never* does harm, and *always* more or less does good; the sporting man, by many of his pursuits, does no good at all, but on the contrary, an incredible deal of mischief.

Whoever follows any field sport for the sake of the sport itself, has an undoubted right to call himself a "sportsman;" we even allow it to the quiet patrons of the gentle craft. Now it is possible a man may be a sporting man that never followed a field-sport in his life, ever owned, or was on a horse, or could even boast the possession of a solitary sporting dog; but he may be a better on races, on pigeon matches, prize fights, cock fights, dog fights, matches against time, and various similar occurrences; may more, may patronise them. How far his patronising the ring may be beneficial, in a national point of view, is a matter that has ever



given rise to divided opinions ; but by all his other propensities he can do no earthly good, but is certain to do a great deal of harm in many ways : still it makes him a sporting man ; but we may at least congratulate ourselves that our morals have not become base enough, or our taste vitiated enough, to call such a man a sportsman.

The origin of field-sports—that is, hunting, of course—was to possess ourselves of those animals fit for food, and to rid ourselves of those obnoxious to us. Many ages afterwards, shooting came into practice, for the purpose of possessing game as an article of luxury for the table, and also as an amusement to the sportsman. Hunting, even in its rudest form, and when followed from necessity, ever had those peculiar powers of fascination, that the old sportsman (or, as called in those days, hunter) was rarely known to give up his vocation while he possessed health, strength, and activity to follow it ; and whether its pursuit was carried on as formerly, when the stag was roused from his lair at break of day in the forest, or whether, as now, the *varmint* gets notice to quit at eleven o'clock in a made or natural covert, the enthusiasm still exists : I fear I must not say the true enthusiasm of the true sportsman for the hunting alone ; but, at all events, the concomitant circumstances attendant on hunting keeps it up, and let us hope ever will.

As fox-hunting is, and ever has been carried on, since it first came into use, doubtless it stands pre-eminent among field-sports. I should say, however, that if we roused the *wild* stag, and hunted him as we do the fox, intending a *kill*, it would perhaps be a nobler sport ; but wild stags are not met now-a-days in this country, and comparing hunting a tame one—that is, one kept for hunting—is quite out of the question ; however, “*de gustibus non est disputandum* ;” and stag-hunting, as it is carried on, like all other hunting, conduces to the health and amusement of many, and puts money in the pocket of many others, and is in itself a fine and manly amusement.

I have heard many people say that hounds and hunting altogether cause a useless expenditure of money, and answer no beneficial purpose. No man would attempt to say that the mere *hunting* a fox *does* do any good—the hunting a turned-out stag unquestionably less ; but whatever causes circulation of money, always does good ; and a crack pack of fox-hounds causes it to circulate pretty freely, as the masters well know ; and so far from such a pack not answering any beneficial purpose, I suspect the number of persons necessarily employed, and their families, would tell any one applying to them, that they feel a most beneficial effect from the establishment. Tradesmen of various sorts share in its benefits ; farmers and innkeepers come in for their share ; in short, every individual that connects himself in any way with a hunting establishment derives benefit from it in pocket or in health and amusement, and many in all three.

Ask the good people of Melton Mowbray or Leicester whether fox-hunting does no good. It just does this good—it makes the fortune, or at least greatly contributes to do so, of numbers of persons at both places, and more or less so it does to many others situated in the vicinity of popular packs.

Ask breeders of horses the same question ; their banker's account, or strong-box, could show conclusive evidence of the benefits derived from men keeping from three to thirty hunters in their stables ; even the man who keeps his one hunter at Croydon, or elsewhere, does some good ; and to look a little higher, even a minister finds the taxes derived from the consequences of fox-hunting, and other hunting, a very pretty and acceptable little item in the receipts to put to one side of his account.

I have heard the same kind of cynical twattlers say that the two thousand a-year or more (as the case may be) spent on a hunting establishment had "better be given to the poor." No one will deny it would be better for the *identical poor* who got it, if it was. So it would be better for them, if a nobleman had sixty thousand a-year, if he gave them fifty-nine thousand nine hundred. and lived upon a hundred a-year himself. If so pretty and modest a little request was granted, the fifty-nine thousand odd hundreds would no doubt do more good in a neighbourhood than the fox-hounds ; and to the actual *paupers* perhaps the bare two thousand a-year that they cost would be more beneficial ; but looking at the thing in its proper light, it would be found that two thousand a-year would be a very poor recompence to a *country*, taking it a dozen miles each way from the centre where a large establishment is kept. If we were to put a stop to all the money expended in *consequence* of such an establishment, the town of Melton alone would ask a pretty round sum as an equivalent for their pickings\* during a season.

It might be said that supposing a fancy fair, or any other amusement, was got up for the benefit of an institution or an individual, if the receipts were two thousand, and the cost of the articles, and other expenses, came to one, that it would be much better for the object of charity that the two thousand should be collected without the fair. Perhaps it would ; but people will have something for their money, or they will keep it in their pockets ; so if we can, by giving them amusement, in any way induce them to circulate their cash, and that benefits others, we do a great service, and this service is rendered far and wide, wherever hunting is carried on ; and the more money expended on a hunting establishment, the greater number of hunting men assemble in its neighbourhood, and of course the greater sum of money is expended in that vicinity.

Looking at the sportsman in another point of view, we shall find his enthusiasm in field sports has a most beneficial effect in other ways ; it causes hundreds to spend a great part of the year at their country mansions, or houses, who would otherwise spend that time in the metropolis. The London season costs many a severe expenditure both of health and fortune as it is, what would be the consequence of the loss of field sports ? Gardens and trees are very pretty objects in full verdure ; but they cut but a sombre appearance for six months out of the twelve, and I suspect would induce few persons to spend the winter in the country for the pleasure of looking at them. What then calls so many thousands from town in autumn ?—*field-sports*, beginning with the gun. It may be asked, why do those go who are not sportsmen ? The question is easily answered, thousands of the aristocracy *are* sportsmen : *they* show the way ; the rest follow, like it or not, because it is the fashion to be out of town at a

particular time. But it is to field-sports that the country is first indebted for the presence of persons of wealth and fashion; and where such persons are, there money must necessarily be expended, and as certainly must the country feel its beneficial influence.

If it is allowed (which I believe it is) that sociality is one of the principal links that bind man to man, and family to family, the pursuits of the sportsman (the hunting man particularly) stand pre-eminent in producing and keeping up this social intercourse.

Hunting is a social sport; in fact, it is necessarily so, for if dissensions arise either between sportsmen, or between sportsmen and those that are not so to any great extent, it has been seen, in too many cases, that hunting that country can only be partially practicable, if practicable at all; it therefore becomes a matter of policy for all parties to pull together, for should any man in the neighbourhood of a pack of fox-hounds render himself obnoxious to the hunt, he may as well go and reside in one of the Falkland islands, as to any society he will get; such a man may sit, like Diogenes, in a tub, and snarl at his neighbours, for it will be the only gratification they would afford him. I do not mean that it is necessary for a man to be a fox-hunter, if he is not addicted to the sport; but if he sets up his bristles at those that are, he will find himself in the enviable situation that is so *beautifully* and emblematically compared to that of "a cat in hell, without claws;" and a hunt comprising numbers of the wealthy and the aristocracy of a county or counties is not a combination to be trifled with; thus the most confirmed cynic must, in self-defence, become social when surrounded by those with social souls, and such true sportsmen almost invariably possess.

There can be no doubt that the situation a man is thrown in, in life, has a wonderful influence on his feelings and manners; if he is unfortunate enough to be naturally of a phlegmatic, sulky, or, on the reverse, a testy or savage temperament, there are no such schools for him as a mess table or a hunting-field; he must get rid of such bad propensities in double-quick time, or the Lord have mercy on him! for the members of either of those places will have none. He will also be about as happy as the cat alluded to; and even supposing he *has* his claws, he will shortly be taught he must not use them in an improper cause. Nothing takes the rough edge off a man like joining a society that is unanimous in promoting cordiality; this is the stone that will polish him, round off every offensive angle, and either bring him out a *gem*, or cast him aside as a base pebble not worth the setting: no foil will be allowed to afford a borrowed colour and lustre; he must be of the first water, or he will not be tolerated.

It is quite true the hunters of old were rude in their manners, not because they were sportsmen, but because the *times* were rude. Without the little social intercourse hunting even then produced, they would have been ruder still. But hunting was somewhat different in those days. The baron or the squire kept his hounds for himself, and a few of his equals, who lorded it over the land, their serfs, and dependants; it was not Ashby pasture, with a couple of hundred of the best blood of our country; there, whatever may be the hilarity or enthusiasm, the cour-

ties of society, as from gentleman to gentleman, must in a mitigated form be kept up as much in the field as in the drawing-room; the joke may pass and does, but no rudeness or undue familiarity takes place among gentlemen; the man who would exhibit either, would very shortly find himself "*de trop*." No, it is all joy, good fellowship, and good temper—high and daring spirits, but gentlemen and good fellows at the same time.

The very disposition is influenced by fox-hunting; a man cannot follow the pursuit, and be a niggard; for the days of old Elwes and his hounds kept in Fleet market, and hunting on Putney Heath, are gone by; no miserable niggard ever walked into his stable with a dozen first rate hunters in it; no grovelling mind would contemplate such a thing; the minds of such men as do are more or less great in all their attributes; and as they freely spend a portion of their fortune in the hunting-field, so have they ever been, and ever will be, found ready to bring it forward for the service of their country or their fellow-men.

The daughter of a clerk in a public office, or of any person whose position or pursuit in life has never enabled him to mix in the society of hunting men, no doubt fancies they cannot be as refined as the *nice young man* who takes his Sunday dinner with her papa; and if the class of book she patronises should happen to have led her to read the character of Squire Western, no doubt she is convinced that such is the case. But if papa had ever been honoured by an invite to the Old Melton Club, and seen that capital sportsman, and prince of fellows, Lord Alvanly, preside there, both his eyes and his mind would have been opened to a pretty considerable extent.

In a moral point of view, hunting has also a beneficial effect. A hunting *locale*, though a place of exhilarating joy in various ways, is not the resort of the debauchee, the vicious, or the depraved; hunting neither affords the time nor opportunity, nor holds out the incentives to such pursuits; it is the great metropolis, where, amidst its vast labyrinths, vice can hold on her stealthy way, that depravity reigns triumphant. Men have their peccadilloes in all places, no doubt; but the confirmed debauchee, whose only pursuit is sensual gratifications, would be treated with his merited contempt by sportsmen, and that detestable disturber of the peace of families, the habitual libertine, in a place where his depravity could not escape detection, would be hunted from that society to which honourable, manly, and gentlemanly conduct, joined with liberal and generous feelings, has long been the necessary passport.

It is, I believe, allowed that the middle classes of the country community are ages in advance of what they were one hundred years since, in point of civilization and manners. Whence arises this? The first step towards it was the statistical measures of the country, that have afforded them means of raising their position in society. The serf, formerly, if he was seen in the hunting-field, only played the part of hare-finder for his lord; now he *joins* in the *sport*, and, without any undue familiarity, forms one of the *field*. Formerly he had no incentive to soften the natural ruggedness of his nature, for he never mixed but with his own class: but now, surrounded by his superiors in the proportion of perhaps twenty

to one, he finds that, to be tolerated, he must evince, in his way, a certain courtesy of manner that he formerly had neither occasion nor inclination to cultivate; while, on the other hand, as it is a great portion of farmers' land that we ride over, either owned or rented, the nobleman or any hunting man (disposed to do so or not) is induced to show that proper courtesy to farmers that is due to any and every respectable man, for we have no more *right* to ride over a man's land in pursuit of our fox, than we have to ride into his parlour or kitchen. We have no right to order any man to preserve foxes, nor can he be expected to do so, but either from an innate love of the sport, or from a wish to oblige, in return for proper consideration being awarded to him. We have no right to send a man to stop an earth, without permission of the owner or tenant of the land; but all this, in nineteen cases in twenty, is permitted, merely from the circumstance that must, in every way, prove beneficial to society at large, namely, the promoting a feeling of kindness and deference accorded (in the proportion that it is due) between the high, the middle, and the poorer classes of society.

It may be asked why hunting was not found to produce this, two hundred years back? Simply because the farmer in those days had not the means of hunting, and probably would not have been allowed to do so if he had. Such obsolete and conventional rules are now no longer promulgated or countenanced; the consequence is, the farmer has become an intelligent, enlightened, cheerful, and urbane member of society, instead of an envious, discontented, sullen boor; he has learned that, while he constitutes one fractional part of the vast mass of society, to oblige and be obliged is the only way to live in harmony with his fellow-man. The noble, in a manner befitting his rank in life, now acknowledges the farmer in the field. This he feels a compliment on the part of the superior; the noble and his friends are allowed free ingress to that field, or some other. This is a compliment paid to them. Both are done as matters of course, without any attempt to make it appear that a favour has been granted on either side; but both acts bind closer the mutual bond of society and kindly feelings.

Have these, and numberless other advantages I could enumerate, no weight in the scale in which the effects of field sports are placed by those whose eye scans but one end of the beam? are these no set-off against the comparative paltry outlay occasioned by an establishment that brings them forth? We might as well outrage common sense, and make use of sophistry to prove it would benefit mankind to give away the fifty tons of coals\* destined to bring a vessel into port laden with imports worth as many thousand pounds in value. A few fishermen might say it would be; and their estimation of what would conduce to the social benefits of the general classes of mankind would show itself to be about on a par with that of those who fancy that the expense of a pack of hounds does not on the aggregate, repay the cost many times over by the benefits it diffuses in its various ramifications.

In alluding to hunting, I have particularly specified fox-hunting. By this it was in no way my intention to show any disrespect towards hunting in any other way; no matter what the animal we pursue, the hunter

is, in his general attributes of mind, habit, and disposition, the same—varied, of course, by where he hunts; but whether he pursues the stag, the fox, the hare, or the otter, in England—the elephant, in Ceylon—the tiger, in Bengal—the buffalo, on the Prairie—the beaver, in the Canadas—or the ibex, on the Alps—I respect them all. Hunting anything (except a still in Ireland) always produces benefit to the individual and others; and so far as the mere amusement is to be considered, that hunting a man prefers is the best for HIM. I merely allude particularly to fox-hunting, because it is the most in vogue, and therefore produces the most effect in this country.

Of stag-hounds we have few; and the only reason why those few do not, I should say, produce so much good effect as an equal number of packs of fox-hounds, is that the field is not in a general way so exclusively made up by the same person, or by men constantly hunting with them; they are like some of our metropolitan packs, more resorted to by strangers, who come for a gallop, and are consequently often not over-particular what lands (and sometimes what hounds) they ride over. Many of the field with such packs hunt only probably once a week—many of them this week at Croydon, the next at Ware, the next with the Queen's, just as the fixture may suit their taste or convenience, neither of which, perhaps (with some of them) would be consulted in giving them a twist over the Harborough country. There is not, therefore, with such packs (among the field) that sociality, and if I may use the term, that responsibility that is always attached to the *known* members of a pack of fox-hounds in more distant counties: the expenditure of the establishment, of course, is highly beneficial to the neighbourhood, as is that of the persons who hunt with such hounds; but the benefit derived from bringing individual on friendly terms with individual is certainly not so great where strangers form a large proportion of the field as where it is the reverse; still the villages within a certain distance of Barnstead Downs would fully bear me out in my assertion that hounds do a vast deal of good in a neighbourhood, and I now much fear have no great reason to bless the first promoter of railroads. Hunting *was* the life, the soul, almost the very being of these villages. "Alas! poor Yorick!"

Well, thank Fate! it has not been found as yet convenient to keep a stud in London, and send on sixty or seventy miles on the north road in the morning, by rail; and judging by the red lines in "Bradshaw's Railroad Guide," if all the kind intentions of projectors were to be carried into effect, it would be useless to send there, for by the pretty little net-work they have marked out, we should not be left a gorse cover without a railroad through it, and perhaps a station at its two extremities, to say the least. When this takes place, "My native land, good night."

Shooting, no doubt, but in a very minor way, contributes its quota towards benefiting many persons. I make no doubt that the good people of the north, who let the right of shooting, beginning the 12th of August, at a price that allows a man to make presents of grouse at something like a guinea a brace, think shooting is of *vast* benefit to mankind. It certainly keeps a considerable number of keepers in the world, and has also occasionally been the means of sending a few of them *out* of it. Still it cir-

culates money; it also circulates the blood, by giving many a man a good day's walk, who when in London would order his cab to take him from Belgrave-square to 'Tattersall's'; and it further gets him in good wind and good condition by the time he wants his horses to be the same. Thank grouse and partridges for this! for as to pheasants, since the hen-roost-massacre system, *alias* battuing, has come in vogue, they afford but little healthful exertion; nor do hares, for, verily, on such occasions all goes to net, birds or quadruped, and, for all I know, creeping things innumerable, both small and great beast. But even this most despicable of *all* sporting has something to be said in its praise (as all sporting has); it enables those who join in it to show attentions to their friends in the shape of presents, and this I conceive is all that ingenuity could invent for its commendation. Though no disciple of the gun myself, I respect those who (as *true sportsmen*) are, and can admire a couple of brace of fine, high ranging dogs, as much as any man. My cordial good wishes attend their owners!

Hare-hunters are in no one way behind the fox-hunter in all the good fellowship and all those sterling good qualities that render man admirable. In two particulars (though name it not at head-quarters) they are perhaps superior; they have, in a general way, less affectation than the modern fox-hunter; and—out it must come—though not such splendid riders, are generally better *sportsmen*. If hounds could speak, they would tell why.

“The mean, murdering, coursing crew,” as that best of all poets on sporting calls them, owe him a heavy grudge for his illiberal designation. Why coursing a hare should be more murder than hunting her, I do not know. I should prefer the hunting—this is a matter of taste; but I fear puss would equally call me a murderer. Pot-hunters I hate; perhaps our poet alluded to them; and I suspect he never saw coursing in the neighbourhoods of Swaffkam, Newmarket, or Amesbury. Catch me refusing an invite to a club dinner at either place, and catch a landlord showing inattention on such occasions.

The gentle craft, albeit their display is not of an ostentatious character, diffuse their benefits pretty widely, and landlords and watermen feel these benefits. Even the little modest inn at Broxbourne has housed and bedded many a jovial soul, who once was wont to sojourn there to *catch fish*. He now runs down by rail for a few hours to throw his line where no fish are. They multiply by thousands, it is true; so have fishermen, thanks to railroads. The true sportsman, even as a fisher, must find some more distant scene for his sport, less interrupted by London apprentices “*et hoc genus*.”

Let us, however, trust that some green spot—some oasis (not in the desert, but amidst the throng), will still be left for the *sportsman*, and that his place will not be usurped by the mere *sporting man*, whose attributes and character we will next consider.

H. H.

## WILD SPORTS OF THE EAST.

## THE CHASE AFTER A HOG.

Perhaps no diversion requires more coolness and judgment than hog-hunting; indeed so much is this the case, that it is by no means uncommon to see one experienced hand perform more, though probably mounted on no very superb charger, than several who may be unacquainted with the sport when acting together. It has invariably been found that two persons habituated to each other's modes have been successful; and that but rarely they have missed their game. When a party of gentlemen unused to hunt together meet in the field, it is usual, and indeed prudent, to be guided in respect to search of covers by him who may have been, by residence, best informed on that point. But from neglect of pre-con-  
 nection, and many similar circumstances, a want of regularity too generally prevails, highly favourable to the game's escape. This may, indeed, be partly attributed to the various scenery and consequent practice in the several parts of the country. Some are habituated to canes; some to *bunds*, or underwoods; others entirely to grass covers; and, as the modes of hunting are diversified in proportion, it requires some few days' practice to chime well in together, and to act in concert.

In grass jungle, it is best to let the hog run himself out of breath; which, if a horseman keep within sufficient distance to follow his track, he will soon do. When he begins to slacken, the attack should be commenced by the horseman who may be nearest pushing on to his left side; into which the spear should be thrown, so as to lodge close behind the shoulder blade, and about six inches from the back-bone. This is a deadly wound, as it usually pierces the heart.

In grass covers, a hog is often started, hunted, and killed, without being seen till he is dead. This occurs in grass from three to five feet in height; which, being generally as thick as a heavy sward of hay, effectually screens the game from the view of the hunter; who must keep his eye on the top of the grass, watching its motion, and be ready to turn as the hog may deviate to the right or left. A tall horse certainly is an advantage on such occasions, but a good eye and quick hand give the hunter great superiority.

It may reasonably be supposed, that, where the ground is effectually hid, danger is in some measure mixed with the pleasure of the chase. Indeed many accidents happen; and it is not rare to see a horse and rider tumbling into a buffalo-hole, over *goanchies*, which are the lumps formed by the roots of grass, or even precipitated into a *nullah*, or ravine, at the very moment when the spear has been raised to strike the hog. *Goanchies* are extremely dangerous, and rarely fail to lame the horse, if not kept up with a strong and cautious hand. They are occasioned by the annual burning or cutting of the grass; which, being fed off by cattle in the early part of the rains, is intersected by their foot-marks in a million of directions, so as to insulate almost every root into a separate tuft. These



accumulate, and become lumps or knobs, perhaps the size and height of a bushel, divided by a little rut or track from six inches to a foot broad. As each tuft is well furnished with grass, growing to a considerable height, of course the surface of the plain appears smooth and even; while below every step teems with danger. When such grounds are known, horsemen avoid them; but, when trying new covers, they often come suddenly into them, especially in low swampy situations. The danger is not confined to the inequality of surface; for after a few years the lumps begin to decay; and as the roots of the grass rot, they yield to the horse's foot, which often sinks half way to the shoulder.

Plains where the grass may be from two to three feet high, generally contain much game, provided water be at hand. In such situations, especially if within a mile or so of the *surput* or tassel-grass, hogs, hog-deer, and abundance of sport for the gun, may be found. The *surput*, which is much the same as the guinea grass, grows to the height of twelve or fourteen feet. Its stem becomes so thick as to resemble in some measure a reed. It is very strong, and grows very luxuriantly: it is even used as a fence against cattle, for which purpose it is often planted on banks, excavated from ditches, to enclose fields of corn, &c. It grows wild in all the uncultivated parts of India, but especially in the lower provinces, in which it occupies immense tracts; sometimes mixing with, and rising above, coppices; affording an asylum for elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, &c. It frequently is laid by high winds, of which breeding sows fail not to take advantage, by forming their nests, and concealing their young under the prostrate grass. These should be avoided in hunting, as the length and substance of the stems frequently cause horses to trip or fall. A specimen of this kind of grass, whence a sow disturbed by the chase is bolting, is given in this Plate;\* but for a more particular display of it, the reader is referred to the description of a battle between the rhinoceroses and a herd of elephants.

To search grass for a hog, or a hog-deer, the persons employed should be extended in a line, distant from each other according to the height of the grass; but, in general, four or five yards. In this line elephants, camels, led horses, and the hunters mix. The latter dividing themselves equally, and, at all events, occupying the flanks, the whole proceed through the grass with silence, so that the game may not be roused too early, and steal off unperceived. As soon as a hog is roused, the two nearest to him should follow. If the ground be good, and the cover of a moderate height, they will in general suffice: if the number exceed three, they do more harm than good. Besides, it often happens that two or more hogs, or deer, lurk in the same grass; consequently, unless the circumstances be urgent, the fewer good hands follow, the better chance will exist of killing additional game.

With regard to the mode of managing hogs at bay, an accurate description will be found in the Plate under that title.

*Bunds*, which are covers of brambles, underwood, and grass mixed, and occasionally growing among topes, or plantations of mango, and other

\*The work is liberally embellished, but we cannot copy the plates. This notice will serve for future references.—A. E.

trees, are beat much in the same manner as grass plains; only that the horsemen cannot in general penetrate them; and indeed if they could, it would be very improper, as their posts should be on the outsides, for the purpose of seeing and following the game as soon as it may bolt. To effect this, one should move on in a line with the beaters, on each flank; others should be stationed at the covers towards which the beaters are proceeding, and from which quarter the hog may be expected to start: for, as in this kind of cover the more noise the better, it generally happens that he will, on the first alarm, retreat before the line. The *pariahs*, or village dogs, which ordinarily attend their masters on such occasions, soon discover by their yelping that game is in the *bund*; and having in general excellent noses, they seldom fail to trace the hog, long before he can get through the winding paths leading to the plains. Hogs are far less tenacious of *bunds* than they are of sugar canes, partly because they afford no food; and that they cannot so easily creep back between the beaters. The case, however, is widely different when a hog that has been chased, and especially if wounded, gains a *bund*. For then he will lay under the bushes, rushing out when a man approaches, though little heeding a dozen of *pariahs*; which, though they will surround and bark furiously, rarely venture upon a close attack. When a hog becomes thus obstinate, the beaters shew proportionate diligence, and keep a respectable distance from the place where he is known to lie. It then becomes necessary to clear away all the party from one particular quarter, and one of the hunters, alighting, takes a gun from his attendants, and proceeding to a spot whence the hog may be seen, or his exact situation ascertained, taking care that the beaters, &c., be removed from the line of his fire, he aims either at the heart, or head, as may happen to be most convenient. Gentlemen in India, who take to shooting, find such abundance of game, that often in one season, a perfect novice becomes a complete adept. Hence, on such occasions, they rarely fail to kill a hog at the first shot: if, however, the hog be not disabled, and that he make a charge, the sportsman must rely on a spear, previously placed at hand for his defence. Were he to depend on the exertions of the natives, he would stand but a bad chance; as they, in general, secure themselves by flight, wherever a hog shews the least inclination to pursue. This often produces the effect of encouraging a hog to attack, when, perhaps, he would otherwise remain in his haunt, or endeavour to steal away. Let it not however be concluded, that the natives altogether want courage; on the contrary many evince not only much delight and spirit, but often perform feats which none but persons possessing the most manly qualifications would attempt. It should further be adduced in their favour, that they are generally called forth by the *jemmadars*, or chiefs of villages, at the requisition of gentlemen; and that the remuneration they receive for their aid is very trifling, rarely above two *pice*, equal to about one penny each; for this they often toil from day break to eleven or twelve o'clock. Five or six *pice* are the usual pay of a day labourer.

*Bunds* are sometimes very extensive; some may cover from fifty to a hundred acres; others, though small individually, yet being numerous, form in the aggregate an immense cover, detached by small breaks, of per-

haps from one to five hundred yards, from each other. Large *bunds* present the greatest difficulty in the outset; the more so if they be not long and narrow, so as to afford easy means of beating them from one end to the other: such indeed is their general form. Detached insulated *bunds* require, as in hunting among canes and *rhur*, not only fleet horses but active hunters. It has before been observed that hogs do not remain in this species of cover when canes, &c., are standing; and that during the hot months they fall off in flesh greatly. Their diet is poor, being for the most part roots of the jungle-grass, or *cussaroos*; i. e. pig-nuts, which are annually sown by the natives in all the puddles, and stagnant waters, created by the rains. The sun exhaling the waters during the hot season, leaves their beds nearly dry, of which the hogs as well as those who planted the *cussaroos*, as also *singharrahs*, fail not to take advantage. These however are not so nourishing as canes, nor are they so easily obtained, nor in such quantities. This, added to the great heat of the atmosphere, effects a wondrous change; and we no longer see the pampered boar, but a meagre tall looking beast, whose dirty sides indicate his late wallowings to refreshen, and whose speed is now as much improved as his bulk is reduced.

At this season, when a hog gains a *bund* he will in all probability repair instantly to some stream or pool, to cool his heated frame. If the hunters be well acquainted with the country, they fail not to proceed, without loss of time, to the place where water is known to be; and if they do not find their game already immersed therein, they may be certain of his appearance very shortly. They should attack instantly; for if he be allowed to lap, or lie down in the water, he will be recruited in a surprising manner, and give much trouble. Sometimes, owing to the nature of the cover, an attack is perfectly impracticable: when this happens, every precaution should be used to force the hog forward in such direction as may most easily expel him, and afford the most probable means of success.

After gaining a cover, if there be not water, the hog will go through; especially among small *bunds*, or canes, as described above. If a belt, or partial hedge, run from the *bund* towards another, the hunter may be tolerably certain that will be his course: and, as other *bunds* are not very remote, the utmost energy becomes indispensable. The hog, whose eye is quick as the hawk's, finding the pursuit continued, exerts all his powers. The spur must be well applied; though the horse should be kept well in hand, both on account of the nature of the ground, usually very rough and full of clods, stumps, or the spikes of the cut *rhur* which are highly dangerous, and that every turn of the hog may be closely and instantaneously followed. The short space to be run over coerces to celerity, and to losing no chance of disabling the game; which, if well managed, may by a fleet and steady horse be not only overtaken, but made to wheel round on the same plain, so as to afford the more distant hunters time to come up and to contribute their aid. Thus the hog is brought to bay, frequently at a time when his vigour is by no means exhausted. This interesting scene forms the subject of Plate V.

The jungle grass is generally used in India for thatching, being cut

in the dry months, previous to the time of burning the heavy covers. It is cut with a kind of sickle, and made into small bundles, each about a foot in circumference, and carried either on the heads of the villagers in large trusses, if for their own use; or if to be stacked with the view to future sale during the rainy and cold seasons, at which time the price is greatly enhanced, it is laden on *hackeries*, or carts, drawn by oxen, of which white is the predominant colour. These are loosened from the yoke until the grass is piled on the hackery as high as it can be carried, when they are put to the draught, the driver sitting on the pole, sometimes so far forward as to have one or both feet hanging over the yoke. A description of the various carriages used in India will be found in a subsequent number.

It frequently happens that, during a chase over a plain, many persons may be seen cutting the grass. The hog, indignant and vindictive, seldom fails to deviate from his course to visit and disturb the poor men in their occupations; frequently, indeed, ripping them very severely. Some take to flight; but the hog being possessed of most speed, soon comes up, and running his head between the fugitive's knees, ordinarily gives a cut to each thigh, oversetting and leaving the unfortunate fellow for the purpose of treating others in a similar way. Several who are struck by terror, or deeming it useless to escape by trusting to their heels, remain and face the attack, usually in the moment of danger extending their hands forward to keep the hog at a distance: these fare no better; receiving in general one or more wounds in the arms or fingers, and not unfrequently getting a rip elsewhere before they are quitted by their bristled visitor. Such as are near to *hackeries* shew great activity in ascending, and thus in general get clear; though I once saw an instance where the hog charged the oxen, which happened to be yoked, and frightened them so much that they set off at speed. One of the wheels passed over the hog's back, which effectually disabled him, but occasioned the hackery to be upset, to the great alarm of those who had ascended it, and who dreaded lest the hog should pay his respects to them in turn. Happily, however, the shock he had received in the enterprise did not leave him the power to renew the attack, and rendered him an easy prey to one of the party, who took advantage of the circumstance and speared him to the heart.

When the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages see a chase, they frequently run with their dogs to partake of the sport, armed only with a *lattie*, or small bamboo staff of about five feet long. These being cut from a small wild species of that reed, are extremely solid, and sufficiently pliant to answer every purpose. Near Monghyr, at a place called Goorgaut, there is a large tract of jungle producing these bamboos, which being selected from the most taper and cleanest stems, are cleared of small branches, and after being oiled, are heated to a proper degree, by which means they become very elastic and durable. Such as may require to be straightened, are fixed while warm by means of strong stakes driven into the ground, and kept there until they may be found to answer. These latties are tied up into bundles, and are sent to all parts of the country, meeting with a ready sale, and producing from one to four rupees, or

half crowns, per hundred. Besides a variety of purposes in which they are very useful, they serve as shafts to mount hog-spears. For this use they should be about eight or nine feet in length, not tapering too much, but about an inch thick where, after the spear-blade is on, they balance; and where, consequently, they are generally held in the grip.

It may be supposed that many varieties as to the length, shape, and weight of the spear, have been introduced. Formerly, the shafts in use were short and thick, and the spear-blades heavy, with large shoulders. Others deviated into the opposite extreme. My own experience has convinced me that a short shaft is both ineffectual and dangerous. I have seen a gentleman fall, and be speared through his thigh, merely owing to the shortness of the shaft! As to heavy blades, they are not only an incumbrance, but do not pierce near so well as those improved by omitting the shoulders, and making them in general more of the form of a bay-leaf, but longer in proportion. Their dimensions may be about seven or eight inches length of blade, two or three of neck, and six or eight of pipe to receive the shaft, which is only fixed in by pitch, or *dammah*. The blade should be about five-eighths of an inch thick in the middle, gradually becoming thinner towards the point, but at least preserving its substance till it joins the neck, which should be round, and without ornaments. These spears penetrate freely, and make desperate wounds. They are also easily shaken out by the hog in running; which on many occasions, especially to persons hunting single, is a very important advantage, since it enables them to make a fresh attack. I have seen several gentlemen lose spears that had shoulders, by the hog's running against trees, &c., and breaking the staves; carrying off the blades, to the great mortification of their owners.

Shouldered blades, however, are on some occasions useful. They serve in heavy grass jungles to mark a hog very distinctly, so as to leave little chance of escape. But it rarely happens that a hog is lost where the party have hunted often together, or that the ground is good. Hogs do sometimes take strange turns, and occasionally vanish, when it is extremely difficult to account for their disappearance. They have a trick of stopping short at speed, when they find a horseman gaining fast upon them in grass cover; and then they either squat perfectly quiet, or steal back into some thick tuft, in which they will lie, though the beaters apply their latties forcibly to rouse what may lay concealed. If however one should chance to touch, the hog generally darts forth, and upsets all he may find in his way. At the outset they ordinarily take a direct course, but change it as circumstances occur. A curious incident took place near Monghyr, where two gentlemen were pursuing a large boar, which ran down a water-course leading to a *nullah*, or rivulet. One, who was pretty close at his heels, followed; and the hog, disappointed of his drink reascended the bank a little to the right of the way by which he had gone down; and then turning again to his right, proceeded through the grass across his former track, and leaped over the ravine he had gone through, as the other gentleman was galloping down it. The hog just passed between the horse's ears and the gentleman's head, and occasioned his hat to fly over with him.

Where the party is small, and especially when a gentleman hunts singly, dogs are of great use. Many keep grey-hounds of the common country breed, which are nine in ten of a bark colour. They are remarkably savage, and frequently will approach none but their *doorahs*, or keepers, not even allowing their own master's touch! Some are very fleet, but are not to be depended upon in coursing, as they are apt to give up in a hard chase; and indeed will at times prefer a sheep or a goat to a hare. However, in hog-hunting they sometimes prove very serviceable. It seems to suit their tempers; and they appear to enjoy the snapping and skipping incident to that species of sport, more than an arduous run after an animal which makes no resistance. Many effect to treat the idea of degeneration in quadrupeds with ridicule; but all who have been any time resident in India must be completely satisfied, that dogs of European breed become, after every successive generation, more and more similar to the *pariah* or indigenous dog of that country. Hounds are the most rapid in their decline; and, except in the shape of their ears, are very like many of the village curs, both in colour and form. This is to be understood as relating to the fox-hound. Indeed, if my memory be correct, Buffon terms that class of hound in such a way as might lead us to suppose the breed to have originated in India, since he designates it *Bracque de Bengal*. However, the *pariah* has not any one of the distinguishing properties of hounds. Greyhounds and pointers decline also greatly, but with occasional exceptions. Spaniels and terriers preserve their race with less deviation than the other breeds. I have indeed seen spaniels of the eighth or ninth generation, without a cross from Europe, breed dogs not only as good, but far more beautiful than any of their ancestors. Mastiffs have been taken to India, but the climate is too severe for them. They do not possess speed for the chase; but a gentleman who obtained a breed half mastiff and half country greyhound, found them invaluable in hog-hunting; the situation in which he resided being distant from communication with Europeans, and rendering every aid in the chase a most acceptable acquisition.

Such dogs as seize by the ear, as many at first are apt to do, though they assuredly impede the hog greatly, are often much in the way, and prevent spearing: an experienced dog generally attacks the hind quarters, whereby he is in less danger of being ripped.

#### HUNTERS COMING BY SURPRISE ON A TIGRESS AND CUBS.

It has happened in various instances, that gentlemen while chasing hogs have roused tigers. In fact, the greater portion of such as are killed by sporting parties, are discovered either in beating covers, or in following the game. In the former way, the tiger's presence is generally announced by an attack on one of the foot followers; for horses, as well as elephants and camels, are extremely alarmed when they smell one, and never fail to express the most marked apprehension. As to a horse, nothing can force him to approach a living tiger; and it is not indeed without extreme difficulty that he can be induced to venture within sight of a dead one. All animals that have once witnessed the spring of a tiger, which is usually accompanied with a most unpleasant bark, or eventually, a snarl, such as

freezes the blood of those around, become peculiarly averse to every object which reminds them of the occurrence, or in the least resembles the tiger's form and colour. I knew a horse that being once in the field when a tiger was roused close by him, could not afterwards tolerate the presence of any brindled animal, but would, when approached by one, rear and kick in the most violent manner. To remedy this, a large brindled dog was procured, and kept in the stable with the horse, which gradually became reconciled, and lost his fear so far as to be tolerably quiet; though he never could entirely banish them, but would betray considerable uneasiness on entering a grass jungle, in which even the starting of a hare made him tremble all over.

I should, however, except one instance of an officer now in the Bengal cavalry, who had a horse on which he sometimes approached both buffaloes and tigers so near as to throw his spear; a measure, generally speaking, of no utility, but replete with danger. This must be taken as a very rare instance; and it probably depended chiefly on the horse's inexperience as to the peril, and on his rider, who was remarkable for his feats on the saddle, having brought him under absolute subjection.

Another gentleman, who has for some time retired from the service in consequence of a violent fall during a chase, had a small grey Arab, on which he occasionally ventured to spear buffaloes; but I do not believe his rashness ever induced him to attack a tiger in that way. The horse was uncommonly vicious; as indeed I have remarked all to be which, like him, never lie down to sleep, but kept incessantly rocking from side to side. I cannot call to mind more than three horses possessing this curious habit; they were all grey, and as remarkable for their excellence when mounted, as for the precautions they rendered necessary either in gaining or quitting the saddle. In the stable, only their respective *syces* or grooms dared approach them.

Although it is impossible to say where tigers may or may not be found, yet at particular sporting places to which parties generally resort, succeeding each other during the hunting season in rapid succession, in general a pretty correct knowledge is obtained as to their immediate presence in some one or other of the neighbouring covers, which on such occasions are prudently avoided. It is, however, by no means rare to find a tiger far from his supposed haunt: for the males are, like he-cats, much given to ranging, and the females make wide circuits when they have cubs, for the purpose of procuring subsistence. This induces them to frequent the borders of large grass jungles, and to lurk in the shorter kinds, such as the *moqnje*, which grows very thick and soft, where they lay concealed in covers which, even in the couchant state, barely suffice to conceal them. Nature has implanted such an instinct in the tiger, that, like the cat, it covers its excrements, and if practicable will choose its ambush to leeward of the usual resort of cattle; by which means it obtains an earlier notice of the approach of prey, while its own rank scent is concealed and carried away from its unwary victim.

Such covers are not only selected by wild hogs, but as they afford the easiest means of pursuit, they ever become the choice of the hunter; especially during the early part of the morning. When the day is more

advanced, the tiger, extremely impatient of great heat, though passionately fond of comfortable warmth, and anxious to avoid the flies, which are attracted both by his colour, and by the effluvia proceeding from his skin and respiration, seeks a more impervious cover, preferring such umbrageous bushes as are devoid of thorns. Under these he will lay till the fresher air of night-fall, and the refreshment obtained by rest again urge him to action.

In parts much frequented by tigers the sportsman should be particularly cautious, and generally allow dogs of any description to precede him in his course; since they, as well as other animals, are gifted with the most perfect sense of danger, and by their action soon evince to the party that some uncommon game is at hand. On such occasions evasion is easy; but when, as has in many instances occurred, the tiger is roused during a chase, it requires some presence of mind, as well as a firm seat, to prevent mischief.

The Plate describes a scene which took place upwards of twenty-five years ago, when a detachment marching from Berhampore to Canmpore by the old, or river road, a hog crossed the line; from which several of us instantly sallied, snatching spears from our *syces*, who always carried them; and dashed after the game. We had not however proceeded above a quarter of a mile from the corps, when our leader, the late Lieutenant Colonel Hutchinson, of the Tannah establishment, who was coming up fast with the hog, was surprised by a tigress, which\* lay basking behind a large *byre* bush, with several cubs sporting about her. His horse was abreast of the royal dame before, by her roar, as well as by her rising, she discovered herself. He passed on tolerably well, though his steed wanted no aid of the spur to accelerate his pace; a feeling in which the hog\* also, who viewed the tigress with an eye full of respect, seemed heartily to participate. The next horseman, however, had a very narrow escape; he being very near to the tigress when she announced herself; his horse first rearing quite erect, then wheeling round, and running off at speed in the most ungovernable manner. Being one of the rear, I took the hint, and also the liberty of making a small circuit; choosing rather to follow the hog, which we soon killed, than to indulge the idle curiosity of ascertaining whether or not my horse would go up to a tigress. Indeed, about two years afterwards, he gave me very plainly to understand, when hunting on Plassey Plain, that I should have been grievously disappointed had I relied on his doing so.

It happened that our encampment was pitched at no great distance from the spot where the tigress was discovered; and as the circumstance had been seen from the line of march, as soon as the troops were dismissed, a large party composed of all classes sallied forth to attack her. She had, however, in the mean while retreated to a large *rhur* plantation, the bottom of which was thickly grown up with wild rice, so as to be completely impervious, and from which, as we had only two elephants in camp, and neither of them willing to approach, we found it impossible to expel her. Some of the *pariah* dogs did indeed stand and bark at her; and at one time a crowd, inspired by each other, had, in spite of our worthy Commander's orders, very imprudently entered the *rhur*; but a growl of ad-



monition, uttered by the tigress in a most peremptory tone, soon disbanded the heroes, who going to the right, or perhaps to the left about, in a most unmilitary manner, commenced such a rapid retreat, that what with the thickness of the *rhur*, and the anxiety each felt not to be left the nearest to the tigress, the most complete scene of terror and confusion presented itself. Fortunately no accident happened.

The number of cubs usually borne by a tigress is not I believe perfectly ascertained: such as have been killed in a state of pregnancy have varied extremely, from one to five. Two may, however, from all I have been able to discover, be considered as their usual progeny, of which one generally becomes a favourite, to the destruction of the residue. While stationed in the Ramghur district, some people, who had been cutting grass in a jungle about half a mile distant from the cantonments, found four cubs, which the mother had left, no doubt while questing for prey. I purchased two; they were but a few days old, not having then opened their eyes. They were about the size of a cat, but roared most vociferously, especially at night; on which account I had them kept in a small hut just by my stable, which was about an hundred and fifty yards from my *bungalow*, or house. During the second night my servants were alarmed by the mother, who, having been attracted by the howlings of the little miscreants, and to which she gave responses in the most awful strains, had resorted to the spot. As it would have been no difficult matter for the tigress to have forced her way into the place, which no doubt she would have soon done, the people deemed it most prudent to put the cubs out; in consequence all was soon quiet, and at day-light the mottled animals were not to be seen.

Though I lamented that so safe an opportunity of getting a shot at the mother was lost, and that by such a restoration more tigers would be produced next year, at a place completely infested by them, so much so indeed that for ten or eleven successive days one of the postmen was carried off by them at a pass about twelve miles distant, yet on the whole I could not but approve the measure, as the persons at the stable had no fire-arms, and the consequences might possibly have been fatal.

The instances which could be quoted respecting tigers being roused by hog-hunters, are numerous; I have been in four parties when either by the elephants, dogs, or beaters, one has been discovered. At the first moment considerable alarm arises, which necessarily continues until it be ascertained that no mischief has been done. Indeed the only fact I can adduce where a hunter has been killed by a tiger in hog-hunting, relates to Mr Simpson of the Calcutta Bar, who was wounded in the thigh by a leopard, which, as he was riding through a grass jungle, rose close at his side, and making a stroke with his paw, inflicted a wound which in a few days induced a locked jaw, and deprived society of a most pleasant, well informed, and respectable member.

It should be here remarked, that, however trivial the scratches made by the claws of tigers may appear, yet, whether it be owing to any noxious quality in the claw itself, to the manner in which the tiger strikes, or any other matter, I have no hesitation in saying, that at least a majority of such as have been under my notice have died; and I have generally re-

marked, that those whose cases appeared the least alarming, were most suddenly carried off. I have ever thought the perturbation arising from the nature of the attack, to have a considerable share in the fatality alluded to, especially as I never knew any one wounded by a tiger, to die without suffering for some days under that most dreadful symptom, a locked jaw! Such as have been wounded to appearance, severely, but accompanied, with a moderate hæmorrhage, I have commonly found to recover, excepting in the rainy season. At that period I should expect serious consequences from either a bite or a scratch.

Tigers and wild hogs often have desperate contests; the tiger usually is victorious; but instances have occurred where both have been found dead, each leaving the marks of his adversary's prowess.

The opinion entertained that a tiger will not at any time approach fire, is carried much too far; it is true that they are extremely averse to it; but when hungry, nothing will deter them from their object. The posts throughout India travel on foot, one man carrying the mail over his shoulder, and accompanied at night, as also through all suspicious places in the day time, by one or more men with small drums, and eventually a *teerendanz*, or archer. Yet this precaution does not suffice to intimidate the ravenous animal during the day, however great his antipathy to noise, any more than two strong flambeaus which the postman has at night. I recollect an instance of a tiger occupying a spot in Goomeah pass for near a fortnight, during which time he daily carried away a man; generally one of the *ducks*, or postmen. At one time he was disappointed of his meal, as he by mistake carried off the leather bag instead of its bearer; but the following night he seized one of the torchmen, and soon disappeared with him.

A melancholy proof exists of the little respect a tiger pays to fire, when hard put to for a meal, in the well known fact of a young gentleman, of a respectable family and of the most amiable qualifications, having been taken away by one, when benighted on Saugor Island, at the entrance of the Hooghly River, erroneously termed the Ganges, as a party were sitting by a fire which had been kindled for the purpose of security. The tiger sprang through the flames, and carried off the unfortunate victim in spite of the efforts of his companions, who were well provided with fire arms.

Colonel Harpur, who was Resident at the Court of the Nabob of Oude, Sujah Dowlah, saved his Highness's life by the accuracy of his aim. A royal tiger, which was started in beating a large cover for game, sprang up so far into the *umbarry*, or state howdah, in which Sujah Dowlah was seated, as to leave little doubt of a fatal issue. The Colonel, sensible of the imminent danger which threatened Sujah Dowlah, availed himself of the speed of the elephant on which he was mounted, and pushing up to the Nabob's side, shot the tiger through the head. For an interesting exhibition of this propensity in tigers to spring, the reader is referred to Plate XVIII. wherein an incident which took place near Daudpore, is particularly described.

At what age cubs are able to provide food for themselves remains as yet uncertain. Judging from the nature of the animal, we may conclude

that its first attacks are made upon smaller prey, such as goats, sheep, calves, &c. and that its boldness encreases with its growth. They rarely attack but when certain of success; nor do they frequent the sides of roads, or attempt to seize cattle, until arrived at their full growth, which may be considered at about two years of age. In this point we may occasionally find variations, chiefly arising from local or temporary circumstances.

The number of stragglers taken by tigers from a line of march, when troops are proceeding through a close country, would surprise persons unaccustomed to such events. I have known three centres carried off in one night, besides several camp followers, who fell victims to their impatience in their attempts to get a-head of the line by taking short cuts through jungles. These become extremely dangerous on such occasions, owing to the great noise and concourse of persons preceding the troops, which move at an early hour in the morning, perhaps at two or three o'clock, and forming a constant chain of disturbance to all animals near the route, so as to occasion their retiring to some small distance from its verge; for, as has already been stated, the tiger will not, unless impelled by hunger, attack in an open or frequented situation, but quickly avails himself of the opportunity afforded by the deviating traveller, to secure a prey.

The elephants which convey tents, &c. for the breakfast apparatus, are usually dispatched some hours before the troops are paraded, and in many instances tigers have been discovered by those sagacious animals. Camels do not possess so quick an instinct in this particular. Once, indeed, I saw an instance of an attack made by a tiger on a camel laden with the baggage of a soubadar. The tiger sprang from a bank about seven feet high with intent to seize the camel, which however escaped by means of a tent and a bedstead with which he was laden: the latter received the spring of the tiger, and breaking with its force, let the brindled hero down with no small emphasis to the opposite side of the road. He was not however long in regaining his feet, and with the air of a detected villain, applied them with as little delay to effect his escape.

The Plate annexed to this Chapter exhibits a corps on its march. The face of the country delineated, is perfectly correspondent with a very great portion of the districts situated at the foot of the large ranges of hills which border both to the east and west of Bengal and Bahar. The whole of those beautiful countries are abundantly watered with streams of the parent element, which with the numerous topes of mango, and other trees, combine to refresh the wearied traveller. Towards the sea coast, these rivers are deep and muddy, being affected by the tide, which returns the sediment washed down from the upper countries; but in the higher provinces, the rivers are for the most part fordable near the towns situated on their banks, and flow through either rocky or sandy beds. In some the sands are very light and loose, forming, after heavy rain, many dangerous quick-sands; occasionally the waters sink beneath their surfaces, where the sands are deep, so as to run under them for some distance; but this is peculiar to the streams contiguous to hilly countries, from which they receive their supplies.

The native as well as the European officers have the privilege of riding with their respective companies; they are generally mounted on tattoos, or Serissa horses, of which an ample description is given in Plate XXXVIII. which treats of that subject in particular. The Honourable Company allow an elephant and a camel to each battalion for the purpose of conveying the bell tents, and serjeants tents. Each European officer in general has either an elephant, or two camels, for the conveyance of his baggage; the whole of which, together with his tent, he is bound to provide and convey on all occasions at his own risque, receiving from the Company a stated allowance in money, which is indeed considerable, as a part of his monthly pay.

Although the number of camp followers absolutely attached to the corps is great, yet it is much augmented by the many who take advantage of the protection and supply afforded, to remove from one part to another. Throughout the Nabob Vizier of Oude's country there is no police; although each superior of a village is bound to preserve order throughout his precinct. Such indeed is the melancholy state of that fertile territory, that to say the least, three parts in four lie desolate, and even the remaining portion teems with murder! When it is known that the *jemmadar*, or chief officer, protects and shares with the banditti of his town, it will not surprise the reader, that it not unfrequently has happened that battalions have been prevented from encamping at their intended grounds, merely by the wells in their vicinity being putrid, owing to the many murdered persons thrown into them.

Whether the practices of the people result from an imbecile government, or from their own depravity, may be difficult to determine; but the following shocking occurrence, which took place in the year 1795, near Cawnpore, in the Nabob Vizier's dominions, may serve to incline the reader's opinion probably to the right cause. Were it not that the fullest proofs were adduced before a general court martial, and that the whole were fresh in the memory of many gentlemen now in England, I should not feel bold enough to uphold so horrid, and I may almost say so incredible, an instance of barbarity to the world.

A poor labourer having occasion to buy some provision at a hut by the road side, incautiously displayed his riches, amounting to somewhat less than the value of a shilling, to some others, who were also purchasing at the same stall. He proceeded on his way, followed by an old woman, and a lad of about fourteen. These, it seemed, envied his little treasure, and agreed to rob him, but not thinking themselves strong enough to effect their purpose, they intimated it to six men, whom they casually met on the road. The adjustment of the matter was short, and the whole eight attacked the poor individual. He was murdered, after being robbed of his few pence; in the division of which a quarrel arose, which terminated in their all being hanged in chains, two at each quarter of the cantonments. The peculiar trait in this melancholy fact is, that it appeared on investigation all parties were perfect strangers, having never seen each other until the day of the murder. We probably might search the world over to find any three persons who under such circumstances would combine for such a purpose.

Though the above must stand confessed as the extreme of depravity, yet many instances might be quoted not much inferior thereto. In fact, so well do the inhabitants know the disposition of the peasantry, and the insufficiency of controul in the government, that such as have occasion to remove gladly avail themselves of the march of a corps to effect their wishes; but even then not without the precaution of being armed conformably to the custom of the country, with a sword and shield at least.

Such as can afford it, never fail to provide a *rhut* or covered *hackery* for the conveyance of their wives; who are kept close at all times from the sight of men. Nay, even such women as are mounted on horses, &c. above the sacks of baggage, are bound by established rule to conceal their faces, whatever part besides may be naked! The knowing rakes, however, sometimes contrive to induce a lady to reveal her beauties by some sneer, which nothing but such a measure could defeat; such as whispering, loud enough to be heard, that "the poor woman was once convicted of an heinous offence, and was punished," as is very common in the native courts of justice, "with the loss of her nose and ears." To such, a simple denial would be insufficient, and the poor innocent is compelled to display those features which were said to have been mutilated. The reader is not to conclude that this undeniable evidence would be produced in the midst of a crowd, or to satisfy the curiosity, or to silence the jeerings of an old fellow; a glance through a small aperture generally decides whether the railer be worthy of such a breach of decorum. The world is egregiously duped by the opinion that seraglios are conducive to security. Experience proves what reason would suggest, that where we repose trust in locks and walls, we are most frequently disappointed; and that the most private places are most suitable to intrigue. Hence we find that in the boasted *zenanahs* of India the most libidinous practices are most prevalent.

*Oriental Field Sports, by Capt. Thomas Williamson.*

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## THE UNIVERSAL ANGLER,

BY JOHN MAJOR, ESQ., EDITOR OF "WALTON'S ANGLER ILLUSTRATED," PUBLISHED BY MR. BOGUE, FLEET-STREET.

Oh, we're all anglers! cunning, cunning anglers!

Yes; we're all anglers! time out of mind.

I've a song about angling; come listen, then, I pray;

May it prove very *catching*—and that's all that I can say.

If not very much accustom'd in verse to indite;

Yet the *maggot*, p'raps for once, you'll say, the fisherman may *bite*. (?)

For we're all anglers! gentle-minded, &c.

Take the first man you meet—if he'll say what he's wishing,

And tell his inmost thoughts—why, he's setting off a *fishing*.

His meaning is the same, and it can't be mistook;

For he'll come at his object by *hook* or by crook.

For we're all anglers! persevering, &c.

"At it, early and late," some "queer *fish*" to outmatch,

Your merchant's intent on some "wonderful great *catch*;"

See him bent o'er his desk, till he groans or he grunts;

D'ye think that there is *patience*, sirs, in nothing else but punts?

No; we're all anglers! cool, determined, &c.

What are they who've successfully worshipp'd old Mammon?

Bank-fishers; who catch *gad-gems* first—leave off with noble salmon.

I needn't move the wrath of a Rothschild or a Baring;

For where's the man that wouldn't give a *sprit* to catch a *herring*?

For they're all fishermen! poor, contented, &c.

E'en that monarch is an angler, to very great perfection,

That lays the firmest *hold* of a people's best affection;

While that statesman is a fisher, sirs, beyond the smallest doubt,  
That finds the best of "methods" how to "tickle up his *trout*."  
For they're all anglers! cunning, coaxing, &c.

The clergy, as of old we know, are *fishers* to a man;  
Poets *fish* for compliments, and *catch* 'em when they can;  
The lawyer gets the *flat fish*, yet still amidst his revel,  
You may *catch* him in "turn," just by spinning with a "devil."  
For we're all anglers! scientific, &c.

The doctor is an angler, that oft "shifts his quarters,"  
And he's not at all afraid to fish in very "*troubled waters*;"  
He's "fond of *graves*," and follows up the sport at such a sound-rate,  
He uses his poor patients as a better sort of *ground bait*.  
For they're all anglers! out-and-out, &c.

Ev'ry one finds some rare, cunning *bait* of their own,  
And the whole art (confessedly) can ne'er be fully known;  
As old beaux (on their way) to look *killing* will try,  
And each lass has a *hook* of her own—in her eye.  
For we're all anglers! captivating, &c.

You may still make "game" of anglers, it's all vastly fine;  
But it's plain enough that fishing is in everybody's *line*.  
And pray where's the jolly fellow, sirs, with e'er so pamper'd throttle,  
That won't be often "fishing" for "another jolly bottle?"  
For we're all anglers! jolly, jolly anglers! &c.

*Sporting Review for November.*

## EARLY HISTORY OF THE HORSE.

Buffon observes of the horse, that it ranks in the first scale of excellence of all animals coming under the denomination of cattle,—possessing a grandeur of stature, an elegance and proportion of parts, superior to other quadrupeds. Endowed with a form and sagacity eminently adapted for the use of man, the domestication of the horse forms one of the most valuable acquisitions made from the anima' kingdom. The chisel and the pencil of the artist have, from the remotest antiquity, combined with the pen of the poet, to embody his beauties and attributes, to adorn their works; and we cannot do better than give the following pre-eminently poetical description of this noble animal in his comparatively wild state, as an introduction to the history of his highest cultivated excellence. The earliest passage we meet with in the works of the writers of antiquity, in which the horse is brought forward with the fire of inspired genius, we find in the 39th chapter, and from the 19th to the 25th verse, of the Book of Job. It is in the following words:

“Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?\*

“Canst thou make him afraid as a grass-hopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible.

“He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men.

“He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword.

• “The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

“He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

“He saith among the trumpets Ha, Ha, and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.”†

\* We find the following note in Berenger's *Horsemanship*, vol. i. p. 12, on the use of the word *thunder* in the above quotation.

“In this enumeration of the beauties and noble qualities of the horse, it should be remarked that the *English translators* make Job say that the animal's neck is clothed with *thunder*, an expression as false as it is absurd. The true rendering of this passage is, that his neck is clothed with a *mane*; thus Bochart, Le Clerc Patrick, and other commentators translate it. Bochart says that the word which in Hebrew signifies *thunder* is synonymous for the *mane* of a horse; but this being so, it is astonishing that the translator should have set aside the just and natural signification, and have chosen to cover the horse's neck with *thunder* instead of a *mane*; nor is it less amazing that this nonsense should have been extolled by the author of the *Guardian*, (*Guardian*, vol. ii. p. 26.) and others as an instance of the sublime.”

† The Rev. Dr. Scot gives the following translation of the above passage, which he considers incorrectly rendered in the common version:

“Hast thou given spirit to the horse? Hast thou clothed his neck with a mane? Canst thou make him bound as a locust? The majesty of his snorting is terrible.



Again Homer, in the 6th book of the *Iliad*, has the following beautiful simile :

The wanton courser thus with reins unbound,  
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground ;  
Pampered and proud he seeks the wonted tides,  
And laves in height of blood his shining sides ,  
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies,  
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies ;  
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,  
And springs exulting to his fields again."

And Virgil, in the 6th book of the *Æneid*, nearly equals his great master in the following lines :

So joys the steed when bursting from his bounds,  
And flies impetuous o'er opposing mounds ;  
Seeks female herds, or in the well-known flood  
Bathes his bright sides to cool his fiery blood.  
He neighs, and rears his lofty neck ; behind  
His spreading mane, on either side reclined,  
Luxuriant flows and wantons in the wind."

Many of the early writers on the horse have entered into much controversy and research, for the purpose of demonstrating the exact period when this noblest and most useful auxiliary to man among animals, first became subject to his dominion ; but always without success. The impossibility of penetrating the obscurity which envelopes the earliest ages of mankind must ever prevent us from arriving at accurate data on that point. But with the aid of those authorities we possess, we may attain all that is useful, as well as much that is curious, in the early history of the subjugation of the horse to the uses of man.

Created, as the sacred volume informs us, before man, we have little doubt he inhabited, with his future master, the fertile nursery assigned him by the Almighty in the East ; where, being brought in almost constant contact with each other, it is highly probable that but a brief period elapsed before man availed himself of the services of an animal so obviously fitted by nature to his use.

The earliest mention of horsemanship on record, we find in the Bible, where, in the 50th chapter of *Genesis*, verse 9, horsemen are named as forming part of the funeral procession of Jacob ; and again, in the 14th chapter of *Exodus*, verse 9, horsemen are enumerated among the troops with which Pharaoh chased the Israelites on their departure from Egypt.

He paweth in the valleys and exulteth ; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear and trembleth not ; nor turneth he back from the sword. Against him rattleth the quiver, the glittering spear and shield. He devours the ground with fierceness and rage, and is impatient when the trumpet soundeth. He uttereth among the trumpets Ha ! Ha ! He smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Homer, who is generally supposed to have been cotemporary with Joshua, frequently dwells on the beauty of the horses which drew the chariots of his heroes, although it may be remarked, as a singular fact, that he makes but two references to horse riding in his great poem the *Iliad*, and but one in the *Odyssey*. The first in the *Iliad* (K 513) is where Ulysses and Diomedes, having stolen the horses of Rhesus without the chariot, mount and gallop them to the Grecian camp. That in the *Odyssey* (E 371) is in describing Ulysses after his shipwreck, as bestriding a beam of wood among the waves, in the attitude of a man on horseback—

Ἀμρ' ἐνὶ δόσσανι βαινε κελυδὼς  
'Ἴππον ελαυνων—

a passage the exact meaning of which is preserved in none of the published translations.

Again in a metaphor in the 15th book of the *Iliad* :

“ So when a horseman, from the watery mead,  
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)  
Drives four fair coursers, practised to obey,  
To some great city, through the public way ;  
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,  
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one ;  
And now to this and now to that he flies ;  
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.”

Virgil, in his 3rd *Georgic*, attributes the first breaking of horses for riding to the *Lapitæ*, thus translated by Dryden :

“ Bold Effichthonius was the first who joined  
Four horses for the rapid race design'd, .  
And o'er the dusty wheels presiding sat :  
The *Lapitæ* to chariots add the state  
Of bits and bridles ; taught the steed to bound,  
To run the ring, and trace the airy round ;  
To stop, to fly, the rules of war to know,  
To obey the rider, and to dare the foe.”

Strabo asserts that the Medes, Persians, and Armenians were the first that broke in the horse to the saddle ; and when we call to mind that in all probability the fertile plains between the Tigris and Euphrates were the early nursery of this noble animal, this opinion would appear the most correct.

However this may be, from the records of the Old Testament, we are able to ascertain the exact period when, in Egypt and Canaan, this animal began to be domesticated. 1920 years before Christ, when Abraham was driven into Egypt by the famine which raged in Canaan, Pharaoh offered him sheep and oxen, and asses and camels ; and doubtless horses would have been added, had they at that time been domesticated in Egypt.

Taking the period during which Joseph served the Egyptian monarch as that during which the horse became the servant of man in Egypt, this

event would appear to have taken place about 1740 years before Christ ; and 1450 years before the Christian era the horse was so far naturalized in Greece, that at the Olympic games then instituted, both chariot and horse races were included.

The natives of Canaan are spoken of<sup>6</sup> in the 11th chapter of Joshua, (1420 before Christ,) and again in Judges, (1250 before Christ,) as having used great numbers of horses in battle ; but the Israelites, partly that their leaders might keep their nation distinct from the surrounding heathens, and partly from making their strongholds among the mountains, made no great use of cavalry in war. A passage in Deuteronomy, (chapter XVII., verse 16)—“ But whoever shall be king of Israel shall not multiply horses to himself, nor cause the people to return to Egypt, to the end that he should multiply horses”—proves that, although perhaps not the original domesticators of the horse, the Egyptians, in every respect undoubtedly the most civilized people of that age, were then famous for breeding horses.

Modern authors have been generally induced to adopt the opinion of Buffon, who held the horse to be indigenous to Arabia ; but we find this position in direct opposition to the authority of the sacred writings. About 1095 years before Christ, when Saul, king of Israel, led his army against the tribes of Arabia, we find no mention of horses amongst his plunder, although camels, oxen, sheep, and asses are particularly enumerated. Even at the time when Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, the Arabians serving in the host of that conqueror appear to have derived their horses from the plains of Mesopotamia.\* The nature of the country, moreover, is in favor of this scriptural evidence. The scanty herbage of its desert plains affords no facility for the breeding and rearing of horses ; and it appears more probable that the Arabian horse, and in like manner the thorough-bred horse in our native country, are indebted, chiefly if not entirely, to the great skill and constant attention of their breeders, for the just celebrity which they have attained.

The horse formed a prominent feature in the fabulous, but in many instances beautiful, tales of the heathen mythology. Neptune, we are told, created the horse, by striking the earth with his trident ; and Pluto carried off Proserpine in a chariot drawn by four horses, whose names are given in these records of superstition. In Ovid's beautiful fable of Phaeton, a description is given of the horses which were supposed to draw the chariot of the sun, and which we find thus alluded to by our own immortal bard :

“ Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds,  
To Phoebus mansion ; such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.”†

\* The 2nd Chronicles, chap ix, which alludes to King Solomon obtaining gold and silver from that country, while it informs us that they brought unto Solomon horses out of Egypt and out of all lands, makes no express mention of Arabia ; which would scarcely have been the case, had they come originally from that part of Asia.

† Romeo and Juliet, Act iii, scene 2.

The goddess Aurora is represented, by the ancient poets, drawn in a rose coloured chariot by milk white horses, and preceding the sun at his rising. It was one of the labours of Hercules to destroy Diomedes, king of Thrace, a tyrant who is said to have fed his horses on human flesh. Mars, the god of war, was generally represented as riding in a chariot, drawn by furious horses, named Flight and Terror; and horses were offered up on his altars, to propitiate his warlike spirit. The origin of the Centaurs, half man half horse—a favourite fable of the ancients, some of whom, as Plutarch and even Pliny, have actually maintained that these monsters existed—is thus given by Pakephatus, in his book, *De Incredibilibus Historiis*. This author relates, that in the reign of Ixion, king of Thessaly, a herd of mad bulls descended from Mount Pelion, and ravaged the whole neighbouring country. In consequence of a large reward being offered by Ixion for the destruction of the bulls, certain adventurous young men turned their attention to the training of horses for the saddle; before that time they having been only used in chariots. These men having attacked the bulls on horseback, and cleared the country of them, soon became insolent, ravaged the plains of Thessaly, and even attacked Ixion himself. At their departure from these frays, the ignorant Lapitæ, as the inhabitants of that part of the country were called, seeing only the tails of the horses and the heads of the men, took them for monsters, half man half horse.

Having given these as forming the earliest records on the subject of horsemanship, mentioned in the best authorities of sacred and profane history, we will proceed to notice the first introduction of horse-racing, which took place at a very early period among the Greeks. Here we must be understood as not referring to chariot racing,—which already, in the time of Homer, formed a prominent feature among the games of the Greeks, upon all solemn festivals and occasions,—but to the establishment of races between horses ridden by men.

That the utility of public horse-racing was understood and appreciated by the Greeks, is sufficiently evident by the introduction of horse-racing among the Olympian games, which were held at Elis every four years, about the time of the 24th Olympiad; and it is a curious fact, that at the 71st Olympiad, such progress had been made in these races, that besides prizes instituted for aged horses, we find a race formed for mares only, called Calpe, much on the same principle as the Oaks of the present day.

The Olympian Hippodrome at Elis, where these races were held, is thus described by Pausanias: “This course was divided into two parts; the stadium for foot races and athletic exercises; the hippodromus, as the name implies, for equestrian trials. The barrier, or starting post, was in the shape of the prow of a ship, with the beak towards the course; and towards the other side, at which it became broader, it was connected with the portico Agnamptus, as it was called, from the name of its architect. A bar appears to have stretched across the course at the extremity of the beak, and upon this was fixed a brazen dolphin. The space on either side the beak extended 400 feet in length, and in it were various stands, both for horses and chariots, distributed by lot to the competitors; in front of

these was suspended a rope. About the middle of the prow stood an altar of unburnt brick, which was fresh plastered at every renewal of the games. Upon it was a brazen eagle, with outspread wings, which at a particular time, worked by some ingenious machinery, flew upwards, while the dolphin before mentioned sank below. At this moment the barriers were let down, and the horses and chariots moved forward from their particular stands, according to the order of their lot, till they were ranged in an even line at the point of the beak; the race then began. One side of the course stretched along a hill; the other, which was the larger of the two, was formed by a cause-way."

"We will here relate an anecdote of a mare called Aura, the property of one Phidolas, a Corinthian, which threw her jockey in the race, but continued her course as if he had kept his seat, increasing her pace at the sound of the trumpet, which was used as the signal, of the coming in, and having been first at the winning goal, presented herself to the judges, as if conscious of having won. The Elians declared her the winner, contrary, to the present custom in such cases. These judges, called Hallanodics, regulated all matters at Olympia, exercising a power which would not be relished at the present day; for we find them not only excluding from the games, and imposing fines upon, such as were convicted of fraud, but even inflicting upon them bodily correction.

Having sufficiently shown the origin and progress of horsemanship and racing among the ancients, at least as far as we are borne out by creditable authorities, and as the limits of this work will allow, we will now conclude this introductory chapter, by a glance at Zenophon's *ΠΕΡΙ ΙΠΠΙΚΗΣ* (*De Equitatu*) the earliest known work among the Greeks, or in fact, among the ancients; for although the breeding and training of horses must have been cultivated, both by the Romans, and by those warlike nations of the north of Europe who at length subverted the Roman empire, no writers on these subjects, if any did exist, have descended to us: whatever knowledge was attained in those days has perished with them; and after Zenophon we have no writers on horsemanship until the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Not only is the work of Zenophon deserving of attention on account of its antiquity, but the reader will be surprised to find how superior it is, in almost every respect, to nearly all the works on the same subject which have followed it, up to the eighteenth century.

Zenophon refers to a previous work by Simon of Ægina, but of which nothing is now known,—a matter of little consequence, as Zenophon professes to give all the passages in it that are worthy of notice. He commences with instructions to a purchaser, in which he recommends especial attention to the legs and hoofs. He then particularly commends the use of gentleness in breaking in and training; in which respect he differs from most of the later writers, great violence being the practice they generally advise. He then proceeds to refer to the teeth, as a sure criterion of a horse's age. His instructions for stabling, feeding, and exercise, show much judgment; and among other things, he recommends that an outer court should be strewed with small round stones, confined by an iron rim, so that by constant treading upon these, the hoofs may acquire hardness;—

a fact well worthy of remark, as it proves that at this period the Greek horses were not shod.

His duties of a groom being curious, we will briefly describe them. They are, to know how to fasten a horse properly to his manger, to keep the stalls clean, to curry the body, and wash the head, mane, and tail. The legs are not to be washed, as he fancies damp softens the hoof, and also that it is so much labour lost, as they so soon become dirty again. Attention is particularly enjoined in keeping the heels clean,—a most salutary recommendation. Among those precepts most worthy of being followed, is that in which he advises the groom never to be angry with the horse; but if a horse is startled at any thing, he is to be gently led up to it, and the rider is to handle it before him. Blows are on no account to be given, as the horse in such cases lays them to the account of the object by which it has been terrified.

The remainder of his work is devoted to directions to the rider, as to the proper management of his horse, in leaping, public shows, and war.

His other work *ΠΠΑΡΧΙΚΟΣ*, containing instructions to his son Gryllus, relates entirely to military horsemanship.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE HORSE AND HORSE-RACING IN GREAT BRITAIN  
—BRIEF REVIEW OF THE MOST REMARKABLE WRITERS ON THE  
SCIENCE OF HORSES AND HORSEMANSHIP. •

If, in the absence of any authority as to the exact period when horses were first brought into this country, we might hazard an opinion, we should feel inclined to fix it as coeval with, or at least as immediately following, the colonization of the Island.

Emigrating, as the first settlers did, from the opposite coast of Gaul, where, in common with all the other barbarian nations of the North and West of Europe, they must have been much accustomed to the use of horses, it seems natural that, feeling early the want of them in their newly-adopted country, their immediate efforts would be directed to obtain them; and we think it far more probable that they should have brought them over on rafts, from the opposite continent, during the finest days of summer, than that they should have been imported by the Phœnicians, who frequented the island at a very early period, for the purpose of trade.

However this may be, we find on Cæsar's invasion of Great Britain, that the landing of the Roman troops was opposed by immense bodies of horsemen, besides chariots and infantry; and as the fact is well established by the testimony of many Roman historians, we are bound to take it in preference to what is advanced by Bede, who assigns the year 631, in the reign of Edwin the Great, as the earliest period at which the English began to use saddle horses.

That horses were introduced into Britain many years before its invasion by the Romans, would further appear from the immense number used by the Britons against their invaders; as we find Casibelanus, King of Trinobantes, of which people Canterbury was the capital, harrassing the march of the Romans, with 4,000 chariots.

We will now endeavour to trace our subject through the obscurity of the middle ages, until we arrive at what may be considered the real commencement of our present breed of race horses; and as we shall always give the authorities from which we have derived our information, we do not in any respect consider ourselves as pledged for its infallibility.

The earliest mention of race-horses, or as they were called in those days, running-horses, in our national annals, is of those in the 9th\* century, sent by Stugh, founder of the royal house of Capet, in France, as a present to King Athelstan, whose sister, Ethelswitha, he was soliciting in marriage. In the reign of William the Conqueror, according to Cambrensis, Roger de Ballesme, a follower of the King, and created for his military services, Earl of Shrewsbury, imported some stallions from Spain into his estate in Powisland; and we find their produce celebrated afterwards by Drayton, the poet. This is the first well-authenticated step we can find towards the improvement of the breed of horses.

Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury, secretary to the celebrated Archbishop à Becket, and who flourished in the reign of Henry II, gives the following account of races in Smithfield, in his "Description of the City of London," originally published in Latin, but afterwards translated into English by John Strype:

"There is also without one of the city gates, and even in the very suburbs, a certain plain field, such both in reality and name, Smithfield, from a Saxon word, *smith*, signifying smooth. Thither come, either to look or to buy, a great number of persons resident in the city—earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. When a race is to be run by this sort of horses,† and perhaps by other, which also in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockeys, sometimes only two, according as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest, (such as being used to ride know how to manage horses with judgment.) The grand point is to prevent a competitor from getting before them. The horses, on their part, are not without emulation. They tremble, are impatient, continually in motion, and at last, the signal once given, they strike, devour the course, hurrying along with unremitting velocity; the jockies inspired with the thoughts of applause, and in the hopes of victory, clap spurs to the willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries. You would think, according to Heraclitus, that all things were in motion, and that the opinion of Zeno was certainly wrong, as he held there was no such thing as motion, and that it was impossible to reach the goal."

Drayton the poet testifies to the correctness of this account, which is the earliest to be found of racing in this country. Fitzstephen does not say whether prizes or money were run for in these races; or whether it was merely to show off the paces of horses to the buyers, (Smithfield being at that day the market for the best, as well as the inferior sorts of horses);

\* Malsb. de gest. Reg. Angl. Lib. ii., cap. vi.

† He refers to what, in a previous passage, he denominates the more valuable hackneys and charging steeds.

but we are inclined to think that, if not exactly at the period he writes of, a very short time elapsed before matches for considerable sums were run for; as we find in the next reign, that of Richard I, a match, for what was a very large sum in those days, is spoken of in the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis of Stampton.\*

“ In somer in Whitsuntide,  
When knights most on horseback ryde,  
A courselet they make on a day,  
Steeds and palfraye for to essaye  
Whiche horse that best may run,  
Three milcs the course was then,  
Who that might ryde him shoulde  
Stave forty pounds of redy golde.”

And in another romance of the same period, written to celebrate the warlike actions of Richard I, we find that swift running horses were greatly esteemed by the heroes who figure in it, and rated at prodigious prices, even allowing for the exaggeration of the poet in the present quotation.

The poet, or more properly speaking, rhymer, is speaking of races in the camp.

“ Two steedes fownde King Richard,  
Thatt von Farell, that other Syard,\*  
Yu this worlde they hadde no pere  
Dromedary, rabyte, ne canmele  
Goeth none so swifte without fayle,  
For a thousand pounce of golde  
He shoulde the one be solde.”

Passing over those reigns, of which no records exist bearing upon the subject we have in view, although we may fairly presume that swift running horses continued in request, and were highly prized and sought after by breeders, we come to the reign of

Edward III. 1326.—This monarch, we find, purchased running horses at the price of £13 6s 8d each—equal to £160 in money of the present day; and in the ninth year of his reign he received a present of two running horses from the King of Navarre, supposed to have been valuable, as the King gave 100 shillings to the person who brought them.

This warlike prince was particularly fond of horses, and procured supplies of them from distant countries, with the view of improving the national breed. It appears, from the annals of this reign, that this prince was indebted at one time to the Count of Hainault 25,000 florins, besides large sums to other foreign powers, for horses; but we are inclined to think the greatest number of these were intended to fill up the ravages the constant wars of this epoch had probably occasioned among the horses of the army. In this reign, horses were divided into the managed, or

\* Sir Bevis of Stampton, black letter, printed by Wm. Copland, Garrick's collection, K. vol. ix.



those disciplined for war, and into coursers, amblers, palfreys, nags, and ponies.

Henry VII.—The custom of gelding horses, now in general practice, took its origin about the reign of Henry VII. At that period, numerous herds of horses, belonging to the landed proprietors, grazed together when the harvest was gathered in, on which account the horses were castrated.

Henry VIII. 1509.—This King who was remarkable for his attachment to manly sports and exercises, took great pains to improve the royal stud; and Sir Thomas Chaloner, a writer in the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, mentions his having imported horses from Turkey, Naples, and Spain.

In this reign a law was made, for the purpose of securing strength and size in the breeding of horses, which remains unrepealed to this day. By this law (32 Henry VIII. c. 13.) it is enacted "That no person shall put in any forest, chase, moor, heath, common, or waste (where mares and fillies are used to be kept) any stoned horse above the age of two years, not being fifteen hands high, within the shires and territories of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Essex, Kent, South Hampshire, North Wiltshire, Oxford, Berkshire, Worcester, Gloucester, Somerset, North Wales, South Wales, Bedford, Warwick, Northampton, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Salop, Leicester, Hereford, and Lincoln; nor under fourteen hands in any other county, on pain of forfeiting the same;" and it proceeds, "It is lawful for any person to seize any horse so under size, in manner following:—he shall go to the keeper of such forest, or (out of such forest) to the constable of the next town, and require him to go with him to bring such horse to the next pound, there to be measured by such officer, in the presence of three other honest men, to be appointed by the officer; and if he shall be found contrary to what is above expressed, such person may take him for his own use."

Also by the same statute, (section 6) "all such commons and other places shall within fifteen days after Michaelmas yearly, be driven by the owners and keepers, or constables, respectively, on pain of 40s. and they shall also drive the same at any other time they shall think meet; and if there shall be found, in any of the said drifts, any mare, filly, foal, or gelding, which shall not be thought able, nor like to grow to be able to bear foals of a reasonable stature, or to do profitable labours, by the discretion of the drivers, or the greater number of them, they may kill and bury them." (Section 7.)

Even infected horses are prohibited from being turned into such commons by the same act—(Section 9,) "whereby it is enacted that no person shall have, or put to pasture, any horse, gelding, or mare, infected with the scab, or mange, in any common or common fields, on pain of 10s. and the offence shall be enquirable in the leet, as other common annoyances are, and the forfeitures shall be to the lord of the leet."

Carew, in his History of Cornwall, supposes this act of parliament to have been the occasion of losing almost entirely the small breed of horses which were peculiar to that country; and no doubt the same effect

was produced in Wales. This loss, however, was well repaid by the race of large and powerful horses which took their place.

The following illustration of the horses of England in this reign is taken from the Regulations and establishments of Algernon Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, begun in 1512.

"This is the ordre of the chequir roud of the nombre of all the horsys of my lordys, and my ladys, that are appoynted to be in the charge of the hous yerely, as to say, gentill horsys, palfreys, hobys, naggis, clothsek hors, male hors.

"First, gentill horsys, to stand in my lordis stable, six. Item, palfreys of my ladis, to wit, oone for my lady, and two for her gentill-women, and oone for her chamberer. Four hobys and nags for my lordys oone saddill, viz. : oone for my lorde, and oone to stay at home for my lorde.

"Item, chariot hors, to stand in my lordis stable yerely. Seven gret trottynge horsys to draw in the chariott, and a nag for the chariott man to ride, eight. Again, hors for Lord Percy, his lordship's son and heir. A gret doble trottynge hors, called a curtal, for his lordship to ride on out of towues. Another trottynge gambaldyn hors for his lordship to ride on when he comes into towns. An amblynge hors for his lordship to journeye on daily. A proper amblynge litte nag for his lordship when he goeth on hunting and hawking. A gret amblynge gelding, or trottynge gelding, to carry his male."

It is proper to explain that the *gentill* horse was one of superior cattle, and made the best chargers. *Palfreys* were an elegant kind, mostly of a small size, and broken in to the use of ladies, aged or infirm people of rank.

*Hobys* were strong active horses of a small size, and are supposed to have come originally from Ireland. This breed being at one time in high repute, gave origin to the phrase, by which any favourite object is termed a man's *hobby*.

The *clothsek*, or male horse, was one that carried the cloak-bag, or portmanteau.

Chariot horses, (derived from the French word *charotte*, from which again the English word *cart*), were waggon horses.

A *gret doble trottynge horse*, was a heavy powerful horse, whose pace was a trot, being either too unwieldy in itself, or carrying too great weights to gallop.

A *curtal* was a horse whose tail was cut or shortened.

A *gambaldynge* horse was one of show and parade; from the Italian word *gamba* (leg).

An *amblynge* horse was one of much the same description, but whose more quiet ambling pace adapted him especially to the use of ladies.

In the reign of Edward VI., horse stealing was made a capital offence. By the 1st Edward VI, cap. 12, we find it enacted, "that no person convicted for felonious stealing of horses, geldings or mares, shall have the privilege of clergy." But this enactment being in the plural number, caused a doubt whether a person convicted of stealing *one* horse,

mare, or gelding, was entitled to benefit of clergy, and two acts were subsequently passed in the same reign, to remedy this defect.

Elizabeth. 1558. We have every reason to believe that the country derived much benefit to its breed of horses in this reign; as it is more than probable that great numbers of Barbs, and Spanish horses descended from Barbs, were taken on board the numerous vessels captured by Lord Howard of Effingham, the British admiral, on the defeat and dispersion of the Spanish Armada.

From what cause does not appear, but it is certain that racing fell off as a public amusement in this reign. We do not find it mentioned as forming part of the amusements with which the Earl of Leicester entertained his royal mistress on her visit to Kenilworth? and\* Commenius says at this day, 1590, tilting or the quintain is used when a ring is struck with a truncheon instead of horse racing, which, he adds, is grown out of fashion. That this was not on account of any gambling or improper practices being attached to it, we may gather from the writings of John Northbrook, a puritan, who, though very severe against cards, dice, and plays, allows horse-racing, classing it with hunting and hawking.

That race-horses, however, were still highly prized on account of their breed, appears from the following observations in one of Bishop Hall's satires.†

\*   \*   \*

"Dost thou prize  
Thy brute beast's worth by their dam's qualities?  
Say'st thou, this colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,  
Only because a jennet did him breed?  
Or say'st thou, this same horse shall win the prize,  
Because his dam was swiftest Trunchifce,  
Or Runccevall his syre: himself a galloway?  
While like a tireling jade, he lags half way.

It is remarkable that such was the large falling off in the number of cavalry horses between the reign of Edward VI, in 1547, and the middle of Elizabeth, that in 1588, when England was threatened by the Spanish Armada, no more than 3,000 cavalry could be mustered in the whole kingdom, to suppress the invasion.

Towards the close of this reign coaches were introduced by Fitzallen, Earl of Arundel, their inventor, and such was the demand for horses thus occasioned, that a bill was actually introduced in the House of Lords, to restrain the excessive use of coaches. It was, however, lost on the second reading. Before this the Queen was, on state occasions, accustomed to ride behind her master of the horse. But for a considerable period after the introduction of coaches, saddle horses continued in use at state ceremonies; for so late as the Restoration, King Charles the Second made his entrance into London on horseback, between his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, attended by a splendid cavalcade.

\* Commenius, in his vocabulary, entitled *Orbis Sensualium Pietus*, published towards the conclusion of the sixteenth century.

† Bishop Hall's *Satires*, Lib. IV, Sat. 3, Edit. 1599.

James I. 1602.—If we find racing languishing in the former reign, it would seem but to have laid by, to start up with increased vigour in this, from which we may safely date the foundation of our present system. This king gave £500 to Mr. Markham for an Arabian;—probably the first Arabian introduced into this country. The Duke of Newcastle, who wrote in the reign of Charles II, and whose work we shall presently notice, mentions the Markham Arabian as a little bay horse, not well shaped, and as having been beaten in every race he ran. From this we learn that even at this period the English had attained some progress in the swiftness of their race horses.

A south eastern horse, called the white Turk, was imported about the same period by Mr Place, afterwards stud-master to Oliver Cromwell, who purchased it.

In this reign, races were run for silver bells, at Gatherly, in Yorkshire, Croydon, Chester, and Theobalds, on Enfield chase, and the food, physic, exercise, sweats and weight (which was usually ten stone) began to be rigidly attended to. The following ceremony is mentioned by the elder\* Randel Holme, the Chester antiquary, as having been performed according to custom near that city, in the presence of the mayor, at the Cross, in the Rodhi, or Roody, an open place near the city. A silver bell, valued at about three shillings and sixpence, is placed on the point of a lance, to be given to him who shall run the best and furthest on horseback before them on Shrove Tuesday. These bells went by the name of St. George's bells, and the younger Randel Holme tells us that in the last year of this reign (1624) John Brereton, innkeeper, Mayor of Chester, first caused the horses entered for this race, then called St. George's race, to start from the point beyond the new tower, had appointed them to run five times round the Roody; and, he continues, he who won the last course or trayne, received the bell, of a good value, £8 or £10, and to have it for ever, which moneys were collected of the citizens for that purpose. By the use of the term, for ever, it would appear that the bell had been formerly used as a mark of temporary distinction only, by the successful horsemen, and afterwards returned to the Corporation.

Bassompierre, a French writer, mentions that in this reign, the merit of the English horses began to be so evident, that many were purchased and sent into France, where they continue to be much valued and admired. It would also appear that towards the conclusion of this reign, the English method of keeping and managing horses, was thought so judicious that France, and other neighbouring countries, thought proper to adopt it, and no doubt by this judicious treatment the foundation was laid for that celebrity of the British race horse, which so soon followed the introduction of Eastern blood.

Charles I. 1625.—The first races which were held at Newmarket, took place in this reign, in the year 1640, although the round course was not made till 1666; and as a further proof of the rapid progress already made in the improvement of the national breed of horses, we find one Sir Edward Harwood ignorantly complaining of what he calls the scarcity of

\* Randel Holme of Chester, one of the city heralds, M.S. Harl. 2150, fol. 235.

able horses in the kingdom, there not being so many as 2,000 that were equal to a like number of French horses; the cause of which he supposes to be the strong addiction which the nation had to racing and hunting horses, which, for the sake of swiftness, were all of a lighter and weaker mould. We may here remark, as highly probable, that the invention of gunpowder and the general use of fire-arms, which caused heavy armour to be disused, did much towards effecting this change, by bringing lighter and fleetier horses into general demand. Butcher,\* a writer of this period informs us, in his *Survey of Stamford*, that a race was annually run for in that town, for a silver and gilt cup with a cover, of the value of £7 or £8, provided by the care of the alderman for the time being, out of the interest of a stock formerly made by the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood.

The following lines are from an old ballad in D'Urfey's† collection of songs, and supposed to have been written in this reign. It is called "Newmarket," and plainly shows not only that that place was then famous for the exhibition of horse races, but that they were not always conducted with the strictest integrity:

" Let cullies that lose at a race,  
Go venture at hazard to win;  
Or he that is bubb'd at dice,  
Recover at cocking again.  
Let jades that are foundered, be bought;  
Let jockies play crimp to make sport;  
Another makes racing a trade,  
And dreams of his projects to come,  
And many a crimp match has made  
By *bubbing*‡ another man's groom."

In a farce, or interlude, played in the same reign, (1641) entitled "the Merry Beggars, or the Jovial Crew," we find races alluded to in Hyde Park; but as this is the only mention of them we find, we are inclined to think that they were never of much importance.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, touches on the expense attending these pursuits, in a passage which seems to imply that much money was ventured on races. He observes, "riding of great horses, running at rings, tilts and tournaments, horse races, and wild goose chases, § which are disports of greater men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by such means, gallop themselves out of their fortunes."

As a proof of the attention of this monarch to equestrian exercises, he issued a general order in the commencement of his reign, directing the

\* Butcher's *Survey of the Town of Stamford*, first printed A.D. 1646. chap. 10.

† *Pills to purge Melancholy*, 4th edition, A.D. 1719, vol. 2, page 83.

‡ *Bribing*.

§ These we imagine to have been what are now called steeple chases, and if so is the earliest mention of them we find.

use of bits instead of snaffles, which were used in the army before that time.

1653.—Oliver Cromwell, with his accustomed sagacity, perceiving the vast benefit derived to the nation by the improvement of its breed of horses, the natural consequence of racing, patronised this already peculiarly national amusement; and we find, accordingly, that he kept a racing stud. Mr Place, whose name, coupled with that of his horse, the famous white Turk, before alluded to, will live for ever in the memory of all British sportsmen, was Cromwell's master of the stud; and it is to be deeply regretted that the civil war of that eventful period has prevented us from receiving any records of racing during the Protectorate. An anecdote which has been handed down, of a narrow escape of the Protector, when driving in person four horses in Hyde Park, from their running away and overturning the carriage, when a loaded pistol he always carried about his person went off, would serve to show his fondness for equestrian amusements; at the same time it would appear this great man found it less difficult to keep a whole nation in subjection than to control four horses.

We now approach that important epoch in the history of the British horse, the reign of Charles II, when the importation of Eastern blood by that monarch, which was continued under his successors, together with the firm root public racing took among the most popular amusements and pursuits of the people, led to the perfection of the British horse, by the formation of the thorough-bred or racing breed.

Before we commence this eventful era, although not immediately bearing on the object of this work, it may not be altogether devoid of interest to give a brief review of the works of the most eminent writers on the science of horses and horsemanship, previous and up to this period.

The first writer we come to, worthy of notice after Zenophon, is Grisone, who published his works at Naples (then the chief school of European horsemanship), in the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is entitled, "*Gli ordini di Cavalcare di Federigo Grisone Gentiluomo Napolitano*," and is entirely devoted to military horsemanship. It is now very scarce; the only copy we remember to have seen is in the British Museum. Many of the writers who followed Grisone have copied largely from his work.

Solomon de la Brone, Escuyer d'Escurie du Roi (Henri IV), et de Mousigneur le Duc d'Espernon, published in Paris, a work containing chiefly the precepts he derived from his master, Pignatelli, of Naples, a pupil of Grisone.

Michaell Baret produced an "*Hipponomie, or the Vineyard of horsemanship, &c.*" written in a quaint scholastic form, and well worth the perusal of the curious in these matters. It is divided into three books, the first dedicated to King James, the second to Thomas Dove, bishop of Peterborough, and the third, which applies the precepts of the two first to hunting and running horses, to Sir Francis Fayer. The author treats his subject logically, and sometimes in the form of syllogisms, as in the following:—"Nothing that doth tend to violence doth worke according to the true art of horsemanship; but all hard cavisans, bittes, and snaffles doe

tend to violence: ergo, no hard cavisans, bittes, and snaffles doe tend to the true art of horsemanship." He prefers a good and lasting, to a speedy race horse.

1624.—Antoine Pluvinel published, "*Manège Royale, où l'on pouvait remarquer le défaut et la perfection du chevalier en tous les exercices de cet art digne des Princes, fait et pratiqué en l'instruction du Roy (Louis XIII) par Antoine Pluvinel, son Ecuyer Principal, Conseiller en son conseil d'Etat, son chambellan ordinaire, et sous-gouverneur de sa Majesté. Le tout gravé et représenté en grandes figures de taille donce par Chrispian de Pas, Flammand à l'honneur du Roy, et à la memoire de M. de Pluvinel. Paris 1624.*" This is written partly in the form of a dialogue between the King and his instructor.

René de Menon strongly recommends Pluvinel's system in his publication, "*La practiqué du Cavalier.*"

The last of these productions we shall here mention, and which brings us up to the time of Charles II, is the splendid work of William Cavendish, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, written and published during his long exile at Antwerp, in 1658. It was originally written in French, and entitled, "*Méthode et Invention nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux,*" containing a frontispiece and forty-two well executed plates. The Duke was instructor in riding to Charles II, when Prince of Wales; and mentions that such was the precocity of his royal pupil, that at between nine and ten years of age the young prince had attained the most firm and beautiful seat ever beheld, and managed a horse, through all his airs and paces, with the greatest address and judgment. This work, although containing much repetition, besides many of the precepts of previous writers, is still worthy of notice.

The Duke's opinion of the relative merits of the horses of different countries, is remarkably just, and well deserving of being given in his own words:

"We will now enquire into the difference existing between the breed of horses of these countries. I have not seen many Turkish horses, but there are various breeds among them, as may be imagined from the vast extent and diversity of the Grand Signor's dominions. The Turkish horse stands high, though of unequal shape, being remarkably beautiful, active, with plenty of power, and excellent wind, but rarely possesses a good mouth. Much praise is given to the grandeur of carriage of the Neapolitan horse; and in truth they are fine horses, those I have seen being both large, strong, and full of spirit. I have not only seen many Spanish horses, but several have been in my possession. They are extremely beautiful, and the most eligible of any, either to form subjects for the artist, or to carry a monarch, when surrounded by the pomp and dignity of majesty, he would show himself to his people; for they are neither so intemperate as the barbs, nor so large as the Neapolitans, but the perfection of both. The barb possesses a superb and high action; is an excellent trotter and galloper, and very active when in motion. Although generally not so strong as other breeds, when well chosen I do not know a more noble horse; and I have read strange accounts of their courage, for example, when so badly wounded that their entrails have pro-

truded, they have carried their riders safe and sound out of danger, with the same spirit with which they entered it, and then dropped dead."

He gives the preference to barbs, though, as he observes, he may be prejudiced in their favour by having had and seen more of them than of any other sorts of horses. The best sorts he observes come from Cordoue, in Andalusia, where the King of Spain has a stud. Endeavouring to establish the superiority of his favourite sort of horse, he mentions that an old nobleman, who served under Henry IV, told him in France, that he had often seen barbs upset the heavy Flemish horses in a tilt; "and I have taken," he continues, "the bone of the leg of a barb, and found it to be almost solid, having a hollow scarcely large enough for a straw; while, on the other hand, in the same bone of a Flanders horse, you may almost insert your finger." He further recommends barb stallions to be put to English mares, with fine skins and good shapes for breeding.

We will conclude this chapter with translations of the word horse into the most celebrated languages of the earth.

The horse, in Hebrew, is called *Sus*, and the mare *Susah*; in Syriac, he is called *Rekesh* and *Sourias*; by the Arabians, *Bugel*; by the Chaldeans, *Ramakin* and *Susuatha*; by the Persians *Asbaca*; by the ancient Greeks, *Hippos*, and in the modern Greek, *Alogo*; in the Latin *Equus* and *Caballus*; in Italian and Spanish, *Carallo*; in French, *Cheval*; in German *Pferd* and *Kossz*; by the Bohemians, *Kun*; and by the Dutch, *Puurd*.

*Whyte's History of the British Turf.*

## CURIOSITIES OF HORSE FURNITURE.

If we were not apprehensive of being tedious on subjects which offer but partial interest, there would be little difficulty in furnishing a series of chapters on the appurtenances of the horse—on bridles, saddles, horse armour and spurs. The last, for ages, were spikes, or points of metal or wood fixed in the heel, and therefore called "calcars." Afterwards they became for a time rowelled, till the heavy horse trappings of the 13th century, which could not be perforated by small wheel-like instruments, reintroduced spikes; and in the 15th century, after rowels had been again resumed, it became the fashion to make them six and even nine inches in diameter; because when the solidity of well-armed infantry began to be appreciated, men at arms not unfrequently fought on foot, and then taking off their hugely rowelled spurs, fixed them in the ground before their ranks; and thus readily formed rows of caltrops, which lamed the horses of a hostile charge before they came up to the line. But the most curious use of spurs or spikes we find in a copy from an engraving of an Arabian chief, which we have seen, whose boots are armed with two points on the outside of each foot, independent of the heel, fitted to strike an



enemy's horse in the flank, and wound, or at least render him unsteady and disobedient to his rider ; and another taken from a bas relief of the 12th century, in a church of Westphalia, which represents the lord of Arnim, one of the last Pagan sea-rovers and plunderers of the Hanseatic land trade, similarly armed, with a metal spike on the toe and another on the heel, calculated to kill an opponent's horse. Both these instances show the use of dishonourable arms in piratical war ; though to shoe horses with the toes turned to the rear—also considered a practice of plunderers—was, in the chivalrous ages, deemed a lawful stratagem. Many instances are recorded where this device completely misled the enemy ; but as we are thus led to the description of horse-shoes, it may not be amiss to say a few words on the disputed question of their first introduction and history.

The protection of horses' feet, by means of buskins, network, leather, or metal shoes, must have been an object of very early solicitude among all nations conversant with these animals : but the impetuous action of horses, their weight, and the regular form of the edge of their hoofs, appear for a long time to have made all really effective means abortive : even to this day, in a great part of Japan, a kind of rush-net is used, which wraps the whole hoof, and wears so fast on the road that travellers take a provision of them on a journey, and poor people have them ready for sale at every station. In ancient Persia, where the breeds of grey, dun, and bay stocks are all hard hoofed, the use of horses in sandy plains did not apparently require much attention to the wearing of the hoof ; but across the lofty mountain ranges, running north and south till they elevate the plateau of the region to 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, the surface of the passes and other parts are so exceedingly stony, that, coupled with the constant rapidity and duration of the marches, the hardest-hoofed animals become crippled ; and in history we find more than one instance where military expeditions were arrested till the horses recovered, and had time to restore the horn of their hoofs. This was the case chiefly when great operations were executed by armies under leaders of genius, or when the principles of war did not hinge upon the fixed notions of the indigenous nations ; thus Alexander the Great and Mithridates were both thwarted by this cause, though we do not find that Darius or the Parthians suffered materially from the same.

There is, nevertheless, great probability that the invention of making horse-shoes of metal, particularly of iron, must be ascribed to the Tahtars of Middle Asia, and not to the Chinese, who are active horsemen only by the example and impulse of their conquerors. It is that mountain region whence the victorious hordes issued across the Jaxartes and the Oxus to penetrate and subdue the west and the south—that district in particular where iron mines have caused the erection of smelting and forging establishments earlier than the dates of history, and whence, in later ages, a horde of miners and smiths came to elevate their tribal chief, Jenghis Khan and his house to the greatest monarchy on record.\*

\* That of Attila, 444—453 ; of Jenghis, or Zinghis Khan, 1154—1227 ; Timur 1336—1405 ; Nadir Shah, —.

To them metal horse-shoes were important, because their horses were mercilessly urged onwards without halting, crossing by swimming river of six or eight miles breadth ; as they did in passing the Don during the inundation, a condition where hyde or leathern wrappers, such as had been used in Persia, would have been totally destroyed,\* and traversing rocky districts and mountain chains, without halt or hesitation, as was frequently proved by them in penetrating through the Suleimany to the Indus, through the Carpathians into Western Europe, the Balkan into the Roumelia, and of later ages, the Caucasus into Armenia and Syria.

Accordingly, we find innumerable barrows and tumuli of remote antiquity not only about Tomsk, but higher up among the mountains of the sources of the Jenissai and the Sena, where repose the bones of Tahtar and Mongolic warriors ; with them antique idols, and frequently the remains of their horses are discovered with shoes on the feet, and their saddles with metal stirrups. Although some, perhaps many, of these belong to a later era, it is not unfair to claim the older as probably anterior to the reign of Augustus, for that is the period when the Roman writers first notice horse or rather mule shoes.

Cardanus Beckman and Mr. Bracy Clark have referred the introduction of horse shoes to a period even later than the age of Augustus ; the latter in their comments endeavouring to prove that golden, silver, and even iron shoes were not what we understand by them, but mere plates, more or less thin, according to the metal. It is however obvious, where once iron or other plates were applied, the form of the shoe was necessarily adapted to the animal's foot ; and the internal surface was of very secondary interest, the whole difficulty in question being in the mode of fastening them on, and this was clearly by nails driven, as now, through the corneous substance, as is evident from the poetical notices, such as that of Catullus :

“ Terrean ut soleam tenaci in voragine mula derelinquit.”

We know that Nero had his horses shod with silver ; and Poppea, his wife, had her mules similarly protected with gold. The exact form of these shoes, it is sufficiently probable, was the same, or nearly the same, as the modern shoe of France and Italy ; for on the battle-piece lately discovered at Pompeii, the horse standing before the chariot wheels of Darius, about to be mounted by a Persian satrap, is shod as here stated, unless there be an inexcusable latitude taken in the large coloured print of that most valuable mosaic. Now this remarkable work of art cannot be of later date than 79 of the Christian era, when Pompeii was destroyed ; and it being to all appearance the copy of some celebrated picture of the Greek school, the original may be older than the Roman supremacy among the Hellenic nations ; for in the costume of both Greeks and Persians there is a reality and truth, which was not within the reach of art, and is in no other instance exemplified in the Parthian relics, whose

\* They would swim twenty miles, drawing their waggons, all of wood, with plank wheels floating behind their tails ; and when tired, their heads were pulled above water to rest upon them.

habits and horse accoutrements in existing representations are totally different. If therefore, the mosaic really represents horse-shoes on the feet of the Persian steeds, the antiquity of the invention is carried up to a date coeval, and most likely to one anterior to the Christian era by more than a century. But although the practice is very ancient, it by no means follows that it should have been universal at an early period; because an operation of some delicacy in itself was, and still is, liable to be controlled by the quantum of necessity there may be in the use and of civilization in the people. The Arabs of the Hegira, having from Yemen to Arbela, and from Alexandria to the Straits of Gibraltar, almost continuous sandy plains to traverse for their military operations, and their horses bred in dry, hot climates, having their feet naturally hard, felt but little inconvenience by the wear of the hoofs in their marches. It was the same with the Slavonic nations from the Steppes of Asia to the German Ocean, having less impediment from mountains or rocks than from forests and large rivers. It is therefore in the central region between the two, the elevated mountains of Asia and their branches, and thence through the cross chains of Persia, the mountains of Asia Minor, Thrace, Greece, the Carpathians, and Eastern Alps, that the want of them must have been first completely remedied; unless, indeed, Indian or Chinese ingenuity had made the invention, for we owe more to these regions than European pride and ignorance will often admit. Upon the whole, there is no real objection to the existence of horse-shoes, not during the wars of Alexander, for we have already noticed his cavalry being detained in consequence of their worn hoofs, but a century at least before the Augustan era. The date affords time for the appearance of them in the mosaic, and the use of them at Rome for the use of the imperial family, and for horse-shoes in the tombs of Tahtar chiefs. This also makes the tradition not impossible that the iron work about the banner of Hossein at Ardebil, is made from a horse-shoe belonging to Abbas, uncle of Mohammed, by order of his daughter Fatima. It was brought from Arabia by Shiek Ladreddeen, son of the holy scheik Sefi, who was son of another holy villager, after the manner of the Mosleim!

It is most likely that the story of the horse-shoe is true; but that it was one of a horse belonging to the Beni Corrish—a camel-riding tribe, without horses till the *Prophet* had begun his successful military career—may be doubted. Horse-shoes, from the foregoing observations, are sufficiently proved to be of more ancient date than Beckman will admit, he referring them to the ninth century, notwithstanding his thorough acquaintance with the passages in Roman authors on the subject. The fact is one more in illustration of the inconceivable tenacity there is in man to defend an opinion once adopted. Whether the iron shoe is fixed by means of three nails clamped round a hoof, or by eight or ten driven in, as now, through a plate more or less different in form, or alleged to be used for mules, are, one and all, so many amusing quibbles to escape from a self-evident fact, which troubles the disputant more than his opponent. The allusion to a mule's shoes is here noticed, because not long ago, in a discussion respecting the half horse-shoe found in the tomb of Childeric, a Frankish king, buried near Tournay, in Belgium, it was attempted to evade from the undeniable fact by expressing an opinion that it had belong-

ed to a mule ! as if shoeing mules were not a proof that shoeing horses was equally practised ; the hoof of the former being harder than that of the latter, and only more liable to injury because mules were more kept on stony roads, that is, where there were Roman roads ; but this fact establishes the use of horse or mule shoes at all events in the middle of the fifth century, or about 448. He was contemporary with Cælius, and one of the opponents of Attila and his Huns. The remains of the shoe represent one of the present form, but evidently belonging to a small horse ; because, as is explained more at large in the *Equida* of Sir William Jardine's "Naturalist's Library," the horse breeds of Europe were in general at that time still small ; or it might be advanced that it was a Tahtar Hunnic horse, if we had not the evidence already shown that horse-shoes were introduced at Rome several centuries before. With regard to the pretence that a Pagan Frankish king was buried with a mule instead of a horse, although it does by no means bear upon the point at issue, we may remark that all the Pagan nations of the north revered the horse as one of the principal symbols of the sun ; that all, after the progress of the Slavonic nations, had become mainly horsemen ; and that the feeling of burying the king of a riding nation with a mule, would have been then a greater insult than it would be even now. We may exemplify the fact by an anecdote of the late Colonel V. Schlammersdorff, who commanded the Loewenstein Rifle Regiment in the West Indies, during the campaigns when Sir Ralph Abercrombie subdued the French islands in 1795—6. It was during a painful broiling march in St. Lucie, that Sir Ralph, feeling for the fatigue of the old Russian cavalry officer, humanely sent him a saddled mule, with an expression of regret that he had no horse to offer, and requesting him to mount it ; but Schlammersdorff kept toiling up the mountain in his heavy cavalry boots, and merely replied, in German, "Ich sitze auf kein ezel"—"I do not ride a donkey !" This expresses the feeling of every man of northern blood. We doubt whether a single cavalry officer in France unless in sickness or wounded would bestride a mule. Spain alone, where these animals are fine, occasionally exhibits a military man so mounted ; and we believe with the exception of one monument in a church at Florence, where a knight of the Farnese family rides a mule in the complete trappings of a war-horse, there is no example of the kind in any ancient illumination or record in Europe.

Although the practice was long opposed, and ages passed before shoeing was general, yet when it was once understood, the presumed difficulty vanished, and Tatars and Cossacks at this day very generally understand the shoeing of their own horses. In England it is pretended that it was William the Norman who introduced it ; but the assumption is like that which, some years ago, maintained that there were no stone arches before the time of Alexander, that there were no stone churches in England before the Conquest, and none in Ireland before Henry II. ; they are mere instances of the audacity of ignorance. Saxon England contained a number of Northmen adventurers, Danes and others, who had, and who continued to serve, after the Conquest, among the Varangi—life-guards of the Greek emperors ; it had monks that went regularly for education abroad, and travelled to Rome. England was infatuated with female saintship,

then most fashionably exemplified by a pilgrimage to the Papal throne, and that in such numbers that the 11,000 virgins of Cologne martyrs, &c., were held to be, in general, English women; and that more authentic records describe the crowds passing up and down the Rhine on their route, with rather equivocal characters. Saxon kings, and even Welsh sovereigns and dignitaries of the church, went repeatedly to Rome, on pilgrimage or on business, riding either horses or mules. It is impossible, therefore, that horse-shoes should not have been known and used; though, as the Anglo-Saxon is not shown to have been essentially a horseman, it is likely that the practice was confined to the nobility, as indeed it was, and almost still is, partially in the greater part of France.

We have seen in Plymouth the half of a horse-shoe imbedded in an indurated clay pebble, no doubt so formed by the oxide of the iron. It is flat, with rounded edges, evidently chafed by many years rolling on the sea beach; when split open, the part of the shoe was found unworn, but broken, broad, and heavy, certainly as old as the fourteenth century, and may be much older; though, from the great size of the form, it must have belonged to a large-boned horse of the Flemish breed, such as the high horses of heavy men-at-arms wear, and therefore long after the Norman Conquest.

Horse-shoes have varied little in Europe, retaining now very nearly the form even of that figured in the mosaic before mentioned. But the most ancient Circassian horse-shoe appears to have been round; and if the figure of it remaining in a brand be correct, it had only three nails or clamps secured on the outside of the hoof. Another round horse-shoe is in use among the modern Egyptians, and partly the Syrians; it is a round plate with a hole in the middle; the common shoe, also used, has the ends turned against the heel. In other parts of Turkey, the plate is square behind, and rounded at the toe. On the continent of Europe the ends, particularly in winter, are cocked; and when there is ice on the ground, both are frequently pointed. Rough shoeing, if confined to making the nail-heads prominent, we know, from ample experience, to be of very little service, and often dangerous; for the heads snap off, and the shoe is without power of holding on the ice; nay, it is then liable to come off altogether. The great difficulty in the management of a horse's foot seems always to have been how to combine the preservation of the corneous substance without contracting the heel. Iron shoes, with a hinge at the toe, have been tried, it appears, in vain. Veterinarians, after infinite experiments, have certainly succeeded in designing an improved shoe; but after all, it seems that, like the ladies' shoes of China, cramping the feet to some extent is inherent in the material; and, in sandy countries, unshod horses have many advantages. We have known India-rubber shoes successfully adopted to restore the feet of horses seriously injured; and it may still be a question whether a composition of the same gum and coarse hair of felt, mixed with iron filings, might not be made to answer the most requisite qualities of iron shoes, without producing their defects.

## RATS.

Everybody must be glad to encourage any animal that kills a rat, and the owls are the most determined enemies to this, the most disgusting and obnoxious animal which we have in this country. For what can be so sickening as to know that these animals come direct from devouring and revelling in the foulest garbage in the drains of your house to the larder where your own provisions are kept; and, fresh from their stinking and filthy banquet, run over your meat with their clammy paws, and gnaw at your bread, with their foul teeth? What cleansing and washing can wipe away their traces? Nothing will keep out these animals when they have once established themselves in a house. They gnaw through stoffe, lead, or almost anything. They may be extirpated for a time, but you suddenly find yourself invaded by a fresh army. Some old rats, too, acquire such a carnivorous appetite, that fowls and ducks, old or young, pigeons, rabbits, —all fall a prey to them. Adepts in climbing as well as in undermining, they get at everything, dead or alive. They reach game, although hung most carefully in a larder, by climbing the wall, and clinging to beam or rope till they get at it; they then devour and destroy all that can be reached. I have frequently known them in this manner destroy a larder full of game in a single night. They seem to commence with the hinds legs of the hares, and to eat downwards, hollowing the animal out as it hangs up, till nothing but the skin is left. In the fields, to which the rats betake themselves in the summer time, not only corn, but game, and eggs of all kinds, fall to their share. Mr Waterton says that no house in England has suffered more from the Honoverian rats than his own; I don't doubt it—in every sense. The poor water rat is a comparatively harmless animal, feeding principally upon herbage, not refusing, however, fish, or even toads, when they come in its way. The succulent grasses that grow by the sides of ditches seem to form its chief food during the summer season. Early in the spring, before these grasses are well grown, the water-rat preys much on toads. I have found little piles of the feet, and remains of several of these animals, near the edge of water frequented by these rats, which they seem to have collected together in certain places, and left there. I have known the water-rat do great damage to artificial dams and the heads of ponds by undermining them, and boring holes in every direction through them, below the water mark, as well as above it. The water-rat has peculiarly sensitive organs of scent, and it is therefore almost impossible to trap him, as he is sure to discover the taint of the human hand. Cunning as the house-rat is, this kind is much more so. Though the former may be in a measure kept down by constant trapping, it is a troublesome method, and there are sure to be some cunning old patriarchs who will not enter any kind of trap. I believe that the best kind of trap in a house is the common gin, laid open and uncovered in their runs. They then do not seem to suspect any danger, but when the trap is covered they are sure to detect its presence, and, like all wild animals, they are much more cautious in avoiding a concealed danger than

an open one. Poison is the best means of getting rid of them, and the manner of applying it is as follows:—For the space of a fortnight feed the rats with good wholesome meal and water in some quiet room or cellar accessible to all these troublesome inmates of your house. At first two or three rats may find it out; these are sure to lead others to the place, till the whole company of freebooters go for their share. As soon as you see that that they seem to have collected in numbers in your feeding room, season your meal with plenty of arsenic, and you may be pretty sure of its being all devoured. Continue giving them this till you find no more come, and by that time probably there are none left alive in the house. The only danger is, that some of them may die behind the wainscots of your rooms, in which case you must either open the place and search till you find the dead animal, or you must vacate that room till the dreadful stench is over. That rats carry off hens' and even turkeys' eggs to some considerable distance is a fact; how they accomplish this feat I should like to know, as they do it without breaking the shell, or leaving any mark upon it. A crow or magpie, Columbus-like, shortens the difficulty by sticking the lower mandible of his bill into a hen's egg when he wants to carry it off, but this is beyond a rat's capabilities; nevertheless, eggs form one of their favourite repasts. The increase of rats, if left to breed in peace, would exceed that of almost any other animal, as they produce broods of six or eight young ones in rapid succession, throughout the greater part of the year. In building a nest for her young, the female carries off every soft substance which she can find; pieces of lace, cloth, and, above all, paper seem to be her favourite lining. The natural destroyers in this country of this obnoxious animal seems to be the hen-harrier, the falcon, the long-eared and the tawny owl, cats, weasels, and stoats; and *ante omnes*, boys of every age and grade wage war to the knife against rats, wherever and whenever they can find them. As for rat-catchers—find me an honest one, and I will forfeit my name. I would as soon admit a colony of rats themselves, as one of these gentry to my house.

*St. John's Sports, &c.*

## NATURAL HISTORY OF BRITISH DOGS.

BY TROUNCER.

The natural history of the dog is one of the most interesting studies connected with quadrupeds, and although so much time and labour have been consumed in the research by Sir Charles Linné, Buffon, Cuvier, Pennant, and a host of other naturalists, to which authors we must, from the short limits allowed us, beg to refer our readers for a more enlarged and comprehensive scale of information, we cannot allow the subject entirely to pass without offering a few general remarks upon it.

It has been supposed by some naturalists, Buffon amongst others, that the original stock from which all dogs are descended, was that description of animal known as the shepherd's dog, and certainly with a great deal of reasonableness, for it is but natural to imagine that the description of dog created for the use of the earliest occupiers of the world should be of such a nature as to afford them assistance in the tending of their flocks and herds; the hunting of wild and ferocious animals being an occupation of much later date. From this original stock, then, it has been conjectured that all the varieties of the canine race eventually sprang, and that the difference of their sizes, dispositions, and general appearance was, in a great measure, the effects of the climates they were destined afterwards to inhabit. In the north, for instance, the animal becomes rough and shaggy in his coat, nature thus providentially affording him a garb suited to the boisterous elements of the regions he inhabits. Moreover he is generally more ferocious in his disposition; look, for instance, at the Russian setters, the Norwegian boarhounds and watch-dogs, and even, to come nearer to home, the Scotch terrier. Take a glance at the dogs reared in the southern hemisphere, and we shall perceive that they became gradually smoother in their coats the further south they get, more slender in their bodies and limbs, and of an indolent and harmless temperament in their dispositions; the only exception being the bulldog, whose ungovernable ferocity is the effect alone of cultivation. In the more torrid parts of the world, China for instance, some are absolutely found without the least covering whatever to their skins. What a contrast to the dogs discovered by our navigators in the Polar seas, and how convincing a proof of the design and purpose of an all-wise Creator, thus to provide for the necessities and comforts of the humblest, as well as the greatest, of his creatures. Doctor Paley, in his "Natural Theology," beautifully alludes to the compensation, as it is termed, which is afforded to all animals, in lieu of the more prominent advantages which others, which are a variety of the same species, may possess. Thus we see, for instance, the greyhound has received by his nature invincible speed, and sight the most powerful and extensive, while at the same time he is nearly devoid of the powers of smelling. Again, that description of hound known as the old southern hound, and which is supposed to be possessed of the most enduring patience in chase, and the most refined powers of scent,



is proverbially slow in the pursuit of the animals he hunts ; if it were otherwise, and he was equally possessed of the double powers of scent and speed, no animal could live before him. The hound, spaniel, and setter have thick repellent hides ; their energies are required in briery covers and broken ground. The greyhound's silken skin is seldom exposed excepting in the open fields, and when bred too high and delicate, frequently refuses to encounter in his courses the prickly barrier of the opposing hedge. The bulldog is possessed of the most indomitable courage resisting in battle even unto death ; but this heroic quality, much and justly as it is admired by some, has unhappily swallowed up every other characteristic of a generous nature, for fidelity and affection find no place in his composition ; and so thoroughly is he absorbed by cruelty and revenge, that the throat of his own master, when he is roused by anger, is as far from safe as that of the greatest stranger. This race of dogs, useless as they have become individually, by the passing of an act of parliament a few years since for the suppression of bull-baiting, are nevertheless, invaluable to the breeders of other varieties of dogs, for the purpose of transmitting their admirable courage to their cross-bred descendants. The terrier, that most useful and indefatigable destroyer of rats and other noxious animals, without the bulldog's aid, would soon degenerate into a cowardly cur. The modern greyhound, and the large deer hound have in many instances to acknowledge that their superior pluck is inherited, some generations back, from the old English bulldog. Breeders of dogs, English terriers especially, may boast of their pure strains, but the purer the strain the worse the dog ; it being well known that not one in fifty of these canine aristocrats can bear to be tried in competition with their cross-bred relatives. But more of this under the separate heads of each variety and breed of dogs in another chapter. We may mention, however, as another instance of the superiority of dogs crossed by the bulldog in their descent (or rather ascent) to perfection, that Lord Rivers, so celebrated for his breed of greyhounds, was indebted to the above-named cross for the excellence of his kennel. The generality of spaniels and hounds give tongue, or open upon the haunt of the game pursued ; their object is to exhaust the strength of the animal before they kill it ; the lurcher and the greyhound pursue in silence, stratagem and speed being their strongest point of attack. Without bringing forward any more instances to make our meaning better understood, we may feel convinced that these few examples are quite sufficient to prove to our readers, that these "compensations" extend not only to single species of animals, but to every portion of living nature.

With regard to the zoological arrangement of the dog, we find that the wolf, the fox, the jackall, and the hyena, have not only all been included in the various species of the canine race, but it has been attempted by different naturalists to prove that each of the above enumerated animals have been the original stock, from which each variety sprang in after times. Without attempting ourselves to prove that which all these deeply read naturalists have been unable to do, leaving the subject as they found it—perfectly hidden in mystery—we will merely content ourselves by declaring that we should feel much more inclined to give our vote in favour

of the jackall, if we had not upon conviction fully made up our mind to believe that a real and defined dog was the origin of the race altogether. The habits of the wolf, to say nothing of his general appearance, and the great antipathy that exists in every quarter of the world, either in a wild or domesticated state, between him and the dog, exclude him, in our opinion, from any claim whatever to a relationship. The same may be said of the hyena. The fox differs so entirely in the formation of the pupil of the eye, which organ resembles in that animal more the cat's than the dog's, is certainly too extensive a barrier opposed to his claim of consanguinity. The jackall, although most resembling the dog in all his habits, and by some persons supposed to be the dog of Scripture, which is mentioned to have infested cities, has certainly higher claims to a kindred acknowledgment; but still not sufficient to enable the highest authorities in natural history to determine whether or not he is a dog. This leaves the question so decidedly open, that we have no hesitation in declaring what is our firm belief, that although all the above-named animals are of the canine species, the dog, in all his varieties, is unquestionably descended from a real and original dog, which, as we before observed, was in all probability the companion of the first inhabitants of the world, and engaged in assisting them to tend their flocks and herds, to prevent them wandering, and afterwards to protect them from the encroachments of more savage animals.

#### THE BLOODHOUND.

This dog, which is undoubtedly descended from the talbot, which animal has long since been extinct, and was well known by his pendulous ears and spotted skin, is of the same family as the old sleuthhound. His height is about 27 inches, his color generally reddish cinnamon, shaded with tan. His use in former times was to pursue the deer when wounded by the keeper, and for that purpose he was hunted in a long cord, called a lyme, from which circumstance he was occasionally designated as a lyme-hound. Thieves, and also poachers, were hunted down by the aid of the fine nose of the blood-hound, which practice has been revived to a certain extent in modern times. From this stock are descended the hounds of the present day in all their varieties. But modern practice has proved, like the attempt to cross our horses with the Arabs which are now brought to this country, that the re-introduction of the blood only deteriorates and not in any way improves the capabilities of the animal. The modern bloodhound is bred more for show than for use, consequently his scenting powers, not being so much an object as his size, colour, and general beauty, have greatly degenerated.

#### THE STAGHOUND.

The old staghound, or buckhound, was produced by a union of the bloodhound and northern beagle. The race has become nearly extinct within the last thirty or forty years; in fact, since his Majesty George the Third gave up his original pack of buckhounds, and substituted the late Duke of Richmond's foxhounds, which he purchased for the purpose of hunting turned-out stags; and from which stock are descended (with a

great variety of crossing with other kennels) the present Royal Buckhounds. The patient hunting, and slow perseverance of the old stag-hound was proverbial; but his speed was found to be of so moderate a grade, and so ill-adapted to the impetuosity of modern sportsmen, that draft foxhounds have been employed for the purpose of stag-hunting, for many years.

#### THE FOXHOUND.

The origin of the foxhound may be recognised with that of the stag-hound; in fact, he is nothing more nor less than a cultivated branch of the same stock. In breeding the earliest packs of foxhounds, some two hundred years ago, those hounds were selected which from their eagerness and stoutness in chase were the best adapted to work in cover, and thus, by continued improvement and keeping the animals to their own game, the love for a fox-scent became in them hereditary; but the surpassing beauty and symmetrical elegance of the modern foxhound, has been achieved at an enormous expense and labour by those enthusiastic sportsmen who followed upon the line of the first Lord Yarborough and the celebrated Mr Hugo Meynell, of Quorn. The shape of a foxhound should be as near to the following model as it possibly can be:—If a dog hound his height should be twenty-four inches, a bitch from twenty-two to twenty-three inches. He should have a long head, a broad forehead, with deep and sour chops, light neck, and clear throat, broad back, with slightly arched loins, round ribs, and back-ribs well let down, shoulders well back and a little up, deep chest, straight, bony, and muscular forelegs, with feet round and compact, and ancles straight and strong, with the knee near the ground, stern set on high and slightly arched, being long from the hip bone to the setting on of the stern, thighs long and muscular, appearing wide, with the large angular hocks near the ground. His general appearance, with the above shape, should give you the idea of an animal long in frame, upon short legs.

#### THE HARRIER.

The old southern hound, the harrier, the northern beagle, and the small beagle, are all varieties of a breed of dogs bred down from the old talbot, or bloodhound; long cultivation alone producing the difference in the various breeds. There is an old saying—

“ So many men so many minds—  
So many hounds so many kinds ”—

and to none is the adage more applicable than to the numerous packs of harriers to be found in every corner of the island. According to Markham, an old writer on sporting subjects, “ the southern hound had a large head, and nostrils much distended, ears very pendulous; the upper lip hanging over the under jaw; his fillets broad and thick; his knuckle bones round and hidden, showing that he would not tire; thighs round and hams straight; tail long and tapering; the hair under his belly hard and wiry, which is a proof of his hardiness; legs large, bony, and lean;

foot round, high knuckled, and well clawed, with hard dry soles; the general composition of his body so just and even, that no level may distinguish whether his fore or hinder part be the higher; he has the most powerful scent, and delights most in blood, with a natural inclination to hunt dry-foot.

#### THE HARRIER,

which is a descendant of the old southern hound, is acknowledged in several varieties, gradually connecting the chain from the old-fashioned heavy animal, of which we last spoke, even to the dwarf foxhound. The black and tan harriers, which were a slow, patient description of hound, have become nearly extinct in England, although occasionally to be met with; in Ireland, however, they are more common. The blue-mottled is also another strain which is fast wearing out, although more abundant than the last; and the common harrier has been so much crossed by the foxhound during the last twenty years that but few packs, comparatively speaking, remain of the genuine, old-fashioned sort. The general character of a true-bred harrier is that of a dog exceedingly compact, and, as it is termed, short, coupled with a loaded neck and coarse fleshy throat, patient to a fault in his work, and particularly free with his tongue, which is more melodious than that of the foxhound. The modern harrier has been so much crossed with the foxhound that in these days the perfection in shape and make of one animal is pretty much the same as in the other, and three parts of the packs used for hare-hunting in these days are merely the small foxhounds, which are drafted for their size alone.

#### THE BEAGLE

Is a variety of the harrier, and, as I remarked before, bred down from the same parent stock (the bloodhound). The northern beagle is more distinguished for the lightness and elegance of his form, as also for his fleetness in chase: whilst the southern and more diminutive specimen is highly prized for his slow, patient endurance in hunting on a cold scent. Amongst the latter description are two varieties, the rough and the smooth; the latter, however, are by far the most numerous, the wiry haired appearing as if they were only a variety of the same strain, which had been tried to be got rid of by judicious breeding, but which would still occasionally show themselves by breaking out or breeding back, as it ought more properly to be expressed, one or two in a litter of smooth ones, as the case may be. The more diminutive specimens of these small hounds are sometimes used in shooting where the covers are strong, and they are, consequently, called rabbit-beagles.

#### THE OTTER HOUND

Is originally descended from a strong harrier crossed with the rough terrier, and his excellence is alone ensured by a long and continued practice in the sport. In these days we seldom meet with a real bred otter hound, otters being more frequently than not hunted with harriers, or

half-bred hounds, and, in some instances, with foxhounds. The principal requisite in a pack of otter hounds is close hunting, and a thorough love to pursue their game through the many obstacles of his native element. They should also be strong and hardy in their constitutions to endure the excessive cold and labour to which they are exposed for so many hours during a chase. Otter hounds are much afflicted with canker in the inside of the ear.

#### THE POINTER.

The varieties of this dog are three—the Spanish pointer, the English or modern pointer, and the double-nosed, which is said to be of French origin. The modern English pointer is descended from the setter or spaniel (see setter), crossed with the Spanish pointer, which dog was undoubtedly a hound cultivated for the purposes for which he was intended to be used. The Spanish pointer is better known for his staunchness on game than for his quickness in finding it: he is dreadfully slow, and, according to the modern style of shooting, it would require almost a pack to beat the ground traversed by two men in company. The modern pointer is descended from a cross of the above with the setter or spaniel, and occasionally the introduction of foxhound blood has been tried to increase the speed and courage of the dog, but seldom with much success, as these animals require more breaking than most men can give them, and are far too impetuous and headstrong for partridge shooting. However, a mongrel of this description has occasionally turned out first-rate, but the cross is not found to breed on so as to be depended on, so great a tendency is there in all dogs to “*breed back*” to their original strains, far more for their deterioration than their improvement. The shape of the modern pointer, should be according to the following model:—Short in his head, wide in his forehead, and full in his eye; rather fleshy in his chops; his ears should lie flat, and be as fine as paper; his neck and throat should be light, his shoulders well back; his ribs round, and chine full; broad in his brisket, and straight and muscular in his fore legs, with feet as nearly resembling the foxhound’s as possible: his hips and quarters should be full and rounded, his stern as fine as a rush; his thighs and filets should be full and muscular, and his hocks as close to the ground as possible. His colour should be black and white, or liver and white, as self-coloured dogs are difficult to see when standing in heather or high turnips. The double-nosed pointer, which is said to be of French origin, is so called from the cartilage of his nose being divided in the middle, which gives that organ the appearance of being double. The original breed are slow, like the Spanish, but many of them which have been crossed or improved are as useful as the ordinary English pointers.

#### THE SETTER

Is an improved specimen of the old English spaniel, crossed with the ~~hound~~, in the first instance, of the attempt to cultivate and improve the ~~breed~~, for the purposes of wider ranging. The first setters were used chiefly for the purpose of taking partridges by means of the net. In ad-

dition to his possessing the same peculiarities as his relation the pointer, with which description of dog the modern setter has been undoubtedly much crossed, he is also much appreciated for his high courage and endurance in hilly and broken ground, as also in beating covers and swampy moors. The setter is a far more difficult dog to break than the pointer, owing to his natural high courage, and requires an immense deal of constant hard work to keep him in subjection. The Irish setter, known by his almost invariable red colour, is a variety of the same breed. But the Irish insist that their dog is the original English spaniel, merely improved, but without any extraneous admixture of blood.

#### THE SPANIEL,

Although he may be considered as an English dog, is said to have been originally of Eastern origin. The varieties of this interesting description of dog are several, viz., the large heavy land spaniel, used chiefly in pheasant and woodcock shooting, bred in the greatest perfection in Nottinghamshire, where they are known as the Clumber breed, and are generally of a liver colour, or liver and white. The cocker, which is so called from his also being much used in woodcock shooting, is of a smaller size than the first named, and more active in his habits. He is also more compact in his form; he is wilder and harder to break to the gun, and is much used in rabbit shooting. This variety are of all colours, black, and even white, pied and mottled, or ticked, but the prevailing colour is liver and white. The water spaniel, which is another variety, was originally produced by crossing with the poodle. He is a hardy and enduring animal, and much used in shooting snipes and wild fowl in the fens, where he proves himself a first-rate retriever as well as finder; his colour is usually liver or black, or a grisly liver colour. The King Charles's spaniel is merely a cultivated specimen of the cocker; the same may be also said of that breed known as the Blenheim spaniel; but although amongst these two last-named varieties may be found many excellent dogs for the field, their sporting qualifications are in general entirely sacrificed to mere appearances as to coat, colour, and shape. The properties, by which the highest prized spaniels of King Charles's breed are known, are the following:—Their colour should be invariably black and tan; the head remarkably short—in fact resembling the bulldog or pug, with a deep dent in the forehead above the nose; the forehead very broad, and the eye full. The longer the ears the greater beauty they evince, and the legs should be excessively feathered. Such qualifications as round ribs, full loins, and strong thighs, so much prized in the field spaniel by sportsmen, seem to be almost entirely overlooked by the “Fanciers,” who are in the habit of breeding these dogs for sale. The Blenheim spaniel is known by his colour, being yellow and white, his properties of beauty are the same as the King Charles's. Both these varieties are frequently sold for immense sums for such useless animals, in some instances 30 and even 50 guineas being the price of a first-rate specimen. The poodle is another variety of the water spaniel; he is of French origin, and is considered, although but ill adapted for shooting, one of the most sagacious animals in the creation.

## THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

Has been classed by some writers amongst the spaniels, and from his rough coat, love of the water, and general appearance, he, without doubt, merits his canine station. There are two distinct breeds of Newfoundlands, one a large, shaggy coated animal, which is, as Col. Hawker expresses it, as big as a donkey; this dog is a native of the coast of Labrador; the other is a much smaller and smoother dog, and is found at St John's, Newfoundland. The latter variety is considered by far the most sagacious, and consequently the most valuable to the sportsman.

## THE RETRIEVER

Is a cross-bred dog, either between the Newfoundland and spaniel, or between that and the setter, or between the spaniel and setter. The retriever is even bred occasionally between the rough shepherd's dog and the Newfoundland or setter. They are exceedingly useful to the sportsman in recovering wounded game, especially wildfowl. Where other dogs are taken into the field with them, such as a team of spaniels or pointers, they on no account ought to be suffered to hunt, or leave their master's heels until bid to seek for a wounded bird or hare.

## THE GREYHOUND.

The origin of the greyhound is supposed to have been Celtic, and to have been first introduced into Ireland by emigrants, and afterwards to have been imported into Scotland. There is no doubt but that the greyhound of those early days was a large, rough, savage dog, employed in the chase of the stag and wild boar, but more especially the wolf, and that he was the same dog as the Irish wolf-dog: the largest and most ferocious being reserved for the extirpation of those animals. From this original stock have descended the modern Scotch deerhound, and the rough and smooth greyhounds used in coursing hares. It is absurd to suppose that the rough greyhound is a mongrel, and on that account to exclude him from the rights of competition at coursing meetings; for there can be no doubt that he is, if any question arose upon the subject, the more pure bred dog of the two, the smooth greyhound being indebted for his silken skin and delicately drawn stern to the admixture of some foreign blood, and, as some sportsmen affirm, to a cross with that pigmy specimen of the canine race, the Italian greyhound. It would be more reasonable, however, to suppose that the delicate Italian greyhound was merely a variety of the common smooth greyhound, and that the effects of a warmer climate, and great attention to reducing the size in breeding, had alone produced so diminutive a specimen of that race.

To describe the beauty and elegance of the greyhound in a manner that the subject merits, is almost beyond the power of man. Mr Blaine justly remarks, that this dog "exhibits a combination of symmetric proportions probably unrivalled by any other animal but the racehorse. The perfection of the mechanism for speedy progression, is apparent throughout the structure. Whether we regard his organs separately or conjunctively, they are admirably adapted for fast powers of locomotion: nor

can we view him without being struck with surprise at the great alterations that can be effected in the animal frame by culture, for no naturalist could by possibility be made to believe that the greyhound form, coupled with the peculiarities which attach thereto, could have originated in nature." In the selection of greyhounds, those which are the longest, or cover the most ground when standing, should be preferred, and the powers of the back and hind quarters should arrest the attention far more than those of the fore quarters.

#### THE MASTIFF.

This dog is supposed to have been indigenous to Great Britain by some naturalists, and by others to have been of a spurious race; be it as it may, he is undoubtedly an animal of great antiquity, and from his stock have descended various other breeds known for their courage; and I have no hesitation in saying that the English hounds of the earlier periods were bred directly from the mastiff, as also in after time the bulldog, the terrier, the bannodog, and various others. The English mastiff has become nearly extinct, although occasionally we meet with specimens for sale at the dog-dealers, who warrant them of genuine breed; they ought however, to be regarded with much suspicion. The old mastiff was a straight limbed dog, his lips, like the hound's, hanging down much more than those of the bulldog: he had an even mouth, that is, not underhung; and his tail thick and bushy.

#### THE BULL DOG

Is a variety of the mastiff, and not an original stock, as some have affirmed. His shape, courage, and general characteristics have undoubtedly been the effects of cultivation, for the purposes for which he was originally used, namely, bull-baiting. No kind of dog is so liable to degenerate as the bulldog, which is one convincing proof of the comparatively modern descent of his breed. The properties of the bulldog are—a short head, a broad forehead, a full eye, a clean neck, round ribs, and level and rounded quarters, with a tail as taper and fine as it is possible to be formed, wide bosom, and fore legs either straight or crooked, but the less bone he shows the higher breed the animal is supposed to possess. Those of a white colour are preferred to others, but their noses and roofs of their mouths should be black.

#### THE TERRIER.

This courageous and faithful little dog has more of the characteristics of a thorough English descent, the hound, perhaps, excepted, than any other specimen of the canine race. The varieties of the terrier are endless, some being rough, whilst others are as smooth as satin, having been bred, for so great a number of years, according to the varied tastes of their breeders. No animal is more apt to degenerate in its properties, especially with respect to its courage, as the terrier, on which account a cross with the bulldog is occasionally reported to by all first-rate breeders of this description of dog. Mr Blaine, in his *Encyclopædia*, in speaking of the terrier, says, "The rough variety appears to have been nurtured



in Scotland, although both those, as well as the smooth ones, probably owe their variations more to locality and accidental crosses than to any true speciality between them. The regions of a northern climate are favourable to a crisped or curled coat, as we see in many instances; and a temperate one exhibits the smooth coating mostly. In Scotland the terrier is much cultivated; and it is there met with of various sizes, as from sixteen inches to six. A few have long hair, but the greater number have the coat rough and crisped. A mixed breed between these two is recrossed to generate our best bull-terrier, and the breed so generated is handsome, useful, and very courageous, nor is it usually savage or mischievous. He is much used in the pursuit of the higher order of vermin, as the badger, &c. Terriers were formerly used to accompany packs of foxhounds, much more than they are at the present day, to assist in unearthing the fox; their colour was either black and tan, or pied with white or yellow."

#### THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

This useful attendant on the shepherd and driver of cattle is to be met with in every quarter of the globe. Mr Blaine says that amongst all the varieties to be met with, he everywhere preserves some personal characteristics, which mark his adherence to the original type, in a greater degree than in any other breed, over which man has so arbitrarily exercised his dominion. In England the kind usually met with is of a large description, while in Scotland he is of an inferior size, but of a superior sagacity. The ears are never entirely pendent in any of the race, but in the British varieties, and many others also, they are carried high, or pricked, as it is termed. Reflection would lead us to suppose that it was from the shepherd's dog that all the other varieties of the canine race have, in subsequent ages, descended.

#### THE LURCHER

Is a mongrel breed between the shepherd's dog and the greyhound. Sometimes he is the attendant of the warrener; but more frequently used by poachers to drive the hares, when at feed, into the nets and snares, which are placed to take them in their runs. The chief peculiarities of a lurcher are, that he will run either by scent or view; and his working in perfect silence renders him a most destructive assistant to the poacher during the night or day.

*Bell's Life in London,*

## HIGHLAND SPORTS, AND SPORTING QUARTERS.\*

BY LINTON.

There are, probably, few periods more exhilarating in the life of a sportsman than that when he finds himself, at the commencement of the season, in the freshness of early morning, on the heathered mountain, prepared for his first day's grouse shooting.

“ At the peep of dawn o'er the dewy moors  
For the sportsmen have mounted the topmost crags,  
And the fleet dogs bound o'er the mossy hags,  
And the mist clears off as the lagging sun  
With his first ray gleams on the glancing gun,  
And the startled grouse, and the blackcock spring,  
At the well-known report, on whirring wing.”

Not that we pretend to be an advocate for the general habit, adopted by many, of commencing a day's shooting at an unreasonably early hour, and which is by some considered so absolutely necessary to obtain sport.

There is a sort of faintness of the inner man experienced before the sun is well o'er the horizon, which dims the sight, wearies the limbs, unsteadies the hand, and consequently unsettles the aim ere you get well into the business of the day; and we therefore humbly declare, on our own part at least, that not having taken out a license to sell game, and the quality of the sport, not the quantity bagged, being our object when enjoying such delights, we have never been able to discover the utility of walking through wet turnips with an empty stomach; or on the dewy moors, with a ravenous appetite, and eyes like a five-days' old puppy-dog, half open.

If you have to meet a pack of hounds some twenty miles from home, get up as early as you please; at all events, be in ample time to see them thrown into covert; not, however, without fully preparing your inward, as well as your outward man, for coming events. Should you chance, on the other hand, to find yourself comfortably located in a Highland shooting quarter, there is no reason on earth, or the moors, why you should not take the matter as you do other pleasures in life, that is, obtain all the enjoyments within the range of possibility, and eschew all the inconveniences. By following this principle, if you are not a gainer, you will never be a loser. On our arrival at a sporting abode which hitherto we may not have had the pleasure of visiting, if the time be night we turn in comfortably (even the French make use of the word “*comfortable*” in these days, though their application of it proves an entire ignorance of its meaning); if we awake early, we immediately turn out and take a peep from the window, in the first place to inspect the state of the weather, and then to seek a knowledge of the locale. Should we have a decided object, well and good, we prepare for the occasion; if not, we fairly

\* Continued from No. viii.

ensconce ourselves once more between the sheets, and ruminate a little, half dreaming over our expected day's sport by anticipation, and then turn round and have another sound nap just to recruit our limbs for the mountain-sides. Indeed, we know a first-rate shot—in fact, a superior sportsman, whether with the gun, fishing-rod, or bridle in hand—who visits the Highlands annually. He makes his appearance about half-past ten or eleven, eats his morning meal peacefully, plentifully, and with evident enjoyment, then lights his Havannah, and about mid-day finds himself knee deep in the flowery heather. We condole with the unfortunate grouse, ptarmigan, or blackcock, who have the temerity to rise within distance of his unerring aim: their rise is but to fall again for ever. He shoots on steadily till the sun sinks behind the western mountains, then lights another fragrant weed, and turns his steps homewards; appears dressed and cool at the dinner table, and is a most lively and agreeable companion; and when the game-book is brought in for an entry of the day's sport, few can ever number the total bagged that he can. This is the sort of man to have as a companion in a Highland shooting quarter; not your restless, quicksilver fellow, who can neither take his own "ease at his inn," nor will he allow any one else to do so; who gets up before sunrise, and is, consequently, dead beat before it has crossed the meridian; and instead of really enjoying a day's sport, a cool bottle of claret after dinner, qualified by a tumbler of mountain dew hot with, and perhaps just one cigar to prevent indigestion, or a little moderate "vingt-et-un" to pass the evening merrily, quits the table for an arm-chair, and in five minutes is snoring like a buffalo. Sportsmen, permit us to recommend your taking it easy, as the midshipman of that name so justly advised and practised, whether it be in the turnips in September, or on the moors in August. This is the plan we have hitherto pursued, and we have found it to be both successful and agreeable, notwithstanding all that has been said and written about the want of scent after mid-day.

On the morning subsequent to our chase of the roe-deer, which unfortunately was to be our last at Meggernie on that occasion, having engaged ourselves to visit other friendly quarters, we had determined to take a sort of rambling excursion all over the hills around and in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle, and with this arrangement the whole party were luckily well pleased. Having therefore, as usual, made sad havoc among the dainties which were bountifully spread before us, we prepared ourselves for another day of entire enjoyment. Human thoughts will, however, wander in the best regulated brain, which unquestionably ours is not; and we could never divest our mind, as we sat at the bountiful board, of the idea, that could the founder of that ancient pile, in which we were then so happily domiciled, but walk into the room at the very moment we were about to plunge a fork into the breast of a cold grouse, or in the act of lifting up the cover of some smoking dainty, the chieftain's hand might chance to seek the sharp-skeinduh, and play with us the same trick we were playing with the game. To add to this wandering of our imagination, the portrait of some grim, old laird, with long and flaxen curly wig (evidently one of his descendants'), whose physiognomy was adorned by an ancient gilded frame, scowled at us, as we sat in our usual seat, face

to face with the old gentleman. The tip of his nose appeared to change colour at every morsel we ate, and at times so startled us that we were literally on the point of jumping up and laying hold of the back of the chair for protection ; and on one occasion we were nearly choked by the back-bone of a trout when admiring the frill of his shirt.

We must proceed, however, on our sporting walk, instead of dwelling on the family portraits of the Stewarts, of Glen Lyon, or the maternal dainties of Meggernie Castle. Nevertheless, as there are already Meggernie "stakes" at the Liverpool meeting, we see no reason why there should not be *potage à la Meggernie* in the glen. We shall, however, say no more on this international subject, otherwise we may be taken for a gastronomist, which we are not, instead of an enthusiastic sportsman, which we really are. Indeed, we already fancy we hear some good-natured Norfolk or Hampshire squire, who has killed his twenty brace of partridges in the morning, and is shoozing over the "Mag." in the evening, exclaiming "Damned"—no we never swear—"Devilish fat, lazy fellow this Mr Linton must be, who lays down the law so decidedly about early rising and gormandizing ; who gets up at eleven, stuffs himself, and looks at old family pictures till twelve, and then calls it taking it easy." You are in error, squire ; be cool ; we are neither fat nor lazy ; we weigh nine stone three pounds in tops and unmentionables, and just nine stone in nankeens ; we eat less than most men, and though we do not rise early, we go to bed late, and never could sleep after dinner. Twenty miles to cover with you any day you please. But now to the hills ; come and take another walk with your fat, lazy friend : he heartily offers you a share of the sport.

Once more the keeper and the gallant-looking fellow, his aid—(who, by the by, had he been in any station but that of a keeper, we should have endeavoured to have enlisted as a Life-guardsmen ; for in his kilt he looked well enough ; but in the cuirass, and mounted on one of those unequalled black chargers which adorn the portals of the Horse Guards, he would have been a fit escort for our lady the Queen)—awaited our commands for the day's march.

"Good morning, Donald ; splendid weather for the hills. What luck shall we have to-day ?"

"Yes, sir, 'tis a brow season. May-be we shall meet with some blackcock beyond the garden-dyke ; I saw at least fifty of them this morning, feeding soon after day-break."

"The devil you did ! Why were we not called ?"

He laughed in reply, as much as to say, "It would have been of no avail." He was quite right, he would have called in vain.

"Then let us try for these birds at once."

And away we went. Our party was strong : we had four guns, a host of gillies, and two brace of dogs, who, notwithstanding their exertions of the day previous, were tolerably fresh and full of spirit, save the gallant Bran, who, though suffering from his severe injury, was nevertheless all eagerness to be of the party ; this, however, we valued him too much to permit.

We had scarcely reached the wall already alluded to, within fifty yards when we felt ourselves seized by the shoulder in Donald's powerful grip.

"There they are," said he. "Hist, hist"; and the whole party were made to understand that the game were in sight. And a pretty view for a sportsman's eye, in good truth, it afforded! In a sort of stubble-field—if stubble it can be termed, in such a wild valley as there presented itself—about half gun-shot from the wall, we beheld what seemed, to the eye of an inexperienced sportsman, or, we should rather say, to a sportsman unaccustomed to this species of game, a multitude of large ravens, employing themselves in gleaning. On a nearer inspection, however, these ravens appeared to have curly tails, adorned with a white feather or two intermixed, as a relief to their gloomy blackness. There they remained these proud, and plump Highland blackamoors, as if waiting in defiance of attack, and determined to resist our rude intrusion on their feeding territory. Luckily, however, it was not our first acquaintance with their peculiarities; and those of the glen, by whom we were accompanied, were up to all the trickery and cunning of these splendid birds. We crave one moment while we add, though we know not why, that it appears, by general sporting acquiescence, permitted to shoot a blackcock how you can, when you can, and wherever you find him. Now, were we to see a pheasant sitting on the top of a park-wall—which we frequently have seen—none but a poacher or a pot-hunter would deign to fire at the beautiful animal till it "fluttered in the air;" but with the blackcock

C'est autre chose :

Bang when you can, and over it goes.

Precaution and silence was, therefore, the word of command, in order to secure success. Luck, for the time, placed us in a good position; and, having crept up to the wall, we rested our double-barrels on the top within twenty yards of the formidable black army; in fact, we managed just comfortably to bring five glossy heads along the sight, and, with nervous excitement, were on the very point of pulling the trigger, when a confounded gillie sneezed—only sneezed—but it was a detestable sneeze: we have hated people with colds ever since. This was enough; the whole pack rose in a dense cloud; not a moment was to be lost. Instead of the murderous aim we had chosen, as we thought, so cunningly, we had no alternative but that of banging into the centre of the flock. Down came two black bodies, plump like coals, from the heavens! Bang! bang! went the file firing from right to left; over the wall we jumped, keepers, gillies, shooters and all, to pick up the dead and make prisoners of the wounded. This, however, proved not so easy a matter as might be supposed; two lay dead as hammers—a simile we cannot explain; three others were only legged or winged, and they made a desperate attempt to escape; but the pack of bipeds, all eager for their prey, were too strong for them, and after floundering, ankle deep in swamp, over flowery heather and rough stones, all were at length captured in life, and bagged in death—two brace and a-half, no bad commencement for the day; though the skirmishing which obtained the victory might not have been exactly in sporting *règle*. Never mind grumblers: it caused much mirth, and pardon for the sneezer. True, we had expected at least six brace; but we are easily satisfied, the half loaf contents us; and on the party walked, hoping for better luck next time.

Having reached the mountain-slopes, hares rose here and there and everywhere, before and around us; and we succeeded in killing two brace, after some very interesting runs. On our arrival at the summit of the mountain, the day, which hitherto had been cloudy, dark, and misty, became brilliant and clear, the sun bursting forth in unrivalled splendour, and the view of a hundred mountains seen almost to the summit of Ben Nevis, the wide, dark-looking, and extensive grouse-ground and valleys which lay in solemn grandeur at our feet, was a picture of unequalled interest alike to the sportsman, artist, and lover of nature's wildness. Add to this the calm waters of Loch Rannoch, nearly twelve miles in length, and two of general breadth, which lay, as it appeared, almost at the foot of the mountain on which we stood; and though literally two miles distant, the mountain shadows on its waters were quite distinct, so still and placid was all around. This beautiful lake, glittering and sparkling ever and anon as the sun's rays, darkened by a passing cloud, which swept through the heavens, left on its unruffled surface gloomy and flitting shadows, is the resort of a large-sized trout, probably not delicate eating, but affording ample sport with the rod. And many there are who eagerly seek permission to try their skill with the fly, from the owners of the extensive shooting grounds by which it is surrounded; the principal one being the Earl of Mansfield, who rents the moors immediately contiguous to Meggernie, for which he pays a large annual rent. In this desirable sporting possession he succeeded Lord Grantly, and although we believe\* his first season of sport did not average his expectations, yet during those which have followed, though his outlay may be large, the total of his game-book has been most ample. Loch Rannoch is bordered on the north by a long, lone eminence of gentle slope, regular and unbroken outline; whereas the hills to the south are higher and more abrupt, and stand distinctly apart the one from the other. Of all these beautiful scenes, nature tendered us a superb and truly interesting picture; but time did not admit our dwelling on such pleasing objects, though long could we have lingered on such a spot.

The chirping grouse and silvery ptarmigan awaited our coming near at hand most courteously, just granting us sufficient time to admire mountain, valley, and lake as we walked on, and they were severally pointed out to us and named by the keepers (their denominations, however, are utterly beyond the power of a sportsman's pen to write); the stillness of the scene being alone disturbed as the echoing shot, reverberating from hill to hill, told a tale of death to the feathered tribe, among which we were fortunate enough to number several golden plovers; without exception, in our humble opinion, the most delicious morsel that ever was placed before a delicate appetite, and no bad finish for a hungry sportsman who has duly attended to the substantials, after a long day's walk. Readers, should you not hitherto have tasted this little, well-flavoured bird—always an acquisition to a game-bag—do us the favour, and yourself the enjoyment, to follow Mrs Kitchner's advice, viz., to kill one the first opportunity; and having killed it, should your establishment not be blessed with a cook—of course we do not mean one of those fat females in petticoats who most unjustly defame the cognomen, but a cook—why write a civil note to "Soyer," and ask for his brief attention to the succulent little animal, then

eat it, and wash the delicious nutriment down with a glass or two of Lafitte, if you have any—if not, château Margeaux will answer the purpose; and then send us a dozen or two, if you like, for the hint, as we shall then be ill-repaid for the pleasure you will have derived. But we must walk on, for the day advances, which was our last on the hills of Meggernie.

As we reached the summit of another portion of the Schiehallion range, where the ground was covered with large stones and rocks intermixed with the heather, surmounted by a cairn, the shepherds' handiwork, we were gratified by the sight of numerous mountain-hares scudding up the declivities. A few of these we were fortunate enough to tumble over—they make good soup, but eat better as a roast, recollect—and among others we witnessed a very strong, large fellow make direct for the cairn; higher he could not go, and descend towards the valley on the opposite side he certainly did not; we therefore reasonably surmised that he must have taken refuge among the loose stones; and such proving to be the case, the grey old gentleman was quietly removed from his retreat by the hind legs, and snugly deposited in a covered basket with all the energies of life unharmed; and this with the intention that he should afford us a little amusement in the lowlands, as we shall hereafter explain. A flight of blackcocks also passed directly over our heads as we were descending, towards evening, through the heathered valley leading towards the castle; we had at the very moment fired had at a grouse, and were, consequently, in the act of reloading the discharged barrel when these black gentlemen fluttered, or, more properly speaking, sailed through the heavens immediately aloft: we had scarcely sufficient time to raise the gun to the shoulder, take a hasty aim, and fire; in fact the shot was one almost at hazard, point blank to the skies, at least sixty-five to seventy yards distant; to our astonishment and gratification, nevertheless, down came, with a startling thump, the most beautiful in plumage and largest blackcock we have ever beheld, before or since. So large, so fat and heavy was he, that, stewed with onions—no bad dish, by the bye—he might have graced the bottom of the lord mayor's table at a civic feast, and been taken for boiled turkey with celery, or, *à la broche*, would not have failed the palate of an alderman. We decided otherwise, however; and instead of stuffing ourselves with him, we graciously permitted him to be stuffed; and he how figures in a glasscase, mourning for himself, doubtless, in his glossy black coat, and looking so lively that, were his glass cage but broken, he would surely, take wing once more, and fly to meet his mate mid the dark recesses of Ben Lawers.

When the day had nearly closed, we found ourselves again on the grassy park immediately fronting the castle; and as the fast receding light of an autumnal evening left us but little time for consideration, we determined at once to settle our affairs with the gentleman in the basket, whom we had removed from his stony hiding-place. Among the canine race then enjoying a séjour in the Meggernie kennels were two well bred greyhound pups. These had hitherto scarcely ever seen a hare; certainly they had never tasted the excitement of an actual chace. We determined therefore on forthwith granting them this pleasing amusement, with the true spirit of "doing to others, &c.," and we certainly had had our quantum of

sport; ergo, the aspirants for future fame at Altcar were produced and secured in slips, and a graceful pair of puppies indeed were they. On the cover of the basket being lifted, away went puss, without hesitation, doubtless nothing loath—like what shall we say?—like the diable?—no! but like an uncommon strong and speedy hare, who had been well frightened, but not injured or disheartened by a few hours' imprisonment. The slips were loosed: Nature taught the rest, and away flew the puppies, proving well their good breeding by stamina and fleetness. Twice had the snow-white hare been turned, when again she stretched before her eager pursuers, immediately in front of the castle where we stood, as if determined to swim for life across the river, rather than die by such young foes, when lo! a new enemy appeared on the field of action, who soon decided the question. The scene was truly one of amusement: we had at the moment entirely forgotten that, previous to leaving the castle in the morning, a favourite and first-rate greyhound bitch, then heavy with pup, had been left in one of the rooms fronting the park, where the chase was then proceeding. The window of this room had unfortunately been left open, inasmuch as being from eighteen to twenty feet from the ground, it was never imagined that an animal in her state would endeavour to escape therefrom: nevertheless, we were deceived; she managed, on hearing the halloos which sounded through the glen as encouragement to the young dogs, to raise herself on her hind legs and look out. The scene which presented itself was doubtless most satisfactory to her mind, for not a moment did she hesitate. Out from the window she sprang, heavy as she was, and alighted without injury on her feet: a few strides she made across the park straight for the hare, which was running at right angles to her. They met, and in an instant it was flung high in the air. Breathless with astonishment, the pups stopped their rapid career, and gazed on the lifeless body of their prey; whereas the old lady, none the worse for her prowess, walked quietly back towards the castle, as much as to say—"That's the way to do the trick, young'uns: go, get your suppers, and recollect the lesson." This self-said bitch has figured in the Coursing Calendar, as the receiver of many a stake; and the pups she produced on this occasion only one week after this window-flight all proved very superior dogs; indeed, they may fairly be said to have been in training in their mother's womb.

The amount of game killed on this day's excursion, we do not name here with any intention whatever of calling attention to its amount; the rough account of our walk must speak for itself, and will quite sufficiently explain that with shooting we combined the pleasure—indeed, the endless delight to be found in Nature's picture-gallery, so variedly and so beautifully set before us: besides which, had we not a variety of chases—the last not the least exciting—to say nothing of the storming of black-cocks by which we commenced the various amusements of the day?

Three brace of these beautiful and glossy black-cocks, nine hares, three and a half brace of grouse, three golden plovers, two brace and a half of ptarmigan, making a total of twenty-nine head of game, was therefore all we could muster—quite sufficient, believe me, to afford an admirable day's amusement, even though we numbered four guns in the field.



Let it be understood, however, that the grouse grounds of Meggernie produce quite sufficient game to secure the utmost amount of killed compatible, in our humble opinion, with the spirit of a true sportsman who shoots—not slaughters; indeed, at the moment we write this, we have before us two letters, dated, the one, Meggernie Castle, August 25th, 1846; the other, September 15th, which contains the following information:—

“ We have not done much in the shooting yet, as my party are hardly assembled; Mr H. has, however, been out a few times, and at his age (73) done wonders. He killed on four different days  $26\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $27\frac{1}{2}$ , 30 and 21 brace. There will be no performance like this in Scotland this year. We have plenty of game. Millions of hares!”

Truly may this be called good sport; and we will answer for it, not a chirper or a bad-tryed bird was found among the number. But this gentleman is a true sportsman by heart and deed, and has been so from seventeen till seventy-three. May he shoot on for years to come! The other letter states—

“ The sport has been excellent. We have had great days with the hares. Above the wood, on Saturday, we killed 145 hares, 12 brace of grouse, 4 brace of ptarmigan, 1 roe, 1 golden plover! We have killed a thousand brace of grouse since the 12th of August, though there are but few young birds!”

Turning to another document, a paragraph taken from a newspaper, and we read that on the 12th of August the owner of Monzie, a large property near Crieff, in Perthshire, killed and bagged on his moors the astonishing amount of 190 brace of grouse.

We have no patience to proceed further in such details; for without we heard the fact asserted by him who did the foul deed, which courtesy would compel us to believe, we own we imagine it to be impossible for any single gun to commit so great a slaughter unless the packs of grouse rose every ten yards immediately under the nose of the shooter, so that each volley could settle a dozen birds at least. On naming this fact to a friend who, like ourselves, would rather at this moment be walking over the grouse hills, or riding at the rear of the stag-hounds over Dartmoor than be the last in London, he at first endeavoured to excuse the murder by saying that this feat, as he had been told, was undertaken for the purpose of proving the abundance of game to be found on this property, the proprietor being anxious to sell it. If such be really the case, we can only say that had we been desirous of becoming a purchaser, we should prefer to buy it with game on the grouse hills rather than without, which an act such as we have related must tend to annihilate for ever. According to the old maxim, however, every man has a right to do what he will with his own; and, having said thus much, we take our leave of the destroyer of one hundred and ninety brace of grouse, with the hope that he had the courtesy so send some of them to his friends in the south.

Daylight had now closed, and the bright moon shone in majesty over mountain, lake, and glen; millions of stars glittered in the mighty heavens; the early frost of autumn already whitened the grassy park, and the keen atmosphere without told with double force on the comforts prepared for us

within, as with one more look on the sparkling waters of the Lyon, and the shadows of the dark woods on its margin reflected by the moonbeams, and the towering hills beyond, we closed the shutters, and turned to the blazing wood and peat fire, and then joined our friends at the well-supplied board. Stewed hare at top; roast grouse at the bottom; then the hotch-potch and the haggies—the latter a dish the eating of which ought to have been forbidden by an article in the Union. Yet was this repast one most grateful to the palates of tired and hungry sportsmen; and as the toddy glass went round for those who preferred it, and the mulled wine for those who did not, and the skirmishes on the hill-tops were fought over again and again, who so merry as we? Years have now passed: many many more may pass; yet long shall we remember this brief visit to the Glen of Lyon as one bright spot in the journey of a life on which the clouds have not seldom lowered with unusual darkness. On the morrow we were to quit a scene, perhaps for ever, which had been to us one of unusual happiness. Well, be it so; yet long may the inhabitants of the wild glen live in peace and plenty! We sought them for our gratification; we left with much regret. It was our intention to start early, and walk direct through the glen, passing Loch Lyon and Ach and making our first halt at Inverouran, a small lone house, twenty-five miles from the castle westward. But as we hope for your company in our walk, so we shall defer our description of it till a night's rest has refreshed our mental as well as physical powers—so

“ Good night ! good night !  
May visions bright  
Sweet slumber o’er you hover,  
Nor fancy bring  
Upon her wing  
One thought to cloud to-morrow.”

When most fatigued, however, sleep will not always readily obey the tired and fevered traveller or the over-fatigued sportsman—particularly so when his brain is overwhelmed with thoughts which rush through the imagination, now bright and beautiful, then dark and gloomy; like the stars of heaven, now shining forth in brightness, then lost to view by the passing cloud. This waking of the brain, though the body reclines in rest, may also be much increased by any little excitement previous to the hour of rest; and we must admit that we had a fair share of the grateful juice, which, doubtless, could the fruit which produced it have reasoned, as it ripened for the wine-press on the sunny hill of Portugal or France, would never have submitted to be bottled up for the gratification of grouse-shooters in the Western Highlands. Nevertheless it was there, and we drank it—possibly a glass, just one glass too much of it; and the consequence was that instead of joining in the chorus of snores which sounded from time to time from neighbouring rooms, we lay thinking and ruminating and building castles, and bringing down grouse; and among other things, we painted the following picture—perhaps not with the skill of an artist, but nevertheless truthfully—as far as our recollection will permit.

The hour was about six, the weather beautiful, the season late in July. We were strolling quietly homewards across Grosvenor Square, admiring with much satisfaction the unusual greenness of its central garden, the clear blue sky above us, and the many gay and well-dressed children who were enjoying their gambols within the iron rails ; ruminating also, and with justice, on the many joys and comforts granted us, to mitigate the bitter cares amid life's dark and fleeting dream of wretchedness, as we watched the numerous splendid horses, handsome carriages, and fair and well adorned occupants as they rolled rapidly by, when our attention was more particularly called to an unusually well-appointed equipage which had stopped at one of the houses in the square. The horses were noble animals, the servants remarkably well but plainly dressed—indeed, the carriage, the harness, and everything was peculiarly striking from its total absence of all unnecessary ornament, and yet complete elegance and distinction in general appearance ; yet if the carriage, servants, and beautiful horses had caused us to turn our attention to them, how far more were we attracted by the appearance of the fair and elegant woman who so gracefully reclined within it, face to face with two as beauteous children as mother's eye ever looked upon with fondness, or we ever had the pleasure of beholding ; in fact, the whole picture, drawn as it is from nature—the high-bred mother, the lovely children, the horses, the whole combined was a most perfect specimen of the wife, the mother, and the parent of England's most noble race. And yet no pride nor care sat on her fair young brow, but the bright and beaming smile which lightened up her sweet face as she gazed on the loved ones near her, and the clear blue eye and winning grace of that gentle countenance, once seen could never be forgotten ; indeed, the sweet and childish expression of the girl who faced us as we passed slowly on can never be obliterated from our memory. This is a true but simple sketch of an English mother in the higher ranks of society ; and if we may judge from the many beautiful children which are now daily to be seen driving about during the London season, we we would fain hope that fashion no longer forbids to those amenable to its laws the pleasure of proving to the world they love the companionship of their offspring. There may be, as doubtless there are, many pictures similar to that we have endeavoured to describe, daily to be seen during the season ; and doubtless the same fond mothers, met in the parks by day, at night may be found partaking of scenes of gaiety and revelry, when these loved objects of their tender care are hushed in their infantine slumbers. Yet be assured there is many and many a bright face, many a noble heart, many a young and affectionate wife, who participates in the frivolities of fashion from the nature of her position far more than from the nature of her inclinations, and who can most fully appreciate the beauties and delights of the country beyond the precincts of Kensington Gardens and the parks. Aye ! hundreds are there, who look forward with delight to the period which emancipates them from the supposed pleasure of a London season, to the real ones to be found on the flowery-heathered mountains of Scotland, the wooded parks of England, and the green hills of Ireland. But mark the sequel of this rough sketch ; rough, we say, for all, ~~was~~ rough in memory, compared to the outline of those cherub faces

we had looked on but for a moment for the first time, and, as we then believed, for the last. And yet it was so willed that we should meet again—but where? in Grosvenor Square?—no, surely not! Another London season had passed and was forgotten; another bright summer had waned, and winter's rigours were over. The rich harvest of a second had been well nigh culled, when either duty or pleasure, but most probably the latter, found us in the extreme north-west of Scotland.

The hour was about the same, the season somewhat later, but the sun shone as brightly, and the scene was far, far more beautiful than Grosvenor Square, as, in company with a companion who, like ourselves, loves to combine his sporting visits to different parts of the kingdom with a glimpse of Nature's beauties wherever to be found, we were quietly walking our horses along the margin of a beautiful lake, the sides of which were overhung with luxuriant birch trees and mountain ash. All was so still, so bright, so beautiful, that as we looked on the rugged mountains, the green woods, and the clear waters near which we lingered, the busy world and the thronged city and the multitude might well be forgotten. The daily strife of man with man, the bitter sorrows of family contention, the agony of poverty, the sovereignty of wealth, the daily toil for bread, the follies of worldly pleasures, the darkness of crime, and the wearying feverish hours of the sick-bed, were lost to thought in the contemplation of Nature's loveliness, by which on all sides we were surrounded. Thus we rode on, in much enjoyment of the scene, when, as we turned a sharp corner of the road, a totally different prospect presented itself: the path, which had hitherto been secluded by the trees which covered the mountain slopes, now opened on a wide and extensive range of heathered hills, rising one above another in the far distance. We drew the rein in admiration of this splendid prospect. When about a hundred yards from the spot where we had halted, we beheld a party of equestrians riding slowly down the mountain-side towards the road: on their nearer approach, we discovered that the leader of the party was a lady; gracefully she sat, and carefully she guided a handsome and powerful Highland Galloway; by her side, on a rough Shetland pony, a very picture of its race, rode a beautiful boy, some eight or ten years of age. The rear of the party was brought up by a steady and well-appointed groom, who held by a rein attached to its bit another, but smaller Shetland, on which, gaily laughing, sat a lovely girl, probably a year younger than the boy, who doubtless was her brother. In such a spot, so secluded and yet so interesting, the appearance of this riding party—so unusual a sight—was naturally a cause of much surprise. How much more so, however, was our astonishment when, on their reaching the road, we beheld the same beautiful woman, and the same lovely children, whose presence two years previously had delighted us in Grosvenor Square! The fair lady had no London appointments; no park habit; no thorough-bred steed; no flowing feather or cashmere shawl;—a plain straw bonnet covered her small and well-formed head; a skirt of tartan served as a riding dress; but the same kindly smile, the same bright look graced her fair face, which, pale and beautiful in Grosvenor Square, was now tinged with the hue of health, gained doubtless from the fresh air of the mountains among which with her chil-

dren she was now enjoying herself; and the boy, with his Glengarry bonnet proudly placed on a head from which his long golden hair floated in the breeze—how well he sat his pony! How joyous was his look, as by his mother's side he rode—true specimen of the noble house of which in future years he may become the head. And the sweet girl—how she laughed and rode along, appealing to the faithful servant, as much as to say, "Let me ride free: I fear not!" Then turning towards a noble deerhound, well nigh as large as her pony, who trotted by her side, as if proud of his darling charge, she caressed him with her sweet young voice, as he, with large and brilliant eyes, looked up and answered her caresses. We could have pressed her to our heart. But this was not all the picture. On the summit of a small hill, from which they had descended, were seated here and there a party of sportsmen. Their dogs were in the act of seeking game; and the constant sharp echoes of the guns' report, as it rattled through the mountains, told of an addition to the game-book, and added to the childish delight of those who felt they were partakers in the pleasures and sports—the mother, of her husband: the children, of their father. Landseer! why were you not there, to put on canvas, in all the beauty of your colouring, that which our pen has but vainly endeavoured to convey? But the scene shifted, and we turned to sleep, with the hope that a bright sunshine would welcome our rising.

"What various scenes! and, oh! what scenes of woe  
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!  
Through crowded hospital behold it stream;  
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam;  
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail;  
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;  
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,  
Turns her sick infant's couch, and soothes her feeble wail."

*Sporting Magazine for Dec. & Jan.*

## MEETING AT THE RACE STAND.

At a Meeting of the gentlemen interested in the Turf, held at the Race Stand on the 22d February, 1847, J. P. McKilligin, Esq., in the Chair—

*W. F. Fergusson, Esq.*, read the following paper :—

“ Inconvenience having been felt from the want of a permanent Association to regulate all matters connected with Racing and to protect the interests of the Turf, the undersigned, comprising the Stewards of the Races for the present season, and all the past and present owners of horses now resident in Calcutta, have resolved to form themselves into the Calcutta Turf Club, under such rules as shall hereafter from time to time be agreed upon. After this date election to the Club will take place by ballot.”

The above paper bore 36 signatures.

Proposed by *J. Staniforth, Esq.*, seconded by *W. Grey, Esq.*, and carried unanimously, that the Calcutta Turf Club be constituted in the terms of, and for the purposes proposed in, the paper now laid on the table ; that its nucleus be the names thereunto affixed, with the remaining members of the old Jockey Club, and that the CALCUTTA TURF CLUB be established from this date.

*W. F. Fergusson, Esq.*, read the following suggested rules :—

That the election members shall be by ballot ; each candidate to be proposed and seconded ; name to be put up in the Race Stand for one week and one black ball out of six to exclude. The ballot box to remain open for four clear days and twelve balls to make a ballot.

That a Committee of five members be elected to manage the affairs of the Club, and to receive and decide on all references.

That the following gentlemen form the Committee until the 1st December next, on which date the election shall annually take place :—

*J. Staniforth, Esq.*, *J. Beckwith, Esq.*, *W. Grey, Esq.*, *W. F. Fergusson, Esq.*, and *W. P. Grant, Esq.*

That the Committee appoint a Secretary to the Club.

That immediately after the last Calcutta Meeting the Club shall take measures to prepare a prospectus for the ensuing season, and appoint Stewards, Secretary, &c., for the Races.

That the admission fee to the Club shall be one gold mohur, and the annual subscription one gold mohur ; the first subscription to be due on admission and the following one on the 1st Dec. of each year in advance : non-payment when called upon to forfeit the right to be a member of the Club.

That of Turf Club Purse shall be given annually in the First Meeting, of such amount as the funds will admit of.

That the Race Stand and the Course be under the control and management of the Club through its Committee.

That the Committee from time to time frame such rules as may be necessary, which shall be binding when approved of by a General Meeting of the members of the Club.

The above rules were discussed and unanimously adopted.

Proposed by *W. F. Fergusson, Esq.*, seconded by *J. Rennie, Esq.*, and carried unanimously, that thanks be given to *Mr Hume*, for his past services as Secretary of the Races, and that he be requested to continue in office.

Proposed by *A. de H. Larpent, Esq.*, seconded by *J. Staniforth, Esq.*, and carried unanimously—that *W. Bracken, Esq.*, be requested to accept the office of Judge of the Races.

Proposed by *W. F. Fergusson, Esq.*, seconded by *Major Clayton*, and carried unanimously—that *J. Staniforth, Esq.*, *J. Beckwith, Esq.*, and *William Grey, Esq.*, be requested to prepare a prospectus for the two Meetings of the ensuing season.

The following gentlemen were then elected Stewards for 1847-48:—

G. Bushby, Esq., J. Beckwith, Esq., W. Grey, Esq., Captain Lang, and C. Marten, Esq.

(Signed) J. P. McKILLIGIN, *Chairman*.

The Committee appointed James Hume, Esq., Secretary to the Calcutta Turf Club.

JAMES HUME,  
*Secretary, C. T. C.*

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## AQUATIC.

## BOMBAY REGATTA.

The interest excited by this brilliant affair was increased as the hour of starting for the Cup approached, by a degree of mystery and uncertainty which appeared to be hanging over the proceedings. At an early hour, we repaired on board the *Seaforth*, which we, in common with many others, imagined to be the vessel honored with the patronage of the Stewards, especially as the *Rendezvous* flag was flying at the fore. Captain Higgs, it appears, received a letter from the Secretary of the Bombay Yacht Club, intimating the intention of the Stewards and their friends to come on board, and requesting him to be "at home" to receive them, to which he, with his well known urbanity and *accommodativeness*, cheerfully consented. The couches and chairs underneath the awning, and a table well supplied with "the good things of this life," proved that he was anxious, not only to welcome, but also to entertain, his expected guests. But to our astonishment and dismay, the Stewards repaired on board the *Margaret*, a Government schooner at anchor in the harbour, and the "ladies and gentlemen" to the *Carnac*, which had, at a late hour, been "taken up" for the occasion. We do not intend to "spoil the sport," or rather, our little history of the sport, by passing any invidious remarks on the conduct of the Stewards in this matter, but we think it right to express our opinion that Captain Higgs ought to have been apprised of the change in the arrangements. It caused disappointment to many, and certainly requires a little explanation.

When, fairly established on the quarter deck of the *Seaforth*, we had time to look about us—we were much struck with the lively appearance which the harbour, usually so *sombre*, had assumed, as if touched by the magic wand of a fairy, or water sprite. H. M. S. *Flax* and the different Steamers were *dressed*, in honor of the day,—covered with flags from stem to stern. At the time of our arrival, the *Daring* and *Foam* were the only yachts moored at the *rendezvous*; but you could see the others gliding about the harbour, as if trying their wings before the protracted flight, or perhaps we had better term it, in the phraseology of the turf, "the canter before the race." Meanwhile the expectant spectators, fain to while away the lagging moments, (for it is now only  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2) found plenty of objects for amusement and remark. A little *lore of a steamer* called the *Jim* (Hibernian for *Gem*, we presume) attracted a good deal of attention. It was really wonderful to see the foam cast up by her miniature paddle wheels, and we could not help thinking of some very little people, who nevertheless manage to make some noise in the world, and go foaming through life. And then the betting. As the hour draws near, bets are freely offered, and as freely taken; the *Rhoderick Dhu* evidently the favorite, although backers were found for the *Sophy* and the *Foam* while we, too consistent to change, continued to support the *Dar-*



ing. An *impromptu* sweep was got up on board the *Seaforth*, for which there were more entries than prizes. And now, as we talk, the scene becomes more and more animated. (May I trouble you for the glass, Captain?) See, the Stewards have arrived, there's Mr Hunter at his post, and hark! oh yes, that *must* be Captain Boulton's voice. The *Carnac* is getting her steam up, evidently preparing for a start; there's a large party of Officers and Ladies hastening to get on board the *Fox*. Our own deck is beginning to fill bunder-boats and dingies keep coming alongside, and already there has been an awful consumption of sandwiches and sherry. We are a right merrie party, and amuse ourselves capitally, by criticising the competing vessels, now nearly all assembled, and in readiness. La! here comes the *Eleanor*; it is quite plain she hasn't a chance of winning, although manned by as noble a crew as heart can desire. And here's *L'Hirondelle*; she's the girl for my money, and I have already a considerable sum upon her. By Jove! there's the signal gun: "make ready" it says as loud as it can speak. Bang! Bang! up go the sails, and now they are off, a *grudely* start it is. *Foam's* first, *Rhoderick* follows, *Daring* and *Sophy* walk the waters side by side, and *Ennore* brings up the rear, in so sluggish a manner, by the way, that the words "forlorn hope" come incontinently to our lips. The *Carnac* next slips her anchor, and stands out to *see*; and we of the *Seaforth*, not being able to go *forth* to *sea*, quietly come to an anchor on deck, and solace ourselves with cheroots and champagne. Not long, however, another gun gives notice that the second race has commenced, and on rushing to the side of the deck, we see *L'Hirondelle*, *Mischief*, and *Eleanor*, already off. Now speculation concerning the amateur rowing match is rife, it is rumored that the *Blue Belle* won't start, for a very good reason, because she *can't*, being rotten and leaky, and if she fails, there can be no race for *three* must start. While all this conversation, and the discussion of "catables and drinkables" is proceeding, the *Foam* has rounded the flag vessel, closely followed by the *Rhoderick Dhu*, *Sophy*, *Daring*, and *Ennore*, all being round in three minutes, which was the interval between the first and last boat. Now comes the tug of war; going out, it was plain sailing; but coming home again,—that's the difficulty. The *Foam* appeared to be first, but the *Rhoderick Dhu* and the *Sophy* were to windward of her considerably, and so far had the advantage. Captain Gillett made a *lecittle* mistake after he had come about, and the consequence was, that he had to make two tacks, and the others got round before him. The *Rhoderick Dhu* and the *Sophy* just cleared the *Seaforth*, and only just; it was touch and go with them both. Our want of space, and the increasing darkness at the time, prevent our giving a detailed description of the second heat. Suffice it to say, that the sailing powers of the boats were taxed to the uttermost, that the *Sophy* and *Foam* both tried hard to win, and really deserved success; but the nautical skill and science displayed in navigating the favorite, brought her in first, amidst boisterous applause and cries of "Bravo! Hunt!" The *Sophy*, which went round about a minute afterwards, also came in for a share of the cheering which was expended on Wednesday afternoon. The *Foam*, 6 minutes after, approached *Rendezvous* boat, and then went modestly home. (Better

luck next time.) The *Daring* and *Ennore* were *nowhere*. Annexed is an account of the result.

## FIRST RACE.

|                                           |    |    |    |     |     |
|-------------------------------------------|----|----|----|-----|-----|
| <i>First Round.</i> — <i>Rhoderick</i> ,  | .. | .. | 4. | 15. | 45. |
| <i>Sophy</i> ,                            | .. | .. | 4. | 16. | 10. |
| <i>Foam</i> ,                             | .. | .. | 4. | 21. | —.  |
| <i>Daring</i> .                           | .. | .. | 4. | 24. | —.  |
| <i>Ennore</i> ,                           | .. | .. | 4. | 39. | —.  |
| <i>Second Round.</i> — <i>Rhoderick</i> , | .. | .. | 6. | 1.  | 50. |
| <i>Sophy</i> ,                            | .. | .. | 6. | 3.  | 50. |
| <i>Foam</i> ,                             | .. | .. | 6. | 10. | —.  |

## SECOND RACE.

*L'Hirondelle* beat the *Mischief* by about 15 minutes. *Eleanor* "all behind."

## THIRD RACE.

*Miss Tox* was the winning boat.

## FOURTH RACE.

*Tully Ho* beat the *Blue Devil* easily: *Blue Belle* compelled to pull up, in a leaky state.

*Bombay Telegraph and Courier*, Jany. 8.

Great expectations had, with reason, been raised with respect to the third Yacht Club Regatta this season, and, with one exception, they were abundantly realized. In the first place, the fact that a "Ladies' Cup" was to be contended for, was, in itself, sufficient to excite the deepest interest. In the "good old times" of Chivalry, when knights *sans peur et sans reproche* were wont to flourish; when woman was worshipped as a divinity; when her smile was regarded as ample reward for a thousand toils and dangers, and her frown was looked upon as the severest ill that flesh was heir to; in those good old times, we say, what was the only prize that was valued and esteemed above all besides, which had power to bring together the brave from all parts of the world, to the arena of contest; which nerved the arm, and steeled the breast, and rendered man indifferent to danger and careless even of death? 'Twas a fair lady's hand; and sometimes, even the hope of winning a sweet smile from beautiful lips, or an expressive glance from beaming eyes, was enough; nay, men have been known to fight *à l'outrance* for the chance of securing a glove from that lily hand, or a lock of that flowing hair. Well, well, those times are—not *these*; but we are gladdened when we are able to notice any symptom of returning love for the customs of our ancestors, even though it should be but a ghost of the past; and yesterday was, therefore, one of our happy days. The ladies of Bombay, be it known, anxious to encourage the sports of the sea, and contribute their counte-

nance and support, subscribed for a prize to be entitled "The Ladies' Cup." We need not say that what is done by the ladies is always *well* done; and, on this occasion, there was no exception to the general rule. The sum raised was large, and the Cup, which recently arrived from England, is a magnificent one. (We hope soon to be able to present our readers with a sketch of it.) Of course, when *such* a prize was the reward of success, every one who possessed a yacht took care to enter it, and the unusually large number of competing boats was quite sufficient to prove the excitement that prevailed. The following are the names of the yachts which are entered for the Cup race:—

|        |                 |               |                        |
|--------|-----------------|---------------|------------------------|
| No. 1. | <i>Norma</i> ,  | Mr Hunter     | Red and White Pendant. |
| 2.     | <i>Amy</i> ,    | Capt. Boulton | Name in Flag.          |
| 3.     | <i>Ennore</i> , | Mr Compton    | Ditto ditto.           |
| 4.     | <i>Fanny</i> ,  | Capt. Lynch   | Comdr's Yacht Flag.    |
| 5.     | <i>Serena</i> , | Capt. Jenkins | Yacht Flag.            |

*Second Class, to start at 10 minutes past 3.*

|        |                        |               |                                     |
|--------|------------------------|---------------|-------------------------------------|
| No. 1. | <i>Damless</i> ,       | Capt. White   | White with Blue Star.               |
| 2.     | <i>Foam</i> ,          | Capt. Gillett | White with Letter F.                |
| 3.     | <i>Sophy</i> ,         | Mr Hunter     | Red Burgu, with St. George's Cross. |
| 4.     | <i>Daring</i> ,        | Mr Howard     | Fox's Brush.                        |
| 5.     | <i>Rhoderick Dhu</i> , | Capt. Baker   | White with Red Crescent.            |

These were all drawn up in battle array when we reached the scene of the aquatic entertainments on Thursday afternoon; and they really formed a beautiful flotilla of vessels. With regard to the five first boats, it was decided, we believe, *nem. con.* that no one of them, in spite of the "time allowed" (10 minutes), had so much as a ghost of a chance, in the then state of the wind. The *Norma* was perhaps the favorite of these, from her shape and build, but as she had only just been "put on the station," her sailing powers were little known. The *Ennore* behaved so badly last time, that no one felt disposed to put much confidence in her, although it was admitted that she was capable of great things if she chose, and indeed she came out very strongly, for a fourth or fifth rate vessel, and gave the *Daring* a struggle to secure the fourth place. The *Serena* is an old friend, a very old friend, indeed; and appeared to us to be regarded with looks expressive of "poor old fellow! he actually fancies he's still young enough to enter the lists"! The *Fanny* did run well at first, but was hindered afterwards by the change of wind. Of the 2d class boats, we can scarcely tell which was the favorite. We believe Capt. White, who brought his pretty craft the *Damless* from China, and is very proud of her, and justly so, entertained no misgivings as to the result of the race being that she would be declared the winner; but then against what competitors had she to contend! The *Rhoderick Dhu*, with all the *prestige* of a recent "glorious victory"; the *Daring*, which *once*, at all events, had a character; the *Sophy*, which, it was notorious, intended to win, and certainly deserved success; and the plucky little *Foam*, which however, "lost caste" pretty considerably on Thursday. This necessarily imperfect sketch of the naval fleet must suffice, since we do not

wield the *style* of a Homer, nor, if we did, are we writing an Iliad. Very placidly were these ships of mimic war resting on the water, but it was the momentary quiet of suspense before an action. Flash, bang, goes the signal gun; and all is bustle in an instant. The *Rhoderick Dhu*, which happened to have anchored a little in advance of the rest, allowed them to come up, before it prepared to start, a piece of honorable and polite conduct which was rewarded with the highest encomiums from the Stewards and their friends, who, we had well nigh forgotten to mention, were assembled in the little Steamer *Snake*, which was adopted as the *rendezvous*. We must state here, *en passant*, that we, and many others, besides ourselves, were completely horrified, shocked, scandalized, aye, and very angry to boot, at the unaccountable and unpardonable want of gallantry displayed by every Commander of every ship in the harbor. Why, every flag, colour, and steamer should have been displayed on this auspicious occasion, to do honor to the liberality and largess of the ladies; and yet not one single vessel was so decked. Shame! shame! It would be tedious to enter into a detailed description of the progress and varied fortunes of the yachts while "going their rounds." We resign that office to some more ready writer. By examining the lists which are hereunto annexed, amateurs will be able to ascertain to a second the time at which each yacht went round the flag vessel, the red flag boat, and the *rendezvous* boat. When the four vessels which still held on their way rejoicing, were returning the second time, and nearing the goal, the interest became intense. Captain White kept in shore on the Elephanta side, and his two competitors, the *Rhoderick* and the *Sophy*, came up on the Colabah side, of the harbor.

The *Rhoderick* and *Sophy* rounded the *Snake* together, the nose of the former being a little in advance of the *Sophy*, but only just enough to swear by. They got foul of each other, and the *Damutless*, which immediately followed, thus obtained the LADIES' CUP, which we trust its gallant owner will be able to *keep*. The Umpire has decided in favor of the *Damutless*, to the great disappointment of the beaten candidates, who have been made to experience the painful truth, that there's "many a slip between the cup and the lip." Our notice has extended to such an inconvenient length, that we stop for to-day, although we may find it necessary to add a little more at a future opportunity. The following is the order in which the yachts went:—

## ROUND THE LIGHT VESSEL.

|                       | 1st round.      |     |     | 2d round.                                                                                                                                          |     |     |
|-----------------------|-----------------|-----|-----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|
| <i>Dauntless,</i>     | 3.              | 22. | 57. | 4.                                                                                                                                                 | 46. | 45. |
| <i>Rhoderick Dhu,</i> | 3.              | 25. | 45. | 4.                                                                                                                                                 | 47. | 15. |
| <i>Sophy,</i>         | 3.              | 25. | 50. | 4.                                                                                                                                                 | 48. | 50. |
| <i>Enmore,</i>        | 3.              | 17. | 50. | 4.                                                                                                                                                 | 55. | 20. |
| <i>Daring,</i>        | 3.              | 26. | 10. | 4.                                                                                                                                                 | 56. | 10. |
| <i>Foam,</i>          | 3.              | 26. | 0.  | } Gave up the race.<br>None of these five went<br>round the course a second<br>time; for not one of them<br>had the remotest chance<br>of success. |     |     |
| 7 <i>Alert,</i>       | 3.              | 16. | 30. |                                                                                                                                                    |     |     |
| 8 <i>Norma,</i>       | 3.              | 19. | 57. |                                                                                                                                                    |     |     |
| 9 <i>Amy,</i>         | Time not taken. |     |     |                                                                                                                                                    |     |     |
| 10 <i>Fanny,</i>      | 3.              | 15. | 30. |                                                                                                                                                    |     |     |
| 11 <i>Severn,</i>     | 3.              | 18. | 25. |                                                                                                                                                    |     |     |

## ROUND THE RED FLAG.

|                   |    |     |     |                                                                                                                    |
|-------------------|----|-----|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Dauntless,</i> | 3. | 36. | 18. | } Time not kept the second<br>time round. The flag boat<br>drifted considerably in the<br>course of the afternoon. |
| <i>Rhoderick,</i> | 3. | 38. | 25. |                                                                                                                    |
| <i>Sophy,</i>     | 3. | 39. | 15. |                                                                                                                    |
| <i>Foam,</i>      | 3. | 40. | 40. |                                                                                                                    |
| <i>Daring,</i>    | 3. | 40. | 55. |                                                                                                                    |

## ROUND THE RENDEZVOUS BOAT.

|                   |    |     |     |                                        |    |     |
|-------------------|----|-----|-----|----------------------------------------|----|-----|
| <i>Rhoderick,</i> | 4. | 33. | 50. | 6.                                     | 7. | 50. |
| <i>Sophy,</i>     | 4. | 34. | 49. | 6.                                     | 7. | 50. |
| <i>Dauntless,</i> | 4. | 31. | 40. | 6.                                     | 8. | 45. |
| <i>Daring,</i>    | 4. | 42. | 0.  | } Time not taken.<br>Gave up the race. |    |     |
| <i>Enmore,</i>    | 4. | 40. | 0.  |                                        |    |     |
| <i>Foam,</i>      | 4. | 51. | 0.  |                                        |    |     |

## SECOND RACE.

For all Boats, with any number of Oars.

|           |    |    |        |
|-----------|----|----|--------|
| 1st Prize | .. | .. | Rs. 75 |
| 2d do     | .. | .. | „ 50   |
| 3d do     | .. | .. | „ 25   |
| 4th do    | .. | .. | „ 10   |

The following entered :—

|                     |    |    |                         |    |         |
|---------------------|----|----|-------------------------|----|---------|
| 1 Mr Constable's    | .. | .. | <i>Cockroach,</i>       | .. | 6 Oars. |
| 2 Mr Young's        | .. | .. | <i>Long Tom,</i>        | .. | 16 „    |
| 3 Mr Fox's          | .. | .. | <i>Commodore,</i>       | .. | 6 „     |
| 4 Captain Hasting's | .. | .. | <i>Phylomel,</i>        | .. | 12 „    |
| 5 Captain L.'s      | .. | .. | <i>Robinson Crusoe,</i> | .. | 8 „     |
| 6 Mr Young's        | .. | .. | <i>Highland Lad,</i>    | .. | 6 „     |
| 7 Mr Dombey's       | .. | .. | <i>Miss Tox,</i>        | .. | 6 „     |
| 8 Captain Boulton's | .. | .. | <i>Diana,</i>           | .. | 6 „     |
| 9 Mr Dombey's       | .. | .. | <i>Susan Nipper,</i>    | .. | 6 „     |
| 10 Mr McLean's      | .. | .. | <i>Bonny Lass,</i>      | .. | 6 „     |

The Jacks, who composed the crews, went to work in good earnest, and, after a sharp contest, *Long Tom* was proclaimed the victor, *Commodore* second. The 3rd and 4th boats having fouled, are to “try again” this afternoon; when there will be another Yacht race, a match having been got up between the *Daring* and the *Dauntless*.

The *Blue Devils* beat their adversaries with the utmost ease. Their defeat at the last Regatta was attributable to their having two strangers associated with them, not *Blue Devils* at all.

*Ibid, Feb. 6.*

## TUTICORIN REGATTA.

This little out-of-the-way corner was lately enlivened by a Regatta, which, under the judicious management of our Master Attendant, spread its cheerful influence over the place, and roused it from its usual somnolency. The weather for several days previous had been very fine, and much disappointment was at first felt at seeing Tuesday the 16th instant, the day fixed for the Regatta, ushered in by heavy rain. However about nine o'clock the rain passed off, and a fine breeze sprung up from the north and east. At eleven o'clock the broad pennant was hoisted from the Commodore (Crawford's) yacht 'Harriet,' and the boats took their places previous to setting sail.

The First Race was between schooner rigged boats, of which the following were entered—

|                 |    |                            |
|-----------------|----|----------------------------|
| Mr Mactaggart's | .. | .. <i>Maria.</i>           |
| Mr Kinnear's    | .. | .. <i>George.</i>          |
| Mr Brown's      | .. | .. <i>Meg Merrilies.</i>   |
| Mr Crawford's   | .. | .. <i>Martha.</i>          |
| Mr Cocq's       | .. | .. <i>Dirk Hatteraick.</i> |

For the second Race were entered—

|                 |    |                                      |
|-----------------|----|--------------------------------------|
| Mr Crawford's   | .. | .. <i>Cutter Harriet.</i>            |
| Mr Mactaggart's | .. | .. <i>Latteen Lucy Long.</i>         |
| Mr Cocq's       | .. | .. <i>Shding Gunter Johnny Cope.</i> |
| Mr Brown's      | .. | .. <i>Cutter Frolic.</i>             |

Boats to sail round the ship 'Tory' at anchor in the roads 5 miles off shore.

Umpire in all cases of dispute Captain Row of the ship "Tory." A little before 12 o'clock a gun was fired for preparation to be made, and at 12 precisely at the sound of another gun the schooners entered for the first race made sail. The "Meg Merrilies" went off well, taking the lead which she maintained throughout. The "Maria" and "George" pressed very close and at first appeared to be gaining on the "Meg;" but this was only for a short time and the latter gradually left them further and further to leeward. The breeze had been gradually drawing round from the east, making it for the greater part of the way a dead heat to windward round the ship. At half-past 12, a gun was again fired and the boats entered for the second race set sail. The "Harriet" got under weigh very smartly, and went off beautifully followed by the "Johnny Cope" and "Frolic." The anchor of the "Lucy Long" stuck in the mud, and after much tugging at it she was obliged to slip much in the rear of the others. She however soon shewed what she was made of, going along in a most dashing manner; on the second tack she got to windward of the cutter "Harriet" and ran away from her in splendid style. The little "Frolic" did beautifully and soon shewed a clean pair of heels to the

"Johnny Cope" whom she saluted in passing with a kind enquiry if "he was waukin" yet, and kept on her way close astern of the "Harriet."

The "Lucy Long" meanwhile was tearing away through the water like a thing of life, making fast up on the schooners among whom the "Meg Merrilies" still maintained her place in the van, considerably to windward of the others. The "Martha" and "Dirk Hatteraick" a long way to leeward. On, on went the "Lucy," making long tacks and leaving the "Harriet" who on the contrary was making short boards far behind. At 2 o'clock precisely the "Lucy Long" passed round the ship "Tory" who at the same time displayed her ensign. At this time the jib halyards of the "Harriet" were carried away, which detained her a little although the damage was soon repaired. At half past 2, the "Meg Merrilies" rounded the ship followed closely by the "Harriet," and shortly after by the "Maria," on whose heels the little "Frolic" pressed most gallantly: by this time about 20 minutes to 3, the "Lucy Long" had cast anchor, having come in before the wind at a rattling pace, and in about half an hour more the "Meg Merrilies," "Harriet," "Maria," "Frolic," and "George":—the "Johnny Cope," and "Martha" and "Dirk Hatteraick" were far behind. Not a single case of fouling or other casualty occurred to render the services of the Umpire necessary. The bay is a fine sheet of water for boat sailing, and there is plenty of sea room.

A ball and supper, which passed off with great hilarity, to which the presence of many of the fair sex contributed in no small degree, wound up the proceedings of the day.

We won't go home till morning, was the song of the night, and the small hours were waning large by the time the scene was closed. A vote of thanks to the Master Attendant, to whom we were chiefly indebted for the enjoyment we had experienced, was carried by acclamation.

*Madras Athenæum, March 2.*

## CRICKET MATCHES.

MILITARY *versus* CALCUTTA CLUB.

This match was played on Saturday the 26th Dec. Owing to the rains the two elevens did not assemble on the ground before twelve o'clock, and it was found impossible to finish the match in the regular way, but at the close of the day it was so much in favour of the Club that the Military gave in, and acknowledged themselves beaten. The batting on the side of the Club was very effective, especially in the second innings, as will be seen on reference to the score below, and the bowling of Mr O. Wood was truly astonishing; his opponents could not face it, and their wickets were lowered one after another in rapid succession. At the end of the day the Club were 196 runs ahead, and had still one wicket to go down.

## CLUB.

| 1st Innings.                       |    |    | 2d Innings.             |    |     |
|------------------------------------|----|----|-------------------------|----|-----|
| Judge, c. Oakes, b. Stewart        | .. | 13 | run out                 | .. | 9   |
| Richardson, b. Walton              | .. | 1  | c. Oakes, b. Stewart    | .. | 6   |
| Lochner, ditto ditto               | .. | 3  | run out                 | .. | 20  |
| O. Wood, ditto Stewart             | .. | 0  | b. H. Oakes             | .. | 41  |
| Thompson, ditto Walton             | .. | 15 | ditto ditto             | .. | 19  |
| Marten, ditto ditto                | .. | 1  | ditto ditto             | .. | 3   |
| Hobhouse, c. Kinleside, b. Stewart | .. | 4  | not out                 | .. | 19  |
| Longden, b. Walton                 | .. | 8  | c. Kinleside, b. Walton | .. | 1   |
| S. Palmer, not out                 | .. | 3  | c. Walton, b. Breedon   | .. | 8   |
| Alsop, b. Stewart                  | .. | 7  | b. H. Oakes,            | .. | 7   |
| Shum, ditto ditto                  | .. | 0  | not out                 | .. | 13  |
| Byes                               | .. | 3  | Byes                    | .. | 7   |
| Wide Balls                         | .. | 6  | Wide Balls              | .. | 5   |
| Total..                            |    | 70 | Total..                 |    | 158 |

## MILITARY.

|                                    |    |    |    |   |
|------------------------------------|----|----|----|---|
| Lt. Breedon, b. Wood               | .. | .. | .. | 3 |
| „ Stewart ditto Longden            | .. | .. | .. | 6 |
| Private Ottley, c. Judge, b. ditto | .. | .. | .. | 6 |
| Lt. H. Oakes, b. Wood              | .. | .. | .. | 3 |
| Private Jordon ditto ditto         | .. | .. | .. | 0 |
| Lt. Walton, c. Marten b. ditto     | .. | .. | .. | 7 |
| „ Kinleside, b. Wood               | .. | .. | .. | 1 |
| „ Sneyd ditto ditto                | .. | .. | .. | 1 |
| „ G. Oakes ditto ditto             | .. | .. | .. | 9 |
| „ Snell, not out                   | .. | .. | .. | 2 |
| „ Hicks, b. Wood                   | .. | .. | .. | 0 |
| Byes, &c.                          | .. | .. | .. | 0 |

Cal. Star.

Total.. 32



## MATCH ON 1ST JANUARY, 1847.

## MILITARY AND CIVIL SERVICES v. CALCUTTA CLUB.

The 1st of January is generally devoted to a match between the Civil Service and Club, but on the present occasion, the former, not being able to make up an eleven a union of the two services was proposed, and the match came off accordingly on the above named day, which, as far as it went, proved to be the best contested of any that have hitherto been played this season. The Club had certainly the weaker side, being deprived of the services of Mr Masters and one or two other good hands, who usually contribute a considerable number of runs to the score, and the result proved that they were slightly overmatched, though they made a good struggle notwithstanding.—As there was little chance of finishing the game, it was agreed that the match should be decided by the result of the first innings. The United Service eleven went in first, and after a fine display of batting on the part of Messrs Hobhouse and H. Oakes, and one or two others, they were put out for 124 runs, 19 of which were made up by byes and wide. The Club then tried their luck, and commenced by sending Messrs Wood and Currie to the wickets. The former after making a splendid leg-hit for 6 was disabled by a blow on the knee from one of Mr Lochner's balls and obliged to retire for a time, giving up his place to Mr S. Palmer, who by very steady play contrived to keep the balls away from his wicket so well, that he eventually carried out his bat with the large score of 53 to his name. The other players did not make much, except Messrs Currie and Judge, who made their usual good average number of runs. Mr Wood on returning to his wicket only added two to his former score, when he was disposed of by Mr H. Oakes, whose underhand bowling proved very destructive to his opponents. The total of the Club amounted to 110, of which two only consisted of byes and wide balls, leaving them fourteen runs behind the "Services." On a reference to the score it will be seen that the number of runs made off the bat by each side was nearly equal, being 108 on the side of the Club and 105 on that of their antagonists. We must not conclude this without noticing a superb hit for 7 made by Mr Hobhouse to the leg for which he was loudly applauded—

| SERVICES.                 | Score.      | CLUB.                  |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|------------------------|-------------|
| G. Oakes, b. Wood         | .. 2        | O. Wood, b. H. Oakes,  | .. 8        |
| Hobhouse, ditto ditto     | .. 29       | Currie, ditto ditto    | .. 11       |
| Lochner, c. Shum, b. Wood | .. 3        | S. Palmer not out      | .. 53       |
| H. Oakes, b. ditto        | .. 38       | Judge, b. Oakes        | .. 17       |
| Thomson c. Cooke, b. Shum | .. 9        | Longden, ditto Lochner | .. 3        |
| Trevor, b. Shum           | .. 0        | Cooke, b. Oakes        | .. 7        |
| Reid, run out             | .. 6        | Shum, b. ditto         | .. 12       |
| Grindall, not out         | .. 11       | Ryan, ditto ditto      | .. 0        |
| Haxam, b. Wood            | .. 3        | Bugett, s. Lochner     | .. 2        |
| Donovan, ditto ditto      | .. 1        | H. Smelt, run out      | .. 0        |
| Jones, c. Logden, b. Wood | .. 3        | Marcus, b. Oakes       | .. 1        |
| Byes                      | .. 15       | Byes                   | .. 1        |
| Wide Balls,               | .. 4        | Wide Balls             | .. 1        |
| <i>Ibid.</i> }            | Total.. 124 |                        | Total., 109 |

## PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

## AMENDED PROSPECTUS OF UMBALLAH MEETING,—1847.

*First Day, Tuesday, April 6th.**First Race.*—Match for 20 G. M. P. P.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.Mr Randall's *Sir Walter*, .. 8st. 7lbs.Mr Charles' *Prizefighter*, .. 9st. 0lbs.

*Second Race.*—The Welter Trial Stakes of 10 G. M. each,  $\frac{1}{2}$  forfeit, with 20 added for Maiden Arabs. 11st. D. I. Maidens on the day of running allowed 7lbs. One G. M. entrance for horses named on or before the 10th October, 5 G. M. entrance for horses named between that date and 9th Nov., when the race will close.

*Third Race.*—Welter G. and T. a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, 5 forfeit if declared by 6 p. m. the evening before the race. With 10 G. M. added for all horses. 14 hands to carry 10 stone. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name 19th November. G. R. D. I.

*Fourth Race.*—Maiden G. and T., a Purse of 10 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., 3 forfeit, for all Maiden Horses. Weight for inches, 7lbs. to the inch, 14 hands to carry 9st. One and a half mile. To close and name to the Secretary by 12 a. m. on the 5th of April next. For this race Jockies may ride.

*Second day, Thursday, April 8th.*

*First Race.*—A Purse of 25 G. M. given by Aga Alie, Arab Merchant, for horses purchased from him after the 10th September 1846, added to a Sweepstakes of G. M. each. Three years old 9st. 12lbs. Four 10st. 8lbs. Five 11 stone. Six and aged 11st. 3lbs. G. R. Heats  $1\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. To close at 12 a. m. on 9th November, and name by 12 a. m. the day preceding the Meeting.

*Second Race.*—The Kootub Plate, a model of the Kootub Minar in silver (to be manufactured at Delhi) value 1,000 Rs. the surplus in specie by a subscription of 15 G. M. each, 5 forfeit for Arabs. Three years old 9st. 9lbs. Four 10st. 6lbs. Five 10st. 11lbs. Six and aged 11 stone. T. A. Maidens at the time of naming allowed 5lbs. Maidens on the day of running allowed 10lbs, one allowance. To close and name by 12 a. m. Nov. 9.

*Third Race.*—A Purse of 20 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, 3 forfeit, for all Maiden Arabs on the day of running. D I. Weight for age. Three years old 7st. 4lbs. Four 8st. 2lbs. Five 8st. 9lbs. Six 8st. 12lbs. To close and name to the Secretary by 12 a. m. on the 5th of April next. For this race Jockies may ride.

*Third Day, Saturday, April 10th.*

**First Race.**—The Little Go Stakes of 3 G. M. each with 10 added, for horses that have never been named for public money or Sweepstakes, until the day of naming for this race, 10 stone. 1. M. Heats. To close and name to the Secretary by 12 A. M. April 1st 1847. Jockies may ride for this race.

**Second Race.**—The Shorts. A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 10 added. Arabs 10st. 7lbs., C. B.'s, Cape and N. S. W. one stone extra. English two stone. Y. C. heats. The Winner of the Shorts at the Umballah N. W. Meeting to carry 10lbs. extra.

*Fourth Day, Monday, April 12th.*

**First Race.**—The Gram and Grass Stakes of 5 G. M. each, with ten added. Arabs 10st. 7lbs., all others 1 stone extra. G. R. Heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Winner to be sold for 500 Rs. if demanded half an hour after the race. To close on the 5th April, and name by 12 A. M. the day before the race. There are already four nominations for this race.

**Second Race.**—The Second Umballah Great Welter, of 10 G. M. each with 20 added for all horses. Arabs and C. B.'s 10st. 7lbs., C. and N. S. W. 8lbs. extra. English two stone. Winners of the Umballah November or the Meerut Welter 4lbs. extra, both 8lbs. Maidens on the day of naming allowed 6lbs., on the day of running 10lb. allowance. G. R. R. C. To close and name November 10th.

*Fifth Day, Wednesday, April 14th.*

Match for 50 G. M. P. P.

Mr Crossman's Stable.

Mr Peel's do.

$1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 8st. 7lbs. each.

The Winners' Handicap.

The Losers' do.

No horse can walk over for more than one Purse during the Meeting, to which public money is given, but in that case he receives the whole Purse.

In the event of there not being sufficient funds, which is not however anticipated, an equal per centage will be deducted from each Purse.

*Additional Races for the Meeting days to be settled hereafter.*

**First.**—A Purse of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, 3 G. M. forfeit for all Maiden Arabs on the day of naming. One and a half mile. Weight for age, as specified at foot. To close and name to the Secretary by 12 P. M. on the 5th of March next.

3 years old 7st. 4lbs.

4 „ „ 8st. 2lbs.

5 „ „ 8st. 9lbs.

6 „ „ 8st. 12lbs.

## PROSPECTUS OF JULLUNDER SPRING MEETING,—1847. 165

Present Subscribers to this Race.

Mr Randall,  
Mr Charles,  
Mr Green,  
Mr Goodridge,  
Mr Smart.

*Second.*—A Purse of 10 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, 3 forfeit. For all Maiden Horses. Weight for inches, 7lbs. to the inch, 14 hands to carry 9 stone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. To close and name as the Race above. In both these Races Jockies may ride.

*Third.*—A Purse of 100 Rs. added to a Sweepstakes of 20 Rs. each, for all *bond fide* Hacks, 11 stone, G.R.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. The Winner to be sold for 250 Rs. if demanded in the usual way. To close and name by 12 A. M. the 5th of April next.

C. A. WHEELWRIGHT,  
*Secretary.*

*Delhi Gazette.*

## PROSPECTUS OF JULLUNDER SPRING MEETING,—1847.

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*First Day, Tuesday, April 6th.*

*First Race.*—The Jullunder Derby of 25 G. M. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 100 Rs. each, for all Maiden Arabs, 9st. 7lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M., for all Galloways. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st. A mile race. Entrance 3 G. M.

*Third Race.*—A Purse of 5 G. M., for all Hacks, 10st. 7lbs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Gentlemen Riders. Entrance 20 Rs. The Winner to be sold for 500 Rs. if claimed within a quarter of an hour after the race.

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*Second Day, Thursday, April 8th.*

*First Race.*—The Mounted Cup given by the Artillery and Mounted Corps in the Division, added to a Sweepstakes of 80 Rs. each, for all Horses. Arabs 10st. 4lbs., C. B. 10st. 7lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 11lb., English 12st. Winners 1st Race 1st Day to carry 3lbs. extra. Round Course and a distance. Maidens allowed 3lb.

*Second Race.*—The Little Give and Take of 5 G. M. for all Galloways and Ponies, 13 hands 2 inches and under. Weight for inches, 13 hands 2 inches, to carry 10st.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile race. Entrance 20 Rupees.

*Third Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all Horses. Arabs 9st. 7lbs., C. B. 9st. 10lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 3lbs., English 11st. 3lbs.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Entrance 3 G. M.

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*Third Day, Saturday, April 10th.*

*First Race.*—The Welter of 15 G. M. for all Horses. Arabs to carry 11st., C. B. 11st. 4lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 10lbs., English 12st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Round Course and a distance. Entrance 5 G. M. Gentlemen Riders.

*Second Race.*—Framjee's Consolation Purse of 200 Rs., for all Horses to be weighted according to valuation, 1,200 Rs. to carry 11st. and 4lbs. allowed for every 100 Rs. under—a mile race. Entrance 50 Rs. The Winner to be sold at his valuation if claimed within a quarter of an hour after the race.

*Third Race.*—The Give and Take of 10 G. M., 14 hands to carry 10st.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Entrance 3 G. M.

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*Fourth Day, Tuesday, April 13th.*

*First Race.*—The Line Cup, given by the Infantry Officers of the Division, added to a Sweepstakes of 80 Rs. each for all Horses. Arabs and C. B. 10st. 7lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 11st., English 12st.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race. Maidens allowed 3lbs.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of 5 G. M. for all *bona fide* Ponies. Weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 20 Rs. A mile race.

*Third Race.*—Charger Stakes of 10 G. M. for *bona fide* Chargers, which have been ridden as such up to the time of the Meeting, 10st. 7bs. each. Half mile heats. Entrance 3 G. M.

*Fourth Race.*—Cheroot Stakes of 5 G. M. for all Horses, Gentlemen Riders. Catch weights. A mile race. Entrance 20 Rs. Winner to be sold for 400 Rs. if claimed within a quarter of an hour after the race.

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*Fifth Day, Thursday, April 15th.*

*First Race.*—The Winners' Handicap of—G. M., for which all Horses that have won public money during the Meeting must enter (Hacks and Ponies, &c. excepted) optional to Losers.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race. Entrance 3 G. M.

*Second Race.*—The Losers' Handicap of—G. M., for which all Horses that have run for and not won public money during the meeting may enter. Mile heats. Entrance 3 G. M.

*Third Race.*—The Shorts of 5 G. M. for all Horses.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Gentlemen Riders. Catch weights. Entrance 20 Rs.

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ALSO,

A Silver Mug presented by the Officers of the 46th Regt. N. I. for a Hurdle Race. Round Course 6 Hurdles  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. Gentlemen Riders. Arabs and C. B. 10st. 7lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 4lbs., English 12st. Winners once of Hurdle Race to carry 1st. extra. En-

trance 3 G. M. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs. The last race of the last day.

RULES.

1st.—In all cases of dispute the Stewards' decision to be final unless they deem a reference to the Calcutta Jockey Club necessary.

2nd.—No person to run a Horse who has not subscribed 3 G. M. to the General Race Fund, Cheroots, Hacks, Ponies and Shorts excepted.

3rd.—Any deficiency in the public money to be made good by an equal percentage on the Purses.

4th.—No Horse to walk over more than once during the Meeting of the public money.

5th.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

6th.—Scaled nominations and entrance money to be sent to the Secretary at 12 o'clock the day before each Race day. Nominations to be opened at the Ordinary, which will be held each evening previous to the Race day unless otherwise provided for.

7th.—Horses measuring in shoes or *bona fide* Racing Plates to be allowed  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch.

8th.—Winners to pay 8 Rs. and Losers 4 Rs. towards Race Course repairs.

9th.—The Stewards will not decide on any match not sent to the Secretary the day before the Race.

10th.—The word to start once given by the appointed starter to be decisive.

11th.—The Cups are open only to Officers in the Division who have subscribed to one of them. Three Horses, the *bona fide* property of different owners, to start for them, or they will be withheld.

12th.—All Confederacies to be declared in writing the day before the 1st Race day, and each member of the Confederacy to subscribe 3 G. M.

13th.—The first Race of each of the first four days to close on the 2nd of April, and name by 12 o'clock the day before each Race; half forfeit if declared by that time.

*Mofussilite.*

## PROSPECTUS OF SONEPORE RACES,—1847.

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### *First Day, November 13th, 1847.*

*First Race.*—A Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, H. F., for all Maiden Arabs. Calcutta weight for age. R. C. To close on the 15th September.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, H. F., for all Maiden, Cape, Australian, and Country-bred Horses. Calcutta weight for age. R. C. To close on the 15th Sept.

*Third Race.*—A Cup of 700 Rs. in specie, presented by the Dur-bungah Rajah, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, H. F. for all Horses, 8st. 7lb. One and three quarters of a mile. To close and name on the 15th Sept.

*Fourth Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P., for all Arabs, 8st. 7lb. each. 1 mile. To close on the 15th Sept.

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### *Second Day, November 16th.*

*First Race.*—Co's Rs. 200 presented by Baboo Bugwan Doss for all *bond fide* untrained Horses. Catch weight, 1 mile. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 50 Rs.

*Second Race.*—The Chumparun Cup 500 Rs. in specie, presented by Maharajah Newul Kishur Singh Bahadoor, Rajah of Bettia, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 10 Forfeit, for all Horses, 8st. 7lb. One and three quarters of a mile. Maidens allowed 7lb., Cape and Australian Horses 5lb. extra. The Winner of the 3d Race 1st day 4lb. extra. To close and name on the 15th Sept.

*Third Race.*—A Cup 500 Rs. in specie, presented to the Sonapore Turf, by ———, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F., for all Horses. Weight for age and inches, Calcutta Standard. R. C. Winners previous to the Meeting once 3lb, twice or often 5lb. extra. To close and name on the 15th Sept.

*Fourth Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P., for all Horses, 8st. 7lb. each. One and a half mile. To close on the 15th Sept.

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### *Third Day, November 18th.*

*First Race.*—Sonapore Cup, (50 G. M. guaranteed) for all Horses —English excepted. Two miles. Weight for age as specified at foot.

5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st June 1847. 15 G. M. for Horses named between that date and 15th Sept. 1847, when the Race will finally close, added to an Entrance of 10 G. M. each, for

horses declared to start. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

|             |    | Arabs & Country breds, |        | Cape & N. S. W. |        |
|-------------|----|------------------------|--------|-----------------|--------|
| 3 years old | .. | 7st.                   | 4lbs.  | 7st.            | 11lbs. |
| 4 „ „       | .. | 8st.                   | 4lbs.  | 8st.            | 11lbs. |
| 5 „ „       | .. | 8st.                   | 12lbs. | 9st.            | 5lbs.  |
| 6 „ „       | .. | 9st.                   | 1lb.   | 9st.            | 8lbs.  |
| Aged        | .  | 9st.                   | 3lbs.  | 9st.            | 10lbs. |

*Second Race.*—The Sonepore Welter of 20 G. M. for all maiden horses, 11st. Gentlemen riders. Arabs allowed 7lb. The winner of either of the maiden plates 1st day 5lb. extra. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M.

*Third Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P., for all Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. each. Two miles. To close on the 15th Sept.

*Fourth Race.*—A Purse of 100 Rs. from the Fund, for all *bonâ fide* hacks. Half mile heats. Entrance 50 Rs. 11st. 7lbs. each. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be claimed for 600 Rs.

#### *Fourth Day, November 20th.*

*First Race.*—The Civilians' Cup value Rs. —, added to a sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, 10 forfeit for all horses. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Byculla weight for age. One and three quarters of a mile heats. To close and name on the 15th Sept.

*Second Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M., H. F., for all Arabs that never started before the Meeting, 9st. each. One mile and a half. The winner of the Welter to carry 7lbs. extra.

*Third Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P. for all Cape, C. B. and Australian horses. 1 mile. 8st. 7lbs. each. To close on the 15th Sept.

#### *Fifth Day, November 22nd.*

*First Race.*—The Hutwa Cup, added to sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F. for all maiden, Arabs 8st. 7lbs. one mile heats. The winner of the maiden Arab race or Welter to carry 5lbs. extra, if of both 7lbs. extra. To close and name on the 15th Sept.

*Second Race.*—Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, value Rs. —, added to a sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all horses. Craven weights and distance. Heats.

*Third Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 forfeit, for all C. B. horses, 8st. 7lb. each. One and three quarters of a mile. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close on the 15th Sept.

#### *Sixth Day, November 24th.*

*First Race.*—A forced Handicap, with 10 G. M. from the Fund, for which all horses that have won public money must enter, optional to winners of sweepstakes, matches and hack stakes. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. One and three quarters of a mile.



**Second Race.**—A Handicap, with 20 G. M. from the Fund, for all horses that have started for and not won public money. R. C. Entrance 15 G. M. 5 Forfeit.

**Third Race.**—Consolation Cup of 20 G. M., 5 G. M. Entrance, for all horses. To be valued by their owners, and the winner to be sold if claimed at that price. To carry weight as under. One mile heats.

|           |          |    |       |        |
|-----------|----------|----|-------|--------|
| Valued at | 1000 Rs. | .. | 10st. | 0lb.   |
| „         | 900      | „  | 9st.  | 8lbs.  |
| „         | 800      | „  | 9st.  | 3lbs.  |
| „         | 700      | „  | 8st.  | 12lbs. |
| „         | 600      | „  | 8st.  | 7lbs.  |
| „         | 500      | „  | 8st.  | 0lb.   |
| „         | 400      | „  | 7st.  | 9lbs.  |

#### RULES.

The Calcutta Rules to be generally applicable. English imported horses 2st. extra.

All extrances to be made and forfeits declared to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race, unless otherwise specified in the terms of the race.

Public money to be withheld when there are not three Subscribers to the race.

By order of the Stewards,

K. HAWKE,

*Secretary.*

*Calcutta Star.*

### PROSPECTUS OF THE MOZUFFERPOOR RACES,—1847.

#### *First Day, December 11th.*

**First Race.**—The Mozufferpoor Derby Stakes, 10 G. M. each, H. F. with 30 G. M. added from the Fund for maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs. 1½ mile heats. Winners once before the day of race 5lbs., twice and oftener 7lbs. extra, to close and name the 15th October.

**Second Race.**—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all maiden N. S. W. horses. Weight for age, Calcutta Standard. R. C. entrance 10 G. M. to close on the 15th October.

**Third Race.**—A Purse of 30 G. M. from the Fund for all horses, entrance 10 G. M. H. F. 2 miles 8st. 7lbs. each, to close on the 15th October. Winners once 7lbs., twice and oftener 10lbs. extra.

**Fourth Race.**—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each for all Arabs, 1 mile 8st. 7lbs. each, to close on the 15th October.

*Second Day, December 11th.*

*First Race.*—A Purse of 25 G. M. for maiden C. breds  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, Byculla weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. to close on the 15th October, 1847. Winners at Sonopoor 5lbs. extra.

*Second Race.*—The Painters' Cup for all horses  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Calcutta weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. Horses that have not won before the meeting allowed 7lbs. Two horses *bond fide* competitors to start or the Cup to be withheld.

*Third Race.*—A Purse for all horses, 20 G. M. from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M. weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. R. C.

*Fourth Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each for all horses, 8st. 7lbs. each  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, to close on the 15th October.

*Third Day, December 16th.*

*First Race.*—The Darbargah Rajah's Cup for all horses, Byculla weight for age,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, Arabs allowed 5lbs. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. to close on the 15th October. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winners once to carry 7lbs., twice and oftener 10lbs. extra. Two horses *bond fide* competitors to start or the Cup to be withheld.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of 200 Rs. from the Fund for all horses that have never won more than 25 G. M. *public money*. Heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Gentlemen riders, 11st. 7lbs. entrance 3 G. M.

*Third Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. for all Arabs,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, 8st. 7lbs. each, to close on the 15th October.

*Fourth Day, December 18th.*

*First Race.*—The Winners' Handicap 10 G. M. from the Fund, for which all horses that have won public money must enter, 2 miles. Winners twice to pay 10 G. M. entrance, others 5 G. M. optional to winners of hacks.

*Second Race.*—The Beaten Handicap 20 G. M. from the Fund for all horses that started for, and not won, public money; R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.

*Third Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all Country-bred horses purchased at Sonopore Fair in 1846, from native dealers, weight for age Byculla Standard. Entrance 3 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Winner of Fair stakes at Sonopoor to carry 5lbs. extra.

*Fourth Race.*—A Purse of Rs. 100 for all ponies, weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats.

*Fifth Day, December 20th.*

*First Race.*—A Purse of 50 G. M. presented by Messrs. Bryant and Co. for all horses. R. C. to be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 5 G. M.

**Second Race.**—The Cheroot Stakes Rs. 100 from the Fund for all horses. Gentlemen riders, 11st. 7lbs. each,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats, riders not to dismount till the heats are run out and to bring their Cheroots lighted to the scales. Entrance Rs. 32.

**Third Race.**—A Purse of Rs. 100 (for all horses that have been used for harness only, 11st. each,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. The horses to be driven to the course and shewn in harness to the Stewards on the morning of the race. Entrance Rs. 32.)

**Fourth Race.**—A Hurdle Race 15 G. M. from the Fund with an entrance of 4 G. M. each, R. C. over 8 hurdles, 4 feet high, 12st. each, 2 horses *bond fide* competitors to start or no race.

The Mozufferpoor Rules as published at page 364, No. 6, of the *Sporting Review* to be in force.

By order of the Stewards,  
B. FORTESCUE,  
*Secretary.*

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### THE TIRHOOT STEEPLE CHASE.

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A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each with — added by the Fund for all horses, 2 miles. The winner to pay all expenses, Arabs and C. B. 11st. 0lb., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7lbs., English horses 12st. 0lb. To close and name the day before the race, which will take place on the afternoon of the 3rd day; viz., the 16th of December. Three horses *bond fide* competitors to start or no race.

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### PROSPECTUS OF THE CALCUTTA RACES,—1847-48.

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*First Day, Tuesday, 28th December, 1847.*

**First Race.**—The Calcutta Derby Stakes for maiden Arabs, two miles, Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 1st of October, 1847, allowed 5lbs.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of April, 1847. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of August, when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of Twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

**Second Race.**—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for all horses 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

*Third Race.*—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. The Gilbert mile. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 7lbs. extra; Arabs allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st of December and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

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*Second Day, Thursday, 30th December.*

*First Race.*—The Colonial Stakes for maiden Cape, Australian, and Country-bred horses. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started in India before the days of naming allowed 5lbs. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 1st of October, 1847, allowed 5lbs.

Five G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of April, 1847. Ten G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of August when the race will close. Fifty G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of Twenty G. M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

*Second Race.*—Third year of the Allipore Champaigne Stakes, 50 G. M. 10 ft., if declared the day before the meeting, and H. F. if the day before the race, for all Arabs entitled to run as maidens on the 24th December, 1846. R. C. Calcutta weight for age, maidens on the 1st of October, 1847, allowed 7lbs. To close and name on the 24th of December, 1846. All bets on this race to be P. P. unless otherwise

*Third Race.*—The Auckland Stakes of 50 G. M. each, H. F., and only 10 G. M. R. ft. declared the day before the meeting: for all horses 2½ miles. English horses to carry 1½st. extra, to close and name the 1st December.

|                       |             |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| 2 years, . . . . .    | a feather.  |
| 3 „ . . . . .         | 6st. 12lbs. |
| 4 „ . . . . .         | 7st. 12lbs. |
| 5 „ . . . . .         | 8st. 5lbs.  |
| 6 and aged, . . . . . | 8st. 8lbs.  |

*Fourth Race.*—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for maiden Arabs. The Gilbert mile, 8st. 4lbs. each. To close and name the 1st of October.

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*Third Day, Saturday, 1st January, 1848.*

*First Race.*—The Omnibus Stakes, for maiden horses, R. C. and a distance, Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 10lbs. extra; the winners of the Derby and the Colonial stakes to carry 3lb. extra. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 10th of October, 1847, allowed 3lbs., subsequently to the 10th of November, 7lbs.

10 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of August, 1847. 20 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of October when the race will close. 50 G. M. from the Fund and an entrance of 20 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race. If there are

20 nominations the second horse to save his stake; if 30 nominations the second horse to receive 100 G. M. from the stakes and the third horse to save his stake.

*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for all horses, 2 miles, 8st. 10lbs. each. English horses to carry 1st. extra. Horses that have been beaten in the 2 miles sweepstakes for all horses on the 1st day, or in the Auckland stakes second day allowed 5lbs.; horses that have been beaten in both those races allowed 9lbs.; maidens of the season allowed 7lbs.; maidens on the day of the race allowed 12lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

*Third Race.*—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for maiden horses. English excepted,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, heats, 9st. each; Arabs allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

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#### *Fourth Day, Tuesday, 4th January.*

*First Race.*—Purse of 40 G. M. added to a sweepstakes of 20 G. M. H. F., for maiden Arabs, R. C. heats. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 10th of October, 1847, allowed 3lbs., subsequently to the 10th of November 7lbs. Horses that have been beaten in the Calcutta Derby stakes allowed 5lbs. To close and name the 1st of October.

*Second Race.*—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all horses,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, 9st. 7lbs. each, Arabs allowed 1st. To close the day before the First Meeting and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

*Third Race.*—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F. for all horses, 3 miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 1st. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close the 1st of October and name by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

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#### *Fifth Day, Thursday, 6th January.*

*First Race.*—A Plate of G. M. given by the Arab dealers of Calcutta for all maiden Arabs purchased from them since the 1st of January, 1846, R. C. Calcutta weight for age, 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of January, 1847, 10 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st of April, and 15 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st of July, following. An entrance of 20 G. M. for all horses declared to start. To be run on the fifth day of the first Calcutta Meeting, 1847-48. Entrances to be sent to the Secretary the day before the Meeting. Horses that have not won before the day of starting allowed 5lbs. No horses entitled to start unless imported by a dealer who has subscribed at least 50 G. M. to the plate, and all horses that have started at any Meeting more than 200 miles distant from Calcutta, subsequently to the 1st of October, 1847, allowed 5lbs.

All bets on this race to be P. P. unless otherwise specified.

*Already Subscribed.*

|                              |           |
|------------------------------|-----------|
| Abdool Ryman, . . . . .      | G. M. 100 |
| Shaik Ibrahim, . . . . .     | „ 100     |
| Mahomed Ben Usher, . . . . . | „ 50      |
|                              | <hr/>     |
|                              | G. M. 250 |
|                              | <hr/>     |

*Second Race.*—Purse of 50 G. M. added to a sweepstakes of 50 G. M. H. F., and only 15 G. M. ft. if declared the day before the Meeting, for all horses, 2 miles.—English horses to carry 1st. extra. Plate horses that have started more than once during the Meeting and not won allowed 7lbs.; maidens allowed 10lbs.; winners of the Derby, Colonial, or Omnibus stakes to carry 3lbs. extra; of two of those races 7lbs. extra. To close and name the 1st of December.

|                       |             |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| 3 years, . . . . .    | 7st. 4lbs.  |
| 4 „ . . . . .         | 8st. 4lbs.  |
| 5 „ . . . . .         | 8st. 12lbs. |
| 6 and aged, . . . . . | 9st. 2lbs.  |

*Third Race.*—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all Arabs, Craven weights and distance, maidens allowed 5lbs. To close the 1st of October, and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

*Fourth Race.*—The Newmarket Stakes of 15 G. M., with 30 G. M. added from the Fund, for all horses that have started during the Meeting—The Gilbert mile. Winners once during the Meeting to carry 7lbs. extra, twice, 10lbs. extra; thrice and oftener, 1st. extra. To close and name by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

|                       |             |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| 3 years, . . . . .    | 7st. 0lb.   |
| 4 „ . . . . .         | 8st. 2lbs.  |
| 5 „ . . . . .         | 8st. 10lbs. |
| 6 and aged, . . . . . | 9st. 0lb.   |

*Sixth Day, Saturday, 8th January.*

*First Race.*—The Bengal Club Cup added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 ft., for maiden horses. 2 miles, heats, Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 9lbs. extra: the winner of the Omnibus stakes 5lbs. extra—maidens on the day of the race allowed 5lbs. Horses that have started at any meeting more than 200 miles distance from Calcutta, subsequently to the 10th of October, 1847 allowed 3lbs.; subsequently to the 10th of November 7lbs.—To close and name the 1st of October.

*Second Race.*—Free Handicap Purse of 50 G. M., added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 5 ft. for all horses T. I.—Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary by 2 p. m. on the 5th day of the Meeting, and weights to be published by 9 o'clock a. m. the day before the race.

*Third Race.*—A Purse of 25 G. M. added to a sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all horses, The Gilbert mile, heats, Calcutta weight for age—The winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000 with the option of being sold for Rs. 1,800 Rs 1,600 or Rs. 1200. If to be sold for Rs. 1,800 to be allowed 5lbs. if for Rs. 1,600 to be allowed 10lbs. and if for Rupees 1,200 to be allowed 20lbs. 20lbs. To close and name, and prices to be declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race.

*Seventh Day, Tuesday, 11th January.*

*First Race.*—The Calcutta Turf Club Purse added to a sweepstakes of 10 G. M. St. Leger course, for all horses to be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the race. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

*Eighth Day, Thursday, 13th January.*

*First Race.*—A forced Handicap for winning horses only: for which all winners of 100 G. M. during the Meeting must enter; optional to other winners. Entrance 10 G. M. and 5 per cent. on all winnings in excess of 100 G. M. 2 miles.

*Second Race.*—Free Handicap Purse of 25 G. M. for horses that have started and not won 100 G. M. during this Meeting; entrance 20 G. M. 5 forfeit, 1½ mile, heats.

All forfeits are to be declared to the Secretary the day before the race by 2 p. m. except when otherwise specified in the terms of the races

|               |   |           |
|---------------|---|-----------|
| G. A. BUSHBY, | } | STEWARDS. |
| J. BECKWITH,  |   |           |
| J. LANG,      |   |           |
| C. MARTEN,    |   |           |
| W. GREY,      |   |           |

*Days of naming and closing previous to the Meeting.*

*1st April.*

|                                    |
|------------------------------------|
| First day of naming for the Derby. |
| do. do. do. Colonial Stakes.       |
| Second do. do. Dealers' Plate.     |

*1st of July.*

The Dealers' Plate closes.

*1st of August.*

The Derby closes.

The Colonial Stakes close.

First day of naming for the Omnibus Stakes.

*1st of October.*

- 1st day—50 G. M. Sweep, 2 miles—close and name.  
 2d „ 50 G. M. Sweep, Gilbert mile, for maiden Arabs close  
 and name.  
 3d „ The Omnibus Stakes close.  
 „ „ 50 G. M. Sweep, 2 miles—close and name.  
 „ „ 30 G. M. Sweep,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats—close.  
 4th „ 40 G. M. Purse—close and name.  
 „ „ 50 G. M. Sweep, 3 miles—close.  
 5th „ The Craven Stakes—close.  
 6th „ Bengal Club Cup—close and name.

*1st of December.*

- 1st day—25 G. M. Sweep, Gilbert mile close.  
 2d „ Auckland Stakes—close and name  
 5th „ 50 G. M. Purse—2 miles—close and name.

*The Day before the Meeting.*

- 4th day—30 G. M. Sweep,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile—close.  
 7th „ Turf Club Purse—close and name.  
 Declarations of starting for the Dealers' Plate.

JAMES HUME,  
*Secretary.*

SECOND MEETING,—1847-48.

*Second Day.*

A Purse of G. M. 300 given by his Highness the Nawab Nazim, with G. M. 100 for the second horse, for all maiden horses; two miles, weights as follows.

|             |      |        |
|-------------|------|--------|
| 3 years.    | 6st. | 12lbs. |
| 4 years,    | 8st. | 0lb.   |
| 5 years,    | 8st. | 8lbs.  |
| 6 and aged, | 8st. | 12lbs. |

The winner of the Calcutta Derby, Colonial, or Omnibus Stakes to carry 5lbs. extra, of any two of these races 7lbs. extra; the second and third horses to save their stakes, and the third to receive G. M. 50 out of the entrances and forfeits; English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra. English horses that have not started before the day of naming allowed 7lbs.

G. M. 5 each for all horses named on or before the 1st May. G. M. 10 for horses named between that date and the 1st September, when the race closes. G. M. 20 entrance for all horses not scratched before. 2 p. m. the day before the first meeting.

Horses not entitled to any allowance excepting as specified above.

JAMES HUME,  
*Secretary.*





## SUPPLEMENT TO SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### MEETING OF THE CALCUTTA TURF CLUB,—

MARCH 31, 1847.

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At a Meeting of the Calcutta Turf Club held at the Race Stand, on the 31st March, 1847.

DR. SAWERS, *in the Chair*.

Mr Beckwith read the following alterations of, and additions to, the Rules of the Calcutta Course, suggested by the Committee of the Calcutta Turf Club.

“Horses that cannot produce a satisfactory certificate of their age from the breeder are to be aged by the Stewards or by such person or persons as they may appoint, who will be guided by such certificates of the presence of colt's teeth at any previous period as they may deem satisfactory. No horse that has once been aged on the Calcutta Course, whether he shall have started under such age, or not, will be re-aged in any subsequent year. N. B.—No dealers' certificates of colt's teeth will be received.”

“The Stewards or persons appointed to age horses, will perform that duty at the Race Stand on the Saturday and Wednesday immediately preceding each Meeting, and a fee of five Gold Mohurs must be paid for each horse that is brought up to be aged on any other day than those specified above. In a weight for age Race, any horse that has not been aged by 2 p. m. the day before must carry the weight of an aged horse.”

“When a horse's name is changed from one he has been entered in before, both names must be specified the first time he is entered under the new one.”

“All horses that cannot be entered in conformity with Rule 17 of the Newmarket Jockey Club, must be shewn to the Stewards within ten days from the day of naming or entering, or where that is impracticable, must be so described as to admit of being afterwards identified to the satisfaction of the Stewards—and any infraction of this or the preceding Rule, will be met by the application of Rule 18 of the Newmarket Jockey Club, which prescribes the penalty consequent on an infraction of the 17th Rule of that Code.”

“Rule 54 of the Newmarket Jockey Club, not being applicable to Races that are run early in the morning, is modified to the extent of admitting the sufficiency of declaration of over weight, if made at any time before the race.”

“All bets on Races on the Calcutta Course to be Play or Pay, unless otherwise specified.”

Mr Beckwith proposed that the above alterations and additions be adopted. This was seconded by Mr Staniforth and carried unanimously.

The names of the following gentlemen were handed in to be balloted for.

Proposed by Mr Staniforth, seconded by Mr Beckwith—

H. F. JAMES, Esq., C. S.

H. C. JAMES, 32<sup>d</sup> N. 1.

O. W. MALET, Esq., C. S.

— TROTTER, Esq., C. S.

H. V. HATHORN, Esq., C. S.

R. TORRENS, Esq., C. S.

J. HUME, *Secretary*.

It will be convenient if we here subjoin the Newmarket Rules 17 and 18 on the subject of entrances and penalties.—A. E.

17. In all nominations and entrances for stakes, subscriptions, and plates of horses, &c. which have not started before the time of naming, or entering, the sire, dam, and grandam of the horse, &c., named or entered must be mentioned, if known, unless the dam has a name which is to be found in the Stud-Book or Racing Calendar, in which case the name of the sire and dam will be sufficient. If the horse, &c. named or entered be own brother or sister to any horse, &c. having a name in the Stud-Book or Racing Calendar, it will be sufficient to name it as such. If the dam or grandam be sister (but which sister must be specified, if there be more than one), or dam or grandam of any horse, &c. having a name in the Stud-Book or Racing Calendar, it will be sufficient to mention her as such. If the dam or grandam is not known, the sire of the horse, &c. must be mentioned, together with such other particulars as will be sufficient to identify the animal. If a horse has once appeared in the Racing Calendar by a name and his pedigree, it will be sufficient afterwards to mention him by his name only, even though he has never started. If the dam was covered by more than one stallion, the names of all of them must be mentioned.

18. If any horse, &c. shall be named or entered without being identified as before directed, he shall not be allowed to start in the race, but his owner shall be liable to pay the forfeit, or, if a play or pay race, the whole stake. All bets on a horse so disqualified for starting shall be void.

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## CALCUTTA RACES, 1847-48.

## FIRST MEETING.

ENTRANCES UP TO APRIL 1.

## THE DERBY.

*Nominations of April 1.*

|                  |    |    |    |    |    |    |                            |
|------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----------------------------|
| Mr Petre's       | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Zurlano.</i>            |
| "                |    | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Bonanza.</i>            |
| Mr Williams'     | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Cracow, late Curfen</i> |
| "                |    | c. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Phoenix.</i>            |
| Mr Cunyngham's   | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Mangoe.</i>             |
| "                |    | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Euclid.</i>             |
| Mr Grey's        | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Derrish.</i>            |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | .. | b. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Raymond.</i>            |
| "                |    | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Wahabee.</i>            |
| "                |    | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Langton.</i>            |
| Mr Barker's      | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Chamois.</i>            |
| "                |    | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Guarantee.</i>          |
| "                |    | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Don Juan.</i>           |
| "                |    | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Jackdaw.</i>            |
| Mr Ross'         | .. | g. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Boehm.</i>              |
| Mr Boynton's     |    | b. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Fancy Boy.</i>          |
| "                |    | g. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>True Boy.</i>           |
| "                |    | g. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Turfite.</i>            |
| "                |    | g. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Toby.</i>               |
| Mr Bagg's        | .. | g. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Golaub Singh,</i>       |
| Mr Green's       | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Eon's.</i>              |
| Mr Fulton's      | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Blood Royal.</i>        |
| "                |    | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Oberon.</i>             |

## THE COLONIAL STAKES.

*Nominations of April 1.*

|                  |    |     |      |     |    |    |                                  |
|------------------|----|-----|------|-----|----|----|----------------------------------|
| Mr East's        | .. | b.  | cp.  | h.  | .. | .. | <i>Banker.</i>                   |
| Mr Grey's        | .. | b.  | cb.  | c.  | .. | .. | _____                            |
| "                | .. | g.  | cb.  | c.  | .. | .. | _____                            |
| "                | .. | g.  | cb.  | c.  | .. | .. | _____                            |
| Mr Return's      | .. | c.  | a.   | cb. | c. | .. | <i>Saladin.</i> [the Vale.       |
| Mr Barker's      | .. | c.  | n.s. | w.  | f. | .. | <i>Falcon, late The Pride of</i> |
| Capt. Paterson's | .. | bk. | n.   | s.  | w. | f. | <i>Gipsy Queen.</i>              |

|            |      |     |     |    |    |    |                             |
|------------|------|-----|-----|----|----|----|-----------------------------|
| Mr Green's | ..   | br. | cp. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Richmond.</i>            |
|            | iron | g.  | cb. | f. | .. | .. | <i>Belle of Ballygunge.</i> |
|            | c.   | n.  | s.  | w. | c. | .. | <i>Rangarabbee.</i>         |
|            |      | b.  | cp. | c. | .. | .. |                             |
| Mr Ross    | c.   | n.  | s.  | w. | g. | .. | <i>Nimrod.</i>              |

## THE ALLIPORE CHAMPAIGNE STAKES

(CLOSED.)

|                  |      |    |    |    |    |    |                              |
|------------------|------|----|----|----|----|----|------------------------------|
| Mr Cunyngham's   | ..   | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Problem.</i>              |
| "                |      | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Mangoe.</i>               |
| "                |      | b  | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Reveller.</i>             |
| Mr Williams'     | ..   | b. | a. | b. | .. | .. | <i>Minuet.</i>               |
| "                |      | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Child of the Islands,</i> |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | ..   | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Honeysuckle.</i>          |
| "                |      | b. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Raymond.</i>              |
| "                |      | g. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Sir Harry.</i>            |
| Mr Petre's       | ..   | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Farewell.</i>             |
| "                |      | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Zurbano.</i>              |
| "                |      | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Bonanza.</i>              |
| Mr Abram's       |      | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Cadwalader.</i>           |
| Mr Boynton's     | ..   | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Fancy Boy.</i>            |
| "                |      | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>True Boy.</i>             |
| "                | roan | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Toby.</i>                 |
| "                |      | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Croton Oil.</i>           |
| Mr Green's       | ..   | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Marmouth.</i>             |
| "                |      | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Eois.</i>                 |
| Mr Barker's      | ..   | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Chamuis.</i>              |
| "                |      | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Guarantee.</i>            |
| "                |      | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>The Little Goorkha.</i>   |
| "                |      | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>'Pon me Honour.</i>       |
| "                |      | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Poor Warren.</i>          |
| Mr James'        | ..   | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Phlegon.</i>              |
| Mr Fulton's      | ..   | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Master Henry.</i>         |
| "                |      | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Blond Royal.</i>          |
| "                |      | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Smolensko.</i>            |

## THE DEALERS' PLATE.

## \*Nominations of January 1.

|             |    |    |    |    |    |    |                     |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|---------------------|
| Mr Bell's   | .. | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Curfew.</i>      |
| Mr Fulton's | .. | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Blond Royal.</i> |
| ..          |    | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Smolensko.</i>   |

# CALCUTTA RACES, 1847-48.

v

|                                |     |    |    |    |    |    |                        |
|--------------------------------|-----|----|----|----|----|----|------------------------|
| Mr Williams'                   | ..  | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Childe Harold.</i>  |
| "                              |     | b. | a. | c. | .. | .. | _____                  |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's               | ..  | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>New Year's Day.</i> |
| "                              |     | b. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Raymond.</i>        |
| "                              |     | g. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Sir Harry.</i>      |
| "                              |     | g. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Catchpenny.</i>     |
| "                              |     | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Langton.</i>        |
| Mr Barker's                    | ..  | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Guarantee.</i>      |
|                                |     | b. | a. | h. | .  | .. | <i>Steel.</i>          |
|                                |     | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Intrepid.</i>       |
|                                |     | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Chamois.</i>        |
|                                |     | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Don Juan.</i>       |
| Mr Boynton's                   | .   | b. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Fancy Boy.</i>      |
| "                              |     | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>True Boy.</i>       |
| "                              | oan | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Toby.</i>           |
| "                              | ap. | g. | a. | c. | .. | .. | <i>Turfite.</i>        |
| Mr Grey's                      | ..  | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Dervish.</i>        |
| <i>Nominations of April 1.</i> |     |    |    |    |    |    |                        |
| Mr Cunyngham's                 | ..  | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Euclid.</i>         |
| Mr Bagg's                      | ..  | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | <i>Golaub Singh.</i>   |

JAMES HUME,  
Secretary.

# RULES FOR THE CALCUTTA COURSE.

(REVISED.)

1. Newmarket rules as far as applicable to this country to be adopted.

2. The rules concerning horse-racing in general, the rules and orders of the Jockey Club, and the adjudged cases, all of which are contained in Wetherby's Racing Calendar, apply to the races run on, and engagements made for the Calcutta Course, with exception of certain rules hereinafter specified, some of which are in lieu of rules not adapted to the state of the Turf in India, and others purely local, and no other book than Wetherby's Racing Calendar is to be considered as authority of the above rules and decisions of the Jockey Club, Newmarket.

3. The Newmarket rule for horses taking age from 1st January is not adopted, and horses are to continue to take their ages from 1st May.

4. The fifth of the rules concerning horse-racing in general is not adopted, and the following rules are substituted.

5. Horses that cannot produce a satisfactory certificate of their age from the breeder are to be aged by the Stewards or by such person or persons as they may appoint, who will be guided by such certificates of the presence of Colt's teeth at any previous period as they may deem satisfactory. No horse that has once been aged on the Calcutta Course whether he shall have started under such age or not will be re-aged in any subsequent year.

N. B.—No dealers' certificates of Colt's teeth will be received.

6. The Stewards or persons appointed to age horses will perform that duty at the Race Stand on the Saturday and Wednesday immediately preceding each Meeting, and a fee of five Gold Mohurs must be paid for each horse that is brought up to be aged on any other day than those specified above. In a weight for age Race any horse that has not been aged by 2 p. m. the day before must carry the weight of an aged horse.

7. Any objection to a horse being improperly aged is to be made and decided before the race is run, and such decision is to be final as regards that particular race, notwithstanding anything that may be subsequently adduced to the contrary.

8. The Calcutta standard to be considered as the established weight for age, unless expressed to the contrary on the terms of any race, *st. lbs. viz. :*

|           |       |         |       |
|-----------|-------|---------|-------|
| Two years | ..... | feather |       |
| Three     | „ *   | 7st.    | 4lbs. |
| Four      | „     | 8       | 4     |
| Five      | „     | 8       | 13    |
| Six       | „     | 9       | 3     |
| Aged      | ..... | 9       | 5     |

9. In all races in which weight for age and inches is to be carried the following is to be considered the standard or give and take scale :

|                     |             |
|---------------------|-------------|
| Two years . . . . . | feather     |
| Three „ . . . . .   | 6st. 12lbs. |
| Four „ . . . . .    | 8           |
| Five „ . . . . .    | 8 8         |
| Six „ . . . . .     | 8 12        |
| Aged . . . . .      | 9           |

10. Horses to be measured by the Stewards of the meeting, or such persons as they may appoint, and this measurement to hold good for that meeting.

11. Where a quarter of an inch is allowed for measuring in shoes or plates, such are to be *bona fide* shoes or plates, and no pieces of tin or other substances cut in the shape of shoes will be allowed ; a horse must stand to be measured with his legs as nearly perpendicular as possible. The skin on his withers is not to be pressed down, and his mane is not to be held lower, than what brings the poll on a level with the withers.

12. All confederacies must be declared to the Secretary in writing on or before the day preceding the meeting, and confederates are jointly and severally responsible for all losses and demands connected with racing, incurred jointly or separately by them during the meeting. If a confederacy is subsequently dissolved, the confederates must notify this to the Secretary by a letter signed by both or all of them. In like manner, if a confederacy is formed before a meeting, it must be immediately notified to the Secretary to entitle the confederates to the benefit of it before the meeting.

13. In all races, the terms of which are that they are to close or name on a certain day, it is understood that subscriptions be *received by the Secretary* not *despatched* on or before that day, and this applies also to forfeits that are to be declared on or before a certain day.

14. When a horse's name is changed from one he has been entered in before, both names must be specified the first time he is entered under the new one.

15. All horses that cannot be entered in conformity with Rule 17 of the Newmarket Jockey Club,\* must be shewn to the Stewards within

\* 17. In all nominations and entrances for stakes, subscriptions, and plates of horses, &c., which have not started before the time of naming, or entering, the sire, dam, and grandam of the horse, &c., named or entered must be mentioned, if known, unless the dam has a name which is to be found in the Stud-Book or Racing Calendar, in which case the name of the sire and dam will be sufficient. If the horse, &c. named or entered be own brother or sister to any horse, &c. having a name in the Stud-Book or Racing Calendar, it will be sufficient to name it as such. If the dam or grandam be sister (but which sister must be specified, if there be more than one), or dam or grandam of any horse, &c., having a name in the Stud-Book or Racing Calendar, it will be sufficient to mention her as such. If the dam or grandam is not known, the sire of the horse, &c., must be mentioned, together with such other particulars as will be sufficient to identify the animal. If a horse has once appeared in the Racing Calendar by a name and his pedigree, it will be sufficient afterwards to mention him by his name only, even though he has never started. If the dam was covered by more than one stallion, the names of all of them must be mentioned.



ten days from the day of naming or entering, or where that is impracticable, must be so described as to admit of being afterwards identified to the satisfaction of the Stewards—and any infraction of this or the preceding Rule, will be met by the application of Rule 18 of the Newmarket Jockey Club,\* which prescribes the penalty consequent on an infraction of the 17th Rule of that Code.

16. In all races where a plate or money is added, mares and geldings are allowed 3lbs., when nothing to the contrary is specified.

17. In matches or sweepstakes where no plate or money is added, no allowance is made to mares and geldings, unless so specified in the terms.

18. Maidens on the 1st October of each year preceding the meetings, to run as such during the Calcutta meeting, except as may be otherwise provided.

#### *Saddling, Weighing, Starting, and Heats.*

19. Rule 54 of the Newmarket Jockey Club not being applicable to Races that are run early in the morning is modified to the extent of admitting the sufficiency of declaration of over weight if made at any time before the race.

20. If the word *off*, *go*, or *away*, is given by the Steward or person appointed by the Stewards to start the horses, it must be considered a fair start, and no other will be allowed, and no caution is required beyond the calling the horses up to the post.

21. The Stewards shall fix the order in which all races are to be run the day before they take place.

22. In races of heats, no more than half an hour from the time the last jockey is weighed will be allowed between each heat.

23. When a race is proposed to be run between the heats, the order to saddle for it will be given ten minutes after the last jockey is weighed; but should such race seem likely to occupy more time than the half hour, any owner of a horse engaged in the preceding heat is at liberty to object to the same.

24. The jockies are entitled to weigh in the order in which they come in, and if a horse leave the weighing enclosure before his jockey is weighed, nothing which may be upon him when he leaves the enclosure shall be allowed for in the weight.

25. After the order for saddling has been given, five minutes are allowed to bring the horses out, and they must take their places without delay, the Steward or person appointed to start them leaving out any horse that may not have come up.

\* 18. If any horse, &c. shall be named or entered without being identified as before directed, he shall not be allowed to start in the race, but his owner shall be liable to pay the forfeit, or, if a play or pay race, the whole stake. All bets on a horse so disqualified for starting shall be void.

26. The order in which the horses are to start is to be previously determined by lot, except in the case of a race for heats, when, after the first heat, the horses will take their places in the order in which they are placed in the preceding heat.

27. In all races in which extra weight is to be carried for winning, winners of matches or handicaps are not to be considered liable to carry extra weight for such races.

*Changes and Deviations.*

28. All bets on Races on the Calcutta Course to be Play or Pay, unless otherwise specified.

29. In case of unfavorable weather the Stewards have the power to postpone the races, and in such cases all bets on races for public money must stand.

30. No other deviation from original terms of races for public money will be allowed, even though parties concerned agree to it.

31. If any change takes place in private sweepstakes or matches, with the exception of the change of the day within the week, as specified in the 26th rule for horse-racing in general, all bets made before the alteration shall be void.

*Foul Riding.*

32. The 94th rule of the Jockey Club is modified, as it was in all probability intended to apply to a straight course, and the Stewards will consider that only to be a cross or jostle which shall in any way impede the progress of a competitor; but no jockey will be justified in crossing the path of the horse behind him, unless he be at least two full lengths ahead, or in preventing a horse coming up on either side by swerving to the one or the other, so as to shut such horse out after he has fairly established his position on either side.

33. If, in running for any race, one horse shall jostle or cross another, such horse, and every horse belonging to the same owner, or in which he shall have a share, running in the same race, shall be disqualified from winning the race; and if such cross or jostle shall be proved to have happened through the foul riding of the jockey, he shall be disqualified from again riding at Calcutta, or shall be punished by fine or suspension for a time, as the Stewards shall think fit.

*Subscriptions and Course Repairs.*

34. No horse will be allowed to start on the Calcutta Course whose owner has not subscribed five gold mohurs for the current season to the general funds of the races. In confederacies each confederate must pay that sum.

35. Every horse trained on the Calcutta Course to pay 8 Rs., and all winners of plate, purse, match, or sweepstakes, to pay one gold mohur to the general Race Fund: a week's training will subject a horse to the first of the charges.

*Disputes.*

36. All disputes will be settled by the Stewards, and their decision shall be final, in all cases from the nature of which it may be necessary that they should be decided at once on the spot. In other cases parties dissatisfied with the Stewards' decision are at liberty to refer their case to the Committee of the Calcutta Turf Club for the year.

37. Any jockey who shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards to have broken his agreement with his master, shall be disqualified for again riding in a race, or training, on the Calcutta Course, for such period as the Stewards may determine, and such disqualification shall not be removed without the consent of the master, notified in writing to the Secretary. In order to facilitate the investigation of complaints against jockies for breach of agreements, the adoption of written agreements is strongly recommended to the notice of owners of horses.

By order of the Stewards,

JAMES HUME,

*Secretary Calcutta Races.*

March 31, 1847.

## CALCUTTA WEIGHTS.

| WEIGHT FOR AGE. |             |  |  | BYCULLA.       |  |
|-----------------|-------------|--|--|----------------|--|
| 2 Years.        | Feather.    |  |  | Feather.       |  |
| 3 "             | 7st. 4lbs.  |  |  | 7st. 4lbs.     |  |
| 4 "             | 8 4         |  |  | 7 12           |  |
| 5 "             | 8 13        |  |  | 8 5            |  |
| 6 "             | 9 3         |  |  | 8 12           |  |
| Aged            | 9 5         |  |  | 9 0            |  |
| CRAVEN.         |             |  |  | GIVE AND TAKE. |  |
| 2 Years.        | 5st. 10lbs. |  |  | Feather.       |  |
| 3 "             | 8 0         |  |  | 6 12           |  |
| 4 "             | 8 9         |  |  | 8 0            |  |
| 5 "             | 9 1         |  |  | 8 8            |  |
| 6 "             | 9 5         |  |  | 8 12           |  |
| Aged            | 9 7         |  |  | 9 0            |  |

JAMES HUME.

*Secretary Calcutta Races.*

# RACING CALENDAR

F O R

1846-7.

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# RACING CALENDAR.

## POONA RACES, 1846.

### FIRST DAY, Tuesday, 8th December, 1846.

1ST RACE.—The Deccan Maiden, of Rs. 400 from the fund, for all Arabs that never started before the day of running. Weight for age, one and a half mile; to close and name on the 1st September, 1846, 5 Gold Mohurs each, with an entrance of 10 Gold Mohurs for all horses declared to start on the day before the race.

|               |    |    |    |                      |            |    |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|----------------------|------------|----|---|
| Major Blood's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Mint Master,</i>  | 8st. 5lbs. | .. | 1 |
| The Squire's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Screw Driver,</i> | 8st. 6lbs. | .. | 2 |

A good race round; the *Mint Master* winning by a half length.

Time,—3m.

2D RACE.—The Give and Take, of 250 Rs. from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 Gold Mohurs, for all Arabs, 11 hands carrying 8st. 7lbs., heats 1½ miles; to name and close the day before the race.

|            |    |    |    |                        |            |  |  |
|------------|----|----|----|------------------------|------------|--|--|
| Mr Proby's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Young Deceiver,</i> | 8st. 7lbs. |  |  |
|------------|----|----|----|------------------------|------------|--|--|

Walked over.

3D RACE.—The Welter, of 400 Rupees from the fund, 1½ mile race, 11st. 7lbs. Gentlemen riders, for all Arabs, 10 Gold Mohurs entrance, half forfeits, maidens all allowed 5lbs., horses that have never started before the day of running 7lbs.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |             |    |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------------|----|----|---|
| Major Blood names | g. | a. | h. | <i>Polka,</i>     | 11st. 7lbs. | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Ridge's        | g. | a. | h. | <i>Vibration,</i> | 11st. 7lbs. | .. | .. | 2 |

*Polka* won with great ease.

Time,—3m. 9s.

### SECOND DAY, Tuesday, 10th December.

1ST RACE.—The Bombay Stakes, of 400 Rs. from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. Weight for age, 2 miles. Horses that have never started before the day of running allowed 5lbs., the winners of the Maiden or Welter to carry 5lbs. extra.

|                   |    |    |    |                    |      |    |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|------|----|----|---|
| Mr Ridge's        | g. | a. | h. | <i>Vibration</i> , | 9st. | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Lancaster's    | g. | a. | h. | <i>M. George</i> , | 8st. | .. | .. | 2 |
| Major Blood names | g. | a. | h. | <i>Polka</i> ,     |      | .. | .. | 3 |

*Master George* went away with the lead for the 1st mile, when the other horses closed, *Vibration* taking the lead from the last  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, and winning.

Time,—56s., 1m. 2s., 1m.  $3\frac{1}{2}$ s., 1m. 2s.—Total, 4m.  $3\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2D RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of 300 Rupees from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., for all Arabs. Mile heats. 8st. 7lbs.

|                  |    |    |    |                         |  |  |  |   |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|-------------------------|--|--|--|---|---|
| Major Blood's    | g. | a. | h. | <i>Mint Master</i> ,    |  |  |  | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Proby's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>Young Deceiver</i> , |  |  |  | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Screw Driver</i> ,   |  |  |  | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Charlie's     | a. | h. |    | <i>Mina</i> ,           |  |  |  | 4 | 4 |

1st Heat.—A pretty race for the first half mile, *Mint Master* winning easy.

Time,—2m.  $3\frac{1}{2}$ s.

2d Heat.—*Screw Driver*, who had been badly ridden in the first, made strong running with *Mint Master*, but was beaten by nearly half a length.

Time,—57s., 1m. 1s.—Total 1m. 58s.

3D RACE.—The Tattoo Race, of 100 Rs. from the fund, for all tattoos, 13 hands and under,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, catch weights, entrance 1 G. M.

|                      |                  |                   |
|----------------------|------------------|-------------------|
| Captain Haliburton's | <i>W. Pony</i> , | <i>Snowdrop</i> . |
| Mr Lancaster's       | ..               | Cock Robin.       |

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 12th December.

1ST RACE.—The Queen's Officers' Plate of Rs. 300 from the fund, with an entrance of Rs. 50 each, for all horses, the *bond fide* property of H. M. 10th Hussars, or H. M. 8th Regt.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|              |    |    |    |                   |    |              |    |   |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|--------------|----|---|---|---|
| Mr Charter's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Darkness</i> , | .. | 10st. 12lbs. | .. | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Mr J. S.'s   | g. | a. | g. | <i>Coburg</i> ,   | .. | 11st. 2lbs.  | .. | 2 | 0 | 2 |

*Darkness* had the race easy, but in the second heat the rider, wishing to make a race of it, allowed *Coburg* to come too near, and a dead heat was the consequence.

Time,—1st heat, 1m.  $31\frac{1}{2}$ s.—2d heat, 1m. 34s.—3d heat, not taken.

2D RACE.—The Whim Plate of Rs. 250 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 Gold Mohurs each,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|              |    |    |    |                       |    |              |
|--------------|----|----|----|-----------------------|----|--------------|
| The Squires' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Screw Driver</i> , | .. | walked over. |
|--------------|----|----|----|-----------------------|----|--------------|

A Tattoo Sweepstakes of Rs. 15 each, with Rs. 30 from the fund, for all ponies 13—1 and under, the winner to be sold for Rs. 50. Post entrance,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Catch weights.

|               |    |                 |    |    |   |   |     |
|---------------|----|-----------------|----|----|---|---|-----|
| Mr Proctor's  | .. | <i>Jyclops,</i> | .. | .. | 2 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr Campbell's | .. | <i>Flicker,</i> | .. | .. | 1 | 2 | 2   |
| Mr Charlie's  | .. | <i>Squire,</i>  | .. | .. | 3 | 3 | dr. |
| Mr Nuttall's  | .. | <i>Doosti,</i>  | .. | .. | 4 | 4 | dr. |

## FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, December 15.

1ST RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 10 Gold Mohurs each, with Rs. 300 from the Fund, for all horses that never started before the 1st of December, 1846, one mile race, 9st. The winner of the maiden, welter, or Bombay stakes, to carry 5lbs. extra for each race won.

|                   |    |    |    |                      |      |       |    |    |     |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|------|-------|----|----|-----|
| Major Blood's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Mint Master,</i>  | 9st. | 5lbs. | .. | .. | 1   |
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Screw Driver,</i> | 9st. | 0lb.  | .. | .. | dr. |

*Screw Driver* was taken ill before the race, consequently *Mint Master*, walked over.

2D RACE.—The Parsee Plate, valued 300 Rs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Gold Mohurs for all horses, 8st. 7lbs.; winners of one race 3lbs. extra, of two 5lbs. and of upwards 7lbs. 2 miles.

|            |    |    |    |                        |      |      |    |   |
|------------|----|----|----|------------------------|------|------|----|---|
| Mr Ridge's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Vibration,</i>      | 9st. | 0lb. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Proby's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Young Deceiver,</i> | 9st. | 0lb. | .. | 2 |

*Young Deceiver* had no chance with *Vibration*, who won in a canter.

Time,—4m. 14s.

3D RACE.—Valuation Stakes, of Rs. 300 from the Fund, with an entrance of 3 Gold Mohurs, 11st.,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold for Rs. 800—if for 600 allowed 6lbs., if for 400 1st., and if for 300 allowed 20lbs.

|                 |    |    |    |                   |       |       |    |   |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------|-------|----|---|---|
| Mr I.'s         | g. | a. | g. | <i>Coburg,</i>    | 9st.  | 8lbs. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Charlie's    | a. | a. | h. | <i>Mina,</i>      | 10st. | 8lbs. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| The Secretary's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Valuation,</i> | 10st. | 8lbs. | .. | 3 | 3 |

In both heats the old horse made a rush on the post, winning by a good neck.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 32s.—2d heat, no time taken.

## FIFTH DAY, Thursday, December 17.

1ST RACE.—The Galloway Plate, of Rs. 200 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 50 Rs. 14 hands and under, 8st. 7lbs. 1½ miles.

|                   |    |    |    |                        |    |    |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|------------------------|----|----|----|---|
| The Confederates' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Screw Driver,</i>   | .. | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Proby's        | b. | a. | h. | <i>Young Deceiver,</i> | .. | .. | .. | 2 |

*Screw Driver* won without difficulty.

Time,—3m. ½s.

2D RACE.—The Nuggur Plate, of 400 Rs. from the Fund, 5 Gold Mohurs entrance, for all horses, to be handicapped by the Stewards. 2½ miles.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |      |       |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|------|-------|----|---|
| Mr Ridge's        | g. | a. | h. | <i>Vibration,</i> | 9st. | 0lb.  | .. | 1 |
| Major Blood names | g. | a. | h. | <i>Polka,</i>     | 8st. | 7lbs. | .. | 2 |



*Polka* lead at a great pace for the first mile, when *Vibration* collared him, and came in an easy winner.

Time,—5m. 14½s.

3D RACE.—The Hack Stakes, of 150 Rs. from the Fund, with a post entrance of Rs. 20. 1½ miles. 1' st. 7lbs. Gentlemen riders.

Mr I.'s                      g.   n.   g.   *Coburg*,                      ..                      ..                      walked over.

#### SIXTH DAY, Saturday, December 19.

1ST RACE.—The Forced Handicap, for all winners, 4 Gold Mohurs for each race won during the season. 2 miles. Rupees 200 from the Fund.

|                   |    |    |    |                         |      |       |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------------|------|-------|----|---|
| Mr Ridge's        | g. | a. | h. | <i>Vibration</i> .      | 9st. | 7lbs. | .. | 1 |
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Screw Driver</i> ,   | 8st. | 6lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Proby's        | b. | b. | h. | <i>Young Deceiver</i> , | 8st. | 0lb.  | .. | 3 |

*Screw Driver* took the lead for the first mile and a half, when *Vibration* shook him off, and won with great ease.

Time,—1st, ½ mile, 57½s.,—2nd, 1m.,—3rd, 1m. 1s.,—4th, 1m. 5½s.—Total, 4m. 4s.

2D RACE.—The Beaten Handicap, of Rupees 200 from the Fund, one mile heats. Entrance Rupees 50.

|                 |    |    |    |                    |      |       |    |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|--------------------|------|-------|----|---|
| Mr Charlie's    | g. | a. | h. | <i>Mina</i> ,      | 8st. | 6lbs. | .. | 1 |
| The Secretary's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Valuation</i> , | 8st. | 0lb.  | .. | 2 |

*Valuation* had no go in him, and was drawn for the 2d heat.

#### NUSSERABAD SKYE RACES,—1847.

##### FIRST DAY.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 80 Rs. from the Fund for all Horses. Arabs 10st. 8lbs. C. Bs. 11st. 4lbs. C. and N. S. Wales 12st. Heats ½ mile. Entrance 30 Rs.

|              |    |    |    |                   |    |    |       |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|-------|---|---|
| Mr Clarke's  | c. | a. | h. | <i>Diamond</i> ;  | .. | .. | Owner | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Parrott's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Ganymede</i> , | .. | .. | Owner | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Saunders' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Zephyr</i> ,   | .. | .. | Owner | 3 | 3 |

Time,—58s.—59s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 64 Rs. from the Fund, for C. Bs. 11st. ¼ Mile heats. Entrance 20 Rs.

|                |    |    |    |    |                       |    |       |   |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|----|-----------------------|----|-------|---|---|
| Mr Parrott's   | b. | c. | b. | h. | <i>Runjeet Sing</i> , | .. | Owner | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Priestley's | g. | c. | b. | h. | <i>Peter</i> ,        | .. | Owner | 2 | 2 |

Time,—59s.—62s.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 40 Rs. from the Fund, for all Tattoos 13-1½ and under. Catch Weights. ¼ Mile heats. Entrance 10 Rs.

|              |    |    |                |    |    |             |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|----------------|----|----|-------------|---|---|
| Mr Parrott's | g. | p. | <i>Ensign,</i> | .. | .. | Owner       | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Scott's   | b. | p. | <i>Rufus,</i>  | .. | .. | Mr Saunders | 2 | 2 |

Time, 30s.—32s.

SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 50 Rs. from the Fund for all Hacks. Heats ½ mile. Entrance 16 Rs. 11st. up.

|              |    |    |    |    |                      |                    |
|--------------|----|----|----|----|----------------------|--------------------|
| Mr Parrott's | b. | c. | b. | h. | <i>Runjeet Sing,</i> | Owner walked over. |
|--------------|----|----|----|----|----------------------|--------------------|

2D RACE.—A Purse of 64 Rs. from the Fund for all Galloways. Weight for inches—14 hands to carry 11st. Heats ½ mile. Entrance 20 Rs.

|                |    |    |    |                  |               |             |       |   |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|------------------|---------------|-------------|-------|---|---|
| Mr Clarke's    | c. | a. | h. | <i>Diamond,</i>  | 11st. 3lbs.   | Owner       | 1     | 1 |   |
| Mr Parrott's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Ganymede,</i> | 10st. 6lbs.   | Mr Saunders | 2     | 2 |   |
| Mr Priestley's | g. | c. | b. | h.               | <i>Guess,</i> | 11st. 4lbs. | Owner | 3 | 3 |

Time,—60s.—61s.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 40 Rs. from the Fund for all Ponies. ½ Mile heats Catch weights. Entrance 8 Rs.

|              |    |                       |    |             |   |   |
|--------------|----|-----------------------|----|-------------|---|---|
| Mr Black's   | .. | <i>If you please,</i> | .. | Mr Parrott  | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Ruggle's  | .. | <i>Bot,</i>           | .. | Owner       | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Scott's   | .. | <i>Rufus,</i>         | .. | Mr Saunders | 3 | 4 |
| Mr Burnett's | .. | <i>Pill Box,</i>      | .. | Owner       | 4 | 3 |

Time,—65s.

THIRD DAY.

1ST RACE.—The Winners' Handicap of 50 Rs. from the Fund. ½ Mile heats. Entrance 16 Rs. Horses not standing the Handicap to pay H. F. Optional to losers of the "Hacks," "Tattoos," and "Pony" Stakes.

|              |    |    |       |                      |             |       |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|-------|----------------------|-------------|-------|---|---|
| Mr Clarke's  | c. | a. | h.    | <i>Diamond,</i>      | 11st. 4lbs. | Owner | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Parrott's | b. | c. | b. h. | <i>Runjeet Sing,</i> | 12st. 4lbs. | Owner | 2 | 2 |

Time,—61s.—63s.

2D RACE.—The Losers' Handicap of 50 Rupees from the Fund. ½ Mile heats. Entrance 16 Rs. Horses not standing the Handicap to pay H. F. Optional to losers of Hacks, Tats, and Pony Stakes.

|                |    |    |    |                  |             |                    |
|----------------|----|----|----|------------------|-------------|--------------------|
| Mr Parrott's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Ganymede,</i> | 11st. 4lbs. | Owner walked over. |
| Mr Priestley's | g. | c. | b. | h. <i>Peter,</i> | .. ..       | Paid forfeit.      |
| Mr Priestley's | g. | c. | b. | h. <i>Guess,</i> | .. ..       | Do. do.            |
| Mr Saunders'   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Zephyr,</i>   | .. ..       | Do. do.            |

3D RACE.—A Purse of 40 Rs. from the Fund for all Buggy Horses.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Mile heats. Entrance 8 Rs. 11st. up.

|              |    |    |    |                  |    |    |       |   |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|-------|---|---|---|
| Mr Parrott's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Ganymede,</i> | .. | .. | Owner | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Clarke's  | c. | a. | h. | <i>Diamond,</i>  | .. | .. | Owner | 1 | 2 | 2 |

Time,—61s.—64s.—68s.

### PEROZZEPORE SKY RACES,—1846.

#### FIRST DAY, December 22.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 8 G. M. for all horses, 10st.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 2 G. M. entrance.

|               |     |    |    |    |                        |                |   |   |
|---------------|-----|----|----|----|------------------------|----------------|---|---|
| Mr Stokes'    | ch. | c. | b. | m. | <i>Our Old Friend,</i> | Mr Payn        | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Notham's   | —   | —  | —  | —  | <i>Martilini,</i>      | .. Mr Delane   | 2 | 2 |
| Major Mayne's | ch. | c. | b. | m. | <i>Modesty,</i>        | .. Capt Dowson | 3 | 3 |

Won easy.

2D RACE.—Purse of 8 G. M. for all galloways, 10st.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 2 G. M. entrance.

|                 |    |    |    |    |                      |                |   |    |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|----------------------|----------------|---|----|
| Mr Dorin's      | g. | c. | b. | m. | <i>The Governor,</i> | .. Owner       | 1 | 1  |
| Mr Nickey's     | g. | a. | h. |    | <i>Garry Owen,</i>   | .. Owner       | 2 | 2  |
| Mr Payn's       | c. | b. | b. | b. | <i>Andelope,</i>     | .. Owner       | 3 | 3  |
| Mr Barker's     | g. | c. | b. | h. | <i>The Returned,</i> | .. Capt Dowson | 4 | dr |
| Mr Shiffer's    | b. | c. | b. | b. | <i>Bury Louis,</i>   | .. Owner       | 0 | 0  |
| Mr Montgomery's | b. | c. | b. | b. | <i>D ..,</i>         | .. ..          | 0 | 0  |
| Mr Kirkland's   | g. | a. | h. |    | <i>Pace Ale,</i>     | .. ..          | 0 | 0  |

A good race between the first two.

3D RACE.—Purse of 5 G. M. for all hacks,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 11st. 1 G. M. entrance.

|                 |    |    |    |    |                     |              |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|---------------------|--------------|---|
| Mr Parker's     | g. | c. | b. | h. | <i>Juggers,</i>     | .. Owner     | 1 |
| Mr Montgomery's | b. | c. | b. | h. | <i>Grinder,</i>     | .. Owner     | 2 |
| Mr Keighley's   | b. | c. | b. | h. | <i>Falshawey,</i>   | .. Mr Halted | 3 |
| Mr Burton's     | b. | c. | b. | b. | <i>Caput,</i>       | .. Owner     | 4 |
| Mr Shiffer's    | g. | c. | b. | h. | <i>The Unknown,</i> | .. ..        | 0 |

Won very easily. *The Unknown* was too late to start.

#### SECOND DAY, December 24.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 300 Rs. given by the Officers of the 10th Irregular Cavalry,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Arabs 10st. Country-breds 10st. 7lbs., 7lbs. extra for all winners during the meeting.

|                 |     |    |    |    |                        |              |   |   |
|-----------------|-----|----|----|----|------------------------|--------------|---|---|
| Mr Stokes'      | ch. | c. | b. | m. | <i>Our Old Friend,</i> | Mr Payn      | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Montgomery's | b.  | c. | b. | h. | <i>Grinder,</i>        | .. Mr Barlow | 2 | 2 |

|                    |          |                    |              |   |     |
|--------------------|----------|--------------------|--------------|---|-----|
| Mr Warde's         | g. a. h. | <i>Prince</i> ,    | .. Owner     | 3 | dr. |
| Mr Gilbert's       | b. a. h. | <i>Alchymist</i> , | .. Mr Hickey | 4 | dr. |
| Mr William Mayne's | g. a. h. | <i>Rufus</i> ,     | .. ..        |   | dr. |

The mare again won easy.

2D RACE.—Give and Take Purse of 8 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 2 G. M. entrance, 14 hands to carry 10st. 7lb.

|               |              |                       |             |   |     |
|---------------|--------------|-----------------------|-------------|---|-----|
| Mr Dorin's    | g. a. h.     | <i>The Governor</i> , | .. Owner    | 1 | 1   |
| Mr Payn's     | c. b. b. h.  | <i>Antelope</i> ,     | Mr Ogilvie  | 2 | 2   |
| Mr Gilbert's  | c. b. bn. m. | <i>Jessie</i> ,       | Mr Hickey   | 3 | 3   |
| Major Mayne's | c. a. h.     | <i>Kuzzilbash</i> ,   | Capt Dowson | 4 | dr. |
| Mr Warde's    | g. a. h.     | <i>Prince</i> ,       | ..          |   | dr. |

Won easy.

3D RACE.—Purse of 5 G. M. for all chargers (*bond fide* the property of Officers at Ferozepore,)  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch weights.

|               |             |                     |                |   |     |
|---------------|-------------|---------------------|----------------|---|-----|
| Mr Notham's   | c. a. h.    | <i>Reindeer</i> ,   | .. Owner       | 1 |     |
| Major Mayne's | g. a. h.    | <i>Rufus</i> ,      | .. Capt Dowson | 2 |     |
| Mr McTier's   | b. c. b. h. | <i>Bluelight</i> ,  | .. Mr Dorin    | 3 |     |
| Mr Shepherd's | c. a. h.    | <i>Recruit</i> ,    | .. Mr Warde    | 4 |     |
| Major Mayne's | c. a. h.    | <i>Kuzzilbash</i> , | .. ..          |   | dr. |

Won easy.

### THIRD DAY, 26th December.

1ST RACE.—Hurdle Race of 10 G. M. from the fund. 4 hurdles  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet, 1 mile. Catch weights, above 10st. 7lb. 2 G. M. entrance.

|                  |               |                      |             |   |  |
|------------------|---------------|----------------------|-------------|---|--|
| Mr Parker's      | g. a. h.      | <i>Juggers</i> ,     | Owner       | 1 |  |
| Mr Grindlay's    | g. c. b. h.   | <i>Grimaldi</i> ,    | Mr Shiffner | 2 |  |
| Mr Amiel's       | b. c. b. h.   | <i>Grinder</i> ,     | Mr Payn     | 3 |  |
| Mr Montgomerie's | b. c. b. h.   | <i>Grasshopper</i> , | Owner       | 0 |  |
| Mr Keighley's    | h.n. c. b. m. | <i>Dewdrop</i> ,     | Mr Halhed   | 0 |  |
| Major Mayne's    | c. a. h.      | <i>Kuzzilbash</i> ,  | Mr Thring   | 0 |  |

The mare started at a tremendous pace going ahead at the first hurdle, *Juggers* (number two) who refused, but on being brought about found a convenient gap owing to *Kuzzilbash* falling to rise no more at least for this race. At the second hurdle the mare fell and lost her chance, *Grinder* lying second, *Juggers* third: thus they arrived at the third hurdle, and all got over but *Juggers* who swerved, and on being brought at it again came a regular cropper, but was up and off like a shot, catching up the others at every stride: every one thought that it was *Grinder's* race, but on coming to the last hurdle he refused and bolted off the course, *Grasshopper* who was now second here came down, *Grimaldi* went through the gap, but came against *Grinder* coming on the course again, and *Juggers* went in a winner.

2D RACE.—A Handicap for all horses 8 G. M. Entrance 2 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. To be handicapped by the Stewards (for winners a forced handicap, for losers optional,) any man not standing the handicap 1 G. M. forfeit (hacks, chargers, and ponies excepted.)

|               |              |                         |             |           |       |   |
|---------------|--------------|-------------------------|-------------|-----------|-------|---|
| Mr Dorin's    | g. a. m.     | <i>The Governor</i> ,   | 10st. 2lbs. | Owner     | 1     | 1 |
| Mr Stokes's   | ch. c. b. m. | <i>Our Old Friend</i> , | 12st. 1lb.  | Mr Payn   | dist. |   |
| Mr Thompson's | r. c. b. h.  | <i>The Shah</i> ,       | 9st. 0lb.   | Mr Frazer | 0     | 0 |

The mare won the first heat by a neck, but on coming to the scales was two pounds under weight to the disappointment of her friends, by whom she had been backed. A good race for the second heat.

3D RACE.—Cheroot Stakes of 5 G. M. Entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, (winners excluded) 21st.

|               |    |    |    |    |                      |    |                |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|----|----------------------|----|----------------|---|
| Mr Amiel's    | b. | c. | b. | h. | <i>Grinder</i> ,     | .. | Mr Montgomerie | 1 |
| Mr Russell's  |    | b. | a. | h. | <i>Brickdust</i> ,   | .. | Mr Barker      | 2 |
| Mr Stokes's   |    | g. | a. | h. | <i>Crossbean</i> ,   | .. | Mr Britton     | 3 |
| Capt Dowson's |    | b. | a. | h. | <i>Kybery</i> ,      | .. | Owner          | 4 |
| Mr Shiffner's | g. | c. | b. | h. | <i>The Unknown</i> , | .. | Owner          | 5 |

*Grinder* won easy.

PONCE RACE.—A Purse of 60 Rs. for Serjeant's ponies of the 53d Regt.

|                         |    |    |                      |    |            |   |
|-------------------------|----|----|----------------------|----|------------|---|
| Serjt. Major Ferstead's | g. | p. | <i>Grey Surrey</i> , | .. | Mr Payn    | 1 |
| „ Purchase's            |    | .. | <i>Bounce</i> ,      | .. | Mr Steward | 2 |
| „ Moles's               |    | .. | <i>Creeper</i> ,     | .. | Mr Notham  | 3 |

A capital race between the first two.

#### FOURTH DAY, 28th December.

1ST RACE.—Match of 20 G. M. Mile heats.

|             |     |    |    |     |                         |             |         |   |
|-------------|-----|----|----|-----|-------------------------|-------------|---------|---|
| Mr Stokes's | ch. | c. | b. | in. | <i>Our Old Friend</i> , | 11st. 7lbs. | Mr Payn | 1 |
| Mr Dorin's  | g.  | a. | g. | h.  | <i>The Governor</i> ,   | 9st. 7lbs.  | Owner   | 2 |

This was a most exciting match owing to the closeness of the former race. The gallows was backed freely: but the weight and distance were too much for the little horse, the mare winning each heat easily.

#### MOZUFFERPORE RACES,—1846.

##### FIRST DAY, 22d December.

1ST RACE.—The Mozufferpore Derby Stakes, 10 G. M. each, H. F. with 40 G. M. added from the Fund, for maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lbs.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Winners once before the day of race 7lbs., twice and oftener 10lbs. extra, to close and name the 15th October.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |    |    |                 |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|-----------------|
| The Confederate's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Tuffy</i> ,    | .. | .. | walked over.    |
| Mr Cunyngham's    | g. | a. | c. | <i>Maugy</i> ,    | .. | .. | } paid forfeit. |
| „                 |    | b. | a. | <i>Problem</i> ,  | .. | .. |                 |
| Mr De Vaux's      | b. | a. | h. | <i>Reveller</i> , | .. | .. |                 |

2D RACE.—A Purse of 40 G. M. from the Fund for all horses, entrance 10 G. M. H. F. 2 miles 8st. 7lbs. each, to close on the 15th October. Winners once 7lbs., twice and oftener 10lbs. extra.

|              |    |    |    |    |                   |    |    |               |
|--------------|----|----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|---------------|
| Mr De Vaux's | g. | c. | b. | h. | <i>Vanguard</i> , | .. | .. | walked over.  |
| Mr Cunyngham |    | .. |    |    | ..                | .. | .. | paid forfeit. |

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each with 20 G. M. from Fund, for all horses,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles, maidens 8st. Maidens of the season winners 8st. 7lbs. Winners of a former season 9st. *Vanguard* and *Queen Bee* 1st. extra.

|                   |    |                      |             |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----------------------|-------------|----|---|
| Mr De Vaux's      | .. | <i>Queen Bee,</i>    | 9st. 11lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Forester's     | .. | <i>Devil to Pay,</i> | 7st. 11lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Namreh's       | .  | <i>Miss Manilla,</i> | 8st. 11lbs. | .. | 3 |
| Mr De Vaux's      | .. | <i>Exile,</i>        | 8st. 0lb.   | .. | 0 |
| Mr Fortescue's    | .. | <i>Marnion,</i>      | 8st. 0lb.   | .. | 0 |
| The Confederates' | .. | <i>Taffy,</i>        | 8st. 0lb.   | .. | 0 |

Notwithstanding the weight, the *Queen* won the race with great ease, *Devil to Pay* 2d, and *Miss Manilla* 3d.

4TH RACE.—A Purse of 100 Rs. for all hacks, 11st. 7lbs. each,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance Rs. 32 (the winner claimable for Rs. 400.)

|              |             |                         |    |    |     |
|--------------|-------------|-------------------------|----|----|-----|
| Mr Sam's     | b. c. b. m. | <i>Mavourneen,</i>      | .. | .. | 1 1 |
| Mr O'Toole's | b. e. m.    | <i>Madge Wild Fire,</i> | .. | .. | 2 2 |

A very good race, but *Mavourneen* proved rather too good for the English mare.

#### SECOND DAY, 21th December.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M. for maiden C. bred,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, Byculla weight for age. Entrance 5 G. M.

|                   |              |                    |    |    |   |
|-------------------|--------------|--------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr De Vaux's      | b. c. b. m.  | <i>Alice,</i>      | .. | .. | 1 |
| The Confederates' | bn. c. b. m. | <i>Baby Blake,</i> | .. | .. | 2 |

Both off at score and well together for the first  $\frac{3}{4}$ , which was run in 1m. 25s., the training of *Alice* then told, and she won in a canter.

Time,—2m. 40s.

2D RACE.—A Purse for all Galloways, 20 G. M. from the Fund, with an entrance of 5 G. M., weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. R. C.

|             |    |                       |                  |    |   |
|-------------|----|-----------------------|------------------|----|---|
| Mr Barker's | .. | <i>Mordecai,</i>      | 8st. 5lbs. 4ozs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Namreh's | .. | <i>Carte Blanche,</i> | 8st. 7lbs. 0oz.  | .. | 2 |

Both off at the word, and a very pretty race to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile home, when *Mordecai* showed a little ahead, gradually increasing the distance till he came in a winner by several lengths.

3D RACE.—The Planters' Cup for all horses,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Calcutta weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F., horses that have not won before the meeting allowed 7lbs., 2 horses *bonâ fide* competitors to start, or the cup to be withheld.

|                |    |                      |            |    |   |
|----------------|----|----------------------|------------|----|---|
| Mr Forester's  | .. | <i>Devil to Pay,</i> | 8st. 0lb.  | .. | 1 |
| Mr Barker's    | .. | <i>Mordecai,</i>     | 9st. 4lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Namreh's    | .. | <i>Miss Manilla,</i> | 8st. 7lbs. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Cunyngham's | .. | <i>Napoleon,</i>     | 8st. 7lbs. | .. | 4 |
| Mr Fergusson's | .. | <i>Resident,</i>     | 7st. 7lbs. | .. | 5 |

Notwithstanding the heavy weight, *Mordecai* took the lead, and kept it to  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile home, when the *Devil* closed with him, and a good race ensued, the *Devil* winning by a neck.

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each for all horses, 8-st. 7lbs. each, 1½ mile, to close on the 15th October.

|                |    |      |    |    |                   |    |   |
|----------------|----|------|----|----|-------------------|----|---|
| Mr DeVaux's    | n. | s.   | w. | m. | <i>Queen Bee,</i> | .. | 1 |
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. | Cape |    | h. | <i>Napoleon,</i>  | .  | 2 |

The mare took the lead, and could never be touched by the Cape, winning with great ease.

### THIRD DAY, 26th December.

1ST RACE.—The Durbungah Rajah's Cup for all horses, Byculla weight for age, 1½ mile heats, Arabs allowed 5lbs. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F., to close on the 15th October. Maidens allowed 7lbs., winners once to carry 7lbs., twice and oftener 10lbs extra.

|             |    |    |    |    |                  |    |    |              |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|--------------|
| Mr DeVaux's | g. | c. | b. | h. | <i>Vanguard,</i> | .. | .. | walked over. |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|--------------|

2D RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M., presented by Messrs Bryant and Co., for all horses, 11st. 7lbs. each, Gentlemen riders, R. C., Arabs allowed 7lbs. Entrance 5 G. M.

|                |    |    |    |                      |    |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|----------------------|----|---|
| Mr Forrester's | .. | .. | .. | <i>Devil to Pay.</i> | .. | 1 |
| „ DeVaux's     | .. | .. | .. | <i>Deceiver.</i>     | .. | 2 |
| „ Barker's,    | .. | .. | .. | <i>Mor lecai.</i>    |    |   |
| „ Fergusqn's   | .. | .. | .. | <i>Resident.</i>     |    |   |
| „ Cunyngham's  | .. | .. | .. | <i>Napoleon.</i>     |    |   |

All well away—*Deceiver* shortly took the lead and kept it till the turn home, when *Devil to Pay* closed with and passed him, winning by several lengths.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. and 10 G. M. given by Mr DeVaux for all horses, ½ mile, to be handicapped by the Stewards.

|                   |    |    |    |    |                    |            |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----|--------------------|------------|----|---|
| Mr Sam's          | b. | c. | b. | m. | <i>Marourneen,</i> | 8st. 4lbs. | .. | 1 |
| The Confederates' | b. | c. | b. | m. | <i>Baby Blake,</i> | 8st. 7lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Mr DeVaux's       | b. | c. | b. | m. | <i>Alice,</i>      | 8st. 4lbs. | .. | 3 |

*Marourneen* got a good start, kept the lead the whole way, and won by a length.  
Time,—56s.

4TH RACE.—A Purse of 100 (for all hacks to be handicapped by the Stewards, ½ mile heats. Entrance 32 Rs., the winner claimable for Rs. 400.)

|                   |    |      |    |    |                         |            |    |   |
|-------------------|----|------|----|----|-------------------------|------------|----|---|
| The Confederates' | g. | c.   | b. | m. | <i>Fanny,</i>           | 1st. 1lb.  | .. | 1 |
| Mr O'Toole's      | b. | c.   | b. | m. | <i>Midge Wild Fire,</i> | 2st. 2lbs. |    |   |
| Mr DeVaux names   | b. | Pony |    |    | <i>Oyster Sauce,</i>    | 3st. 3lbs. |    |   |

*First Heat.*—*Fanny* took the lead, kept it, and won easy.

*Second Heat.*—*Fanny* got a bad start, but made it up and won the race, by sheer good riding of her Jockey by a neck.

Time,—1st heat, 59s.—2d heat, 57s.

### FOURTH DAY, 28th December.

1ST RACE.—The Winner's Handicap, 10 G. M. from the Fund, for which all horses that have won public money must enter, 2 miles. Winners twice to pay 10 G. M. Entrance, others 5 G. M., optional to winners of hacks.

|                   |    |                       |             |    |    |        |
|-------------------|----|-----------------------|-------------|----|----|--------|
| Mr DeVaux's       | .. | <i>Queen Bee</i> ,    | 10st. 0lb.  | .. | .. | 1      |
| Mr Forester's     | .. | <i>Devil to Pay</i> , | 8st. 7lbs.  | .. | .. | 2      |
| The Confederates' | .. | <i>Taffy</i> ,        | a feather.  | .. | .. | 3      |
| Mr Barker's       | .. | <i>Mordecai</i> ,     | 8st. 7lbs.  | .. | .. | 4      |
| Mr DeVaux's       | .. | <i>Alice</i> ,        | 7st. 10lbs. | .. | .. | bolted |
| "                 | .. | <i>Vanguard</i> ,     | 10st. 0lb.  | .. | .. | drawn. |

The *Queen* had it all her own way and won the race nalgidè the Welter Weight.

2D RACE.—The Beaten Handicap, 20 G. M. from the Fund for all horses that started for, and not won Public Money, R. C. Entrance 5 G. M.

|                   |              |                        |    |    |   |
|-------------------|--------------|------------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Forester names | b. c. h.     | <i>Deceiver</i> ,      | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Namreh's       | c. a. h.     | <i>Carte Blanche</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Cunyngham's    | b. ch. h.    | <i>Napoleon</i> ,      | .. | .. | 3 |
| The Confederates' | bn. c. b. m. | <i>Baby Blake</i> ,    | .. | .. | 4 |

*Baby Blake* kept the lead up to the mile, when the others closed and passed her; a good race between *Deceiver* and *Carte Blanche*, the former winning by about half a length.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all Country bred horses, purchased at Sonepore fair in 1846, from native dealers, weight for age Byculla Standard. Entrance 3 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

|                   |    |                     |    |    |              |
|-------------------|----|---------------------|----|----|--------------|
| The Confederates' | .. | <i>Baby Blake</i> , | .. | .. | walked over. |
|-------------------|----|---------------------|----|----|--------------|

4TH RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 100 for all Ponies, weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats.

|                   |               |                       |                 |   |   |
|-------------------|---------------|-----------------------|-----------------|---|---|
| The Confederates' | g. c. b. pony | <i>Saltpetre</i> ,    | 7st. 7lbs. 0oz. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr DeVaux names   | b. pony       | <i>Oyster Sauce</i> , | 8st. 5lbs. 4oz. | 2 | 2 |

The old Tirhoot pony shewed himself still a trûmp, and won both heats easy. Time,—1m. 34s.

#### FIFTH DAY, 29th December.

1ST RACE.—The Cheroot Stakes, Rs. 100 from the Fund for all horses, Gentlemen riders, 11st. 7lbs. each,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats, riders not to dismount till the heats are run out, and to bring their Cheroots lighted to the scales. Entrance Rs. 32.

|                       |             |                          |    |   |       |   |
|-----------------------|-------------|--------------------------|----|---|-------|---|
| Mr O'Toole names      | b. e. m.    | <i>Madge Wild Fire</i> , | .. | 4 | 1     | 1 |
| Mr Sam names          | b. c. b. m. | <i>Marourneen</i> ,      | .. | 1 | 2     | 2 |
| Mr Fortescue names    | g. a. g.    | <i>Marmion</i> ,         | .. | 2 | 3     | 3 |
| The Confederates name | ..          | <i>The Squire</i> ,      | .. | 3 | drawn |   |

A very good race for the 2d and 3d heats between *Madge Wild Fire* and *Marourneen*—*Madge* winning both by the superior Jockeying of her rider.

2D RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 100 for all untrained Buggy horses, 11st. each,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, the horses to be driven to the Course and shewn in harness to the Stewards on the morning of the race. Entrance Rs. 32.

|                       |          |                   |    |   |   |   |
|-----------------------|----------|-------------------|----|---|---|---|
| Mr Devon names        | b. c. h. | <i>Deceiver</i> , | .. | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| The Confederates name | b. a. h. | <i>Discount</i> , | .. | 0 | 0 | 2 |

*Deceiver* had it all his own way and won very easily.



3D RACE.—A Hurdle Race, 15 G. M. from the Fund, with an entrance of 4 G. M. each, R. C. over 8 hurdles, 4 feet high, 12st. each; 2 horses *bonâ fide* competitors to start or no race.

Mr Hughes' .. b. a. g. *Hesperus*, .. .. 1

Mr Forester names .. c. a. h. *Devilskins*, .. .. 2

The Confederates' .. b. h. *The Squire*, rider thrown by the girths breaking.

Mr Fortescue's *White Jack* fell at the second hurdle.

A Pony match R. C. 8st. for 20 G. M.

The Confederates' .. *Saltpetre*, .. .. 1

Mr Anyel's .. *Oyster Sauce*, .. .. 2

A beautiful race.

## CALCUTTA RACES.

### FIRST MEETING, 1846-47.

FIRST DAY, *Saturday, 26th December, 1846.*

1ST RACE.—Calcutta Derby Stakes for maiden Arabs, two miles, Calcutta weight for age.

Horses that have never started before the days of naming allowed 5lb.

Five G. M. each for all horses named on or before the 10th March, 1846. 10 G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st August, 1846, when the race will finally close. 50 G. M. from the fund, and an entrance of 20 G. M. each for horses declared to start. Entrance to be made to the Secretary by 2 p. m. the day before the race. All bets upon the race to be P. P., unless otherwise specified.

Mr Williams' b. a. h. *Minuet*, .. 8st. 3lbs. Hall .. 1

Mr Green's b. a. h. *Maynooth*, .. 8st. 12lbs. Mark Noble 2

Mr Williams' b. a. h. *Child of the Islands*, 8st. 3lbs. Sherburne 3

Mr Cunyngham's b. a. h. *Problem*, 8st. 12lbs. Barnes .. 0

Mr Roberts' g. a. h. *Honeysuckle*, 7st. 13lbs. Barker .. 0

Mr Petre's b. a. h. *Farewell*, 8st. 13lbs. West .. 0

Mr East's g. a. h. *Lapwing*, 9st. 5lbs. Kishna .. 0

Mr Roberts' b. a. h. *Shereef*, 9st. 3lbs. Evans .. 0

Mr Abram's b. a. h. *Cadwallader*, 8st. 13lbs. C. Barker .. 0

The weather which had been for some days damp and lowering cleared up yesterday, and another fine morning witnessed some thousands thronging to the Race Course; the Stand we have never seen so crowded as it was this day. The Stewards had arranged to have the *Derby* the second race and to open the Season with the Shark's Plate, but *Maynooth* being in both, it had to be put at the bottom of the list. A word now about the Derby Horses.

For a considerable time *Honeysuckle* may be said to have been first favorite, but it was rather when people were talking than making investments, and when the last No. of the *India Sporting Review* came out he had given way to *Cadwallader* and *Albura*. Since that time he has fallen into the rear: about a week or ten days ago those who had been putting it on against him took the alarm, from the unabated confidence of his immediate friends, and the consequence was that at the Lotteries of the 14th instant, he stood at the second figure, *Minuet*, with whom it was declared

to win if possible, being first by a long way. *Cadwallader* declined as *Honeysuckle* advanced, and was allowed to go much cheaper than his average mark; *Problem* was regarded as a dangerous horse; *Farewell* as having a chance; *Shereef* as one who could go if he would, a very unsafe horse to stand upon either way; *Maynooth* as likely to have more to do with the rear than the front at the finish; *Lapwing* without the ghost of a chance; and the *Child* as the nag that would not improbably be called on to give victory to his stable. We should mention that *Cadwallader* was regarded with fair confidence by his backers to the last. The races were advertised to commence at 8 o'clock, which was understood to mean not before 8, and thus no doubt helped to swell the company who graced the Stand. At about  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 9 the horses were in line and without a hitch the Clerk of the Course sent them away. *Lapwing* who was put in to make play for the favourite—as was supposed—never got to the front after the word was given, although he drew the post. It is pretty clear that it was intended to go from the start with *Minuet*; perhaps *Lapwing* was put in to make him go, as we suspect he likes company. The favourite took a lead of a length or more, increased it to two or three after passing the Gilbert Mile, was drawn upon a little by *Problem* and *Maynooth* approaching the half mile, again went a good four lengths in advance, and finished something less than two. Ten to one were given and freely taken that the Madras horses would not run first and second, and there was no mistake about the *Child* being put along at his best to achieve this triumph; but he had too good a horse to beat for it. *Farewell* was second at the goal but could not hold it; *Cadwallader*'s hope was gone at the half mile, and *Problem*'s before they got into straight running. Not so *Maynooth*'s: he ran by the *Child* at the Sudder corner, was caught by him again under the influence of whip and spur at the distance post, but was not equal to the struggle; and a horse that was knocked down for 7 Gold Mohurs in the same lottery that saw the winner fetch 80, and *Honeysuckle* 36 was not two lengths behind the former. We have not placed more than the three first horses—as the best of the others, *Cadwallader*, *Honeysuckle* and *Problem* did not struggle for it. The time was a second and a half better than last year, though some keepers made it a second more than we give it below. We may here observe that the time given in these reports is the time taken for the *Racing Calendar*, and that every care is given to ensure correctness. It is impossible to give the 2 miles' start from the Stand, with any nicety, since the plan of dropping a flag is not adopted, as it might be with advantage. The only way then, is to start a watch with the word and bring it to the winning post to stop, and this was done on the present occasion.

Time,— $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 1m. 29s.; the mile 1m. 58s.; mile and a half 2m. 57s.; two miles 3m. 53s.

2d RACE.—Australian Purse of — G. M. for all horses imported from New South Wales since the 1st October, 1845.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, Calcutta weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M. for horses named on or before the 10th March, and 20 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st October, 1846, on which day the race will finally close. Horses imported subsequently to the 1st May allowed 7lb. The second horse to receive half of the entrances.

|             |        |                   |    |             |              |    |     |
|-------------|--------|-------------------|----|-------------|--------------|----|-----|
| Mr Green's  | b. c.  | <i>Paris</i> ,    | .. | 8st. 13lbs. | West         | .. | 1   |
| Mr Roberts' | c. c.  | <i>Selim</i> ,*   | .. | 7st. 11lbs. | Barker       | .. | 2   |
| Mr Norval's | b. h.  | <i>Talisman</i> , | .. | 9st. 3lbs.  | Evans        | .. | 0   |
| Mr Evans'   | bk. g. | <i>Kaffir</i> ,   | .. | 9st. 3lbs.  | Smirke       | .. | 0   |
| Mr Fulton's | c. g.  | <i>Problem</i> ,  | .. | 8st. 11lbs  | Sherburne... | 0  |     |
| Mr Tom's    | c. g.  | <i>Nimrod</i> ,   | .. | 9st. 3lbs.  |              | .. | dr. |

\* Imported since 1st May last.

*Selim* was the favourite at the lottery by long odds—no doubt from the favourable terms on which he came in, but *Paris* fully divided the public voice with him this morning. West went away with the lead and made the running throughout, winning

by a length. *Selim* and *Kaffir* went second, and nothing to choose between them, some four lengths behind *Paris*; *Problem* and *Talisman* eight or ten behind them. At the Gilbert mile they began to spread; *Kaffir* was for a short way second, when *Problem* passed him but could not go up to the leading horse.

Time,—First mile 1m. 54s.; mile and a half 2m. 54s.

3d RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each P. P. for all horses, English excepted, 2 miles, 8st. 7lb. each. To close 1st October and name the day before the race.

|                |    |    |    |                       |            |        |    |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|-----------------------|------------|--------|----|---|
| Mr Boynton's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Boy Jones</i> , .. | 8st. 7lbs. | Barker | .. | 1 |
| Mr North names | g. | a. | h. | <i>Crab</i> , ..      | 8st. 7lbs. | West   | .. | 2 |

*Crab* took a slight lead but no running was made till past the Gilbert mile, when the pace improved a little. The horses came prettily together into the straight running and, it looked very like a race, but *West* taking to the whip half way up from the distance post, while *Barker* was steady, the result was already intimated. The *Boy* was lightly called upon at the finish and, as we think, won in hand by a length although many pronounced it a hard thing.

Time,—Last mile and a half 2m. 56s.; 2 miles 4m. 17s.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each H. F. 2½ miles—8st, 10lbs. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs.

|              |    |     |    |                       |             |        |    |     |
|--------------|----|-----|----|-----------------------|-------------|--------|----|-----|
| Mr Green's   | b. | h.  | a. | <i>Glaucus</i> , ..   | 8st. 10lbs. | Barker | .. | 1   |
| Mr Jones'    | g. | a.  | h. | <i>Elepoo</i> , ..    | 8st. 10lbs. | West   | .. | 2   |
| Mr Boynton's | b. | cp. | h. | <i>Sir Benjamin</i> , | 8st. 10lbs. |        | .. | ft. |
| Mr East's    | b. | cp. | h. | <i>Banker</i> ,       | 8st. 10lbs. |        | .. | ..  |

*Glaucus* was backed at even some time gone, but this morning confidence in *Elepoo* induced the odds of 30 to 20 and even 2 to 1. The grey went away with the lead, *Glaucus* lying three or four lengths behind, and not the slightest change occurred to the goal, where it was quite clear that *Glaucus* had it in him to go up if Barker pleased. This he did not do till after sweeping round the Sudder corner when he went up to and with him to the distance post. A struggle ensued for a few strides, but *West* finding his horse was told out wisely took a pull and eased him home, *Glaucus* winning by four lengths.

Time,—First half mile 57s.; the mile 1m. 56s.; mile and a quarter 2m. 26s.; mile and a half 2m. 55s, R. C.—3m. 26s.—two miles and a quarter 4m. 26s.

5TH RACE.—Sheik Ibrahim's Plate of 50 G. M. for maiden horses purchased from him since the 1st of January, 1816. R. C. Calcutta weight for age. To close and name the day before the race, Horses entered on or before the 1st of October to pay 10 G. M. entrance, after that 25 G. M. Horses that have run at Sonepore or Dacca allowed 5lb.

|                  |    |    |    |                    |            |            |      |
|------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|------------|------------|------|
| Mr Green's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>Maynooth</i> ,  | 9st. 3lbs. | Mark Noble | 1    |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ibrahim</i> ,   | 9st. 3lbs. | West       | .. 2 |
| Mr Hope's        | g. | a. | h. | <i>Sholagrah</i> , | 8st. 4lbs. | C Barker   | .. 3 |

*Maynooth* was brought out for the race looking as fresh as a daisy with the morning dew upon it. Come up to the post, gentlemen! Are you ready? Go! No, they won't—the prettiest conquetting in life for who shall be last, until with alarming determination *Sholagrah* subsides into a trot—whereupon Mark Noble, leaning forward and whispering into his horse's ear,—if they won't go we must—is on the wing and a dozen lengths in advance in no time. It is clear that the grey is not meant to win, or it may be that C. Barker is clear he cannot. At the Sudder *Maynooth*

drops to *Ibrahim* and ignorant that three-fourths of the company have departed makes a show of a race and wins at the last as he pleases. It would have been idle to take the time from the post: the last mile and a half was 3m. 3s.

### SECOND DAY, Tuesday, 29th December.

**1ST RACE.**—Second Year of the Allipore Champagne Stakes, 50 G. M. 10 forfeit, if declared the day before the meeting, and half forfeit if the day before the race, for all Arabs entitled to run as maidens on the 26th December, 1846, R. C. Calcutta weight for age. Maidens on 1st October 1846, allowed 7lbs. To close and name on the 26th December, 1846.

|            |          |                      |            |            |   |
|------------|----------|----------------------|------------|------------|---|
| Mr Abram's | b. a. h. | <i>Cadwallader</i> , | 8st. 6lbs. | Barker     | 1 |
| Mr Petre's | b. a. h. | <i>Farewell</i> ,    | 8st. 6lbs. | West       | 2 |
| Mr Green's | b. a. h. | <i>Glaucus</i> ,     | 9st. 5lbs. | Mark Noble | 3 |

*Glaucus* was the favorite at the lottery, at as much as nearly 5 to 1. At the word *Glaucus* went away, leading *Farewell* by two lengths, and *Cadwallader* by six or seven. Little or no change to the Goal where *Cadwallader* who had been gradually drawing on *Farewell* went all but up to the leading horse; Barker then took a slight pull and fell a couple of lengths behind and *Farewell* ran by *Glaucus* in the sweep of the Sudder corner, but had not beaten him before the distance post: *Cadwallader* here came out and collaring that game little horse beat him by a length, which he might have improved a little.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 1m. 2s.—1m. 31s.—the mile, 2m.—1 $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, 2m. 29s. R. C. 3m. 26s.

**2D RACE.**—Purse of 70 G. M. by subscription, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. for all horses. To be handicapped by the givers of the purse. 5 G. M. forfeit for those that do not stand the handicap. R. C. Horses' names to be given in before A. M. and acceptances to be declared before 7 p. m. at the Ordinary on Monday, December 28.

|                   |          |                      |             |           |   |
|-------------------|----------|----------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Cunyngbam's    | g. a. h. | <i>Glenmore</i> ,    | 9st. 2lbs.  | Barnes    | 1 |
| Mr Barker's c. n. | s. w. h. | <i>Selim</i> ,       | 8st. 0lb.   | C. Barker | 2 |
| Mr Jones'         | g. a. h. | <i>Elepoo</i> ,      | 9st. 5lbs.  | Mark      | 3 |
| Mr Boynton's      | g. a. h. | <i>Croton Oil</i> ,  | 8st. 4lbs.  | Baker     |   |
| Mr Petre's        | g. a. n. | <i>Crab</i> ,        | 8st. 7lbs.  | West      |   |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's  | g. a. h. | <i>Honeysuckle</i> , | 7st. 13lbs. | Barker    |   |

*Glenmore* away with the lead, *Selim* second, *Elepoo* third; *Croton Oil* and *Honeysuckle* together a length behind, and *Crab* waiting some four or five lengths in rear of them. No change to note occurred till approaching the Gilbert Mile, when *Honeysuckle* took second place and held it conspicuously to the Goal, where all the horses closed except *Crab*, who however had gone something up. In coming into straight running *Glenmore* still showed with the lead, *Selim* and *Honeysuckle* closely waiting on him; at the distance post *Glenmore* was pulling hard while the two Barkers were at work. The N. S. W. horse shook off *Honeysuckle* and made a rush for first place, but was beaten by a length and a half.

Time,—29m.—58m.—1m. 27s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 27s.—R. C., 3m. 25s.

**3D RACE.**—Auckland Stakes of 50 G. M. each, 10 forfeit if declared the day before the race, for all horses, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles, English horses to carry 2st. extra: to close and name 1st December, 1846.

|                |          |                  |    |             |
|----------------|----------|------------------|----|-------------|
| 2 years        | ..       | ..               | .. | feather     |
| 3 "            | ..       | ..               | .. | 6st. 12lbs. |
| 4 "            | ..       | ..               | .. | 7st. 12lbs. |
| 5 "            | ..       | ..               | .. | 8st. 5lbs.  |
| 6 " and aged.. | ..       | ..               | .. | 8st. 8lbs.  |
| Mr Cunyngham's | g. a. h. | <i>Sir Hugh,</i> | .. | walked over |
| Mr Grey's      | b. a. h. | <i>Selim,</i>    | .. | ft.         |

4TH RACE.—Third year of Park Street Stakes, for all maiden Arabs, imported since the 1st January, 1846, and not trained previously to that date. 25 G. M. each, P. P. R. C., Calcutta, weight for age. To close and name 1st August.

|              |          |                    |            |        |     |
|--------------|----------|--------------------|------------|--------|-----|
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h. | <i>Croton Oil,</i> | 9st. 5lbs. | West   | 1   |
| Mr Roberts'  | b. a. h. | <i>Ibrahim,</i>    | 9st. 3lbs. | Barker | 2   |
| Mr Green's   | g. a. h. | <i>Phlegon,</i>    | ..         | ..     | dr. |

No race. Barker allowed West to go away with a lead of twenty lengths and never went near him.

Time,—3m. 33s.

5TH RACE.—Welter for maiden New South Wales horses. St. Leger Course, Gentlemen riders, 21st. 7lbs., to close and name 1st of December, 10 G. M., for each horse named, with an additional 15 G. M., for horses declared to start the day before the race.

|             |       |                 |    |              |
|-------------|-------|-----------------|----|--------------|
| Mr Green's  | b. h. | <i>Paris,</i>   | .. | walked over. |
| Mr Fulton's | c. h. | <i>Problem,</i> | .. | ft.          |

6TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each P. P. for maiden horses, English excepted,  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile, heats 9st. each, Arabs allowed 7lbs. To close the 1st October and name the day before the race.

|                 |              |                  |   |            |    |    |       |
|-----------------|--------------|------------------|---|------------|----|----|-------|
| Mr Fulton names | b. a. h.     | <i>Problem,</i>  | . | Barnes     | 1  | 2  | 1     |
| Mr Stone names  | g. a. h.     | <i>Lapwing,</i>  | . | Barker     | 4  | 3  | 2     |
| Mr Green's      | b. a. h.     | <i>Maynooth,</i> | . | Mark Noble | 2  | 1  | dist. |
| Mr Evans names  | b. a. h.     | <i>Energy,</i>   | . | Evans      | 3  | 0  | dr.   |
| Mr Roberts'     | c. n.s.w. h. | <i>Selim,</i>    | . | ..         | .. | .. | dr.   |

*First Heat.*—*Problem* off a length in advance, *Energy* second, who was passed by *Maynooth* at the Sudder corner and rating it with *Problem* was beaten by a length. Noble lost his stirrup at the start. *Lapwing* did not go for the heat.

*Second Heat.*—*Lapwing* and *Problem* off, and the bird first at the half mile post; at the corner *Maynooth* up with them. At the Leger Post Barker pulled out of the struggle and a race home gave it to *Maynooth* by a good length.

*Third Heat.*—This was booked as a certainty for *Maynooth*. The word was given a length or two behind the post, and from some unexplained cause Mark Noble who had the post let his horse go on the wrong side of it, again going into the Course. He then pulled up: the race, which was won by *Problem*, was not a bad one until near the finish. There can hardly be the faintest doubt that it would have been *Maynooth's* race but for the mistake which distanced him.

The first heat of this Race was ran after the Handicap.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 24s.—2d heat, 1m. 24s.—3d heat, 1m. 25s.

THIRD DAY, *Thursday, 31st December.*

**1ST RACE.**—Twentieth renewal of the Calcutta Great Welter Stakes of 10 G. M. each, with 50 G. M. from the Fund, for maiden Arabs, 11st. 7lbs. each: Gentle-men riders. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

Mr Green's                      b. a. h. *Maynooth*,                      .. .. walked over  
The Great Welter a walk over!—The Derby has done this!

**2D RACE.**—Purse of 30 G. M. for all maidens, English excepted: the Gilbert mile; 25 G. M. entrance, half forfeit. To close 1st December, and name the day before the race. Three horses from different stables to start, or the public money withheld. Weight for age.

|                |                |                                        |       |        |          |
|----------------|----------------|----------------------------------------|-------|--------|----------|
| Mr Petre names | b. a. h.       | <i>The Child of the Islands</i> , 8st. | 8lbs. | Hall   | 1        |
| Mr Barker's    | c. n. s. w. c. | <i>Selim</i> ,                         | 8st.  | 4lbs.  | Barker 2 |
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. a. h.       | <i>Problem</i> .                       | 8st.  | 12lbs. | Barnes 3 |
| Mr Fulton, ..  | ..             | ..                                     | ..    | ..     | ft.      |
| Mr Green, ..   | ..             | ..                                     | ..    | ..     | ft.      |

The *Child* went away with the lead and was never headed; *Selim* started second and so came in; *Problem* without a chance from the post.

Time,— $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 1m. 23 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.—the mile, 1m. 52 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

**3D RACE.** Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, half forfeit for all horses, 8st. 10lbs. each, 2 miles. English horses to carry 2st. extra. The winners of the sweepstakes for all horses on the 1st day, or of the Auckland stakes to carry 5lbs. extra, of both 10lbs. extra. Maidens of the season allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the race allowed 10lbs. To close and name 1st Oct. If more than two start the second horse to save his stakes.

|            |          |                   |      |         |                 |
|------------|----------|-------------------|------|---------|-----------------|
| Mr Green's | b. a. h. | <i>Maynooth</i> , | 8st. | 3lbs.   | .. walked over. |
| "          | g. a. h. | <i>Edus</i> ,     | 7st. | 1 flbs. | .. Forfeit.     |
| Mr Gray's  | b. a. h. | <i>Selim</i> ,    | ..   | ..      | .. Forfeit.     |

**4TH RACE.**—Colonial Stakes of 25 G. M. each, half forfeit, with 30 G. M. added, for maiden Cape, N. S. Wales and Country-bred horses. Weight for age, R. C. To close and name on the 1st August.

|                 |                 |                                        |      |        |           |     |
|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------------------------|------|--------|-----------|-----|
| Mr Green's      | b. n. s. w. h.  | <i>Paris</i> ,                         | 8st. | 13lbs. | Barker    | 1   |
| Mr Fulton's     | by. n. s. w. f. | <i>Bellona</i> ,                       | 6st. | 10lbs. | Sherburne | 2   |
| The Commodore's | bk. n. s. w. g. | <i>Leconte</i> ,                       | ..   | ..     | ..        | ft. |
| Mr Stone's      | c. cp. h.       | <i>Sandilla</i> ,                      | ..   | ..     | ..        | ft. |
| Mr Roberts'     | b. cp. h.       | <i>Banker</i> ,                        | ..   | ..     | ..        | ft. |
| Mr Bayley's     | bn. cp. c.      | <i>Dividend</i> , by <i>Discount</i> , | ..   | ..     | ..        | ft. |
| Mr Boynton's    | bn. cp. c.      | <i>Richmond</i> , by <i>Humphry</i> ,  | ..   | ..     | ..        | ft. |

*Bellona* declared 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. over, and it was thought by many that if she could go at all she must win, considering the weights. They were wrong: that she could go was proved by her finishing in 56 $\frac{1}{2}$  the last half mile. We doubt whether she could have won to-day, however, even had she made the pace better in the early part of the race. Barker who had been lying three or four lengths behind went nearly up at the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from home, and then eased back half that distance till they got into the straight run home, when he collared the mare who was well called upon by Sher-

burne; there was a struggle for two or three seconds, but she could not hold it, *Paris* giving her a clean go by at the finish.

Time,—3m. 32s.

5TH RACE.—Green Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., for maiden Arabs. 10 forfeit if declared the day before the meeting—1½ miles. Calcutta weight for age.

|             |    |    |    |                       |             |        |     |
|-------------|----|----|----|-----------------------|-------------|--------|-----|
| Mr Green's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Baron</i> ,        | 8st. 13lbs. | West   | 1   |
| Mr Fulton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Master Henry</i> , | 8st. 13lbs. | Barnes | 2   |
| Mr Abram's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Alchymist</i> ,    | 9st. 5lbs.  | Barker | 3   |
| Mr Roberts' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ibrahim</i> ,      | 9st. 3lbs.  | Blagg  | 4   |
| Mr Hope's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Shoolagrah</i> ,   | 8st. 4lbs.  | ..     | dr. |

The *Baron* the favourite at the lottery at nearly 4 to 1, and he justified the confidence. He went away first, the other grey second, and the two bays together, a length or two behind. *Ibrahim* shortly took third place and they ran in file to the goal, or past it. Here *Ibrahim* closed a trifle with *Master Henry*, who did not mend his position as regards the *Baron*, who ran home winning by a length without difficulty. *Alchymist* passed *Ibrahim* in the last quarter.

Time,—3m.

6TH RACE.—1 Mile—9st. Maidens that never started on the day of naming allowed 1st., other maidens 7lbs.

|              |    |                       |           |        |     |
|--------------|----|-----------------------|-----------|--------|-----|
| Mr Jones'    | .. | <i>Elepoo</i> ,       | 9st. 0lb. | West   | 1   |
| Mr Green's   | .. | <i>Glaucus</i> ,      | 9st. 0lb. | Barker | 2   |
| Mr East's    | .. | <i>Banker</i> ,       | ..        | ..     | ft. |
| Mr Boynton's | .. | <i>Sir Benjamin</i> , | ..        | ..     | ft. |

*Glaucus* was the favourite, but few were bold enough to stand much on the result. West went away without the word—for which he ought to be fined—and was called back. On receiving orders to go *Glaucus* started with a lead of half a length, and they never separated until, in the struggle a dozen lengths from the post, *Elepoo* shook him off and won by a clean length.

Time,—28s.—55s.—1m. 53½s.

#### FOURTH DAY, Saturday, January 2, 1817.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 10 G. M. for maiden Arabs, R. C. beats; entrance 20 G. M. half forfeit, if declared by 2 p. m. the day before the race. Calcutta weight for age. To close and name 1st Oct., 1816.

|              |    |    |    |                     |            |        |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|---------------------|------------|--------|---|---|
| Mr Williams' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Minuet</i> ,     | 8st. 8lbs. | Hall   | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Green's   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Maynooth</i> ,   | 9st. 3lbs. | Barker | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Boynton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Croton Oil</i> , | 9st. 5lbs. | West   | 3 | 2 |

*First Heat*.—The odds were 3 to 1 in favour of *Minuet* and more ready to give than take. He went away and *Maynooth* with him two lengths behind, *Croton* not going for the heat. Barker tried what he could do at the Sudder, but finding he could not come up—to hold it—pulled up half way home from the distance post, letting the favourite go in an easy winner. The race was very slow at the beginning, the first half mile being 1m. 2s.

*Second Heat*.—*Minuet* away, but *Croton Oil* ran by him and led to the half mile out by three or four lengths. Here he was gradually drawn upon, collared,

passed, and beaten at the Gilbert mile, the Madrassee coming home as he liked. The half mile out was 54s. after that the pace was very slow.

Time,—1st heat, R. C. 3m. 28s.—2d heat, R. C. 3m. 33s.

**2D RACE.**—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F.  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile for all horses, English excepted, 9st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs., Arabs allowed 5lbs. To close the day before the First Meeting, and horses are to be named by P. M. the day before the race.

|                 |    |    |    |                      |            |        |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----------------------|------------|--------|---|
| Mr Green names  | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Boy Jones</i> | 8st. 9lbs. | Barker | 1 |
| Mr Cunnyngnam's | g. | a. | g. | <i>Sir Hugh</i> ,    | 8st. 9lbs. | Barnes | 2 |

Even betting, *The Boy* for choice. *Sir Hugh* got the post and the start was excellent. For an hundred yards the *Boy* led by half a length when *Sir Hugh* closed up and they ran round the Sudder corner as one horse. Barnes began to work a little at the distance, Barker steady. It was a race every inch of the way home. *The Boy* winning by a neck. Both horses ran wide, particularly *Sir Hugh*. All parties not being of one opinion after the race was over as to the horses, made a match for 100 G. M.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, same weight, to come off after the last race of the morning. But Barnes in a cooler moment thought his best bargain would be to pay 25 G. M. to be off.

Time,—1m. 26s.

**3D RACE.**—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, H. F. for all horses. Weight for age. 3 miles. English horses to carry 2st. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close 1st Oct., and name the day before the race.

|            |    |    |    |                    |            |        |   |
|------------|----|----|----|--------------------|------------|--------|---|
| Mr Green's | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Baron</i> , | 8st. 3lbs. | Barker | 1 |
| Mr Petre's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Farewell</i> ,  | 8st. 3lbs. | West   | 2 |

*Farewell* declared 13lb. over. He led up to the Stand ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile) by a length, after which for about a quarter *The Baron* dropped four or five lengths, gradually resumed his position by the time they approached the goal, ran up to his horse at the Sudder corner, and beat him by a length and a half.

Time,—R. C. (from Stand,) 3m. 33s.—3 miles, 6m. 10s.

**4TH RACE.**—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, H. F. for maiden Arabs Gilbert mile, 8st. 4lbs. each. To close and name on the 1st August.

|              |    |    |    |                               |            |        |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|-------------------------------|------------|--------|---|
| Mr Williams' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Child of the Islands</i> , | 8st. 4lbs. | Hall   | 1 |
| Mr Abram's   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Cadwallader</i> ,          | 8st. 4lbs. | Barker | 2 |

The *Child*, backed freely at 3 to 1, drew the post, went away with a lead of two lengths which he increased to five or six at the half mile, and won with ease. *Cadwallader* never ran, to have a chance, any yard of the race.

Time,—30s.—55s.—the mile, 1m. 52s.

**5TH RACE.**—50 G. M., half forfeit—1 mile, Calcutta weight for age. N. S. Wales horses.

|             |    |                |             |        |    |   |
|-------------|----|----------------|-------------|--------|----|---|
| Mr Barker's | .. | <i>Selim</i> , | 8st. 4lbs.  | Barker | .. | 1 |
| Mr Green's  | .. | <i>Paris</i> , | 8st. 13lbs. | West   | .. | 2 |

After a false start and some difficulty in getting *Selim* to the post, they went away, he taking the lead which he resigned almost immediately, lying a length behind



to the straight run, when he went up and a very fine race home ended in *Selim's* winning by half a length.

Time,—30s.—57s.—the mile, 1m. 54s.

6TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, H. F. 2 miles. Heats 8st. 7lbs.

|            |    |    |    |                  |    |        |   |   |
|------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|--------|---|---|
| Mr Jones'  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Eleppo</i> ,  | .. | West   | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Green's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Glaucus</i> , | .. | Barker | 2 | 2 |

*First Heat*.—*Glaucus* got a good start and led by the Stand three lengths in advance—so round to the goal where Barker taking a slight pull, brought them together. Swinging round the Sudder corner, *Eleppo* took the slightest possible lead; a rating finish saw the Chinaman winner by a length.

*Second Heat*.—*Glaucus* made severe play, with a lead at the Stand of five lengths. This gradually decreased to the Gilbert mile where it was not more than one: they came together, *Glaucus* still maintaining a slight lead, to the Sudder corner when *Eleppo* went up and passed him. From the distance post it was his race, and he won it by about three lengths.

Time,—1st heat, 30s.—59s.—1m. 27s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 26s.—2m. 54s.—R. C. 3m. 24s.—two miles, 3m. 35s.—2d heat, 28s.—57s.—1m. 26s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 27s.—2m. 57s.—two miles, 3m. 57s.

#### FIFTH DAY, Tuesday, 5th January.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each P. P. for all Arabs, Craven weights and distance. Maidens on the day of the race allowed 5lbs. To close 1st October, 1846, and name the day before the race.

|                 |    |    |    |                   |      |       |        |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|-------------------|------|-------|--------|---|
| Mr Green's      | b. | a. | h. | <i>Glaucus</i> ,  | 9st. | 7lbs. | Barker | 1 |
| Mr Williams'    | b. | a. | h. | <i>Minuet</i> ,   | 9st. | 11b.  | Hall   | 2 |
| Mr Fulton names | b. | a. | h. | <i>Glenmore</i> , | 9st. | 7lbs. | Barnes | 3 |
| Mr Petre's      | g. | a. | h. | <i>Crab</i> ,     | 9st. | 7lbs. | West   | 4 |

The odds of the lottery as between *Minuet* and *Glaucus* were within a fraction of 3 to 1 in favour of the former, 2 to 1 against *Glenmore*, and 15 to 1 against *Crab*. One hundred even was laid that the Madras horses won both races of the day, and while the horses were going up to the post *Minuet* was taken even against the field, an offer which ought to have been accepted by any betting man fifty times over.

The start was well managed and *Crab* went away at a rattling pace, doing the first quarter in 27s. and repeating it in the second, *Minuet* waiting upon him and taking front place at the end of the first half mile. *Glaucus* who had been third and *Glenmore* fourth gradually closed up, and at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from home *Crab* was last. At the Sudder corner *Glaucus* got by *Glenmore*, who shortly after resigned the contest, fated it was now seen to be a severe one; for the old plater with Barker on his back was not to be beaten as a matter of course, when he and his opponent were each carrying 2lbs. over their weight for age. He came along the straight running very strongly and was fully up with *Minuet* after getting past the distance post. Hall who was grinding his horse along took to the whip twenty lengths from home, when "*Glaucus' race!*" burst from an hundred lips. Barker who had been to this moment as steady as a rock now made himself up for the finish and ably landed his horse a winner by a head and neck.

Time,—27s.—54s.—1m. 24s.—2m. 22s.

2D RACE.—The Newmarket Stakes of 15 G. M. each P. P. with 30 G. M. added, for all maiden horses. Three years old 8st. Four 9st. 2lbs. Five 9st. 10lbs.

Six and aged 10st. English horses to carry 2st. extra. Winners once to carry 3lbs., twice 5lbs., thrice and oftener 7lbs. extra. Arabs allowed 5lbs. One mile. To close and name the day before the race.

|              |                |                     |             |           |   |
|--------------|----------------|---------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Fulton's  | b. n. s. w. f. | <i>Bellona</i> ,    | 7st. 9lbs.  | Sherburne | 1 |
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h.       | <i>Croton Oil</i> , | 9st. 12lbs. | Barker    | 2 |

Although giving such enormous weight the Arab was backed very considerably, but nothing could be got against the mare at last. She got away with the lead, and made the pace very slow at first being one minute to her half mile: *Croton* laid tolerably with her round the Sudder but the pace became severe and he could not hold with it. The mare at last won easily.

Time,—31s.—1m.—1m. 56s.

3D RACE.—Purse of 50 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each. H. F., if declared the day before the race, only 15 G. M. ft. if declared the day before the Meeting; for all horses, 2 miles. English horses to carry 2st. extra. Horses that have not won during the Meeting allowed 5lbs. Maidens of the season allowed 10lbs. To close and name on the 1st December, 1846.

|           |      |      |             |
|-----------|------|------|-------------|
| 3 years.. | .... | .... | 7st. 4lbs.  |
| 4 .....   | .... | .... | 8st. 4lbs.  |
| 5 .....   | .... | .... | 8st. 12lbs. |
| *6 .....  | .... | .... | 9st. 2lbs.  |

|                |             |                               |                |         |   |
|----------------|-------------|-------------------------------|----------------|---------|---|
| Mr Williams'   | .. b. a. h. | <i>Child of the Islands</i> , | 7st. 11lbs.    | Hall    | 1 |
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. a. h.    | <i>Glenmore</i> ,             | .. 8st. 11lbs. | Barnes  | 2 |
| „              | b. a. h.    | <i>Problem</i> ,              | .. 8st. 1lb.   | W. Good | 3 |

Considered a certainty for the *Child*, and it was so half a mile from home. *Problem* took him out, but was passed approaching the Calcutta corner and beaten off before they came to the Gilbert mile. *Glenmore* was a good second to the half mile home, and there was a show of a race some distance further, but the *Child* was running as strong and fresh as he went out and Barnes found it impossible to go up to him. He won well within himself.

Time,—28m. 56s.—1m. 26s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 25s.—2m. 55s.—R. C. 3m. 24s.—two miles, 3m. 52s.

#### SIXTH DAY, Thursday, 7th January.

1ST RACE.—Bengal Club Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 10 forfeit, for maiden Arabs, heats 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each; horses that have never won before the day of starting allowed 7lbs. To close and name 1st October, 1846.

|              |          |                               |            |        |       |
|--------------|----------|-------------------------------|------------|--------|-------|
| Mr Williams' | b. a. h. | <i>Child of the Islands</i> , | 8st. 2lbs. | Hall   | 1     |
| Mr Green's   | b. a. h. | <i>Maynooth</i> ,             | 8st. 7lbs. | Barker | 2 dr. |

Betting on this race was wholly out of the question, the *Child* holding undivided possession of the public voice. He went away taking a lead of two lengths and there was no change round. *Maynooth* ran exceedingly well and with his horse, until Hall put on a little additional steam and came away from the distance post, winning easily.

Time,—mile, 2m. 5s. ;—mile and a half, 3m. 2s.—two miles, 3m. 58s.

**2D RACE.**—A Purse of 25 G. M. added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, H. F. for all maidens that have not won during the Meeting. Hack races and matches excepted. Weight for age. One mile heats. The winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000 if claimed in the usual manner; with the option of being sold for Rs. 1,800, Rs. 1,600, or Rs. 1,200. If to be sold for Rs. 1,800 to be allowed 5lbs., if for Rs. 1,600 to be allowed 10lbs., and if for Rs. 1,200 20lbs. To close and name, and prices to be declared the day before the race.

|              |             |                        |             |           |           |   |
|--------------|-------------|------------------------|-------------|-----------|-----------|---|
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h.    | <i>Merry Monarch</i> , | 8st. 3lbs.  | Rs. 1,600 | Barnes    | 1 |
| Mr Fulton's  | c. aust. g. | <i>Problem</i> ,       | 8st. 1lb.   | ., 1,600  | Sherburne | 2 |
| Mr East's    | g. a. h.    | <i>Lapwing</i> ,       | 7st. 13lbs. | ., 1,200  | Barker    | 3 |

*First Heat.*—*Problem* backed even against the other two,—and a great deal of betting on the best time of the race. 20 even that it was not done in 1m. 55s., 30 to 20 against 1m. 54s. and 30 to 10 against 1m. 53s.—*Lapwing* took the lead but gave way to *Problem* at the first quarter, and soon after fell behind the *Merry Monarch*, who drew upon the favourite in the straight run, collared him fifty yards from home, appeared unable to go by him when *Problem* was called upon, but did it cleverly on the post, winning by three quarters of a length.

*Second Heat.*—*Merry Monarch* got away with a good lead, *Lapwing* second and *Problem* waiting. *Lapwing* again failed at the quarter out and *Problem* ran to within two lengths of the *Monarch* and at the distance post was up with him. A little further and both went to work, but *Problem* was beaten twenty lengths from home, *Lapwing* catching him and racing him to a nose for second place. *Merry Monarch* won by 3 lengths.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 56½s.—2d heat, 1m. 58s.

**3D RACE.**—Free Handicap Purse of 50 G. M. for all horses, added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each 5 forfeit, T. I. horses to be entered by 12 o'clock of the 5th day of the Meeting, and the weight published by 8 o'clock A. M., on the day before the race; forfeit to be declared the day before the race.

|              |                |                        |             |           |   |
|--------------|----------------|------------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Abram's   | b. a. h.       | <i>Cadwallader</i> ,   | 8st. 7lbs.  | Barker    | 1 |
| Mr Barker's  | c. n. s. w. c. | <i>Selim</i> ,..       | 8st. 4lbs.  | C. Barker | 2 |
| Mr Fulton's  | b. n. s. w. f. | <i>Bellona</i> ,       | 6st. 6lbs.  | Sherburne | 3 |
| Mr Williams' | b. a. h.       | <i>Minuet</i> ,        | 8st. 13lbs. | Hall      | 4 |
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h.       | <i>The Boy Jones</i> , | 8st. 10lbs. | W. Good   | 5 |
| Mr Hope's    | b. n. s. w. h. | <i>Emigrant</i> ,      | 9st. 5lbs.  | West      | 6 |

That this was an excellent handicap was proved by the spirited betting upon it, for although *Minuet* fetched an absurd price in the lottery and was backed at last in same instances *even against the field*! there was not a horse in the race against whom fair odds were not taken. *Cadwallader* was second favourite, the odds being taken, 25 to 10, the *Champagne* winner against the *Derby* horse. But if the betting was a fair criterion of the good judgment exercised in the weighting, the running was a better one and fully confirmed it. The race was the most exciting and the finest to the finish of any that has been run on the Calcutta course for a very long time. *Emigrant* got away with a fine lead with *Selim* second, *The Boy* third and alongside him *Minuet* and *Cad.*; *Bellona* just in the rear. *Emigrant* has been ailing and out of work; this put him out of the race at the ¼ mile. Rounding the Sudder corner appeared, without a pin to choose between them, *Minuet*, *Selim*, *The Boy Jones*, and *Bellona* who had gradually ran up to her horses. At the 2 miles post *Cad.* was well with the four, and *The Boy* dropping left this number to challenge for the race. *Minuet* was first out of it and the three showed clear away from him, Sherburne and G. Barker both at work and the mare running so well that she was named as the winner.—Still it was an inch for inch contest to five-and-twenty lengths from home when C. Barker on *Selim* set to work in a truly superb style, dispaying a vigour and

resoluteness quite startling. His brother had been at work before, but he had still enough in his horse to meet the dashing attempt to displace him and won on the post by a head, *Bellona* a capital third and the favourite an indifferent fourth.

Time,— $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 1m. 22s.—the mile, 1m. 52s.—mile and a half, 2m. 51s.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles—9s. each.

|            |    |    |    |                  |    |        |   |
|------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|--------|---|
| Mr Green's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Glaucus</i> , | .. | Barker | 1 |
| Mr Jones'  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Elepoo</i> ,  | .. | West   | 2 |

Very little betting on this race, but *Elepoo* taken for choice. *Glaucus* went off with a lead of two lengths, but slow, and this continuing it was seen it was to be a half mile race. They did not however very much mend the pace till after the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post was left behind, when it was a severe struggle home and won by a nose. A dozen lengths away Barker sprung his horse beautifully half a length ahead, but *Elepoo* answered honestly at the critical moment and wrested the victory from him.

Time,—3m. 8s.

MATCH.—50 G. M. II. F.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, 8st. 7lbs. each.

|             |    |    |    |    |                             |
|-------------|----|----|----|----|-----------------------------|
| Mr Green's  | b. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Maynooth</i> .           |
| Mr Roberts' | g. | a. | h. | .. | <i>Little Goorkha</i> , ft. |

#### SEVENTH DAY, Saturday, 9th January.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, H. F. with 15 G. M. added, for all horses, English excepted,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile heats, 10st. 7lbs. each. Arabs allowed 7lbs. Gentlemen riders. Three horses to start, or the money to be withheld—closed.

|               |     |    |    |    |    |                       |               |   |        |
|---------------|-----|----|----|----|----|-----------------------|---------------|---|--------|
| Mr Penton's   | bl. | n. | s. | w. | h. | <i>Black Prince</i> , | 10st. 7lbs... | 1 | 1      |
| Mr Roebuck's  | b.  | a. | h. |    |    | <i>Celarius</i> ,     | 10st. 0lb...  | 2 | dr.    |
| Mr Claypole's | b.  | a. | h. |    |    | <i>Nameless</i> ,     | 10st. 0lb..   | 3 | dr.    |
| Mr Percy's    |     | c. | a. | g. |    | <i>Girths</i> ,       | 9st. 11lbs... | 4 | dr.    |
| Mr Bean's     |     | g. | a. | h. |    | <i>Conrad</i> ,       | 10st. 0lb. .. |   | bolted |

*First Heat*.—This race which should have come off last was allowed precedence. After a wearisome delay four were at the post, the fifth having returned to the place from whence he came without leave or licence to plead, and the reverse way of the course. The *Black Prince* took a long lead, and as neither of the others had a chance for the heat they raced for second place.

Time;—1m. 30s.

2D RACE.—Second year of the All Arab Cup of 100 Gold Mohurs, by subscription—for all Arabs—Calcutta weight for age. Maidens allowed a stone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Entrance 25 Gold Mohurs, half forfeit if declared the day before the race. The second horse to save his stake. To close and name on the 1st of December and to be run on the 9th of January, 1847.

|              |    |    |    |                               |                      |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|-------------------------------|----------------------|---|
| Mr Williams' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Child of the Islands</i> , | 7st. 8lbs. Hall      | 1 |
| „            | b. | a. | h. | <i>Minuet</i> ,               | 7st. 8lbs. Sherburne | 2 |
| Mr Abram's   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Cadwallader</i> ,          | 7st. 13lbs. Barker   | 3 |

The *Child* sprang away with the lead, the other two together four lengths behind. At the Gilbert mile *Minuet* dropped but again collared the *Cad.* at the Goal.

The *Child* continued his lead to the finish, improving it rather as he went. Both the other horses were beaten  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from home, and *Cad.* resigned the struggle for his stake soon after. The time it will be seen was extraordinarily good.

Time,—2m. 48s.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 60 G. M. for all horses. To be handicapped by the Subscribers to the purse, or such persons as they may appoint. R. C. Entrance 20 G. M. and 5 forfeit for not standing the handicap.

|                 |                |                   |             |           |   |
|-----------------|----------------|-------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Barker's     | c. n. s. w. c. | <i>Selim</i> ,    | 8st. 5lbs.  | G. Barker | 1 |
| Mr Jones'       | g. a. h.       | <i>Elepoo</i> ,   | 9st. 0lb.   | West      | 2 |
| Mr Fulton's     | b. a. f.       | <i>Bellona</i> ,  | 6st. 6lbs.  | Sherburne | 3 |
| Mr Cunnyngnam's | g. a. h.       | <i>Sir Hugh</i> , | 8st. 0lb.   | Barnes    | 4 |
| Mr Green's      | b. a. h.       | <i>Glaucus</i> ,  | 8st. 10lbs. | C. Barker | 5 |
| Mr Cunnyngnam's | b. a. h.       | <i>Glenmore</i> , | 8st. 12lbs. | Hall      | 6 |

This like the last handicap was an exciting affair. At one of the lotteries overnight there were only seven gold mohurs between the horse that sold highest and the one that sold lowest! *Elepoo* and *Selim* however were taken even against the field; 4 to 1 against *Selim* and 6 to 1 against *Bellona*. The mare was first on her legs but in a few seconds *Selim* headed her, to give way as rapidly to *Glenmore* who carried on the running to the Gilbert Mile where he was told out. *Elepoo* and *Glaucus* had been lying behind and now closed up a little, but the latter failed to hold with the lot and dropped out of the race soon after *Glenmore*. When *Glenmore* failed the mare took his place, with *Sir Hugh* on her quarter, carrying on at a rattling pace to the Sudder corner when *Elepoo* showed third and *Selim* close at hand. *Bellona* now slightly dropped—but not out of the front row—indeed at the 2 mile post there was nothing in the running to justify any very decided preference. About the distance post however there was promise of the final struggle being between *Selim* and *Elepoo*, and so it proved. It was a splendid race home: a dozen lengths from the post the old horse drew nearly a length away, and at this moment Barker set to work pushing his horse in by a nose,—and nothing more. Many thought that if *Elepoo* could have got clear of the ruck about the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post he would have won the race, but it is at most doubtful.

Again the time was surprisingly good—they went out in 26 and 55, and ran the mile honestly under 1-52, doing R. C. as some said in 3-21, others had at 3-22—and so we took it.

Time,—R. C. 3m. 22s.

4TH RACE.—Match 50 G. M., H. F.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 8st. 7lb. each.

|             |          |                         |       |       |
|-------------|----------|-------------------------|-------|-------|
| Mr Robert's | g. a. h. | <i>Little Goorkha</i> , | .. .. | 1     |
| Mr Green's  | b. a. h. | <i>Akhalee</i> ,        | .. .. | 2 ft. |

EIGHTH DAY, Tuesday, 12th January.

1ST RACE.—A forced Handicap for winning horses only: for which all winners of 100 G. M. during the Meeting must enter; optional to other winners. Entrance 10 G. M. and 5 per cent. on all winnings in excess of 100 G. M. 2 miles.

|              |                |                        |               |           |   |
|--------------|----------------|------------------------|---------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Fulton's  | b. n. s. w. f. | <i>Bellona</i> ,       | .. 6st. 6lbs. | Sherburne | 1 |
| Mr Barker's  | c. n. s. w. c. | <i>Selim</i> ,         | .. 8st. 5lbs. | C. Barker | 2 |
| Mr Abram's   | b. a. h.       | <i>Cadwallader</i> ,   | 8st. 4lbs.    | Barker    | 3 |
| Mr Jones'    | g. a. h.       | <i>Elepoo</i> ,        | .. 9st. 0lb.  | West      | 4 |
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h.       | <i>The Boy Jones</i> , | 8st. 0lb.     | Evans     | 5 |

|                |    |    |    |                     |            |       |         |    |
|----------------|----|----|----|---------------------|------------|-------|---------|----|
| Mr Green's     | b. | a. | h. | <i>Maynooth</i> ,   | 8st.       | 4lbs. | R. Ross | 6  |
| Mr Green's     | b. | a. | h. | <i>Glaucus</i> ,    | 8st.       | 6lbs. | Noble   | 7  |
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Glenmore</i> ,   | 8st.       | 7lbs. | Barnes  | 8  |
| Mr Green's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Baron</i> ,  | 7st.       | 0lb.  | Sam Day | 9  |
| Mr Boynton's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Croton Oil</i> , | a feather. |       | Baxoo   | 10 |

*Eleppo* and *Selim* the favourites against the field; *Selim* and *Cadwallader* each at 4 to 1; *Bellona* at 12 to 1, freely taken by her sporting owner. *Croton Oil* went away with the lead and so came past the Stand, a superb rush of horses, among whom *Eleppo* held second place. At the half mile out *Glaucus* was in front and *Glenmore* out of the race—the others packed as closely as they could run, the mare in the middle of the lot. At the Gilbert mile *Cadwallader* was second and ran by *Glaucus* about 100 yards from the  $\frac{3}{4}$  home, who was then passed by *Eleppo*. At the 2 mile post *Cad.* and the *Chinaman* together with *Selim* coming up third and *Bellona* on his quarter. At the Leger post *Selim* and the mare came away,—and a fine struggle ended in giving victory to the outsider by half a head; *Cadwallader* a good third. We have placed the others on account of the extraordinary time, which might well have been two seconds better but that the morning was thick and close and the course very sticky.

Time,—58s.—1m. 27s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 25s.—R. C. 3m. 23s.—Leger Course, 3m. 30s.—two miles, 3m. 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

20 RACE.—Free Handicap Purse of 25 G. M. for horses that have started and not won 100 G. M. during the Meeting. Entrance 20 G. M. 5 forfeit. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|                |    |    |    |                            |      |        |           |    |     |    |
|----------------|----|----|----|----------------------------|------|--------|-----------|----|-----|----|
| Mr Cunyngham's | g. | a. | g. | <i>Sir Hugh</i> ,          | 8st. | 10lbs. | Barnes    | 0  | 1   | 1  |
| Mr Boynton's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Boy Jones</i> ,     | 8st. | 12lbs. | Barker    | 0  | 2   | 3  |
| Mr Petre's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Crab</i> ,              | 8st. | 5lbs.  | West      | 3  | 4   | 4  |
| Mr Fulton's    | g. | a. | h. | <i>Master Henry</i> ,      | 7st. | 8lbs.  | Sherborne | 1  | 3   | 2  |
| Mr Boynton's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Merry Monarch</i> , | 7st. | 10lbs. | ..        | .. | dr. | .. |

*First Heat*.—*Crab* was off at the word and making the running did the half mile out in 55s. *Sir Hugh* and *The Boy Jones* pretty well together, and *Master Henry* waiting. At the half mile home, *Crab* was closely drawn upon and at the Sudder *Sir Hugh* caught him, the *Boy* doing the same in another stride or two and both coming away for a punishing race home which ended in a dead heat.

*Second Heat*.—*Crab* away, *Sir Hugh* second, the *Boy* third and *Master Henry* again holding. He went up at the goal and at the Sudder all were in a heap and so they came round the corner. *Master Henry* challenged *Sir Hugh*, who was slightly in front, but failed and his place was taken by the *Boy*, who made a fine race of it home but was beaten by a clear length at last.

*Third Heat*.—The *Boy* made play and ran away from his horses, *Sir Hugh* second, *Master Henry* third and this time *Crab* last. *Master Henry* went up to, but did not pass, the leading horse at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. They came together into straight running where the *Boy* was told out and *Master Henry* tried his luck—but *Sir Hugh* was too much for him and beat him home a good length.

Time,—1st heat, 55s. 1m. 26s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 55s.—2d heat, 29s.—57s.—1m. 26s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 56s.—3d heat, 29s.—59s.—1m. 29s. 1m. 59s.—2m. 59s.

MATCH.—100 G. M., P. P., 2 miles, 3st. 7lbs.

|            |    |    |    |                   |    |    |        |   |
|------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|--------|---|
| Mr Green's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Maynooth</i> , | .. | .. | West   | 1 |
| Mr East's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Repulse</i> ,  | .. | .. | Barker | 2 |

*Maynooth* took a lead of half a dozen lengths, kept it, and won with ease.  
 Time,—58s.—1m. 27s.—1m. 58s.—2m. 27s.—2m. 56s.—R. C. 3m. 25s.—two miles, 3m. 55s.

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MATCH.—100 G. M. h. f. R. C. 8st. 7lbs.

Mr Green's b. a. h. *Maynooth*.

Mr Robert's b. a. h. *Shereef*, ft.

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MATCH.—50 G. M. h. f. 1½ mile 8st. 7lbs.

Mr Green's b. a. h. *The Baron*.

Mr Robert's g. a. h. *Little Ghookah*, ft.

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MATCH.—50 G. M., P. P., Gilbert Mile 8st. 7lbs. each.

Mr Barker's br. e. m. *Morgiana*.

Mr Green names b. a. h. *Sir Benjamin*, ft.

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## SECOND MEETING, 1846-47.

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FIRST DAY, *Saturday, 30th January, 1847.*

1ST RACE.—Merchants' Plate, added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each P. P., for all horses; St. Leger Course. Calcutta weight for age.

English horses to carry 1st. extra, Arabs, not maidens, allowed 7lbs. Maiden Arabs allowed 1st. and other maidens 7lbs.

To close and name by 12 o'clock the day before the first Meeting.

All bets on this race to be P. P. unless otherwise specified.

|              |                |                               |             |             |   |
|--------------|----------------|-------------------------------|-------------|-------------|---|
| Mr Barker's  | c. n. s. w. c. | <i>Selim</i> ,                | 7st. 11lbs. | Geo. Barker | 1 |
| Mr Abram's   | b. a. h.       | <i>Cadwallader</i> ,          | 7st. 13lbs. | Evans       | 2 |
| Mr Child's   | b. a. h.       | <i>Minuet</i> ,               | 7st. 13lbs. | Sherburne   | 3 |
| Mr Boynton's | b. ch. h.      | <i>Sir Benjamin</i> ,         | 9st. 5lbs.  | Mark Noble  | 0 |
| Mr Barker's  | b. eng. m.     | <i>Morgiana</i> ,             | 9st. 3lbs.  | Barnes      | 0 |
| Mr Jones'    | g. a. h.       | <i>Elepoo</i> ,               | 8st. 12lbs. | Skinner     | 0 |
| Mr Stone's   | bk. cp. h.     | <i>Voltaire</i> ,             | 8st. 13lbs. | C. Barker   | 0 |
| Mr Burges's  | b. n. s. w. m. | <i>Greenmantle</i> ,          | 8st. 10lbs. | R. Ross     | 0 |
| Mr Green's   | b. n. s. w. h. | <i>Paris</i> ,                | 8st. 6lbs.  | Goode       | 0 |
| Mr Child's   | b. a. h.       | <i>Child of the Islands</i> , | 7st. 13lbs. | Hall        | 0 |

It would be difficult to exaggerate the interest that was felt in this race—for while the Madras horses were backed even against the field, the greatest confidence was put in *Selim* by those who knew his powers, and even by those who had noted his public performances. Then the New South Wales mare *Greenmantle* had latterly grown into favour and held a prominent position in the betting, and *Cadwallader*, though selling at a low figure, was looked by many as safe to run a good horse. *Elepoo* may be quoted as having stood at 12 to 1; *Voltaire* at the same, and *Sir Benjamin* 20 to 1; but these were rather the odds when the horses were taken at all than a price at which business could be done, for at last nothing was heard of but the *Madras*, *Selim* and *Greenmantle*. Five hundred even the first of these against the field, offered while the riders were weighing, met with no response.

The sight was a fine one as they came up to the post, but, impatient to get off, there was a false start. The second time there was no mistake. *The Child*, as clever a horse at jumping away as ever came to the post, sprung off with the lead—the English mare who was outside but one took advantage of the room she had and flew to the fore. Barnes made this dash with great decision—no man could better have executed what we have no doubt was the order given. She ran by *The Child* a length or two after passing the Stand, and *Voltaire* did the same in a few strides after. Behind *The Child* was the lot, with nothing particular to choose, *Selim* however was some ten or dozen lengths behind the leading horse. Half a mile out from the Stand *Voltaire* began to drop and *Morgiana* was disposed of just after, *Greenmantle* going up to *The Child*. At the Gilbert mile Ross pulled back, and at this moment *Selim* and *Minuet* were together about four lengths behind. At the  $\frac{3}{4}$  post from home *Selm* ran by *Greenmantle* inside, and collaring the favourite rated with him to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile and then and there beat him. *Greenmantle* came round the Sudder corner a good third, but failed as they reached the straight run home. *Cadwallader* now came up from the rear and passed every horse but *Selim*, who was leading by three or four lengths. An attempt was made to reach him but he was called upon, came away and won by three lengths.

Time,—54s.—1m. 24s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 23s.—3m. 28s.

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each for all horses, English excepted; Craven Distance. The winner to be sold with his engagements for Rs. 2,000, if claimed in the usual manner, with the option of selling at Rs. 1,600, Rs. 1,200 or Rs. 1,000. Weights as follows:—

| Price.    | Cape.       | N. S. W.    | C. B.       | Arabs.     |
|-----------|-------------|-------------|-------------|------------|
| Rs. 2,000 | 10st. 7lbs. | 10st. 2lbs. | 9st. 12lbs. | 9st. 7lbs. |
| „ 1,600   | 10st. 0lb.  | 9st. 9lbs.  | 9st. 5lbs.  | 9st. 0lb.  |
| „ 1,200   | 9st. 9lbs.  | 9st. 4lbs.  | 9st. 0lb.   | 8st. 9lbs. |
| „ 1,000   | 9st. 1lb.   | 8st. 10lbs. | 8st. 6lbs.  | 8st. 1lb.  |

Three Subscribers or no race.

To close and name and prices to be declared, the day before the race.

|                |             |                            |              |      |
|----------------|-------------|----------------------------|--------------|------|
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. a. h.    | <i>Oranmore</i> ,          | Rs. 1,000    | 8st. |
| 1lb.           | ..          | ..                         | Barnes..     | 1    |
| Mr Boynton's   | g. a. h.    | <i>The Merry Monarch</i> , | „ 1,600      | 9st. |
| 0lb.           | ..          | ..                         | Mark Noble.. | 2    |
| Mr Hope's      | b.n.s.w. h. | <i>Emigrant</i> ,          | „ 1,600      | 9st. |
| 9lbs.          | ..          | ..                         | Barker..     | 3    |
| Mr Green's     | b. a. h.    | <i>Goldfinder</i> ,        | „ 1,000      | 8st. |
| 1lb.           | ..          | ..                         | Evans..      | 4    |

As fine a race as horses could run. *Oranmore* showed in front at the first rush and kept his nose there the whole way, but the cluster was never separated from post to post, and at the finish there was not a length between the first horse and the last!

Time,—29s.—37s.—1m. 27s.—2m. 24s.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., P. P., half a mile.

|             |          |                       |             |           |     |
|-------------|----------|-----------------------|-------------|-----------|-----|
| Mr Green's  | g. a. h. | <i>The Baron</i> ,    | 8st. 7lbs.  | West      | 0 1 |
| Mr East's   | g. a. h. | <i>Repulse</i> ,      | 8st. 7lbs.  | Barker    | 0 2 |
| Mr Fulton's | g. a. h. | <i>Master Henry</i> , | 7st. 11lbs. | Sherburne | 3 0 |



The *Baron* led from the post and, according to public opinion, won by a head and neck, but the sole arbiter pronounced it a dead heat. This put *Master Henry* out of the Race. After the Mile Race the other two started again, when the *Baron* led as before and put the finish beyond a doubt by going a clear length in front.

Time,—1st start 56s.—2d start, 54s.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each; H. F. for all horses, Gilbert mile.

|                              |               |             |                        |                       |
|------------------------------|---------------|-------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| English horses,              | ..            | ..          | 11st. 0lbs.            |                       |
| Cape and N. S. Wales horses, | ..            | ..          | 9st. 7lbs.             |                       |
| Country-bred horses,         | ..            | ..          | 9st. 0lb.              |                       |
| Arabs,                       | ..            | ..          | 8st. 7lbs.             |                       |
| Maidens allowed,             | ..            | ..          | 0st. 7lbs.             |                       |
| Mr Stone names               | b.            | a. h.       | <i>Cadwallader</i> ,   | 8st. 0lb. Barker      |
| Mr Petre names               | n.            | s. w. g.    | <i>Brown Juniper</i> , | 9st. 0lb. West        |
| Mr Boynton's                 | g.            | a. h.       | <i>The Boy Jones</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. Goode 3    |
| Mr Brown names               | Mr Futon's c. | n. s. w. g. | <i>Problem</i> ,       | 9st. 0lb. Sherburne 4 |
| Mr Cunyngnam's               | b.            | a. h.       | <i>Problem</i> ,       | 8st. 0lb. Barnes 5    |

*Cadwallader* the favourite, but not much to choose between him and the *Boy*. The odds of the Lottery were about 30 to 1 against *Brown Juniper*, a fine, lengthy horse but with little or no training. The *Boy Jones* was first off at the word and led to the Sudder, the Arab *Problem* second, then the *Juniper*, the *Waler* and *Cad* behind. After passing the goal—they began to take close order and when half round the corner were all together. After rating it some few seconds, the grey dropped and *Brown Juniper* led up the straight running; he was challenged by *Cad* a dozen lengths from home and beaten cleverly on the post.

Time,—59s.—1m. 54s.

## SECOND DAY, Tuesday, 2d February, 1847.

1ST RACE.—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., H. F., for each acceptance. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M. R. C.

Horses' names to be given in on the 13th January, the handicap to be made by the Stewards on the 14th, and acceptances to be declared on the 21st.

|                |   |                |                        |                      |
|----------------|---|----------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| Mr Barker's    | c | <i>Selim</i> , | 8st. 8lbs.             | Barker 1             |
| Mr Boynton's   | g | h.             | <i>The Boy Jones</i> , | 7st. 12lbs. Evans 2  |
| Mr Jones'      | g | h.             | <i>Elepoo</i> ,        | 8st. 11lbs. West 3   |
| Mr Cunyngnam's | g | h.             | <i>Sir Hugh</i> ,      | 7st. 12lbs. Barnes 4 |

*Elepoo* off with the lead, *Sir Hugh* second, the *Boy* third and *Selim* last. The light weights instead of going away made it a pleasant canter, taking 33s. to the first quarter and 2m. 7s. to the mile. The *Boy* went to the front after the quarter out and lead to the Goal, *Sir Hugh* half a length behind him. Here *Selim* closed with *Elepoo*, and coming round the Sudder corner both went up to the other two and the four ran home together, *Selim* winning with the most perfect ease and all the others at work. The time of the last  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile was 1m. 23s.

Time,—3m. 30s.

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M., H. F., for all horses 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each. A winner once prior to the 1st Oct. 1846, to carry 5lbs., twice 7lbs. three

times or oftener 10lbs. extra. Horses that have never started before the 1st Oct. 1846, allowed 7lbs., English horses 2st. extra. To close the day before the first Meeting and name the day before the race.

|                       |                               |           |       |   |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------|-----------|-------|---|
| Mr Williams' b. a. h. | <i>Child of the Islands</i> , | 8st. 0lb. | Hall  | 1 |
| Mr Boynton's g. a. h. | <i>Croton Oil</i> ,           | 8st. 0lb. | Evans | 2 |

The *Child* went away with a lead of eight or ten lengths, and the whole distance just as he liked, the horses coming in as they started.

Time not taken from post.—R. C.,—3m. 31s.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., H. F., for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previously to the 1st October 1846,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile.

|                             |    |            |
|-----------------------------|----|------------|
| English Horses,             | .. | 0st. 7lbs. |
| Cape and N. S. Wales ditto, | .. | 9st. 7lbs. |
| Country-bred ditto,         | .. | 9st. 0lb.  |
| Arabs,                      | .. | 8st. 7lbs. |

To close the day before the 1st Meeting, and name the day before the race.

|                                   |                                 |            |           |   |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Pye's br. n. s. w. g.          | <i>Brown Jumper</i> ,           | 9st. 7lbs. | West      | 1 |
| Mr Jones names }<br>Mr Fulton's } | c. n. s. w. h. <i>Problem</i> , | 9st. 7lbs. | Sherburne | 2 |
| Mr Stone names bk. cp. h.         | <i>Voltaire</i> ,               | 9st. 7lbs. | Barker    | 0 |
| Mr Cunningham's b. a. h.          | <i>Problem</i> ,                | 8st. 7lbs. | Barnes    | 0 |
| Mr Green names g. a. h.           | <i>The Merry Monarch</i> ,      | 8st. 7lbs. | Evans     | 0 |

After one false start *The Merry Monarch* jumped away, the Arab *Problem* second, *Brown Jumper* and the other Waler together, and *Voltaire* last. At the half mile the Waler *Problem* showed his nose in front and so came round the Sudder. In the straight run *Voltaire* came up and the lot in a line raced home. *Brown Jumper* swerved very much towards the finish but won by a neck.

Time,—1m. 23s.

4TH RACE.—The Civilians' Purse, added to a sweepstakes of 40 G. M. each, H. F., 10 G. M. ft. if declared by 2 p. m. on the 15th of January, 1847, for all horses. 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles. Calcutta weight for age. English horses to carry 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ st., and Cape 5lbs. extra. Horses that have not won more than 100 G. M. previous to the 1st of Oct. 1846, allowed 5lbs. Maidens of the season allowed 10lbs. Maidens on the day of starting 1st., but the allowances not to be cumulative. To close and name 1st of December. The second horse to save his stake; and if seven horses start the forfeits to be divided between the second and third horses.

|                           |                      |            |           |   |
|---------------------------|----------------------|------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Williams' b. a. h.     | <i>Minuet</i> ,      | 8st. 3lbs. | Hall      | 1 |
| Mr Green's b. a. h.       | <i>Maynooth</i> ,    | 8st. 7lbs. | Rosa      | 2 |
| Mr Abram's b. a. h.       | <i>Cadwallader</i> , | 8st. 3lbs. | G. Barker | 3 |
| Mr Burgess's b. n.s.w. m. | <i>Greenmantle</i> , | 8st. 5lbs. | Goode     | 4 |
| Mr Barker's b. eng. m.    | <i>Morgiana</i> ,    | 9st. 3lbs. | C. Barker | 5 |
| Mr Green's b. aust. h.    | <i>Paris</i> ,       | 8st. 3lbs. | Noble     | 6 |

*Paris* got away with the lead, and their order after him as they passed the Stand, that is the end of the first half mile, was,—*Minuet*, *Morgiana*, *Greenmantle*, *Maynooth* and *Cadwallader*. Turning the corner after passing the Stand, *Minuet* gave *Paris* the go-by, who immediately after made a bolt right across the course to the great danger of the horses behind—particularly of *Cadwallader*. However, happily,

nothing happened and Noble getting his horse straight again went on in the race. The Madras horse continued the lead, the English mare lying close up, and *Greenmantle* well with her, *Maynooth* fourth. The pace was slow up to the mile and a quarter out and then it became very great, the last mile being done in 1m. 50s. and we should say that the first three horses in the race did it in this time, being little if anything worse off at the finish than when they respectively passed the mile. There was not a change to the Sudder Corner, when *Greenmantle*, who had lasted a little longer than the other mare, gave way and *Maynooth* took second place, *Cadwallader* having run well up. When they got fairly into straight running, Hall called upon his horse and came clear away some four lengths and maintained his advantage home.

Time,—the mile, 2m. 3s.—1½ mile, 2m. 35s.—1½ mile, 3m. 5s.—1½ mile, 3m. 32s.—2½ mile, 4m. 25s.

5TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., P. P. 1 mile.

|             |    |    |    |                       |      |        |           |   |
|-------------|----|----|----|-----------------------|------|--------|-----------|---|
| Mr Green's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Baron</i> ,        | 8st. | 7lbs.  | West      | 1 |
| Mr East's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Repulse</i> ,      | 8st. | 7lbs.  | G. Barker | 2 |
| Mr Fulton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Master Henry</i> , | 7st. | 11lbs. | Sherburne | 3 |

*Repulse* and the *Baron* galloped as one horse from the start to within three or four lengths of the winning post, when West lifted his horse and won cleverly by half a length; *Master Henry* an indifferent third.

Time,—28s.—55s.—1m. 51s.

THIRD DAY, Thursday, 4th February, 1847.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F., for all horses that have not won upwards of 100 G. M. previously to the 1st October, 1846, English horses excepted. Byculla Weight for age. R. C. To close the day before the first Meeting and name the day before the race.

|                |    |    |    |                     |      |        |        |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|---------------------|------|--------|--------|---|
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Problem</i> ,    | 8st. | 12lbs. | Barnes | 1 |
| Mr Boynton's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Croton Oil</i> , | 9st. | 0lb.   | Evans  | 2 |

*Problem* led the first half mile out when the grey went by and let him round to the half mile from home; here he dropped, was passed at the Sudder corner, and beaten easily by three lengths.

Time,—30s.—57s.—1m. 28s.—1m. 57s.—2m. 27s.—3m. 28s.

2d RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., H. F., for all horses; 2 miles 9st. each. English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close the day before the Meeting and name the day before the race.

|                  |    |    |    |                 |      |                |      |       |    |
|------------------|----|----|----|-----------------|------|----------------|------|-------|----|
| Mr Boynton names | b. | n. | s. | w.              | h.   | <i>Paris</i> , | 8st. | 4lbs. | .. |
| Mr Williams'     | b. | a. | h. | <i>Minuet</i> , | 8st. | 4lbs.          | ..   | dr.   |    |

3d RACE.—A Whip, presented by His Highness the Nawab Nazim, and a sweepstakes of 10 G. M., P. P. for all horses—the Gilbert mile. To be handicapped by the Stewards.

|                |    |      |    |                            |      |                       |           |             |   |
|----------------|----|------|----|----------------------------|------|-----------------------|-----------|-------------|---|
| Mr Barker's    | b. | eng. | m. | <i>Morgiana</i> ,          | 9st. | 0lb.                  | C. Barker | 1           |   |
| Mr East's      | g. | a.   | h. | <i>Repulse</i> ,           | 7st. | 12lbs.                | G. Barker | 2           |   |
| Mr Pye's       | b. | n.   | s. | w.                         | g.   | <i>Brown Jumper</i> , | 8st.      | 7lbs. West  | 0 |
| Mr Green's     | b. | n.   | s. | w.                         | h.   | <i>Paris</i> ,        | 8st.      | 7lbs. Evans | 0 |
| Mr Boynton's   | g. | a.   | h. | <i>The Merry Monarch</i> , | 8st. | 7lbs.                 | R. Ross   |             |   |
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Oranmore</i> ,          | 7st. | 12lbs.                | Barnes    |             |   |

The horses got away in the following order,—*Oranmore*, *Repulse*, *The Merry Monarch*, *Morgiana* and *Brown Jumper* together and *Paris* last. Slow on getting on his legs he made up for it by going clear to the front at the Sudder corner, but in the straight running the whole lot were in line and not a shadow to choose between them; half up the distance post every man was at the whip and every horse springing to it stride for stride. Now the English mare and *Repulse* came half a length away from the others, and a desperate struggle ended in the mare's winning by a nose, the other horses too close for us to attempt to place them.

Time,—29½s.—57s.—1m. 54s.

4TH RACE.—Trades' Plate, added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M., II. F., for all horses. Heats 2 miles, Calcutta weight for age.

English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra; maidens allowed 10lbs.

To close and name the day before the first Meeting.

Mr Williams' b. a. h. *Child of the Islands*, 8st. 3lbs. .. walked over

#### EXTRA DAY, Friday, 5th February, 1847.

Plate presented by His Highness the Nawab Nazim, value Rs. 2,500, for all horses, to be handicapped by the Stewards, St. Leger Course, with an additional 50 G. M. for the second horse if more than five start, 25 G. M. each, 15 forfeit and only 5 if declared before the first race of Tuesday the 2d February.

|                |                |                                   |               |        |     |
|----------------|----------------|-----------------------------------|---------------|--------|-----|
| Mr Barker's    | c. n. s. w. c. | <i>Selim</i> ,                    | 9st. 0lb.     | Barker | 1   |
| Mr Williams'   | b. a. h.       | <i>Minuet</i> ,                   | 8st. 8lbs.    | Hall   | 2   |
| Mr Jones'      | g. a. h.       | <i>Elepoo</i> ,                   | 8st. 6lbs.    | West   | 3   |
| Mr Boynton's   | c. cp. h.      | <i>Battledore</i> ,               | 8st. 7lbs.    | Evans  | 4   |
| Mr Hope's      | b. n. s. w. h. | <i>Emigrant</i> ,                 | 8st. 5lbs.    | Goode  | 5   |
| Mr Green's     | b. a. h.       | <i>Maynooth</i> ,                 | 8st. 2lbs.*R. | Ross   | 6   |
| Mr Barker's    | b. eng. m.     | <i>Morgiana</i> ,                 | 9st. 0lb.     |        | ft. |
| Mr Burges's    | b. n. s. w. m. | <i>Greenmantle</i> ,              | 9st. 0lb.     |        | do. |
| Mr Williams'   | b. a. h.       | <i>The Child of the Islands</i> , | 8st. 12lbs.   |        | do. |
| Mr Boynton's   | b. cp. h.      | <i>Sir Benjamin</i> ,             | 8st. 10lbs.   |        | do. |
| Mr Abram's     | b. a. h.       | <i>Cadwallader</i> ,              | 8st. 8lbs.    |        | do. |
| Mr Green's     | b. n. s. w. h. | <i>Paris</i> ,                    | 8st. 7lbs.    |        | do. |
| Mr Stone's     | bk. cp. h.     | <i>Voltaire</i> ,                 | 8st. 7lbs.    |        | do. |
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. a. h.       | <i>Glenmore</i> ,                 | 8st. 6lbs.    |        | do. |
| Mr Boynton's   | g. a. h.       | <i>The Boy Jones</i> ,            | 7st. 12lbs.   |        | do. |
| Mr Fulton's    | b. n. s. w. f. | <i>Bellona</i> ,                  | 7st. 10lbs.   |        | do. |
| Mr Boynton's   | g. a. h.       | <i>The Merry Monarch</i> ,        | 7st. 8lbs.    |        | do. |

\* Declared 1½lb.

*Selim* was the favorite at 2 to 1 against the field over night, and this morning 3 to 2 offered and not taken: *Minuet* was the second favorite and the others, with the exception of *Emigrant* who had no friends, may be quoted at 10 to 1, at which *Maynooth* was freely backed. *Elepoo* went away with the lead followed by *Maynooth*, *Minuet*, *Battledore* and *Emigrant*, *Selim* waiting. *Emigrant* took the running from *Elepoo* and carried it on till past the Gilbert mile; *Minuet* now went to the front having previously been going with *Maynooth* who from this time began to drop. *Elepoo* continued with the Madras horse till approaching the Sudder when he failed

a little and *Selim* ran up. At the distance Barker checked his horse and for a moment it was thought he was beaten, but for a moment only. Drawing near the post it was obvious he had the race in hand, and he won it, without the least difficulty. *Elepo* who had come up with *Minuet* about the distance was an excellent third. The Cape who is short of work was without a chance throughout.

Time,—57s.—1m. 28s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 24s.—R. C., 3m. 21s.—Leger Course, 3m. 31s.

#### FOURTH DAY, Saturday, 6th February, 1847.

1ST RACE.—Baboo Radaniadub Banerjee's Purse, added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P., for all horses, 2 miles—handicap. Horses' names to be sent in to the Secretary on the 13th January: weights to be published on the following day, and acceptances to be declared by 2 p. m. of the 21st January.

Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M. Three horses to start or the purse to be withheld.

|              |                |                        |             |           |     |
|--------------|----------------|------------------------|-------------|-----------|-----|
| Mr Barker's  | c. n. s. w. c. | <i>Selim</i> ,         | 8st. 10lbs. | C. Barker | 1   |
| Mr Abram's   | b. a. h.       | <i>Cadwallader</i> ,   | 8st. 5lbs.  | G. Barker | 2   |
| Mr Jones'    | g. a. h.       | <i>Elepo</i> ,         | 8st. 12lbs. | ..        | dr. |
| Mr Burgess'  | b. n. s. w. m. | <i>Greenmantle</i> ,   | 8st. 10lbs. | ..        | „   |
| Mr Green's   | b. n. s. w. h. | <i>Paris</i> ,         | 8st. 7lbs.  | ..        | „   |
| Mr Boynton's | c. cp. h.      | <i>Battledore</i> ,    | 8st. 8lbs.  | ..        | „   |
| Mr Green's   | b. a. h.       | <i>Maynooth</i> ,      | 8st. 11lbs. | ..        | „   |
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. h.       | <i>The Boy Jones</i> , | 7st. 10lbs. | ..        | „   |
| „            | g. a. g.       | <i>Sir Hugh</i> ,      | 7st. 10lbs. | ..        | „   |

*Cadwallader* took the lead, *Selim* waiting upon him. At the straight running he went up and they came together till twenty or thirty lengths from home when George Barker set to work, but his brother just lifted his horse as they approached the post and beat him as he liked by half a length. The first part of the race was slow, the last mile 1m. 52s. Three horses not having started, the purse was withheld but the donor handsomely represented it to the Stewards for another handicap.

Time,—3m. 57s.

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 50 G. M., P. P., 1½ mile.

|             |          |                       |             |           |   |
|-------------|----------|-----------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Green's  | g. a. h. | <i>The Baron</i> ,    | 8st. 7lbs.  | West      | 1 |
| Mr East's   | g. a. h. | <i>Repulse</i> ,      | 8st. 7lbs.  | G. Barker | 2 |
| Mr Fulton's | g. a. h. | <i>Master Henry</i> , | 7st. 10lbs. | Sherburne | 3 |

*Repulse* jumped away with the lead which was speedily taken from him by *The Baron*, who ran two lengths a head to the Sudder Corner; *Master Henry* closed at the Gilbert mile with *Repulse*, and the two came stride for stride together to the ¾ mile when the former began gradually to drop. *Repulse* came into straight running with *The Baron* and the set-to began thirty lengths from the post. The race was won by a nose.

Time,—2m. 55s.

#### FIFTH DAY, Tuesday, 9th February, 1847.

1ST RACE.—Forced Handicap Stakes of 10 G. M. each 2 miles for winning horses only, for which all winners during the first and second Meeting must enter; Hack stakes, Selling stakes, and matches excepted.

|                |    |      |    |                             |                      |             |        |
|----------------|----|------|----|-----------------------------|----------------------|-------------|--------|
| Mr Boynton's   | g. | a.   | h. | <i>The Boy Jones,</i>       | 7st. 12lbs.          | Evans       | 1      |
| Mr Barker's    | b. | eng. | m. | <i>Morgiana,</i>            | 8st. 10lbs.          | C. Barker   | 2      |
| Mr Cunyngham's | g. | a.   | g. | <i>Sir Hugh,</i>            | 7st. 12lbs.          | Sherburne   | 0      |
| Mr Jones'      | g. | a.   | h. | <i>Elepoo,</i>              | 8st. 7lbs.           | West        | 0      |
| Mr Williams'   | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Minuet,</i>              | 8st. 12lbs.          | Hall        | 0      |
| Mr Abram's     | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Cadwallader,</i>         | 8st. 9lbs.           | G. Barker   | 0      |
| Mr Green's     | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Maynooth,</i>            | 8st. 2lbs.           | Ross        | 0      |
| Mr Barker's    | e. | n.   | s. | w. c.                       | <i>Selm,</i>         | 9st. 11lbs. | .. dr. |
| Mr Williams'   | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Child of the Islands</i> | 8st. 13lbs.          | .. dr.      |        |
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Glenmore,</i>            | 8st. 2lbs.           | .. dr.      |        |
| Mr Green's     | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Glaucus,</i>             | 8st. 4lbs.           | .. dr.      |        |
| „              | b. | n.   | s. | w. h.                       | <i>Paris,</i>        | 8st. 2lbs.  | .. dr. |
| „              | g. | a.   | h. | <i>The Baron,</i>           | 7st. 12lbs.          | .. dr.      |        |
| Mr Cunyngham's | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Problem,</i>             | 7st. 12lbs.          | .. dr.      |        |
| Mr Fulton's    | b. | n.   | s. | w. m.                       | <i>Bellona,</i>      | 7st. 6lbs.  | .. dr. |
| Mr Pie's       | b. | n.   | s. | w. h.                       | <i>Brown Jumper,</i> | a feather.  | .. dr. |
| Mr Boynton's   | g. | a.   | h. | <i>Croton Oil,</i>          | a feather.           | .. dr.      |        |

*Minuet* was the favourite against the field, but many considered that *Cadwallader*, *Maynooth* and *Elepoo* were very well in. *Sir Hugh* got away with the lead and came first past the Stand, followed by *Elepoo*, *Cadwallader*, *The Boy*, *Maynooth*, *Minuet* and *Morgiana*. The favourite may be disposed of in a few words: he never went near the front, nor appeared to have any chance throughout the race, and did not come in among the first four horses. *Sir Hugh* carried on the running to the Gilbert mile when *Cad* took it for a short distance, leaving the three greys well together. This lasted but a little, *Cad* again going to the front where he could not live. From the 2 miles post home the only four horses in the race where the English mare, *The Boy*, *Elepoo* and *Sir Hugh*. A very pretty set-to commenced at half the distance up and *The Boy* and the mare came away from the other two—racing it home, the Arab winning by half a head. *Sir Hugh* and *Elepoo* as nearly as may be a dead heat for third place.

Time,—58s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 24s.—2m. 53s.—R. C., 3m. 22s.—two miles, 3m. 50s.

#### 2D RACE.—50 G. M. sweepstakes P. P. 2 miles.

|             |    |    |    |                      |             |           |   |
|-------------|----|----|----|----------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Green's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Baron,</i>    | 8st. 7lbs.  | West      | 1 |
| Mr East's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Repulse,</i>      | 8st. 7lbs.  | Barker    | 2 |
| Mr Fulton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Master Henry,</i> | 7st. 11lbs. | Sherburne | 3 |

*Repulse*, *The Baron* and *Master Henry* was the order from end to end, not a length between the three till the goal, where *Master Henry* was beaten. The other two came together till the finish, the *Baron* winning, in hand, by a length.

Time,—the mile, 2m.—R. C., 3m. 26s.—two miles, 3m. 55s.

#### 3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. P. P., for maiden Arabs, 2 miles. Calcutta weight for age—second horse to save his stake.

|              |    |    |    |                              |             |           |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|------------------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Williams' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Child of the Islands,</i> | 8st. 13lbs. | Hall      | 1 |
| „            | b. | a. | h. | <i>Minuet,</i>               | 8st. 13lbs. | Sherburne | 2 |
| Mr Green's   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Maynooth,</i>             | 9st. 3lbs.  | West      | 3 |

|              |    |    |    |                     |             |     |
|--------------|----|----|----|---------------------|-------------|-----|
| Mr Boynton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Croton Oil,</i>  | 9st. 5lbs.  | dr. |
| Mr Petre's   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Farewell,</i>    | 8st. 13lbs. | dr. |
| Mr Abram's   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Cadwallader.</i> | 8st. 13lbs. | dr. |

The *Child* and *Minuet* went away at score. *Maynooth* four or five lengths behind. He never touched the other horses, but Hall, handsomely determined to give an interest to the running, kept his horse at work, and Sherburne following his example they came in within half a length of each other—but the *Child* winning easily—in the extraordinary time (weight for age) recorded below.

Time,—29s.—58s.—1m. 29s.—1m. 56s.—2m. 24s.—2m. 52½s.—two miles, 3m. 50s.

Purse of Rs. 800 added to a sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each H. F., T. Y. C., 8st. 7lbs.

Mr Barkers' c. eng. f. *Flyaway,* .. .. walked over.

#### SIXTH DAY, Thursday, 11th Feb., 1847.

1ST RACE.—Baboo Radamadub Banerjee's Purse of 800 Rupees, added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P., for all horses. R. C. and a distance. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M.

|              |    |      |    |                              |             |           |     |
|--------------|----|------|----|------------------------------|-------------|-----------|-----|
| Mr Jones'    | g. | a.   | h. | <i>Elepoo,</i>               | 8st. 4lbs.  | West      | 1   |
| Mr Barker's  | b. | eng. | m. | <i>Morgiana,</i>             | 9st. 2lbs.  | C. Barker | 2   |
| Mr Boynton's | c. | cp.  | h. | <i>Battledore,</i>           | 8st. 7lbs.  | Evans     | 0   |
| Mr Boynton's | g. | a.   | h. | <i>The Boy Jones,</i>        | 8st. 2lbs.  | Barnes    | 0   |
| Mr Abram's   | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Cadwallader,</i>          | 8st. 7lbs.  | G. Barker | 0   |
| Mr Williams' | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Child of the Islands,</i> | 9st. 2lbs.  |           | ft. |
| „            | b. | a.   | h. | <i>Minuet,</i>               | 8st. 12lbs. |           | ft. |

This was considered so perfect a handicap that 3 to 1 were bet freely against any horse, and 4 to 1 as freely taken by the same party. *Elepoo* got away with the lead and at once made the running, followed past the Stand by *Cadwallader*, *Morgiana*, *Battledore*, and *The Boy Jones*. Before the quarter out from the Stand the English mare had fallen, or been pulled, into the rear. The old horse continued gallantly in front, keeping his lead undiminished to the Gilbert mile. The lot closed a little with him at the half mile, up to which from the  $\frac{3}{4}$  *The Boy Jones* had been rating with *Cadwallader*. *Elepoo* continued strong all round the Sudder corner, and no horse appeared out of the race as they came, as closely together as they could pack, into straight running. At the distance, or before, *Cad* failed and *Morgiana* came up to, and passed, the *Boy* and *Battledore*, but could not get a length from them or reach the *Chinaman*, who beat her by a clear length. For the third place there was nothing to choose between the *Cape* and *The Boy Jones*.

Time,—23s.—57s.—1m. 27s.—1m. 55s.—2m. 24s.—R. C., 3m. 21s.—whole distance, 3m. 38s.

2D RACE.—Free Handicap Stakes of 20 G. M. each, for all horses, with a purse of 50 G. M. from the Fund. One mile. Horses not standing the handicap to pay 5 G. M.

|              |    |          |    |                              |             |        |   |
|--------------|----|----------|----|------------------------------|-------------|--------|---|
| Mr Williams' | b. | a.       | h. | <i>Child of the Islands,</i> | 8st. 13lbs. | Hall   | 1 |
| Mr Jones'    | g. | a.       | h. | <i>Elepoo,</i>               | 8st. 4lbs.  | West   | 2 |
| Mr Hope's    | b. | n. s. w. | h. | <i>Emigrant,</i>             | 8st. 5lbs.  | Barnes | 3 |
| Mr Boynton's | c. | cp.      | h. | <i>Battledore,</i>           | 8st. 7lbs.  | Evans  | 4 |

|              |                |                       |              |           |     |
|--------------|----------------|-----------------------|--------------|-----------|-----|
| Mr Fulton's  | c. n. s. w. g. | <i>Problem,</i>       | 8st. 7lbs.   | Sherburne | 5   |
| Mr Green's   | g. a. h.       | <i>The Baron,</i>     | 7st. 12lbs.* | G. Barker | 6   |
| Mr Barker's  | b. eng. n.     | <i>Morgiana,</i>      | 9st. 5lbs.   |           | ft. |
| Mr Boynton's | g. a. ●        | <i>Merry Monarch,</i> | 8st. 0lb.    |           | „   |
| Mr Green's   | b. a. h.       | <i>Maynooth,</i>      | 7st. 12lbs.  |           | „   |
| Mr East's    | g. a. h.       | <i>Repulse,</i>       | 7st. 8lbs.   |           | „   |

\* Declared ½lb. over.

The *Child* the favorite even against the field. The start was an unfortunate one as regards the Cape horse—his head was not the right way when the word was given and he was consequently a dozen lengths behind when he got into his stride. *Emigrant* got first away but was displaced almost instantly by the *Child* and *Elepoo*, close behind whom was *The Baron* with *Problem*. At the Goal *Emigrant* was last and at the half mile *Battledore* had pretty well run up to his horses—he cannot have been over 52 seconds about it; approaching the Sudder *Problem* showed second, but could not hold it. The lot came into straight running together, *Emigrant* again tolerably placed and inside. *Elepoo* challenged at the distance but the *Child* came clear away, and West taking a pull at his horse when he found he could not win, somewhat interfered with *Emigrant* who was running in his wake. As it was the *Child* won by four or five lengths, but *Elepoo* might have been a better second and *Emigrant* certainly more forward if he had had room. *Battledore* finished in not a whit worse place as regards the *Child* than when he started, and it must have been a fine race but for the accident of a wretched start.

Time,—55s.—the mile, 1m. 51s.

## BARODA RACES,—1846.

### FIRST DAY, Tuesday, Dec. 15.

1ST RACE.—The usual crowd of gaudily dressed Natives and the entire number of Europeans stationed at Baroda, had assembled on the Race Course by sunrise, and after considerable delay in the business of the day, waiting the arrival of the Great Potentate, without whose presence the great race of the Meeting could not take place, it was resolved to saddle for The Drawing-room Stakes, of 300 Rs. from the Fund, added to a sweepstakes of 5 G. M. for all Arabs, 8st. 7lbs.—One mile.

|             |          |                   |    |    |   |
|-------------|----------|-------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Kimp's   | g. a. h. | <i>Malmsbury,</i> | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Burdet's | g. a. h. | <i>Bedlamite,</i> | .. | .. | 2 |

A good start, a capital race, won on the post by a length in 1m. 55s. So much for two lame horses, who, certainly contested the whole distance much better than many sound animals would have done.

2D RACE.—The Guickwar's Cup, a purse of 1,500 Rs., presented by His Highness Sewajee Rao, Guickwar, for all Arabs—9st., two miles. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To be closed on the first of November, 1846. H. F. Eight nominations.

|                   |          |                       |            |    |   |
|-------------------|----------|-----------------------|------------|----|---|
| Mr Kimp's         | g. a. h. | <i>Great Western,</i> | 8st. 4lbs. | .. | 1 |
| The Stranger's    | b. a. h. | <i>Hoffman,*</i>      | 9st. 0lb.  | .. | 2 |
| The Confederates' | g. a. h. | <i>Cadet,</i>         | 9st. 0lb.  | .. | 3 |

\* Declared 6lbs. extra.



After a false start in which *Hoffman* went away for a short distance, the three started well together, *Cadet* on the inside, *Hoffman* in the centre and ran as close as possible for the first mile very steadily. The greys evidently waiting on the veteran and he with so much extra weight, "lying bye" for the rush—at the end—if the race ever came to that. The irregular horsemen, who kept the ground in front of the stand, considerably impeded the running horses by intruding themselves into the course. At the mile the maiden improved the pace, evidently by orders—endeavouring without success to leave his opponents, and at the  $\frac{3}{4}$  post the whip having been applied viciously and by at most injudiciously to *Cadet*, who, up to that point had been going perfectly at his ease, he yielded his place to *Hoffman*, and began to take "open order," the maiden horse taking the inside rather prematurely. *Hoffman* came up on the bridge hand—rated it within to the half mile, when the light weight came away by two lengths, which the extra weight, (16lbs.) and want of work prevented the old horse from diminishing—and won easily.

Time,—4m. 2s.

Immediately after this event—His Highness insisted on *withholding both cups*, if the Gopal Rao purse was not contested, instant! and as all the horses in the last race were engaged for it; and Thursday, the 17th December, had been declared in the prospectus for that race, the matter was compromised by annulling all declared engagements and by allowing the cripples who exhibited so respectably in the first race, to contest the smaller purse after a due respite.

In the mean time, a glittering assortment of Silk jackets, unexceptionable leathers and boots to match, rode quietly down to the half mile post—to start for.

### 3D RACE.—The Grenadier Cup— $\frac{1}{2}$ mile G. R.—heats.

Six or seven well-mounted gentlemen: whose nags, however did not acquit themselves as well as they might have done, formed in good order and came away well together for the first quarter, when the winner, a light and speedy grey—left the ruck and came in hard held. The second heat diversified by a false start, had a similar result.

Time,—57s.

4TH RACE.—The Broach Vase—for all country bred horses, 13-2, 8st. 7lbs. weight for inches, with a sweepstakes of 3 G. M.

|                     |          |                               |    |   |   |
|---------------------|----------|-------------------------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Taylor's         | c. g.    | <i>Red Rover</i> , 8st. 7lbs. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Smith's          | g. c. g. | <i>Lalljee</i> , 9st. 0lb.    | .. | 2 | 2 |
| The Brigade Major's | c. c. h. | <i>Sir Roger</i> , 9st. 0lb.  | .. | 3 | 3 |

The animals showed little speed and less courage and each heat was won with great ease by several lengths.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 34s.—2d heat, 1m. 35s.

5TH RACE.—The Gopal Rao Myrah Cup 500 Rs. for all Arabs 8st. 7lbs. The winner of the Guickwar Cup to carry 1st. extra 10 G. M., H. F. Closed on 1st Nov., 1846.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

|               |          |                     |    |    |   |
|---------------|----------|---------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Kimp's     | g. a. h. | <i>Mahnsbury</i> ,  | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Bardeth's  | g. a. h. | <i>Bedlamite</i> ,  | .. | .. | 2 |
| His Highness' | g. a. h. | <i>Sir Robert</i> , | .. | .. | 3 |

The three horses rated it, neck and neck, for the first half mile—in 59s. when the royal animal assumed his appropriate position, "the further aft the more honour;" passing the post seven seconds after the leading horse who, however, won a well contested struggle by half a length in 3 minutes.

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, Dec. 17.*

1ST RACE.—The Give and Take for all Arabs, 300 Rs. from the Fund, with a sweepstakes of 5 G. M.—14 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs., 1½ miles.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |            |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|------------|----|---|
| The Confederates' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Cadet,</i>     | 8st. 2lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Kimp's         | g. | a. | h. | <i>Malmsbury,</i> | 9st. 6lbs. | .. | 2 |

Won by a length.

Time,—3m. 1s.

2D RACE.—The Hack Race for all untrained horses, ½ mile heats, 11st.

|                   |    |    |    |                    |    |   |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|----|---|---|
| The Confederates' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Pathfinder,</i> | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Curtis'        | c. | a. | h. | <i>Traveller,</i>  | .. | 2 | 2 |

3D RACE.—The Civil and Political Cup for all Arabs—9st. 2 miles, maidens allowed 7lbs.

|           |    |                       |            |    |              |
|-----------|----|-----------------------|------------|----|--------------|
| Mr Kimp's | .. | <i>Great Western,</i> | 8st. 7lbs. | .. | walked over. |
|-----------|----|-----------------------|------------|----|--------------|

THIRD DAY, *Saturday, Dec. 19.*

1 T RACE.—Winners' Handicap for all winners—2 miles.

|           |    |                       |    |    |              |
|-----------|----|-----------------------|----|----|--------------|
| Mr Kimp's | .. | <i>Great Western,</i> | .. | .. | walked over. |
|-----------|----|-----------------------|----|----|--------------|

2D RACE.—The Welter of 300 Rupees for the Fund. 10 G. M. subscription G. R. 11st. 7lbs. 1½ miles.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |    |       |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|-------|---|
| Mr Kimp's         | g. | a. | h. | <i>Malmsbury,</i> | .. | Owner | 1 |
| The Confederates' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Cadet,</i>     | .. | Owner | 2 |

The connoisseurs declared the race badly ridden; at all events it had a most imposing appearance, for the event was doubtful to the last stride, when the lame horse was landed a winner by a length.

Time,—3m. 6½s.

So ended the Barodha meeting for 1846. The Races take place too early in the season after the rains; which seldom clear up in Guzrat until the beginning of October. So that except on the sandy corner of Ahmedabad training is forced forward too rapidly and men make their horses undergo in two months the work of four! Very energetic proceedings are looked forward to at the next meeting when the confederates are to appear in great force—and the races are expected to afford much sport.

## MUTTRA SKY RACES.

## FIRST DAY.

1ST RACE.—For all Arabs purchased this season at Muttra of Merchants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 9 stone, for which came to the post.

|                 |    |    |    |                  |    |   |     |
|-----------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|---|-----|
| Captain Lloyd's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Rufus</i> ,   | .. | 1 | 1   |
| Luchmee Chund's | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Pup</i> , | .. | 2 | dr. |
| Capt Double U's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Admiral</i> , | .. | 3 | dr. |

Whose race this was, to a moderate judge even, was evident by a glance at both horses and rides going down to the starting post. At the word "off" they got away well together, but the race was won in the first 50 yards, the chesnut increasing his distance from the other two every stride, doing just as he pleased, coming in, (in the common nest of all canters) in 1m. 37 sec. so easily that the other two drew for the 2d heat.

2D RACE.—For all Ponies; catch weights,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|                  |    |    |    |                  |    |   |        |
|------------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|---|--------|
| Captain Lloyd's  | p. | b. | p. | <i>Fairy</i> ,   | .. | 1 | 1      |
| Capt. Double U's | b. | p. |    | <i>Belooch</i> , | .. | 2 | 2      |
| Luchmee Chund's  | p. | p. |    | <i>Ubluk</i> ,   | .. |   | bolted |

*First Heat*.—This was the prettiest race of the meeting, both got off together, and neck and neck they rated it, *Belooch* leading if any thing 4 strides from home, when a taste of the lash did the trick, and landed *Fairy* a winner by a neck.

*Second Heat*.—*Fairy* won with considerable ease to herself, and equal astonishment to the backers of *Belooch* against *Arab* blood.

Time,—1st heat, 28s.—2d heat, 29s.

3D RACE.—For all Galloways, 9 stone each,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|                  |     |    |    |                        |    |   |   |
|------------------|-----|----|----|------------------------|----|---|---|
| Capt. Double U's | g.  | a. | h. | <i>Sir Strensham</i> , | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. David's    | b.  | a. | g. | <i>Zaen</i> ,          | .. | 2 | 3 |
| Capt. James's    | ch. | c. | g. | <i>Dusty Bob</i> ,     | .. | 3 | 5 |
| Capt. Snodgrass' | b.  | a. | g. | <i>Ivanhoe</i> ,       | .. | 4 | 2 |
| Luchmee Chund's  | g.  | a. | g. | <i>The Pup</i> ,       | .. | 5 | 4 |

Both heats won easy by *Sir Strensham*.

Time,—1st heat, 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—2d heat, 59s.

Match.—For 20 G. M.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 10st. 7lbs. each.

|                   |    |    |    |                      |    |   |  |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|----|---|--|
| Capt. Jumna's     | b. | a. | h. | <i>Mesmer</i> ,      | .. | 1 |  |
| Capt. Alexander's | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Unknown</i> , | .. | 2 |  |

Time,—1m. 2s.

## SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—For all horses, 9st.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|                    |    |                        |    |   |     |
|--------------------|----|------------------------|----|---|-----|
| Capt. Lloyd's      | .. | <i>Rufus</i> ,         | .. | 1 | 1   |
| Captain Double U's | .. | <i>Sir Strensham</i> , | .. | 2 | dr. |
| Luchmee Chund's    | .. | <i>Wiper</i> ,         | .. | 3 | dr. |

For this three horses came to the post, and *Sir Strensham's* running for the galloways, gave the public to suppose it would be a good race, but they were de-

ceived, it was a case of ditto to 1st race 1st day. *Rufus* winning hard held 1m. 33s., Capt. Double U's *Sir Strensham* and Luchmee Chund's *Wiper* running a tolerable race, the former getting second place, and both drawn for the 2d heat.

**2D RACE.**—The Charger Stakes, 11st. each, G. R. Three blood chargers appeared.

|                  |    |    |    |                      |    |   |     |
|------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|----|---|-----|
| Capt. Jumna's    | b. | a. | h. | <i>Mesmer</i> ,      | .. | 1 | 1   |
| Capt. Double U's | b. | a. | h. | <i>The Admiral</i> , | .. | 2 | dr. |
| Capt. Welch's    | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ben Johnson</i> , | .. | 3 | dr. |

*First Heat.*—*The Admiral* was booked to win, his owner having got the distance (same weights) in a trial, in one minute; why he did not do it in the race we will not presume to dictate, but leave the conclusion to be drawn by others. *Mesmer's* performance in the match gave his sporting owner great confidence, and his opinion proved correct. *Ben Johnson* we may leave out of the coach, a hope was never entertained by any (but his owner) of his having a chance.

*Second Heat.*—At the word "off" *Mesmer* took the lead and kept it, coming in at his ease, in 1m. 2s. *Admiral* a bad second, *Ben Jonson* nowhere. Both drawn for 2d heat.

**3D RACE.**—For all Hacks,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats, 9st. up, winner to be sold for 250 Rs.

|                 |    |    |    |                    |    |   |     |
|-----------------|----|----|----|--------------------|----|---|-----|
| Capt. Lloyd's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Too Easy</i> ,  | .. | 1 | 1   |
| Capt. James's   | c. | h. | c. | <i>Dusty Bob</i> , | .. | 2 | 2   |
| Luchmee Chund's | g. | a. | h. | <i>All Gone</i> ,  | .. | 3 | dr. |

*First Heat.*—It was a good race. Two were known quick ones for the distance, and a good deal of excitement prevailed: they all got off together, and *Too Easy* and *Dusty Bob* rated neck and neck, the former winning by a nose.

*Second Heat.*—To save time (query whether *Too Easy's* legs were not considered) it was agreed that they should have the heat off without unsaddling; so accordingly down they went and no sooner there, than off. *Too Easy* won this heat, hard held.

Time,—1st heat, 29s.—2d heat, 39s.

### THIRD DAY.

**1ST RACE.**—Winners' Handicap, 1 mile.

|                  |    |    |    |                        |               |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|------------------------|---------------|---|
| Captain Lloyd's  | c. | a. | h. | <i>Rufus</i> ,         | 9st. 7lbs. .. | 1 |
| Captain Jumna's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Mesmer</i> ,        | 8st. 0lbs. .. | 2 |
| Capt. Double U's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Sir Strensham</i> , | .. ..         | 3 |

The race is told in a word: say "ditto," to *Rufus's* former performances and you have it. *Mesmer* made a struggle at the distance, but the European Jock gave a most significant look over his left shoulder, as much as to say "don't you wish you may get it" and won as he pleased, *Sir Strensham* a bad third.

Time,—1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 59s.—the mile, 2m. 6s.

**2D RACE.**—Losers' Handicap  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

|                  |    |    |    |                      |              |   |      |
|------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|--------------|---|------|
| Captain David's  | b. | a. | g. | <i>Zaen</i> ,        | 8st. 0lb. .. | 1 | dis. |
| Capt. Snodgrass' | b. | a. | g. | <i>Ivanhoe</i> ,     | 8st. 0lb. .. | 2 |      |
| Capt. Double U's | b. | a. | h. | <i>The Admiral</i> , | 9st. 0lb. .. | 3 |      |

The rider of Capt. David's horse declared 11lbs. over weight and that of Capt. Snodgrass's 6lbs. *Zaen* won in a canter, but his inexperienced rider, instead of starting inside went outside the post, cut a corner and was distanced.

## LUCKNOW RACES,—1847.

## FIRST DAY, Tuesday, January 12.

1ST RACE.—Lucknow Derby for maiden Arabs 15 G. M. from the fund, 8 stone 7lbs. each, heats 1½ mile. Entrance 10 G. M.—half forfeit. Winners before the day of the race to carry 7lbs extra. To close on the 15th December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

|                  |    |    |    |                      |         |   |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|---------|---|---|
| The Seyud's      | b. | a. | h. | <i>Sly Boots,</i>    | Punchoo | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Hope's        | g. | a. | h. | <i>Gay Deceiver,</i> | ..      | 2 | 2 |
| The Minister's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Nameless,</i>     | ..      | 3 | 3 |
| Montaga Dowlah's | g. | a. | h. | —                    | ..      | 4 | 4 |

• Both heats won easily by *Sly Boots*.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the fund for all horses. Arabs and country bred to carry 8st. 7lbs. Cape and New South Wales 9st. English 11st.—Heats 2 miles—Entrance 5 G. M.

Walked over by Mr. Snow's *Tara*.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 80 Rs. for all hacks, Gentlemen Riders, ½ mile heats. Entrance 20 Rs. The Winner to be sold if claimed for 300 Rs.

|             |    |    |    |                 |    |          |   |   |
|-------------|----|----|----|-----------------|----|----------|---|---|
| The Seyud's | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Rat,</i> | .. | Lt. H—A. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Hope's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Deer,</i>    | .. | Owner.   | 2 | 2 |

The *Rat* a winner by upwards of a length, in both heats.

• SECOND DAY, Thursday, 14th January.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M. for all maidens, Calcutta weight for age, heats 1½ mile, winners once before the race to carry 7lbs. extra, twice or oftener 10lbs., entrance 10 G. M. H. F., to close 16th December, and name the day before the race,

|                  |    |    |    |                  |            |   |        |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|------------------|------------|---|--------|---|
| Mr Hope's        | c. | b. | h. | <i>Rattail,</i>  | ..         | 1 | 2      | 2 |
| The Seyud's      | b. | a. | h. | <i>Slyboots,</i> | .. Punchoo | 2 | 1      | 1 |
| Ameen-o-Dowlah's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Nameless,</i> | ..         | 3 | drawn. |   |

This was a most extraordinary race. The Cape was coming in within 3 lengths of the winning post, an easy winner, and at least 2 lengths ahead of *Slyboots*, when *Rattail's* jockey, in a most unaccountable way almost pulled up, and Punchoo seeing this, made a most beautiful rush, collared the Cape, and made the first a dead heat; *Rattail* won the 2nd heat by a length; *Slyboots* the 3rd by about the same distance, and in the 4th heat, the Cape which was short of training was pumped out. *Slyboots* winning easily by two lengths.

2D RACE.—Ten Gold Mohurs from the fund, added to a sweepstakes of 15 G. M. H. F., for all Arabs that are not maidens of the season, 1½ mile heats, 9st each. Subscription to close on the 1st January, 1847, to name the day before the races, and forfeits to be declared by 12 o'clock the day before the race.

|               |    |    |    |                    |    |   |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|--------------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Snow's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tara,</i>       | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. Smith's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Postmaster,</i> | .. | 2 | 2 |

A very interesting race, *Tara* winning the first heat by only half a nose, and the 2nd by a length. *Postmaster* ran honestly and well, but his long travels from the Lower Provinces have told upon him in his training.

3D RACE.—Great Welter 10 G. M. from the Fund for all horses, entrance 5 G. M., H. F. Gentlemen riders, 11st. 7lbs. each, 1½ mile.

This was a walk over by Capt. Smith's g. a. h. *Waldemar*.

4TH RACE.—Weight for inch, Purse 5 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance, ¾ mile heats, 12 hands to carry 8st. and 3lbs. an inch added or allowed.

|                  |    |    |    |                   |    |   |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|---|---|
| Capt. Smith's    | g. | a. | h. | <i>Waldemar</i> , | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Montaza Dowlah's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Nameless</i> , | .. | 2 | 2 |
| The Seyud's      | g. | a. | h. | <i>Rat</i> ,      | .. | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Snow's        | c. | a. | g. | <i>Tara</i> ,     | .. | 4 | 4 |

*Waldemar*, had it hollow in both heats.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 30s.—2d heat, 1m. 28s.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, 16th January.

1ST RACE.—The Minister's Parse of 50 G. M. for all horses, Calcutta weight for age, one and three quarter mile heats, winners of one season 7lbs. and of two seasons 10lbs. extra. Ten Gold Mohurs entrance. To close on 1st December, and name the day before the race.

N. B.—Maidens of the present season are not to carry additional weight, the weight being intended for such horses as are considered platers of this and former years.

|                  |    |    |    |                     |    |         |    |   |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|---------------------|----|---------|----|---|---|
| Capt. Smith's    | b. | a. | h. | <i>Postmaster</i> , | .. | Panchoo | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Snow's        | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tara</i> ,       | .. | ..      | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Montaza Dowlah's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Nameless</i> ,   | .. | ..      | .. | 3 | 3 |

*First Heat*.—*Tara* jumped off with the lead, closely waited upon by *Postmaster* and *Nameless*, and the whole ran in close company for the 1st mile, when *Nameless* began to tail off, the other two in their position at starting. At the last half-mile post, *Postmaster* brought himself even with the favorite, gradually got the lead, and came in a winner by a length.

*Second Heat*.—*Nameless* started with the lead at a strong pace, the other two lying well together in the rear; at the mile post, all three were together, and the run in was very pretty, but the old nag was too strong for them, and Panchoo landed him a winner by a length-and-a-half; *Nameless* a bad third.

2D RACE.—Consolation Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 5 G. M. P. P. 1½ mile.

| Horses valued at | Rupees | 1,200 | to carry | 11st.      | 0lb.  |
|------------------|--------|-------|----------|------------|-------|
| Ditto            | ditto  | 1,000 | ditto    | 10st.      | 7lbs. |
| Ditto            | ditto  | 800   | ditto    | 10st.      | 0lb.  |
| Ditto            | ditto  | 600   | ditto    | 9st.       | 7lbs. |
| Ditto            | ditto  | 400   | ditto    | 9st.       | 0lb.  |
| Ditto            | ditto  | 300   | ditto    | 8st.       | 7lbs. |
| Ditto            | ditto  | 200   | ditto    | a feather. |       |

The winner to be claimed within a quarter of an hour, and to be taken with his engagements; the owner of the second horse having the choice, then the owner of the third, and so on, to the owner of the last horse that is not distanced.

|             |    |    |    |                      |    |    |   |
|-------------|----|----|----|----------------------|----|----|---|
| The Seyud's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Rat</i> ,         | .. | .. | 1 |
| Capt. H—'s  | b. | c. | h. | <i>The General</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |

**3RD RACE.**—All Ponies, a purse of 4 G. M., entrance 1 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, catch weights.

|             |    |    |                       |                        |          |   |   |   |
|-------------|----|----|-----------------------|------------------------|----------|---|---|---|
| Mr Snow's,  | r. | p. | <i>Little Wonder,</i> | ..                     | ..       | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Lieut. H.'s | b. | r. | p.                    | <i>Knight Templar,</i> | Johnston | 2 | 1 | 1 |

**FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, 19th January.**

**1ST RACE.**—Winners' Handicap, for which all winners, (hacks, ponies, consolation purse, and weight for inch excepted,) must enter, optional to losers; 10 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 10 G. M. P. P.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

|               |    |    |    |                    |       |       |          |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|--------------------|-------|-------|----------|---|
| Mr Snow's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tara,</i>       | 10st. | 2lbs. | Lt. S—h  | 1 |
| Capt. Smith's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Postmaster,</i> | 10st. | 7lbs. | Panchoo  | 2 |
| Capt. Smith's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Waldemar,</i>   | 10st. | 0lb.  | Lt. K—ll | 3 |
| Mr Hope's     | b. | c. | h. | <i>Rat-tail,</i>   | 9st.  | 0lb.  | ..       | 4 |
| The Seyud's   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Slyboots,</i>   | 9st.  | 5lbs. | ..       | 5 |

*Waldemar* jumped off with a strong lead, closely followed by *Tara*, with *Postmaster* in attendance, the others well together. In this order they ran to the mile and a quarter post, when *Tara* began to draw closer to *Waldemar*, *Postmaster* also beginning to make play; at the distance, *Waldemar's* weight began to tell, and he was passed; *Tara* beating *Postmaster* by a length. *Waldemar* two lengths in the rear, and the others at a respectful distance.

Time,—3m. 5s.

**2D RACE.**—Losers' Handicap, 10 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 2 G. M.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|           |    |    |    |                  |    |         |   |   |
|-----------|----|----|----|------------------|----|---------|---|---|
| Montaza's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Nameless,</i> | .. | Panchoo | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Snow's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tara,</i>     | .. | ..      | 2 | 2 |

**3D RACE.**—Buggy Stakes 50 Rupees, entrance 1 G. M., for all horses that have been regularly driven in a buggy or carriage for the preceding six months. Gentleman riders, 11st. 7lbs.

|             |    |    |    |             |    |              |
|-------------|----|----|----|-------------|----|--------------|
| The Seyud's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Rat,</i> | .. | walked over. |
|-------------|----|----|----|-------------|----|--------------|

**LAST RACE.—LAST DAY, 21st January.**

The Forty-sixth Cup for a hurdle race, G. R., R. C., over 6 hurdles  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. Entrance 3 G. M., H. F.; English 12st. 5lbs.; Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 5lbs.; C. B. and Arab 10st. 7lbs., winners once of steeple chase or hurdle race to carry 3lbs., twice 5lbs., thrice or oftener 7lbs. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two horses, and from separate stables, or no race. To close on the 11th January, 1847, and name the day before the race.

|                   |    |    |    |                     |    |         |       |
|-------------------|----|----|----|---------------------|----|---------|-------|
| Capt. Hollings'   | b. | c. | h. | <i>The General,</i> | .. | Lt. S—h | 1     |
| Lieut. Hilliard's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Waldemar,</i>    | .. | Owner   | dist. |

This was the only race of the day—for the cup given in a most handsome and sporting way, by the officers of the 46th Regt. N. I.

The two horses got up to the 1st hurdle well together. *The General* first over clearing the way for *Waldemar*; at the 2d hurdle, *Waldemar* shied and gave his spirited rider a purl, but he was soon mounted again, and caught *The General* up at the 4th hurdle, when he took the lead. Unfortunately he failed in his leap, both

horse and rider rolling together, and it is to be much regretted that Lieut. H—d dislocated his shoulder, besides cutting his face severely. He is happily doing well. *The General* excellently ridden by one of the heroes of the Punjaub, came in an easy winner.

## JESSORE SKY RACES,—1847.

FIRST DAY, *Saturday, 16th January.*

1ST RACE.—Purse of 8 G. M. from the Fund, 3 G. M. entrance, for all horses; R. C. entrance 12st. 7lbs. Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7lbs., Arabs and C. B. 10st. 7lbs.

|              |     |    |    |                   |    |    |   |
|--------------|-----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Williams' | bl. | e. | m. | <i>Baroness</i> , | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Copse's   | g.  | a. | g. | <i>Laidlay</i> ,  | .. | .. | 2 |

The whole time not taken, the mare winning easy.

Time,—last  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 58s.

2D RACE.—Handicap for all horses, 16 G. M. from the Fund, entrance 1 G. M., distance  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

|              |    |    |    |                  |            |    |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|------------------|------------|----|---|
| Mr Williams' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Rent</i> ,    | 9st. 7lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Copse's   | g. | c. | b. | <i>Formosa</i> , | 11st. 0lb. | .. | 2 |

This handicap was made up from the funds of the 2nd and 4th race in the prospectus, as they did not fill. The little horse went off like a shot from the post.

Time,—57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

3RD RACE.—Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. for all horses, with 6 G. M. added from the Fund, R. C. 11st.

|                |     |    |    |                   |    |    |   |
|----------------|-----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Williams'   | bl. | e. | m. | <i>Baroness</i> , | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Copse names | g.  | c. | b. | <i>Turpin</i> ,   | .. | .. | 2 |

A close race, the mare winning on the post.

SECOND DAY, *Monday, 18th January.*

1ST RACE.—Handicap of 10 G. M. from the Fund. 2. G. M. entrance, H. F., one mile.

|              |     |    |    |                   |            |    |   |
|--------------|-----|----|----|-------------------|------------|----|---|
| Mr Williams' | bl. | e. | m. | <i>Baroness</i> , | 13st. 0lb. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Forster's | ch. | a. | h. | <i>Akbar</i> ,    | 10st. 0lb. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Isaac's   | g.  | a. | h. | <i>Frolic</i> ,   | 9st. 0lb.  | .. | 3 |

A very severe race with the mare all round to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in, when *Akbar* dropped; his condition telling against him. *Frolic* beaten off a few lengths.

The Spear Stakes did not fill up.

2D RACE.—Handicap 8 G. M. from the Fund, 2 G. M. entrance for all horses  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.



|              |             |                  |            |    |   |   |
|--------------|-------------|------------------|------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Copse's   | g. c. b. m. | <i>Formosa</i> , | 9st. 7lbs. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Williams' | g. a. h.    | <i>Rent</i> ,    | 9st. 7lbs. | .. | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Isaac's,  | g. a. h.    | <i>Trump</i> ,   | 8st. 0lbs. | .. | 3 | 2 |

This race took the knowing ones in, the mare winning both heats easy.

3D RACE.—A Pony Purse of 3 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance, catch weights,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|             |    |                       |    |    |   |     |
|-------------|----|-----------------------|----|----|---|-----|
| Mr Isaac's  | .. | <i>Ellenkhallee</i> , | .. | .. | 1 | 1   |
| W. Edwards' | .. | <i>Begum</i> ,        | .. | .. | 2 | dr. |

A good race to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in, when the *Begum* dropped, and the other pony cantered in easy. The *Begum* drawn for the 2d heat.

4TH RACE.—A Purse of 5 G. M. from the Fund, post entrance 1 G. M., catch weights above 10 stone, R. C., the winner to be sold for 500 Rs., and in case of a walk over, to receive  $\frac{1}{2}$  the stakes.

|                |             |                 |    |    |   |
|----------------|-------------|-----------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Copse names | g. c. b. g. | <i>Turpin</i> , | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Bill's      | b. c. h. g. | <i>Turnip</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |

## MHOW SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Saturday, 23d January, 1847.*

1ST RACE.—Charger Stakes of 100 rupees from the fund; entrance 20. H. F.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. G. R. Arabs to carry 10st. 7lbs., C. B.'s, Cape and N. S. W.'s 11st., English 12st.

|              |          |                    |    |       |   |   |
|--------------|----------|--------------------|----|-------|---|---|
| Mr Burdwan's | c. a. h. | <i>Ruin</i> ,      | .. | Owner | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. ———'s  | g. a. h. | <i>Cruiskeen</i> , | .. | ..    | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Davidge's | g. a. h. | <i>Saladin</i> ,   | .. | ..    | 3 | 3 |

*First Heat.*—*Ruin* winning by a length.

*Second Heat.*—A beauty, with a pretty rush and struggle, but the result the same.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 32s.—2d heat, in 1m. 30s.

2D RACE.—A Purse for Country Breds, of 80 rupees; 1 G. M. entrance, P. P.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. G. R. Horses valued at 100 rupees to carry "a feather," 200 rupees 10st., 300 rupees 10st. 5lbs., and so on. Winner to be sold, if claimed, for his valuation.

|                 |    |                          |             |    |   |   |
|-----------------|----|--------------------------|-------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Thomas' b.   | m. | <i>Mary</i> ,            | 10st. 2lbs. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Chifney's b. | m. | <i>The Lady Lomond</i> , | 10st. 2lbs. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Burdwan's b. | h. | <i>The Devil</i> ,       | 10st. 5lbs. | .. | 3 | 3 |

These heats were won cleverly, but not easily, by *Mary*. I don't know what the time was, but if whips and spur would make it short, it was extraordinary. *The Devil* was severely punished, and rushed through the ropes in disgust.

3D RACE.—The Pony Purse, of 30 rupees, added to a Sweepstakes of 10, P. P., for all Ponies 13 hands and under. Catch weights.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Three Ponies to start, or no race. If more than three start, the last pays the second's entrance.

|               |            |                        |    |    |   |     |
|---------------|------------|------------------------|----|----|---|-----|
| Mr Davidge's  | brown pony | <i>Tomandar</i> ,      | .. | .. | 1 | 1   |
| Mr Charles'   | roan       | „ <i>The Protégé</i> , | .. | .. | 3 | 2   |
| The Squires'  | chcsnut    | „ <i>Meeserable</i> ,  | .. | .. | 2 | 3   |
| Mother Jones' | bay        | „ <i>The Page</i>      | .. | .. | 4 | dr. |

Had this been catch weights, we should not have to record the defeat of our little old friend *The Meeserable*. But to make the race, the Squire agreed to 9st. up and has suffered for his good nature—as it was, he only lost the 1st heat by an upper lip. In the second there was a fight for every place, but *Tomandar* was too strong and won by half a length.

SECOND DAY, Monday, 25th January.

1ST RACE.—The Handicap Sweepstakes of 1 G. M. each, H. F., added to 50 from the fund, for all horses. G. R. Round the Course.

|                   |          |                      |             |    |     |
|-------------------|----------|----------------------|-------------|----|-----|
| Mr Davidge's      | g. a. h. | <i>Saladin</i> ,     | 10st. 4lbs. | .. | 1   |
| The Squire names  | g. a. h. | <i>Bones</i> ,       | 10st. 0lb.  | .. | 2   |
| The Confederates' | g. a. h. | <i>Plum Pudden</i> , | 10st. 4lbs. | .. | 3   |
| Mr L'Estrange's   | b. a. h. | <i>King Dan</i> ,    | 9st. 3lbs.  | .. | 4   |
| Mr Burdwan's      | g. a. h. | <i>Sir Harry</i> ,   | 9st. 3lbs.  | .. | dr. |

A good race between *Saladin* and *Bones*, but good condition told against *Bones* in the finish.

2D RACE.—“A Splendid One,” for all horses, 50 rupees from the fund. 8 entrance, G. R.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. No one to ride his own horse, and the last horse to win—if within the distance; to be ridden in bonnets.

|               |    |                         |                      |    |             |   |     |     |
|---------------|----|-------------------------|----------------------|----|-------------|---|-----|-----|
| Mr Burdwan's  | .. | <i>The Devil</i> ,      | ..                   | .. | Capt. Scott | 1 | 1   | dr. |
| Capt. Scott's | .. | <i>X. L.</i> ,          | ..                   | .. | Davidge     | 3 | 2   | dr. |
| The Weasel's  | .. | <i>Black Night</i> ,    | ..                   | .. | Blazes      | 2 | dr. |     |
| Mr Davidge's  | .. | <i>Monus</i> ,          | ..                   | .. | Chifney     | 6 | 3   | 1   |
| Mr Blazes'    | .. | <i>Balls</i> ,          | ..                   | .. | The Pope    | 4 | 4   | 2   |
| The Pope's    | .. | <i>Satan</i> ,          | ..                   | .. | Burdwan     | 5 | 6   | 3   |
| Mr Chifney's  | .. | <i>Hop light Ladies</i> | <i>day is break-</i> |    |             |   |     |     |
|               |    | <i>ing</i> ,            | ..                   | .. | The Weasel  | 7 | 5   | 4   |

*First Heat*.—This race is almost a poser. The bonnets and the taste displayed in their trimmings, caused screams of laughter. *The Devil* went at the ropes again and finding a stronger place than before came “a header,”—pipping Capt. Scott, who, however, remounted. They ran and came in well together, as I have placed them—no one appearing to care a bit how much whip he used up, provided the nag under him got it hard and strong.

*Second Heat*.—The *Black-(K.)-Night* thought himself too good, *The Devil* and *X. L.* had a severe tussle for 1st, but all eyes were on the other end, and there was to be seen *Satan* labouring under a surfeit of lucerna and water, provided for him by his kind owner “the Pope,” and he won the heat.

*Third Heat.*—*The Devil* and *X. L.* retired—*Momus* the favorite at the Lottery, disgusted his owner by coming in first. The Pope brought in *Balls* with, I believe, a whip in each hand. *Satan* had digested the grass. Ergo, *Op light Ladies' Stays* is breaking, (as some would have it) in spite of the most frantic energy, in *The Weasel*, was declared the winner of the *Oolta Poolta* (on the strength of this his owner, offered to run  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile for — G. M. against *Plum Pudding*.)

3D RACE.—One for Europeans' Tattoos, &c., in  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats—owners up. This was won by Bill's *Blow-me-tite* against Joe's *Tipperary*, Bob's *Smasher* and Jim's *Georgy-hanner*.

4TH RACE.—A Match for — G. M. between Mr Davidge's b. a. h. *Ali Bey*, and Mr Thomas' c. b. m. *Mary*,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile—9st. up. Betting 3 to 1 on the Arab, and won by him in one minute.

5TH RACE.—2d Match for — G. M. R. C. between The Lord Mayors' g. a. h. *Prince Charley*, and Don Lionel da Hocus-pokera's g. a. h. *Fernanda-de-Po*—owners up. A hollow thing for the Don.

### THIRD DAY, Wednesday, January 27.

1ST RACE.—The Ladies' Parse of 150 Rupees, with a subscription of 2 G. M. for all horses. Once round the course. G. R. Weights to be handicapped, for not standing which H. F.

|                                        |             |    |   |
|----------------------------------------|-------------|----|---|
| Mr Burdwan's c. a. h. <i>Ruin</i> ,    | 9st. 6lbs.  | .. | 1 |
| Mr Davidge's b. a. h. <i>Ali Bey</i> , | 8st. 13lbs. | .. | 2 |

The chesnut had 7lbs. to carry, but his caste or pluck or rider, or altogether—took him from the post with the lead, carried him through with it—and he won hard held.

Time not taken. The course heavy from rain.

2D RACE.—The Sky Stakes of 50 Rupees from the fund, and 10 subscription for all untrained horses  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats G. R. 11st. up. Winner to be sold for 300 rupees.

|                                                   |   |   |
|---------------------------------------------------|---|---|
| The Squire names Kilpot's g. a. h. <i>Bones</i> , | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Burdwan's g. a. h. <i>Sir Harry</i> ,          | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Charles' b. c. b. m. <i>Mantilla</i> ,         | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Swiveller's g. a. h. <i>Devil-may-care</i> ,   | 4 | 4 |

*Bones* was the favorite, though *Sir Harry* had his backers—as had also the *Lady*. The favorite won easy.

3D RACE.—Buggy Cattle to get 30 rupees from the fund—pay 10 to enter, and run  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile, with 10st. 7lbs. up. G. R. They must have been driven for the last 3 months to constitute Buggy Cattle.

|                                             |    |   |
|---------------------------------------------|----|---|
| Mr Davidge's g. a. h. <i>Saladin</i> ,      | .. | 1 |
| Mr Burdwan's b. c. b. h. <i>The Devil</i> , | .. | 2 |

**4TH RACE.**—The Sirdar Plate of 20 Rupees. for all horses, &c., the property of Native Officers. Natives to ride, distance  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile, weight a feather. Entrance none.

A whole host ran for this.

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FOURTH DAY, Friday, January 29.

**1ST RACE.**—The Winners' Handicap, open to Losers, of 1 G. M. each, with 100 added from the Fund—G. R. One mile. H. F.

|              |    |    |    |                  |             |    |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|------------------|-------------|----|---|
| Mr Burdwan's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Ruin</i> ,    | 10st. 7lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Davidge's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ali Bey</i> , | 9st. 6lb.   | .. | 2 |

*Ruin* won, giving a stone and a half. His owner rode him, a waiting race; and to the delight of a few, came up at the distance and on at the winning post.

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**2D RACE.**—Hurdle Race for all horses, over six, 3 ft. 6 in. Hurdles, &c. One mile. 150 Rupees from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. weight for inches—15 hands and upwards to carry 12 stone. English horses 1 stone extra.

|                            |    |      |    |                   |             |   |
|----------------------------|----|------|----|-------------------|-------------|---|
| Mr Davidge's               | g. | a.   | h. | <i>Saladin</i> ,  | 10st. 0lb.  | 1 |
| Mr Thomas'                 | b. | c.b. | m. | <i>Mary</i> ,     | 11st. 4lbs. | 2 |
| Mother Jones'              | b. | c.b. | g. | <i>Cocktail</i> , | 10st. 7lbs. | 3 |
| Mr Burdwan names Mr Pipe's | b. | c.b. | h. | <i>Boney</i> ,    | 11st. 7lbs. | 4 |

They went off very gingerly: *Saladin* with the lead and was never headed, though the Squire may thank his hands and heart for saving his neck. *Mary* took her jumps very well and was well ridden by the Pope, being a good second all through, *Cocktail* and Mother Jones jumped as of yore, but had not the speed, and *Boney* bolted at the 3d Hurdle, but was brought in a 4th by Burdwan much against his will.

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**3D RACE.**—Hurdle Race for all Galloways, over four, 3 ft. 6 Hurdles, &c.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  a mile. 8 rupees from the Fund. Entrance 10 rupees, G. R. catch weights.

|              |    |                      |    |    |    |   |
|--------------|----|----------------------|----|----|----|---|
| Mr Charles'  | .. | <i>The Protégé</i> , | .. | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Davidge's | .. | <i>Tomandar</i> ,    | .. | .. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Squire's  | .. | <i>Meeserable</i> ,  | .. | .. | .. | 3 |
| The Tailor's | .. | <i>The Tailor</i> ,  | .. | .. | .. | 4 |

*Meeserable* took the lead but bolted, *Tomandar* ditto. *Protégé* and the *Tailor* screwed over, and the Pope, after once letting the little one refuse, took in a winner in good style. *Tomandar* a good second.

## KAMPTEE RACES,—1847.

FIRST DAY, *Monday, 25th January.*

1ST RACE.—A Maiden Purse of 100 Rupees, entrance 150 P. P. for all horses (*bond fide* the property of Officers composing the N. S. Force on the 1st November, 1846,) that have never started for plate, purse, match, or sweepstakes, heats, 1 mile, 10st. closed on the 15th December, 1846, and named on the 23d January, 1847, 2 Subscribers.

|                  |    |    |    |                |    |    |              |
|------------------|----|----|----|----------------|----|----|--------------|
| Capt. Campbell's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Tiptoe,</i> | .. | .. | walked over. |
| Mr Collins'      | .. | .. | .. | ..             | .. | .. | dr.          |

2D RACE.—The Galloway Plate of 300 Rupees for all galloway's, entrance 100 P. P., heats 1 mile, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st. closed and named on the 23d January, 1847, 3 Subscribers.

|                  |    |    |    |                          |                  |    |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|--------------------------|------------------|----|---|
| Capt. Campbell's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Cricket Ball,</i>     | 9st. 3lbs. 8oz.  | .. | 1 |
| Major Williams'  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Robin Hood,</i>       | 9st. 8lbs. 12oz. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Collins'      | b. | a. | h. | <i>It's not my lead,</i> | 9st. 6lbs. 2oz.  | .. | 3 |

Won easily by several lengths.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—mile, 1m. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

3D RACE.—The Great Welter of 350 Rupees from the Fund, entrance 100 P. P. for all horses. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, weight 11st. Gentlemen riders, closed on the 18th and named on the 23d January.

|                   |    |    |    |                  |    |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|---|
| Capt. Campbell's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tournure,</i> | .. | .. | 1 |
| The Confederates' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Moulah,</i>   | .. | .. | 2 |

Won easy, hard held.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 1m. 3s.—mile, 2m. 5s.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 3m. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday, 27th January.*

1ST RACE.—The Resident's Plate, value 300 Rupees, entrance 80 P. P. heats, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, 10st., closed on the 1st and named on the 26th January, 1847, 4 Subscribers.

|                   |    |    |    |                          |    |    |   |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|--------------------------|----|----|---|---|
| Major Williams'   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Robin Hood,</i>       | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. Campbell's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tournure,</i>         | .. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Collins'       | b. | a. | h. | <i>It's not my lead,</i> | .. | .. | 3 | 0 |
| The Confederates' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Moulah,</i>           | .. | .. | 4 | 3 |

*First Heat.*—Won by a neck.

*Second Heat.*—Won by a neck. *It's not my lead,* distanced, carrying overweight undeclared.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 36s.—2d heat, 2m. 39s.

2D RACE.—A Pony Purse of 100 Rupees, entrance 20 P. P. heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, Catch weights, closed and named on the 26th January, 1847, 5 Subscribers.

|               |       |                      |    |    |   |   |
|---------------|-------|----------------------|----|----|---|---|
| Mr Bucknill's | d. p. | <i>Dandy's</i> ,     | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Knowles'   | c. p. | <i>Rustum</i> ,      | .. | .. | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Blair's    | b. p. | <i>Jack</i> ,        | .. | .. | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Waddell's  | c. p. | <i>Leetle Paul</i> , | .. | .. | 4 | 5 |
| Mr Wattle's   | b. p. | <i>Ugly Buck</i> ,   | .. | .. | 5 | 4 |

*First Heat*.—Won by three lengths.

*Second Heat*.—Won easily.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 33½s.—2d heat, 1m. 34s.

3D RACE.—The Ladies' Plate of 300 Rupees, entrance 80 P. P. heats 1 mile, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st., closed and named on the 26th January, 1847, 2 Subscribers.

|                   |          |                     |                  |    |   |
|-------------------|----------|---------------------|------------------|----|---|
| Capt. Campbell's  | w. a. g. | <i>White Turk</i> , | 9st. 10lbs. 2oz. | .. | 1 |
| The Confederates' | g. a. g. | <i>Whalebone</i> ,  | 10st. 6lbs. 2oz. | •  | 2 |

Won easily.

Time,—2m. 5½s.

### THIRD DAY, Friday, 29th January.

1ST RACE.—The Rajah's Cup value 500 Rupees, entrance 150 P. P. heats 1 mile, weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs. closed on the 1st and named on the 28th January, 1847, 4 Subscribers.

|                   |          |                           |                  |    |     |   |
|-------------------|----------|---------------------------|------------------|----|-----|---|
| Capt. Campbell's  | g. a. h. | <i>Cricket Ball</i> ,     | 8st. 10lbs. 8oz. | .. | 1   | 1 |
| Major Williams'   | g. a. h. | <i>Robin Hood</i> ,       | 9st. 11lb. 12oz. | .. | 2   | 2 |
| The Confederates' | g. a. h. | <i>Moulah</i> ,           | 9st. 11lbs. 6oz. | .. | 3   | 3 |
| Mr Collins'       | b. a. h. | <i>It's not my lead</i> , | 8st. 13lbs. 2oz. | .. | dr. |   |

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 58s.—2d heat, 1m. 58s.

2D RACE.—The Kamptec Stakes of 200 Rupees, entrance 50 P. P. heats 1 mile, 10st. 7lbs. The winner to be sold for 350 Rupees, if demanded in the usual manner, closed and named on the 28th January, 1847, 3 Subscribers.

|                  |             |                      |    |    |     |
|------------------|-------------|----------------------|----|----|-----|
| Capt. Campbell's | w. a. g.    | <i>White Turk</i> ,  | .. | .. | 1   |
| The Quintettes'  | b. c. b. h. | <i>Chaco</i> ,       | .. | .. | 2   |
| Mr Dombey's      | g. a. h.    | <i>The Dustman</i> , | .. | .. | dr. |

The winner claimed for 350 Rupees.

3D RACE.—The Brigadier's Plate of 250 Rupees, entrance 50 P. P. heats 1 mile, 10st., the winner of either the great welter or the resident's plate, to carry 4lbs. extra, and of both races 10lbs., closed on the 23d, and named on the 28th January, 1847, 3 Subscribers.

|                   |          |                   |             |              |
|-------------------|----------|-------------------|-------------|--------------|
| Capt. Campbell's  | g. a. h. | <i>Tournure</i> , | 10st. 4lbs. | walked over. |
| The Confederates' | g. a. h. | <i>Moulah</i> ,   | 10st. 0lb.  | dr.          |
| Major Williams'   | ..       | ..                | ..          | ..           |

### FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, 2d February.

1ST RACE.—The Merchants' Plate value 500 Rupees, on its terms, entrance 100 P. P. for all horses. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st. 7lb., heats

1½ mile. Closed on the 15th December, 1846, and named on the 1st February, 1847, 4 Subscribers.

|                                                             |    |    |    |                     |      |        |       |   |   |       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|---------------------|------|--------|-------|---|---|-------|
| The Confederates' name                                      | g. | a. | h. | <i>Moulah</i> ,     | 8st. | 11lbs. | 6oz.  | 1 | 2 | 1     |
| Capt. Campbell's names                                      | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tournure</i> ,   | 9st. | 2lbs.  | 10oz. | 2 | 1 | dist. |
| Major Williams names                                        | g. | a. | h. | <i>Robin Hood</i> , | 8st. | 1lb.   | 12oz. | 3 | 0 | dr.   |
| Mr Collins names                                            | w. | a. | g. | <i>White Turk</i> , | 8st. | 3lbs.  | 2oz.  | 4 | 3 | dr.   |
| Time,—1st heat, 3m. 2s.—2d heat, 3m. 3½s.—3d heat, 3m. 12s. |    |    |    |                     |      |        |       |   |   |       |

In the last heat, *Tournure* came in first, but a cross was claimed by *Moulah's* jockey and allowed, thereby distancing *Tournure*.

2D RACE.—The Hurdle Stakes of 200 Rupees, from the Fund, entrance 30 P. P. for all horses, 11st. 1½ mile over five hurdles, height 3½ feet. Three horses to start or no race, closed and named on the 1st February, 1847. 4 Subscribers.

|                  |    |                           |    |    |   |
|------------------|----|---------------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Stevens'      | .. | <i>Harkaway</i> ,         | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Collins'      | .. | <i>Bluebeard</i> ,        | .. | .. | 2 |
| Capt. Campbell's | .. | <i>Convict</i> ,          | .. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Smikes'       | .. | <i>Faugh-a bal-lagh</i> , | .. | .. | 4 |

#### FIFTH DAY, Thursday, 4th February.

1ST RACE.—The Forced Handicap of 300 Rupees from the Fund, to which all the winners must contribute, entrance 103 Rupees H. F. (optional to the winner of the Kamptee Stakes) distance 1½ mile, to be handicapped by the Committee.

|                   |    |    |    |                       |       |        |    |         |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-----------------------|-------|--------|----|---------|
| Major Williams'   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Robin Hood</i> ,   | 9st.  | 7lbs.  | .. | 1       |
| The Confederates' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Moulali</i> ,      | 9st.  | 7lbs.  | .. | 2       |
| Capt. Campbell's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Cricket Ball</i> , | 9st.  | 11lbs. | .. | 3       |
| Capt. Campbell's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tiptoe</i> ,       | 10st. |        | .. | pay ft. |
| Capt. Campbell's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tournure</i> ,     | 10st. | 5lbs.  | .. | do.     |
| The Quintettes'   | w. | a. | g. | <i>White Turk</i> ,   | 8st.  | 7lbs.  | .. | do.     |

2D RACE.—The Beaten Handicap, 300 Rupees from the Fund, entrance 50 P. P. for all beaten horses of the meeting. Heats, 1 mile. to be handicapped by the Committee, closed and named on the 3d February.

|                 |    |    |    |                           |      |       |    |      |
|-----------------|----|----|----|---------------------------|------|-------|----|------|
| Mr Collins's    | b. | a. | h. | <i>It's not my lead</i> , | 9st. | 7lbs. | .. | 1    |
| The Quintettes' | b. | c. | b. | <i>Chaco</i> ,            | 9st. | 7lbs. | .. | dis. |

#### JULLUNDER SKY RACES,—1847.

##### FIRST DAY, Tuesday, February 2.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 150 Rupees from the Fund for all horses. Arabs 10st. C. B. 10st. 4lbs. English, Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 10lbs. Heats ¼ mile. Entrance 3 G. M. Winners once 4lbs. extra—twice or oftener 7lbs.

|             |    |    |    |                   |       |       |           |   |   |   |
|-------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------|-------|-----------|---|---|---|
| Mr Quirk's  | c. | a. | h. | <i>Sultan</i> ,   | 10st. | 0lb.  | Mr Farlie | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ganymede</i> , | 10st. | 7lbs. | Mr Oakes  | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr Clock's  | c. | a. | h. | <i>Rodney</i> ,   | 10st. | 0lb.  | Owner     | 2 | 0 | 2 |

Mr George's g. a. h. *Deception*, 10st. 0lb. Mr Machell 0 0 0  
 Mr Vibart's g. a. h. *Challenger*, 10st. 7lbs. Mr McDowell 0 0 dr.

At an ordinary, which was held yesterday week, at the Mess of that hospitable corps the 46th, the little Cup-bearer was decidedly the favourite, whereas the winner was hardly thought of. However the extra week did wonders for him—and although the lay won the first heat pretty easily, yet the two last were snatched from him by his royal highness, beautifully ridden by one of the best jocks in upper India.

*Sullan* is an enormously powerful horse, and the heavy state of the track told much in his favour, running against a little one with an extra 7lbs. on his back. *Challenger* was out of sorts, but was highly thought of some days back.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 38s.—2d heat, 1m. 40s.—3d heat, 1m. 37s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 100 Rupees from the Fund for all galloways. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st. Heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Entrance 2 G. M.

|                 |    |    |    |                        |            |               |   |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|------------------------|------------|---------------|---|---|
| Lient. Crosse's | g. | a. | g. | <i>Pam</i> ,           | 9st. 2lbs. | Mr Mainwaring | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Dick's       | g. | a. | g. | <i>Blue-Stocking</i> , | 10st. 0lb. | Murray        | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Game's       | b. | a. | g. | <i>Mr Charley</i> ,    | 10st. 0lb. | Mr Machell    | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Samivel's    | c. | a. | g. | <i>Guardsman</i> ,     | 10st. 0lb. | Mr Mereer     | 4 | 4 |

*Guardsman* the favourite: but the little one won each time with the greatest ease to himself. A cross was claimed against the winner, but it ended in smoke.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 8s.—2d heat, 1m. 7s.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 50 Rupees from the Fund for the hacks. Heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Entrance 1 G. M. G. R. Catch weights. Any horse starting to be sold for 450 Rupees if claimed, &c.

|                |    |    |    |                   |    |               |   |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|---------------|---|---|
| Mr Gemmy's     | b. | a. | h. | <i>Cocktail</i> , | .. | Mr Mainwaring | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Barlow's    | b. | c. | b. | m.                | .. | Mr Bayley     | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Rawlins'    | b. | c. | b. | m.                | .. | Mr Magnay     | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Tree's      | g. | a. | h. | <i>Demon</i> ,    | .. | Mr Mercer     | 0 | 0 |
| Capt. Ground's | b. | c. | b. | m.                | .. | Mr Speke      | 0 | 0 |
| Mr Samivel's   | c. | a. | h. | <i>Hussar</i> ,   | .. | Mr Machell    | 0 | 0 |
| Mr Patrick's   | c. |    | p. | <i>Rob Roy</i> ,  | .. | Mr Jackson    | 0 | 0 |

*Rob Roy* the favourite—but *Cocktail* won pretty quietly. All three races won by outsiders.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 6s.—2d heat, 1m. 7s.

## SECOND DAY, Monday, February 8.

1ST RACE.—Jullunder Sky Welter of 150 Rupees for all horses. Arabs 11st. C. B. 11st. 4lb. English Cape, and N. S. Wales 11st. 10lb.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile race. G. R. Entrance 3 G. M.

|              |    |    |      |                    |                   |             |           |   |
|--------------|----|----|------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Rawlin's  | b. | a. | h.   | <i>Ganymede</i> ,  | 11st. 0lb.        | Mr Cathcart | 1         |   |
| Mr Patrick's | g. | a. | h.   | <i>Ironsides</i> , | 11st. 0lb.        | Owner       | 2         |   |
| Mr Quirk's   | c. | a. | h.   | <i>Sultan</i> ,    | 11st. 0lb.        | Mr Twycross | 3         |   |
| Mr Rapid's   | c. | n. | s.w. | g.                 | <i>Kangaroo</i> , | 11st. 7lbs. | Mr Browne | 4 |
| Mr George's  | g. | a. | h.   | <i>Deception</i> , | 11st. 0lb.        | Mr Fairlie  | 5         |   |



The continual rain having disappointed us so often in our second day's sport, we began to think that we should never get a fair day, but this morning having proved decently fine, we went to business. Notwithstanding *Ganymede's* defeat on the first day, he was, if anything, the favorite. The whole field got well under weigh, and went off at an awful pace, *Sultan* leading, the ruck well up, but in the straight running *Ganymede's* rider, who was sitting very steadily, cut in, and with a terrific rush on the post, won by half a neck. The pace at first choked the Waler, who was in anything but racing condition. Track very heavy.

Time,—1m. 40s.

2D RACE.—Little Give and Take of 100 Rupees.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. 14 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs. Entrance 2 G. M.

|              |    |    |    |                 |            |               |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|-----------------|------------|---------------|---|---|
| Mr Crosse's  | g. | a. | g. | <i>Pam</i> ,    | 8st. 9lbs. | Mr Mainwaring | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Clock's   | c. | a. | h. | <i>Rodney</i> , | 9st. 8lbs. | Mr Machell    | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Samivel's | c. | a. | g. | <i>Deputy</i> , | 9st. 7lbs. | Mr Magnay     | 3 | 3 |

Wou pretty easy—*Rodney* the favourite. The second heat was a canter until the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile in.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 41s.—2d heat, 2m.

3D RACE.—Cheroot Stakes of 50 Rupees for all horses. Catch Weights. G. R. 1 mile. Entrance 1 G. M.

|                |    |    |    |                       |    |               |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|-----------------------|----|---------------|---|
| Mr Devilskin's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Retriever</i> ,    | .. | Owner         | 1 |
| Mr Dick's      | g. | a. | g. | <i>Bluestocking</i> , | .. | Mr McDowell   | 2 |
| Mr Barlow's    | b. | c. | b. | <i>Bessy</i> ,        | .. | Mr Bayley     | 0 |
| Mr Rawlins'    | b. | c. | b. | <i>Wittles</i> ,      | .. | Mr Magnay     | 0 |
| Mr Samivel's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Guardsman</i> ,    | .. | Mr Mercer     | 0 |
| Mr Jennings'   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Cocktail</i> ,     | .. | Mr Mainwaring | 0 |

Time,—2m. 25s.

### THIRD DAY, Wednesday, February 10.

1ST RACE.—All Arab Purse of 100 Rs. 10st. each. Maidens allowed 5lb. 1 mile race. Entrance 2 G. M.

|             |    |    |       |                     |    |            |   |
|-------------|----|----|-------|---------------------|----|------------|---|
| Mr Quick's  | c. | a. | h.    | <i>Sultan</i> ,     | .. | Mr Machell | 1 |
| Mr Rawlins' | b. | a. | h.    | <i>Ganymede</i> ,   | .. | Mr Fairlie | 2 |
| Mr Crosse's | g. | a. | gall. | <i>Young Tara</i> , | .. | Mr Magnay  | 3 |

*Ganymede* the favourite, but *Sultan* won rather easily.

Time,—2m. 18s.

2ND RACE.—Pony Purse of 50 Rs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Catch weights. Entrance 1 G. M.

|              |    |    |                    |    |                   |   |     |
|--------------|----|----|--------------------|----|-------------------|---|-----|
| Mr Patrick's | c. | p. | <i>Rob Roy</i> ,   | .. | Master C. T.      | 1 | 1   |
| Mr Barlow's  | d. | m. | <i>Arrabella</i> , | .. | Infant Phenomenon | 2 | dr. |

This was quite a pigmy race, but the mare had not the shadow of chance against so fine a pony as the chesnut, who got about 2st. The heat was won in a canter in 1m. 6s. after which the mare was drawn.

**3D RACE.**—Consolation Purse of 100 Rs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Horses to be valued by their owners. 1,200 Rs. to carry 12st. and so down to 400 Rs. 4lb. being allowed for each 100. Any horse starting to be sold, &c. Entrance 2 G. M.

|                |    |        |       |                    |       |        |             |   |     |
|----------------|----|--------|-------|--------------------|-------|--------|-------------|---|-----|
| Mr Rapid's     | c. | n.s.w. | geld. | <i>Kangaroo</i> ,  | 11st. | 11lbs. | Mr Browne   | 1 | 1   |
| Mr Devilskin's | g. | a.     | h.    | <i>Retriever</i> , | 10st. | 8lbs.  | Mr Fairlie  | 2 | 2   |
| Mr Gemmy's     | b. | a.     | h.    | <i>Cocktail</i> ,  | 9st.  | 10lbs. | Mr Cathcart | 3 | 3   |
| Mr Joseph's    | g. | a.     | gall. | <i>Roostum</i> ,   | 9st.  | 10lbs. | Mr Magnay   | 1 | dr. |

*Kangaroo* and *Retriever* stood pretty equal at the ordinary, although the latter found most backers in the betting. However the Waler won pretty easily. None of the horses claimed. The track was still very heavy, which killed the small horses.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 2s.—2nd heat, 1m. 3s.

There were also one or two matches this morning, one of which was won by *Wittles* beating *Bessy* for a mile.

#### FOURTH DAY, Friday February 12.

**1ST RACE.**—Forced Handicap of 80 Rupees, for which all winners (hacks and ponies excepted) must enter. 1 mile race. Entrance 2 G. M. Optional to losers.

|                |    |    |    |                    |       |       |               |       |
|----------------|----|----|----|--------------------|-------|-------|---------------|-------|
| Mr Devilskin's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Retriever</i> , | 9st.  | 3lbs. | Owner         | 1     |
| Mr Rawlins'    | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ganymede</i> ,  | 10st. | 4lbs. | Mr Fairlie    | 2     |
| Mr Crosse's    | g. | a. | g. | <i>Pam</i> ,       | 9st.  | 3lbs. | Mr Mainwaring | 3     |
| Mr Patrick's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Ironsides</i> , | 10st. | 2lbs. | Mr Mercer     | 4     |
| Mr Quirk's     | c. | a. | h. | <i>Sultan</i> ,    | 10st. | 7lbs. | Owner         | dist. |

The horses, thus handicapped, all fetched fair prices at the ordinary, and spirited betting on all shewed that the weighting gave general satisfaction. However, *Sultan* had perhaps the call, he and *Pam* being freely backed against the field. Little *Ganymede* had also numerous friends, and one or two young men did certainly stand to bag an infinity of tin on *Retriever*—and as it turned out the outsiders were in luck, for a cross was claimed by *Pam's* jockey against *Sultan*, and although he won pretty easily, the Stewards were obliged to place him *nowhere*.

Time,—2m. 10s.

**2ND RACE.**—Handicap of 80 Rupees for Losers—(optional)  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M.

|                |    |    |    |                     |       |       |                   |   |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|---------------------|-------|-------|-------------------|---|---|
| Mr Devilskin's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Rodney</i> ,     | 10st. | 7lbs. | Mr Fairlie        | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Samivel's   | c. | a. | g. | <i>Guardman</i> ,   | 9st.  | 4lbs. | Mr Bayley         | 2 | 2 |
| Mr George's    | g. | a. | h. | <i>Deception</i> ,  | 10st. | 1lb.  | Mr Cathcart       | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Joseph's    | g. | a. | g. | <i>Roostum</i> ,    | 7st.  | 7lbs. | Infant Phenomenon | 4 | 4 |
| Mr Crosse's    | g. | a. | g. | <i>Young Tara</i> , | 9st.  | 7lbs. | Mr Mainwaring     | 5 | 5 |

*Rodney* held first place in the betting—although the handicap was generally approved of—and as it turned out, the backers were right, as Mr Fairlie took the lead in both heats and won with but little difficulty, although at each finish Mr Bayley, a most promising young performer on the saddle, made a splendid rush for the race, the other horses being well up, with the exception of *Young Tara* who is sadly wanting in condition.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 4s.—2nd heat, 1m. 2s.

The Shorts of 40 Rupees, with a post entrance of 8 Rupees,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, was won by Mr Devilskin's grey horse *Charley*, beating a field of four or five.

There was also a splendid Race between *Rob Roy* and *Queen Mab* for  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile, won by the former by half a length, and jockeyed by little Master T. As also a match between *Rob Roy* and some grey animal for  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, won in a common canter by the former, who was again steered by his indefatigable and most promising "feather weight" (3st. 12lb.) !!!

### HYDERABAD RACE MEETING,—1847.

#### FIRST DAY, Tuesday, February 2.

1st RACE.—Maiden Purse of 350 Rupees, P. P., for Arabs that have never started for Plate, Purse, Match, Cup, or Sweepstakes. Heats 2 miles. 8st. 7lb.

|                     |    |    |    |                     |            |   |   |
|---------------------|----|----|----|---------------------|------------|---|---|
| Mr St. George's     | c. | a. | h. | <i>Profligate</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. | 1 | 1 |
| Major Forfeit's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Shylock</i> ,    | 8st. 7lbs. | 2 | 0 |
| Capt. Shakespeare's | g. | a. | g. | <i>Shamrock</i> ,   | 8st. 7lbs. | 3 | 2 |

*First Heat*.—*Profligate* and *Shylock* went off at score : *Shamrock* waiting several lengths, evidently with the intention of merely saving his distance. The other two rated it well together for a mile, when it was very evident that *Profligate* had it all his own way.

*Second Heat*.—All three horses off at score : after the first half mile *Shamrock* was shaken off, when the other two rated it well to the half mile post, from whence *Profligate* took a decided lead. At the turn *Shylock* made two or three rushes, and within the distance met with a severe accident, which obliged his owner to order the unfortunate horse to be shot.

2d RACE.—Great Welter, 200 Rupees from the Fund, with 150 Rupees, P. P. for all horses. One mile and a half and a distance. Arabs, 10st. 11lbs. ; Cape and New South Wales, 12st. ; English 13st. 10lbs. Winners of any previous Welter to carry 7lbs. extra.

|                     |    |    |    |                   |             |   |
|---------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------------|---|
| Mr Wyatt's          | g. | a. | h. | <i>Pickwick</i> , | 10st. 7lbs. | 1 |
| Mr St. George names | w. | a. | h. | <i>Courage</i> ,  | 10st. 7lbs. | 2 |

Both horses started at score, and rated it well together. Both riders shewed great skill and judgment in the way they brought their horses in, *Pickwick* only winning by a nose.

3d RACE.—A Plate of Rupees 500, given by His Highness the Minister Surajool-Moolk, Bahadoor, with 200 Rupees, P. P., for all horses. Heats 2 miles. Arabs 8st. 7lbs. Winners 3lbs. extra.

|                     |        |    |    |                      |             |      |   |
|---------------------|--------|----|----|----------------------|-------------|------|---|
| Major Forfeit's     | g.     | a. | h. | <i>Chabook</i> ,     | 8st. 7lbs.  | 1    | 1 |
| Mr St. George's     | c.     | a. | h. | <i>Red Robin</i> ,   | 8st. 7lbs.  | 2    | 2 |
| Capt. Shakespeare's | dk. c. | a. | h. | <i>Desert Born</i> , | 8st. 10lbs. | 0    | 3 |
| Capt. Bates's       | b.     | a. | h. | <i>Robin Hood</i> ,  | 8st. 7lbs.  | dis. |   |

*First Heat*.—At starting, *Desert Born* was the favorite on account of former performances on this course, although by most people considered short of work, and which proved to be the case. *Chabook* and *Red Robin* off at score, running the first

half mile in 58 or 59 seconds, *Desert Born* and *Robin Hood* waiting several lengths behind. On the horses passing the stand it was remarked that *Robin Hood* was waiting too long, which proved but too true, for he was distanced. *Chabook* and *Red Robin* rated it well together to the three quarter mile post, when *Chabook* came away, and had the race in a canter from the turn.

*Second Heat*.—All three horses off at score for the first half mile, when *Desert Born* dropped, and about a few lengths afterwards *Red Robin* also: it was very apparent that *Chabook* had it all his own way; he won in a canter.

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 10s.—2d heat, 4m. 10s.

### SECOND DAY, Thursday, February 4.

1ST RACE.—Maiden Purse of 300 Rupees from the fund, with 100 Rupees, P. P. for all Arabs that have never won Plate, Purse, Match, Cup, or Sweepstakes. Heats one mile and a half, and a distance. 9st.

|                     |     |    |    |                    |      |      |     |
|---------------------|-----|----|----|--------------------|------|------|-----|
| Mr St. George's     | c.  | a. | h. | <i>Red Robin</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | 1   |
| Major Forfeit names | bk. | a. | n. | <i>Erebus</i> ,    | 9st. | 0lb. | 2   |
| Capt. Shakespeare's | b.  | c. | b. | <i>Gladiator</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | dr. |

*Red Robin* the favorite: at starting he took the lead and kept it, winning in a canter.

Time,—3m. 10s.

2D RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, 300 Rupees from the fund, with 100 Rupees, H. F., for all Arabs. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 8st 7lbs. Heats 2 miles. Winners before the Meeting 5lbs. extra.

|                     |    |    |    |                   |      |       |       |   |   |
|---------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|------|-------|-------|---|---|
| Major Forfeit's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Chabook</i> ,  | 9st. | 0lb.  | 14oz. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr St. George's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Courage</i> ,  | 8st. | 3lbs. | 8oz.  | 2 | 2 |
| Capt. Shakespeare's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Shamrock</i> , | 8st. | 0lb.  | 0oz.  | 3 | 3 |

*Chabook* and *Courage* off at score, running the first half mile in 57s. *Shamrock* waiting. Considering the heavy weight on *Chabook*, and that *Courage* was an untrained horse, the first half mile was run in first rate time. At the hill *Chabook* came away, and won in a canter, which was no more than might have been expected running against an untrained horse.

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 20s.—1st half mile 57s.

„ 2d „ 4m. 20s.—„ „ „ 56s.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes. Half a mile heats. 10 Gold Mohurs, P. P., for all horses.

|                     |    |    |    |                 |       |      |   |   |
|---------------------|----|----|----|-----------------|-------|------|---|---|
| Mr. St. George's    | g. | a. | h. | <i>Adrian</i> , | 10st. | 0lb. | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. Shakespeare's | w. | a. | h. | <i>Attila</i> , | 10st. | 0lb. | 2 | 2 |
| Captain Bates's     | c. | a. | h. | <i>Mohawk</i> , | 10st. | 0lb. | 3 | 3 |

Rather good time for untrained horses. Won easy.

Time,—1st heat, 56s.—2d heat, 55s.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, February 6.

1ST RACE.—The Resident's Plate, value 500 Rupees, P. P. 8st. 7lbs. for all Arabs. Heats 2 miles. Winners before the Meeting to carry 5lbs. extra.

|                         |          |                     |            |       |
|-------------------------|----------|---------------------|------------|-------|
| Mr. St. George's        | c. a. h. | <i>Red Robin</i> ,  | 8st. 7lbs. | 1 1   |
| Capt. Shakespeare names | b. a. h. | <i>Calcot</i> ,     | 8st. 7lbs. | 2 2   |
| Major Forfeit's         | g. a. h. | <i>Chabook</i> ,    | 8st. 7lbs. | 3 dr. |
| Captain Bates's         | b. a. h. | <i>Robin Hood</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. | 4 3   |

*Chabook* the favorite at starting at any odds, but no takers. The slow pace for the first half mile soon convinced many that there was a screw loose somewhere, and this turned out to be the case; *Chabook* being beaten in a second worse time than he won the Minister's Plate in, on the first day, in a canter. *Red Robin* ran honestly, and was well and steadily ridden throughout, winning both heats. *Chabook* was drawn for the 2d heat, shewing that he was out of sorts.

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 11s.—2d heat, 4m. 12s.

2ND RACE.—Galloway Plate, 200 Rupees from the fund, with 100 Rupees, P. P., for Arabs 14 hands and under. Heats, one and a half mile and a distance. 8st. 4lbs. Winners before the Meeting to carry 5lbs. extra.

|                     |           |                    |            |       |
|---------------------|-----------|--------------------|------------|-------|
| Mr St. George's     | bk. a. g. | <i>The Slave</i> , | 8st. 4lbs. | 1 1   |
| Capt. Shakespeare's | g. a. g.  | <i>Shamrock</i> ,  | 8st. 4lbs. | 2 dr. |

3D RACE.—A Match for 50 Gold Mohurs. P. P. One and a half mile, and a distance.

|                     |          |                   |             |      |
|---------------------|----------|-------------------|-------------|------|
| Mr St. George names | g. a. h. | <i>Courage</i> ,  | 10st. 7lbs. | .. 1 |
| Mr Wyatt's          | g. a. h. | <i>Pickwick</i> , | 10st. 7lbs. | .. 2 |

*Pickwick* having beaten *Courage* for the Welter, was the favorite at starting. *Courage* made severe running, and was never headed, and won by a couple of lengths.

Time,—3m. 31s.

#### FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, February 9.

1ST RACE.—The Union Plate of 400 Rupees from the fund, with 150 Rupees, P. P., for all horses. Arabs 8st. 4lbs. 2 miles and a half.

|                         |          |                    |            |      |
|-------------------------|----------|--------------------|------------|------|
| Mr St. George's         | b. a. h. | <i>Red Robin</i> , | 8st. 4lbs. | .. 1 |
| Major Forfeit's         | g. a. h. | <i>Chabook</i> ,   | 8st. 4lbs. | .. 2 |
| Capt. Shakespeare names | b. a. h. | <i>Calcot</i> ,    | 8st. 4lbs. | .. 3 |

Although *Red Robin* was the favorite from his having beaten *Chabook* for the Resident's Plate, yet the supporters of the latter felt confidence in the pluck of the little horse, and backed him freely. The horses came well past the stand, *Chabook* pulling hard, the others apparently doing their best. At the turn *Calcot* dropped, the two others rated down the hill, *Chabook* leading at the two mile post, but at the turn he dropped, and at the distance was pulled up by order of the owner.

Time,—5m. 15s.

2D RACE.—The Little Welter, 200 Rupees from the fund, with 100 Rupees. H. F. for all horses. One mile and three quarters. Arabs 10st., Cape and New South Wales 11st., English 12st. 7lbs. Gentlemen riders.

|                         |          |                   |            |          |
|-------------------------|----------|-------------------|------------|----------|
| Mr St. George names     | w. a. h. | <i>Courage</i> ,  | 10st. 0lb. | .. 1     |
| Capt. Shakespeare names | g. a. h. | <i>Adrian</i> ,   | 10st. 0lb. | .. 2     |
| Capt. Mercer's          | g. a. h. | <i>Pickwick</i> , | 10st. 0lb. | .. dist. |

*Courage* was the favorite, he went away a good bat with *Pickwick* waiting about two lengths in the rear. *Adrian* some distance behind him. At the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile post, *Pickwick* bolted, and he and his rider were found deposited in a nullah. *Adrian* made his ground up in the last half mile, but was beaten by three lengths.

Time,—3m. 49s.

#### FIFTH DAY, Thursday, February 11.

1ST RACE.—The Moul Ali Stakes of 350 Rupees from the fund, with 150 Rupees, H. F. for all Arabs, 9st. Heats, 2 miles. To close on the 11th January, and name the day before the race. Horses that have never won before starting allowed 4lbs.

|                         |                              |             |              |   |   |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|-------------|--------------|---|---|
| Capt. Shakespeare names | b. a. h. <i>Calcot</i> ,     | 8st. 10lbs. | Capt. Garrow | 1 | 1 |
| Mr St. George's         | c. a. h. <i>Profligate</i> , | 9st. 0lb.   | ...          | 2 | 2 |

*Profligate* led for the 1st  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, when *Calcot* came up to him the two ran together to the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile post, where the latter came away, and won easy by four lengths. The second heat was run pretty nearly in the same way.

Time,—1st heat, 4m. 31s.—2d heat, 4m. 30s.

2D RACE.—The Tally Ho Stakes of 150 Rupees from the fund, with 75 Rupees. P. P. Heats one mile and a half. For all horses, 10st. To close and name the day before the race. The winner to be sold for 700 Rupees, if claimed within half an hour after the Race. Gentlemen Riders.

|                         |                           |            |              |   |   |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|------------|--------------|---|---|
| Capt. Shakespeare names | g. a. h. <i>Adrian</i> ,  | 10st. 0lb. | Capt. Garrow | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. Bates names       | g. a. h. <i>Mowhawk</i> , | 10st. 0lb. | ..           | 2 | 2 |

*Adrian* went off at score at a good bat, kept the lead, and won both heats easy.

Time,—1st heat, 1 mile, 2m. 15s.—1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 3m. 36s.—2d heat, 1 mile, 2m. 26s., —1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 3m. 40s.

3D RACE.—A Match for 100 Rupees,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

|                     |                            |             |              |   |
|---------------------|----------------------------|-------------|--------------|---|
| Capt. Shakespeare's | g. a. h. <i>Shamrock</i> , | 8st. 4lbs.  | Capt. Garrow | 1 |
| Capt. Bates's       | w. a. h. <i>Wowski</i> ,   | 8st. 11lbs. | .. ..        | 2 |

*Shamrock* took the lead and won easy.

Time,—not taken.

#### SIXTH DAY, Saturday, February 13.

1ST RACE.—A Handicap Plate of Rupees 500 given by His Highness the Minister Sooraj-ool Moolk Bahadoor, to which all winning horses must contribute. Optional with the winner of the "Tally Ho" stakes. Open to all horses, that have started during the meeting. Heats one mile and three quarters, winners once, 100 Rupees; oftener 200 Rupees; losing horses 50 Rupees. To be handicapped by Gentlemen selected by owners.

|                     |                             |    |            |   |   |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|----|------------|---|---|
| Major Forfeit's     | g. a. h. <i>Chahook</i> ,   | .. | 8st. 7lb.  | 1 | 1 |
| Mr St. George's     | c. a. h. <i>Red Robin</i> , | .. | 8st. 12lb. |   |   |
| Capt. Shakespeare's | g. a. h. <i>Adrian</i> ,    | .. | 8st. 0lb.  |   |   |
| Mr Blgrave's        | b. a. h. <i>Calcot</i> ,    | .. | 8st. 4lb.  |   |   |

**First Heat.**—*Red Robin* the favorite in the lotteries and at starting, *Chabook* being considered amiss. He was however backed confidently by his own party. *Adrian*, *Chabook*, and *Red Robin* passed the Stand well together when Metcalfe was seen to pull his horse, and lay about a length behind. At the turn the two leading horses laid a little wide, which Metcalfe had evidently anticipated, as he slipped his horse in like lightning and took the inside. *Red Robin* rated it with him down the hill, but at the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile post, Metcalfe came away with a decided lead, which he maintained to the end with great ease. *Adrian* and *Calcot* many lengths in the rear.

**Second Heat.**—*Chabook* went off at a rattling pace, and at the top of the hill in the first half mile had completely told out his horses, winning just as he pleased.

**2D RACE.**—Beaten Handicap 250 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees, P. P. for the beaten horses of the Meeting. To be handicapped by Gentlemen selected by owners.—Heats, one mile and a half.

|                       |     |    |    |                 |                      |        |
|-----------------------|-----|----|----|-----------------|----------------------|--------|
| Major Forfeit names,  | bk. | a. | h. | <i>Erebus</i> , | 8st.                 | 1      |
| Captain Shakespeare's | dk. | c. | a. | h.              | <i>Desert Born</i> , | 8st. 2 |

*Desert Born* came out again with the odds well in his favor. Major Forfeit's native jockey treated us to the novelty of starting from the halt. The two horses kept together to the last quarter mile, when *Erebus* came away about three lengths. The old horse made an honest effort to regain his place, but unsuccessfully, the black winning easily.

**3D RACE.**—The Merchants' Plate of 100 Rupees, with a subscription of 20 Rs. each, P. P., for all untrained horses, *bond fide* the property of Officers, Subscribers to the Races. Heats,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. Gentlemen riders, 10st.

|                                                        |    |    |    |                |       |   |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|----------------|-------|---|---|
| Mr Grant's                                             | w. | a. | h. | <i>B. B.</i> , | 10st. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Cannon's                                            | c. | a. | h. | <i>Priam</i> , | 10st. | 2 | 2 |
| <i>B. B.</i> took the lead, and kept it, winning easy. |    |    |    |                |       |   |   |

**4TH RACE.**—A Camel Race. Once round the Course. The winner to receive a Gold Mohur. Catch weights.

Four Camels started and afforded a deal of amusement. One of them went a tremendous pace, doing the last half mile in 1-58.

**5TH RACE.**—A Hurdle Race of 100 Rupees from the Fund. Entrance 20 Rupees each, P. P., for all horses. Once round the Course, 11st. with 6 hurdles 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet high.

|                     |     |    |    |                          |       |   |
|---------------------|-----|----|----|--------------------------|-------|---|
| Mr McLeod's         | w.  | a. | h. | <i>Bostrokiezon</i> ,    | 11st. | 1 |
| Mr Holland's        | bk. | a. | h. | <i>Spanker</i> ,         | 11st. | 2 |
| Mr Campbell's       | g.  | a. | g. | <i>Glenfast</i> ,        | 11st. | 0 |
| Mr St. George names | b.  | h. |    | <i>The Colt</i> ,        | 11st. | 0 |
| Mr Wyatt's          |     |    |    | <i>Rough and Ready</i> , | 11st. | 0 |

All horses well over the first two leaps, *Bostrokiezon* leading. At the third *Spanker* and his rider disagreed as to their route, and while they were mooting the question *Glenfast* increased the confusion by throwing a complete somerset. His rider remounted in an instant, and rapidly picked up his horses. All got clear over the fourth leap, *Bostrokiezon* retaining his lead, not however without severe punishment. *Glenfast* at the fifth leap again fell, and his rider as he got up, was instantly knocked down again by *Rough and Ready*. *Spanker* here made a violent, but unsuccessful effort to take the lead, to the sad dismay of his very confident backers. *Bostrokiezon* clearing the last hurdle a good length in front.

## MEERUT RACES,—1847.

## FIRST DAY, Thursday, February 4.

1ST RACE.—The Meerut St. Leger, a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each, for all maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lb., 1½ miles. To close and name on the 15th October, 1846, &c., &c.

|               |    |    |    |                                                |    |    |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|------------------------------------------------|----|----|---|
| Capt. Percy's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Revoke</i> ,*                               | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Francis'   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Protégé</i> , late <i>King of Castile</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |

Won easy.

Time,—3m. 28s.

2D RACE.—A Silver Tankard for Officers' chargers of H. M.'s 9th Queen's Royal Lancers. The second horse to receive a Silver Cheroot Case. 1 mile heats. Officers of the regiment to ride. Arabs 11st. Cape, C. B., and N. S. W. 11st. 7lbs., &c., English horses 13st. 4lbs.

|              |    |    |    |                  |    |    |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|---|---|
| Mr Clifton's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Escape</i> ,  | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Trower's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Gas</i> ,     | .. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Francis'  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Phantom</i> , | .. | .. | 3 | 3 |

A very good Race.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 10½s.—2d heat, 2m. 11s.

3D RACE.—The Meerut Plate of 40 G. M. for maiden Arabs. Entrance 15 G. M., 5 G. M. forfeit. 2 miles 8st. 7lbs.

|               |    |    |    |                                                |    |    |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|------------------------------------------------|----|----|---|
| Capt. Percy's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Revoke</i> ,                                | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Francis'   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Protégé</i> , late <i>King of Castile</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |
| Mr Lloyd's    | c. | a. | h. | <i>Ibex</i> ,                                  | .. | .. | 3 |

Time,—4m. 10s.

4TH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 15 G. M. added for all horses Half mile. Gentlemen riders. Arabs 10st. 7lbs., C. B. 11st., Cape and N. S. Wales, 11st. 7lbs. English horses 12st. 9lb. To close 10th November 1846.

*Phantom* walked over.

5TH RACE.—Hajji Ibrahim's Purse on its terms for all Arabs purchased from him, between 15th June and 15th September, 1846. To close and name 1st Nov., 1846. R. C.

*Phantom* walked over.

## SECOND DAY, Saturday, February 6.

1ST RACE.—The Adelaide Cup for all horses, 2 miles. Entrance 15 G. M. each, 10 G. M. forfeit. Arabs 9st. Cape and N. S. Wales 10st. English horses

\* By the decision of the Stewards, after reference to Calcutta, *Revoke* is considered no maiden and consequently distanced for the two maiden races—First Day—and *Protégé* receives the stakes, &c., &c.



11st. 7lbs. To close and name 1st November. Horses that have never started for plate, purse, match or sweepstakes allowed 5lbs., and Horses that have never won plate, purse, match or sweepstakes allowed 7lbs. extra. Three horses, *bonâ fide* the property of different owners, to start, or should the Regiment not be at Meerut on the day of the race the Cup to be withheld.

|               |    |    |    |                   |            |    |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|-------------------|------------|----|---|
| Mr Francis'   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Holdfast</i> , | 9st. 0lb.  | .. | 1 |
| Capt. Percy's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Revoke</i> ,   | 9st. 0lb.  | .. | 2 |
| Mr Lloyd's    | c. | a. | h. | <i>Ibex</i> ,     | 8st. 7lbs. | .. | 3 |

A beautiful race, though apparently an easy one.

Time,—4m. 9s.

2D RACE.—The Hack Stakes of Rupees 100. Entrance 3 G. M. Gentlemen riders.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. 11st. 7lbs. each. Fund horse to save his stake. The winner to be sold for Rupees 600.

|                  |    |    |    |                      |              |    |   |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|--------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Abercrombie's | b. | a. | h. | <i>The Admiral</i> , | P. Christie, | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Francis'      | g. | a. | h. | <i>Gas</i> ,         | Francis,     | .. | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Currie's      | b. | a. | h. | <i>Sparkler</i> ,    | Owner,       | .. | 3 | 2 |

*Gas* bolted and *Admiral* trotted in.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 34s.—2d heat, no time taken.

3D RACE.—Pony Stakes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Catch weights.

|                |                         |     |    |   |
|----------------|-------------------------|-----|----|---|
| Mr Francis'    | <i>Peter Priggins</i> , | ..  | .. | 1 |
| Capt. Little's | <i>Backgammon</i> ,     | ..  | .. | 2 |
| Mr Angelo's    | —————,                  | ... | .. | 3 |

*Backgammon*, was coming in an easy winner, but bolted just before he came to the winning post.

Time,—31s.

### THIRD DAY, Tuesday, February 9.

1ST RACE.—All Arab Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each. 2 miles 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close and name 15th September, 10 G. M. forfeit 15th October, 15 G. M. forfeit 15th November, and half forfeit the day before the race.

|               |    |    |    |                           |
|---------------|----|----|----|---------------------------|
| Capt. Percy's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Revenge</i> .          |
| Mr Francis'   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Spider</i> , ft.       |
| Mr Francis'   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Swordsman</i> , ft.    |
| Capt. Percy's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Rebuke</i> , ft.       |
| Capt. Percy's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Remembrancer</i> , ft. |
| Capt. Percy's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Revoke</i> , ft.       |

2D RACE.—The Meerut Great Welter of 40 G. M. Entrance 10 G. M. for all horses. G. R. R. C. Arabs 11st., Country-breds 11st. 7lb., Cape and N. S.

Wales 12st. English Horses 13st. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Winner of the Adelaide Cup to carry 7lbs. extra. To close 1st November and name 1st December.\*


|               |    |    |       |                   |
|---------------|----|----|-------|-------------------|
| Mr Francis'   | g. | a. | h.    | <i>Holdfast.</i>  |
| Mr Francis'   | g. | a. | h.    | <i>Protégé.</i>   |
| Mr Houchen's  | b. | n. | s. w. | <i>Musa.</i>      |
| Capt. Percy's | b. | a. | h.    | <i>Revoke.</i>    |
| Capt. Percy's | g. | a. | h.    | <i>Revenge.</i>   |
| Capt. Percy's | c. | a. | h.    | <i>Lall Sing.</i> |
| Mr Lloyd's    | c. |    | h.    | <i>Ilex.</i>      |

3D RACE.—Charger Stakes—Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each with 10 G. M. added for all *bond fide* chargers of Officers of the Meerut division which have been ridden on parade. G. R. 11st. 7lbs.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. The last horse to pay the 2d Entrance.

|                     |    |                       |                     |                    |       |     |   |
|---------------------|----|-----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|-------|-----|---|
| Mr Olphert's        | .. | <i>Faug-a-Ballah,</i> | ..                  | Capt. C. G. Becher | 1     | 1   |   |
| Mr Richard's        | .. | <i>Lancer,</i>        | ..                  | Owner              | 2     | 2   |   |
| Mr Abercrombie's b. | h. | <i>The Admiral,</i>   | ..                  | Mr P. Christie     | 3     | 3   |   |
| Mr King's           | h. | <i>Enchanter,</i>     | ..                  | Mr French          | 8     | 4   |   |
| Mr Clifton's        | h. | <i>Barabbas,</i>      | ..                  | Owner              | 4     | 5   |   |
| Mr Turnbull's       |    | <i>Rufus,</i>         | ..                  | Mr Crossman        | 5     | 6   |   |
| Mr McBarnett's      |    | <i>Selum,</i>         | ..                  | Owner              | 7     | 7   |   |
| Mr Stokes'          | b. | h.                    | <i>Sir William,</i> | ..                 | Owner | 6   | 8 |
| Mr Robbins'         | .. | <i>Cicero,</i>        | ..                  |                    |       | dr. |   |
| Mr Trower's         | .. | <i>Gas,</i>           | ..                  |                    |       |     |   |

This was a fine race. *Faug-a-Ballah* had it easy both heats, *Lancer* and the *Admiral* did their work well, and in the first heat *Lancer* came in 2d by a neck only; *Lancer* and *Enchanter* were the favourites, but the Irishman was determined, he should not let them have it all their own way and in the last heat came in hard held; there was no taking the places of the last horses, they all came in almost together except *Sir William* in the last heat, he could not get off at the start, and in such a short race, it was impossible for him to get anything of a place.

Time,—1st heat, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—2d heat, 26s.

 No further report of the Meerut Meeting has been published.—A. E.

## BERHAMPORE RACES,—1847.

### FIRST DAY, Thursday, February 4.

1ST RACE.—15 G. M. from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. for maiden Arabs, heats 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles. 10st. To close 15th January and to name the day before the meeting.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |    |       |   |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|-------|---|---|
| Mr Watson's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ram Sing,</i>  | .. | Owner | 1 | 1 |
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Alchymist,</i> |    |       | 2 | 2 |

*Ram* was the favorite at long odds in the lottery. *Alchymist* went away with a tremendous lead—*Ram* collared him at the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile out and won as he pleased. The

\* This race was disputed, the Stewards objecting to let Capt. Percy's horse *Revenge* run. *Holdfast* walked over

2d heat much the same. *Alchymist* not having the most remote chance in any part of the race.

1st heat,—50s., 1m. 59s., 2m. 58s.—2d heat,—57s., 1m. 59s., 2m. 56s.

\* 2D RACE.—Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M. for all horses. English 12st. C. and N. S. W. 10st. 12lbs. C. B. and A. 10st. R. C. and distance.

To close the day before the meeting.

The Confederates' b. a. h. *Referee*.

Mr Penton declared forfeit.

3D RACE.—8 G. M. from the Fund with 3 G. M. Entrance for all horses 10st. 7lbs., mile heats. Winner to be sold for 500 Rs.

|             |                |                                |    |       |             |
|-------------|----------------|--------------------------------|----|-------|-------------|
| Shylock's   | b. n. s. w. b. | <i>Fusilier</i> ,              | .. | 1 2 3 | walked over |
| Mr Copse's  | g. c. b. m.    | <i>Formosa</i> ,               | .. | 2 1 0 | distanced   |
| Mr Hasty's  | b. a. h.       | <i>Highflier</i> ,             | .. | 3 3 1 | drawn       |
| J. Hoggin's | b. a. h.       | <i>Lord of the Isles</i> ,     |    | 4 0 0 | drawn       |
| Mr Adam's   | g. c. b. m.    | <i>Mary, late Derry Lass</i> , | .. |       | forfeit     |

*Formosa* coming in first in the 3d heat, short of weight, was distanced.

4TH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all Arabs R. C. 10st. 7lbs. To close 15th Jan. and name the day before the meeting.

The Confederates' b. a. h. *Referee*.

Mr Penton declared forfeit.

#### SECOND DAY, Saturday, February 6.

1ST RACE.—Purse of 10 G. M. 5 G. M. entrance for all maiden Arabs. Heats 1 mile, 10st. 7lbs. To close 15th January and name the day before the meeting.

|                   |          |                   |    |    |     |
|-------------------|----------|-------------------|----|----|-----|
| The Confederates' | g. a. h. | <i>Marengo</i> ,  | .. | .. | 1   |
| Mr Watson's       | b. a. h. | <i>Ram Sing</i> , | .. | .. | ft. |

2D RACE.—Renewal of the Berhampore Welter 10 G. M. from the Fund. 5 G. M. entrance for all horses (English excepted,) C. and N. S. W. 11st. 12lbs. C. B. and Arabs 11st. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

The Confederates' b. a. h. *Alchymist*.

Mr Penton Forfeit.

3D RACE.—Galloway Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund, 5 G. M. entrance; Heats 1½ miles. 14 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs.

|                   |          |                      |           |           |     |
|-------------------|----------|----------------------|-----------|-----------|-----|
| Mr Watson's       | g. a. g. | <i>The Glutton</i> , | 9st. 0lb. | The Owner | 1 1 |
| The Confederates' | g. a. a. | <i>Refugee</i> ,     | 9st. 0lb. | ..        | 2 2 |

*First Heat*.—*Refugee* off with a good lead. The *Glutton* came up at the ¾ mile in, rating it the whole way and winning by half a length. A beautiful race.

*Second Heat*.—*Refugee* off again at score doing the half mile in 56s. The *Glutton* caught him at the mile and came in. The Match (which was the first race of the day) told against the loser.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 59s.—2d heat, 3m. 4s.

4TH RACE.—His Highness the Nawaub Nazim's Purse of 500 Rs. Entrance 5 G. M. for all horses, English 12st., C. and N. S. W. 10st. 12lb. C. B. and Arabs 10st. R. C. and a distance. To close the day before the meeting.

|                   |          |                    |    |           |   |
|-------------------|----------|--------------------|----|-----------|---|
| The Confederates' | b. a. h. | <i>Referee</i> ,   | .. | Mr Gordon | 1 |
| Mr Watson's       | b. a. h. | <i>Ran Sing</i> ,  | .. | ..        | 2 |
| Shylock's         | b. a. h. | <i>Tom Boy</i> ,   | .. | ..        | 0 |
| Mr Hasty's        | c. a. h. | <i>Sovereign</i> , | .. | ..        | 0 |

Mr Penton forfeit.

*Referee* off at score—prominently leading off the Stand—*Ran* lying to him. The lead was kept throughout—*Ran* making a fruitless effort to go up at the distance—*Referee* winning easily, *Sovereign* and *Tom Boy* racing a distance behind made a dead heat of it.

Time,—3m. 43s.

5TH RACE.—The Pony Purse of 5 G. M. from the Fund ; 2 G. M. entrance,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile catch weight.

|                 |       |                      |    |           |   |
|-----------------|-------|----------------------|----|-----------|---|
| Miss Thompson's | c. p. | <i>Golden Rein</i> , | .. | Mr Gordon | 1 |
| Mr Mathew's     | g. p. | <i>Walter</i> ,      | .. | ..        | 2 |

A hollow race, *Golden Rein* coming in as he pleased.

Match 20 G. M. one mile.... 8st. 7lbs.

|                   |          |                         |    |        |   |
|-------------------|----------|-------------------------|----|--------|---|
| Mr Watson's       | b. a. h. | <i>Sir James. late</i>  |    |        |   |
|                   |          | <i>Young Oranmore</i> , | .. | Smirke | 1 |
| The Confederates' | w. a. h. | <i>Refuger</i> ,        | .. | ..     | 2 |

Match 10 G. M., 10st. 7lbs.

|            |             |                  |    |           |   |
|------------|-------------|------------------|----|-----------|---|
| Mr Copse's | g. c. b. m. | <i>Formosa</i> , | .. | Mr Gordon | 1 |
| Mr Adam's  | g. c. b. m. | <i>Mary</i> ,    | .. | ..        | 2 |

Match 15 G. M., 9st.

|            |             |                  |    |        |   |
|------------|-------------|------------------|----|--------|---|
| Mr Adam's  | g. c. b. m. | <i>Mary</i>      | .. | Mr Tom | 1 |
| Mr Hasty's | b. a. h.    | <i>Highflier</i> | .. | ..     | 2 |

### THIRD DAY, Monday, February 8.

1ST RACE.—Drawing Room Stakes—15 G. M. from the Fund. 10 G. M. entrance for all Arabs, R. C. and a distance 10st. 7lbs. To close 15th January and name the day before the Meeting.

|                   |          |                      |    |           |   |
|-------------------|----------|----------------------|----|-----------|---|
| The Confederates' | b. a. h. | <i>Referee</i> ,     | .. | Lt. Smith | 1 |
| Mr Watson's       | g. a. g. | <i>The Glutton</i> , | .. | ..        | 2 |

*Referee* ran away from the game and little galloway won as he pleased.

2D RACE.—5 G. M. from the Fund. 2 G. M. entrance for all horses, R. C. Catch weights above 10st. The winner to be sold for 500 Rs.

|            |                |                    |    |    |   |
|------------|----------------|--------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Copse's | g. c. b. m.    | <i>Formosa</i> ,   | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Adam's  | g. c. b. m.    | <i>Mary</i> ,      | .. | .. | 2 |
| Shylock's  | b. n. s. w. h. | <i>Fusilier</i> ,  | .. | .. | 3 |
| Mr Hasty's | c. a. h.       | <i>Sovereign</i> , | .. | .. | 4 |

*Sovereign* off with the lead, *Mary* close at hand, with *Formosa* a length behind, remained behind at the post and was got off with difficulty. *Formosa* collared the leading horse at the mile and led the whole way winning by two lengths.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all Arabs—weight for age. R. C. to close 15th January and name the day before the Meeting.

|                   |    |    |    |                  |  |  |  |
|-------------------|----|----|----|------------------|--|--|--|
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee</i> , |  |  |  |
| Mr Penton         | .. |    |    | Forfeit.         |  |  |  |

4TH RACE.—Free Handicap for all horses, 10 G. M. from the Fund—5 G. M. entrance for all horses. R. C. to be handicapped by the Stewards. Horses not standing the handicap to be H. F.

|                   |    |    |    |                    |       |       |         |        |
|-------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|-------|-------|---------|--------|
| Mr Watson's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ram Sing</i> ,  | 10st. | 0lb.  | Owner.. | 1      |
| The Confederates' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Marengo</i> ,   | 9st.  | 3lbs. | ..      | 2      |
| ..                | b. | a. | h. | <i>Alchymist</i> , | 9st.  | 1lb.  |         | bolted |

*Alchymist* led to the first turn at a great rate where he unfortunately bolted—*Ram Sing* went away at a tremendous pace and was never headed; the grey running sulkily two lengths behind the whole way, and *Alchymist* again bolting at the last corner.

Time,—3m. 30s.

Tuesday, February 9.

This being a bye day, some of the surplus money from the fund was run for, in the following manner:—

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 8 G. M., from the Fund, 2 G. M. entrance for all untrained horses,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. 10st.

|            |    |    |    |    |                    |                   |    |    |       |     |
|------------|----|----|----|----|--------------------|-------------------|----|----|-------|-----|
| Mr Copse's | g. | c. | b. | m. | <i>Formosa</i> ,   | ..                | .. | 2  | 1     | 1   |
| Mr Hasty's | c. | a. | h. |    | <i>Sovereign</i> , | ..                | .. | 4  | 3     | 2   |
| Shylock's  | b. | n. | s. | w. | h.                 | <i>Fusilier</i> , | .. | .. | 3     | dr. |
| Mr Adam's  | c. | b. | m. |    | <i>Mary</i> ,      | ..                | .. | 1  | dist. |     |

*First Heat*.—*Sovereign* went away with a good lead with *Mary* waiting; *Formosa* having a bad start and *Fusilier* not starting at all. At the Church yard corner *Mary* passed *Sovereign* and won a rather pretty race by half a length in advance of *Formosa*.

*2d Heat*.—The start was effected in much the same manner. Half way up the distance *Formosa* collared *Mary* and won a desperate race by a head only. *Mary's* rider coming to scale 3lb. short of weight was declared distanced.

*3d Heat*.—A dead thing although *Formosa's* rider tried to make a race of it.

Time,—1m. 29s.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund, 5 G. M. entrance, 9st. 7lbs. Horses that have not won during the meeting allowed 5lb. One mile and quarter.

|                   |    |    |    |                    |    |    |     |
|-------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|----|----|-----|
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee</i> ,   | .. | .. | 1   |
| Mr Watson's       | .. |    |    | <i>Sir James</i> , | .. | .. | dr. |

3D RACE.—The Cheroot Stakes of 7 G. M. from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance. R. C. catch weights above 9st. 7lbs. Cheroots to be brought in lighted to the scale.

|            |    |    |    |    |    |                   |    |          |       |
|------------|----|----|----|----|----|-------------------|----|----------|-------|
| Shylock's  | b. | n. | s. | w. | g. | <i>Fusilier</i> , | .. | Mr Copse | 1     |
| Mr Adam's  | g. | c. | b. | m. |    | <i>Mermaid</i> ,  | .. | ..       | dist. |
| Mr Copse's | g. | c. | b. | m. |    | <i>Formosa</i> ,  | .. | ..       | dr.   |

*Mermaid* took the lead, but bolted a little past the corner, so *Fusilier* galloped in by himself.

Match 30 G. M. 10st R. C.

|                   |    |    |    |                      |    |    |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|----|----|---|
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Alchymist</i> ,   | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Watson's       | g. | a. | g. | <i>The Glutton</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |

*The Glutton* took the lead—*Alchymist* holding hard at his favourite bolting corner—caught his horse at the half mile out—ran with him to the Church yard "corner in" and left him without a struggle.

Time,—3m. 43s.

#### FOURTH DAY, Wednesday, February 10.

1ST RACE.—Forced Handicap for all winners, ponies and untrained excepted—10 G. M. from the Fund, 3 G. M. entrance. R. C. and a distance.

|                   |    |    |    |                    |       |        |           |        |
|-------------------|----|----|----|--------------------|-------|--------|-----------|--------|
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Alchymist</i> , | 9st.  | 3lbs.  | Mr Gordon | 1      |
| Mr Watson's       | g. | a. | h. | <i>Glutton</i> ,   | 8st.  | 8lbs.  | ..        | 2      |
| The Confederates' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Marengo</i> ,   | 8st.  | 10lbs. | ..        | bolted |
| „                 | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee</i> ,   | 10st. | 0lb.   | ..        | dr.    |
| Mr Watson's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>Kam Sing</i> ,  | 9st.  | 7lbs.  | ..        | dr.    |

*Alchymist* off the lead—*Glutton* with a bad start several lengths behind, *Alchymist* kept up the running and won easily—*Marengo* remained a long time at the post and bolted at the first corner out.

Time,—4m. 7½s.

2D RACE.—Beaten Handicap 15 G. M. from the Fund, 5 G. M. entrance. Heats 1 and ½ miles.

|                   |        |    |               |                    |       |        |   |   |
|-------------------|--------|----|---------------|--------------------|-------|--------|---|---|
| Mr Adam's         | g.c.b. | m. | <i>Mary</i> , | 8st.               | 9lbs. | Mr Tom | 1 | 1 |
| The Confederates' | g.     | a. | h.            | <i>Refugee</i> ,   | 9st.  | 0lb.   | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Watson's       | b.     | a. | h.            | <i>Sir James</i> , | 9st.  | 3lbs.  | 2 | 3 |

*First Heat*.—*Mary* off with a good start and took the lead at a great pace. *Sir James* went up to her at the ¾ mile home and rated it in, losing by half a length.

*Second Heat*.—A bad start, *Mary* 50 yards in advance—*Refugee* collared her at the ¼ mile out and carried her along to the ½ mile in at a great pace—*Mary* then gradually appeared in front and won easily, the heavy weight telling against the small galloaway.

Time,—1st heat, 3m. 4s.—2d heat, 3m. 7½s.

3D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. for all Arabs H. F., heats 1 mile and a half, 9st. to close 15th January and name the day before the race.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |    |           |   |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|-----------|---|---|
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee</i> ,  | .. | Mr Gordon | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Watson's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>Kam Sing</i> , | .. | ..        | 2 | 2 |

*Referee* was never headed in either heat and won easily.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 59s.—2d heat, 2m. 59½s.

#### FIFTH DAY, Friday, February 12.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 30 G. M., for all Arabs, 2½ miles, 10st. 7lbs.

|                   |    |    |    |                      |    |              |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|----|--------------|---|
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee</i> ,     | .. | Lieut. Smith | 1 |
| Mr Watson's       | g. | a. | g. | <i>The Glutton</i> , | .. | ..           | 2 |

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*Referee* remained alongside *The Glutton* to the 1 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post, then went ahead and came in at an easy pace.

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Saturday, February 13.

Match 30 G. M. R. C.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |             |        |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------------|--------|---|
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Referee</i> ,  | 9st. 10lbs. | Gordon | 1 |
| Mr Watson's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>Kam Sing</i> , | 9st. 2lbs.  | Smirke | 2 |

Both well off; *Kam* with a slight lead. At the first corner out *Referee* appeared a little in front, *Kam* went up again and they ran well together to the 2 mile post, when *Kam* appeared to have had enough of this very fast pace, for *Referee* won from half the distance in, his rider having a strong pull on him, in the best timing yet done on this Course.

Time,—3m. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

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### SAUGOR RACES,—1847.

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FIRST DAY, Tuesday, February 9.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 270 Rupees from the Fund, with 100 Rupees entrance. P. P. for all maiden Arabs 9st. 7lbs. each, horses that have never started for purse, plate, match or sweepstakes allowed 7lbs. Heats 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, closed 1st January, 1847.

|                   |    |    |    |                        |            |              |     |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|------------------------|------------|--------------|-----|---|
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Repeater</i> ,      | 9st. 3lbs. | Lieut. Flint | 1   | 1 |
| Capt. Cozey's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Moolten</i> ,       | 9st. 0lb.  | Native       | 2   | 2 |
| Mr Morgan's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>CottonSpinner</i> , | 0st. 0lb.  | ..           | dr. |   |

*First Heat*.—At the word off both horses went away at a good pace keeping well together for the 1st mile. Here *Repeater* shewed to the front, was never afterwards headed, eventually winning by about 3 lengths.

*Second Heat*.—Was run in much the same way.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 29s.—2d heat, 2m. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

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2D RACE.—Welter Stakes of 12 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 50 each P. P., for all Arabs, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 10st. Maidens allowed 10lbs. closed 1st February, 1847.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |            |              |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|------------|--------------|---|
| The Confederates' | c. | a. | h. | <i>S. X.</i>      | 10st. 0lb. | Lieut. Flint | 1 |
| Capt. Cozey's     | g. | a. | g. | <i>Cardinal</i> , | 9st. 4lbs. | Native       | 2 |

*S. X.* got a bad start; however, he caught up the galloway at the 1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, passed him and took the inside; at the 2d  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile they were both together, after which *S. X.* began to come to the fore eventually winning by about 2 lengths.

Time,—3m. 5s.

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3D RACE.—Hack Stakes of 4 G. M. from the Fund with 20 Rupees entrance, P. P., 10st. 7lbs.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats, winners to be sold for 300 Rupees, if claimed in the usual manner.

|              |    |    |                            |                     |              |   |
|--------------|----|----|----------------------------|---------------------|--------------|---|
| Mr Kiernan's | c. | m. | <i>Parson's Daughter</i> , | ..                  | Lieut. Ensor | 1 |
| Mr Wax's     | g. | a. | g.                         | <i>Castor Oil</i> , | .. Native,   | 2 |

No race, the mare winning easy.

## SECOND DAY, Thursday, February 11.

1ST RACE.—The General's Purse, 200 Rupees, added to a Sweepstakes of 80 Rupees each P. P., for all horses (English excepted,) Arabs 9st., C. B. 9st. 5lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 9st. 12lbs. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, maidens allowed 7lbs., winners once 5lbs., extras twice or oftener 10lbs. closed 1st January, 1847.

|                       |                                  |            |          |       |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|------------|----------|-------|
| The Confederates' ch. | a. h. <i>S. X.</i> ,             | 9st. 5lbs. | L. Flint | 1 1   |
| Capt. Cozey's         | g. a. g. <i>Cardinal</i> ,       | 8st. 7lbs. | Native   | 2 dr. |
| Mr Morgan's           | b. a. h. <i>Cotton Spinner</i> , | 0st. 0lbs. |          | dr.   |

*First Heat*.—A capital start and both horses going their best for the 1st mile, and neck and neck for this distance, here *S. X.* began to get a little head way and came in a winner by about 3 lengths.

*Second Heat*.—The galloway who is a right game little horse was withdrawn.  
Time,—1st heat, 3m. 1s.—2d heat, no time.

2D RACE.—10 G. M. from the Fund for all Arabs with 4 G. M. entrance, P. P.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 9st. 3lbs. closed 1st January, 1847.

|                      |                           |            |              |   |
|----------------------|---------------------------|------------|--------------|---|
| Capt. Cozey's        | g. a. h. <i>Mooltan</i> , | 9st. 3lbs. | A Native     | 1 |
| The Confederates' g. | a. h. <i>Repeater</i> ,   | 9st. 3lbs. | Lieut. Flint | 2 |

This was a good race, *Mooltan* winning by about a head.

Time,— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 56s.

3D RACE.—Cheroot Stakes of 5 G. M. for all horses, Gentlemen riders; 11st. each,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Entrance 32 Rupees, the winner to come to the scales with his cheroot lighted.

Capt. Cozey names

Mr Tulloh's ch. a. g. *Evil Eye*, .. Lt. Biggs 1

The Confederates names ch. m. *Parson's Daughter*. Ensor.

The Mare would not start at any price, so *Evil Eye* cantered over.

## THIRD DAY, Saturday, February 13.

1ST RACE.—Saugor Purse of 270 Rupees for all horses. Entrance 100 Rupees P. P., Arabs and C. B.'s 9st. 7lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 3lbs., English 12st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. winner of either maiden, welter, or general's plate to carry 5lbs. extra, or of any two of them 8lbs. R. C. and a distance. Closed 1st January, 1847.

|                       |                                  |                            |           |     |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------|-----|
| The Confederates' ch. | a. h. <i>S. X.</i> ,             | 10st. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. | Lt. Flint | 1*  |
| Capt. Cozey's         | g. a. g. <i>Cardinal</i> ,       | 9st. 0lb.                  | Native    | 2   |
| Mr Morgan's           | b. a. h. <i>Cotton Spinner</i> , | ..                         |           | dr. |

\*Declared  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

This was very similar to the race for the General's purse, *S. X.* winning by about 3 lengths.

Time,—3m. 30s.

2D RACE.—Pony Plate of 50 Rupees. Entrance 16 Rupees. Catch weights, heats,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, 13 hands and under.



|                            |        |                    |           |   |     |
|----------------------------|--------|--------------------|-----------|---|-----|
| Mr James names             | ch. p. | <i>Dusty Bob</i> , | Lt. Flint | 1 | 1   |
| The Young Commissary names | b. p.  | <i>Clod</i> ,      | Native    | 2 | dr. |

*Dusty Bob's* race from the beginning.

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3D RACE.—Irregular Cavalry Purse of 3 G. M. for all horses, belonging to the Native Commissioned, non-Commissioned and Sowars. Native Officers to pay 2 Rupees entrance, the amount to go to the 2d horse. Catch weights. Sowar riders,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats.

This brought six to the Post, won easily by a bay mare.

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4TH RACE.—A Purse of 50 Rupees given by the Major of the 38th N. I., for horses and ponies belonging to the Native Officers and Soldiers of the 10th and 38th Regiments.

This brought out a field of some twelve in No., won easily by a ch. p. of Mahomed's.

#### FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, February 16.

1ST RACE.—Forced Handicap of 5 G. M. for winning horses of the meeting, optional to winners of hack, cheroot stakes and ponies. A horse winning one race to pay 3 G. M. and 1 G. M. additional for every additional race. R. C. *i. e.* 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile and 80 yards.

|                   |    |    |    |                   |             |              |   |
|-------------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------------|--------------|---|
| The Confederates' | b. | a. | h. | <i>Repeater</i> , | 8st. 12lbs. | Zinu Abdeen  | 1 |
| "                 | c. | a. | h. | <i>S. X.</i>      | 9st. 7lbs.  | Lieut. Flint | 2 |
| Capt. Cozey's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Mooltan</i> ,  | 8st. 5lbs.  | Native       | 3 |

No times taken, the Course being very heavy from recent rains.

The Confederates' declared to win with the best horse, the *Repeater* and *Mooltan* ran neck and neck for the 1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, leaving *S. X.* some two lengths behind at that post, the pace being too fast for him, however, he caught them up at the 2d  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, and here they were all pretty well together, *Repeater* then shewed to the front, *S. X.* 2d, and *Mooltan* 3d, a good race then ensued between *Repeater* and *S. X.*; the former winning by about 1 length, *Mooltan* some 4 lengths behind.

---

2D RACE.—Beaten Handicap of 10 G. M., with 3 G. M. entrance, 1 G. M. forfeit, for horses not standing the handicap. Heats R. C.

Mr Wax's *Castor Oil*, walked over.

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## BOMBAY RACES,—1847.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, February 9.*

1ST RACE.—The Bombay Derby of Rs. 400 from the Fund. For all Arabs that have never started before the day of naming. To close and name on the 1st October, 1846. One and a half miles—weight for age, five G. M. each, with an entrance of ten G. M. for horses declared to start. Twenty nominations taken.

|                             |                                     |                        |   |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|------------------------|---|
| Major Blood's               | g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> ,        | 8st. 5lbs. G. Smith    | 1 |
| The Confederates'           | g. a. h. <i>The Great Western</i> , | 8st. 2lbs. Cartwright  | 2 |
| Mr South's                  | w. a. h. <i>Temptation</i> ,        | 8st. 5lbs. Abdoolah    | 3 |
| Mr Hunter's                 | b. a. h. <i>Glenely</i> ,           | 8st. 12lbs. Mr Wardrop | 4 |
| Time,—1m. 58s.—1m.—2m. 58s. |                                     |                        |   |

2D RACE.—The Drawing Room Stakes—Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of ten G. M. each. For all Arabs, 8st. 7lbs., one mile.

|                   |                                  |                       |   |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------|---|
| Mr Lancaster's    | g. a. h. <i>Master George</i> ,  | 8st. 7lbs. Cartwright | 1 |
| Mr Proby's        | b. a. h. <i>Young Deceiver</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. Watson     | 2 |
| Mr South's        | g. a. h. <i>Waverly</i> ,        | 8st. 7lbs. Abdoolah   | 3 |
| The Confederates' | g. a. h. <i>Malmesbury</i> ,*    | 8st. 7lbs. Ibrahim    | 4 |

\* Rider fell.

Time,—55s.—59s.—1m. 51s.

3D RACE.—The Give and Take—Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of ten G. M. each. For all Arabs, weight for inches, fourteen hands carrying 8st. 7lbs. One and a half miles. Heats.

|               |                            |                     |       |
|---------------|----------------------------|---------------------|-------|
| Mr Gee's      | c. a. h. <i>Druid</i> ,    | 9st. 0lb. Ibrahim   | 1 1   |
| Mr South's    | g. a. h. <i>The Baby</i> , | 7st. 7lbs. Abdoolah | 2 dr. |
| Time,—3m. 5s. |                            |                     |       |

4TH RACE.—The Great Welter—Rs. 400 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of ten G. M. each. H. F. For all Arabs, 11st. Gentlemen riders. One and a half miles. To name on the 1st October, 1846. Horses allowed to enter until the 1st January, 1847, upon payment of double stakes and forfeits. Maidens of the season allowed 3lbs. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 7lbs. Seven nominations taken.

|               |                                   |                            |   |
|---------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|---|
| Mr Jones'     | b. a. h. <i>Hobson's Choice</i> , | 10st. 11lbs. Capt. Wilson  | 1 |
| Mr Ridge's    | g. a. h. <i>Vibration</i> ,       | 11st. 0lb. Mr Garnet       | 2 |
| Mr South's    | g. a. h. <i>Waverly</i> ,         | 11st. 0lb. Capt. Thornhill | 3 |
| Time,—3m. 2s. |                                   |                            |   |

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, February 11.*

1ST RACE.—The Dealers' Plate, value rupees 3,500, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, H. F., and only 5 G. M. forfeit, if declared by the 1st January, 1847. Two miles, weight for age. For all Arabs imported after the 1st September,

1845, and purchased from either of the following stables; viz. Sorabjee Dadey Santook's, Bazunjee Fuckera's, Aga Mahomed Bawker's, or Nowrojee Nesserwanjee's. The winner of the *Derby* to carry 5lbs. extra. The second horse to receive rupees 500, and the third horse to save his stake. To close and name on the 1st October, 1846. Horses imported after the 1st September, 1846, allowed to enter until the 1st December. Forty-five nominations. Nineteen forfeits. Dated 1st January.

|                      |    |    |    |                       |       |        |            |                  |  |
|----------------------|----|----|----|-----------------------|-------|--------|------------|------------------|--|
| Aga Mahd. Bawker's   | g. | a. | c. | <i>Victim</i> ,       | 7st.  | 12lbs. | Cartwright | 1                |  |
| Mr South's           | g. | a. | h. | <i>Virmuth</i> ,      | 8st.  | 12lbs. | Abdulla    | 2                |  |
| Major Blood's        | b. | a. | c. | <i>Premier</i> ,      | 7st.  | 12lbs. | Joppes     | 3                |  |
| Mr Scott's           | g. | a. | c. | <i>Goolab Singh</i> , | 12st. | 7lbs.  | Jaffur     | 4                |  |
| Hajee Abdool Wahab's | g. | a. | c. | <i>Thunder</i> ,      | ..    | ..     | Howell     | } Not<br>placcd. |  |
| "                    | g. | a. | c. | <i>Sea Horse</i> ,    | ..    | ..     | Jamsetjee  |                  |  |
| "                    | c. | a. | c. | <i>Absentee</i> ,     | ..    | ..     | Ibrahim    |                  |  |
| Major Blood's        | g. | a. | c. | <i>Paragon</i> ,      | ..    | ..     | Smith      |                  |  |

Time,—1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 59s.—2d, 1m. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—3rd, 59s.—4th, 1m. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. = 3m. 59s.

**2D RACE.**—The Forbes Stakes, Rupees 400 from the Fund, added to a Sweepstakes of fifteen gold mohurs each. Three gold mohurs forfeit. For all Arabs, weight for age, two miles. Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs. Winners on the 1st day to carry 5lbs. extra. To name on the 1st October, 1846. Horses allowed to enter until the first December, 1847, upon payment of double stakes and forfeit.

|            |    |    |    |                          |      |        |            |   |
|------------|----|----|----|--------------------------|------|--------|------------|---|
| Mr Ridge's | b. | a. | c. | <i>String for Lead</i> , | 7st. | 7lbs.  | Cartwright | 1 |
| Mr Tom's   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Hobson's Choice</i> , | 8st. | 12lbs. | Surfoodeen | 2 |
| Mr South's | w. | a. | h. | <i>Temptation</i> ,      | 8st. | 0lbs.  | Abdulla    | 3 |

Time,—1st  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—2d, 1m. 1s.—3rd, 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—4th, 1m. 1s. = 4m.

**3D RACE.**—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, rupees 300 from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. For all Arabs. One mile heats. 8st. 7lbs. The winner of the Drawing Room Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra.

|            |    |    |    |                         |    |         |   |   |
|------------|----|----|----|-------------------------|----|---------|---|---|
| Mr South's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Waverly</i> ,        | .. | Abdulla | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Gee's   | c. | a. | h. | <i>Druid</i> ,          | .. | Ibrahim | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Proby's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Young Deceiver</i> , | .. | Wardrop | 3 | 3 |

Time,—1st *heat*, 1st,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 57s.—2d, 1m. = 1m. 57s.

2d *heat*, 1st,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—2d, 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. = 1m. 56s.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, February 13.

**1ST RACE.**—A Cup, presented by the members of the Civil Service, value 150 Guineas,—added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 3 G. M. forfeit. 2 miles. For all horses. To close and name on 1st October.

|             |    |    |    |                    |    |      |      |         |   |
|-------------|----|----|----|--------------------|----|------|------|---------|---|
| Mr Ridge's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Vibration</i> , | .. | 9st. | 0lb. | Wardrop | 1 |
| Mr Hunter's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Glenely</i> ,   | .. | 8st. | 9lb. | Abdulla | 2 |
| Mr South's  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Waverly</i> ,   | .. | 9st. | 0lb. | Smith   | 3 |

Time,—4m. 4s.

**2D RACE.**—The Whim Purse, of Rs. 300 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all Arabs. One and a half miles, Heats. Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs.

|                                                                             |                                 |                            |   |   |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr Gee's                                                                    | c. a. h. <i>Druid</i> ,         | 8st. 12lb. 8oz. Ibrahim    | 2 | 1 | 1   |
| Mr Lancaster's                                                              | g. a. h. <i>Master George</i> , | 8st. 10lb. 0oz. Cartwright | 1 | 2 | dr. |
| Mr Scott's                                                                  | g. a. b. <i>Goolaub Sing</i> ,  | 8st. 4lb. 1oz. Smith       | 3 | 3 | dr. |
| Time,—1st heat, 1st, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 1m. 1s.—2d, 58s.—3d, 59s.=2m. 58s. |                                 |                            |   |   |     |
| 2d heat, 1st, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 57s.—2d, 59s.—1m. 1s.=2m. 47s.            |                                 |                            |   |   |     |

## 3D RACE.—Match for Rs. 1000. 2 miles.

|                      |                           |                       |   |  |
|----------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|---|--|
| Hajee Abdool Wahab's | g. a. h. <i>Bedouin</i> , | 8st. 5lb. Abdulla     | 1 |  |
| Aga Mahd. Bawker's   | g. a. h. <i>Pigeon</i> ,  | 8st. 10lb. Cartwright | 2 |  |
| Time,—4m. 1s.        |                           |                       |   |  |

## FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, February 16.

## 1ST RACE.—The Merchants' Plate, of 1000 Rs. For maiden Arabs, 2 miles.

|                               |                           |                    |   |  |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------|---|--|
| Mr South's                    | g. a. h. <i>Virmuth</i> , | 8st. 5lbs. Abdulla | 1 |  |
| Major Blood's                 | b. a. h. <i>Premier</i> , | 7st. 5lbs. Smith   | 2 |  |
| Time,—3m. 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. |                           |                    |   |  |

## 2D RACE.—The Malet Stakes. For all Arabs. 2 miles. Handicap.

|               |                              |                    |   |  |
|---------------|------------------------------|--------------------|---|--|
| Major Blood's | g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> , | 8st. 6lbs. Smith   | 1 |  |
| Mr Ridge's    | g. a. h. <i>Vibration</i> ,  | 9st. 2lbs. Wardrop | 2 |  |
| Time,—4m. 4s. |                              |                    |   |  |

3D RACE.—The Craven Stakes, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles, heats.

|            |                                   |                   |   |   |
|------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------|---|---|
| Mr Ridge's | b. a. c. <i>String for Lead</i> , | 8st. 9lbs. Smith  | 1 | 1 |
| Mr South's | w. a. h. <i>Temptation</i> ,      | 9st. 1lb. Abdulla | 2 | 2 |

## 4TH RACE.—Match for Rs. 1000. 2 miles.

|                      |                            |               |   |  |
|----------------------|----------------------------|---------------|---|--|
| Aga Mahd. Bawker's   | g. a. h. <i>Pigeon</i> ,   | 8st. 7lbs. .. | 1 |  |
| Hajee Abdool Wahab's | g. a. c. <i>Seahorse</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. .. | 2 |  |
| Time,—4m. 1s.        |                            |               |   |  |

## FIFTH DAY, Thursday, February 18.

## 1ST RACE.—The Winners' Handicap, 2 miles.

|                                                      |                                 |               |   |  |
|------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------|---|--|
| Major Blood's                                        | g. a. h. <i>Mintmaster</i> ,    | .. Smith      | 1 |  |
| Mr South's                                           | g. a. h. <i>Virmuth</i> ,       | .. Abdulla    | 2 |  |
| Mr Gee's                                             | c. a. h. <i>Druid</i> ,         | .. Ibrahim    | 3 |  |
| The Confederates'                                    | g. a. h. <i>Great Western</i> , | .. Cartwright | 4 |  |
| Mr Ridge's                                           | g. a. h. <i>Vibration</i> ,     | .. Fuckera    | 5 |  |
| Time,—3m. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. A most beautiful race. |                                 |               |   |  |

2D RACE.—The Beaten Plate Handicap. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

|                   |                                  |               |   |  |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|---------------|---|--|
| Mr Proby's        | b. a. h. <i>Young Deceiver</i> , | .. Fuckera    | 1 |  |
| The Confederates' | g. a. h. <i>Malmsbury</i> .      | .. Cartwright | 2 |  |

3D RACE.—Match for 10 G. M. 2 miles.

|                         |       |                  |    |            |   |
|-------------------------|-------|------------------|----|------------|---|
| Hajee Abdool Wahab's g. | a. h. | <i>Thunder</i> , | .. | Abdulla    | 1 |
| Aga Mahd. Bawker's g.   | a. h. | <i>Pigeon</i> ,  | .. | Cartwright | 2 |
| Time,—4m. 3½s.          |       |                  |    |            |   |

SIXTH DAY, *Saturday, February 20.*

1ST RACE.—The Governor's Cup. Handicap. Once round the Course, Gentlemen riders.

|                                                       |                        |              |                 |   |   |   |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|--------------|-----------------|---|---|---|
| Mr Gee's ..                                           | <i>Druid</i> ,         | 10st. 9lbs.  | Col. Roberts    | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Tom's ..                                           | <i>Hobson's Choice</i> | 10st. 11lbs. | Capt. Wilson    | 2 | 5 | 2 |
| Mr South's ..                                         | <i>Temptation</i> ,    | 10st. 0lb.   | Capt. Thornhill | 4 | 4 | 3 |
| Mr. Ridge's ..                                        | <i>Vibration</i> ,     | 10st. 7lbs.  | Capt. Evans     | 5 | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Hunter's ..                                        | <i>Glenelg</i> ,       | 9st. 12lbs.  | Mr. Henry       | 1 | 2 | 5 |
| Time, 1st heat, 3m.—2d heat, 3m. 3s.—3d heat, 3m. 5s. |                        |              |                 |   |   |   |

2D RACE.—A Match of Rs. 500, 2 miles.

|                         |                  |            |            |   |
|-------------------------|------------------|------------|------------|---|
| Aga Mahomed Bawker's .. | <i>Pigeon</i> ,  | 8st. 7lbs. | Cartwright | 1 |
| Hajee Abdool Wahab's .. | <i>Thunder</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. | Abdoolah   | 2 |
| Time,—3m. 59s.          |                  |            |            |   |

MIDNAPORE SKY RACES,—1847.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, February 23.*

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 100 Rupees, for all Arabs. Mile heats. 10st. 7lb. Maidens on the day of starting allowed 7lbs. Entrance 25 Rupees.

|              |          |                        |              |   |     |
|--------------|----------|------------------------|--------------|---|-----|
| Mr Juvenis'  | g. a. h. | <i>Cyclops</i> ,       | 10st. 16lbs. | 1 | 1   |
| Mr O'Keefe's | b. a. h. | <i>Leatherhead</i> ,   | 10st. 5lbs.  | 2 | dr. |
| Mr Zetto's   | b. a. h. | <i>Beau Brummell</i> , | 10st. 0lb.   | 3 | 2   |

1st Heat.—The *Grey*, the favorite at the ordinary at any odds, went off with the lead, kept it, and won the heat in a canter.

2d Heat.—*Leatherhead* drawn, being short of work. The *Grey* again led off and won the heat easy, the *Beau* being very nearly five lengths astern.

2D RACE.—A Purse of 80 Rs., all Galloways, 14 hands 10 stone, heats ½ mile. Entrance 16 Rs.

|                   |             |                       |       |   |   |   |
|-------------------|-------------|-----------------------|-------|---|---|---|
| The Confederates' | c. a. g.    | <i>Pony</i> ,         | ..    | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Juvenis'       | b. c. b. g. | <i>Black Prince</i> , | ..    | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Zetto's        | g. c. b. g. | <i>Goolbehar</i> ,    | bltd. | 2 | 3 |   |
| Mr O'Keefe's      | b. a. g.    | <i>The Squire</i> ,   | dist. | 0 | 0 |   |

First Heat.—All well off together; *Black Prince* holding at the turn into the run home; *The Squire*, who appeared till then to have the best of it bolted, knocking the *Grey* off the Course with him, the *Chestnut* then took the lead and won, *Blacky* not going for the heat.

*Second Heat.*—All the nags at the post eager for the fray: the *Grey* lead off with the lead for the 1st quarter, when the *Prince* went up to him—passed him and won cleverly beating the *Persian* by a length. *The Chestnut* not having any thing to say to the heat.

*Third Heat.*—*Royalty* went off from the post and won easy. It was a great pity *The Squire* made a mistake in not turning the corner, as it would have been his Race, at least such was the opinion of many.

MATCH.—Round the Course 10st.

|                    |    |         |    |                     |
|--------------------|----|---------|----|---------------------|
| Mr Ricardo's       | b. | a.      | h. | <i>My Cousin.</i>   |
| Capt. Heavyside's, | b. | (Cabul) | h. | <i>The Grunter.</i> |

*The Grunter* off with the lead which he kept till the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile post, when the Arab collared him and won by about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a length. Both jocks hard at work from the distance.

## SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—A Purse for 100 Rs. for all horses. Heats R. C. 11 stone. Entrance, 25 Rs.

|              |    |    |    |    |                   |             |    |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|----|-------------------|-------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Juvenis'  | .. | g. | a. | h. | <i>Cyclops,</i>   | 12st.       | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr O'Keefe's | .. | b. | a. | h. | <i>The Squire</i> | 11st. dist. | .. | 0 | 0 |

*First Heat.*—*Cyclops* had been proved so far superior to any other nag on the Course, that his Owner was obliged to give a stone to *The Squire*, to induce him to enter the lists against such a tiger. Both horses well off together, but ere long it was shown that even a stone could not bring them together; *Cyclops* going away from him and winning very easy, the *Squire* owing to the loss of an eye, ran against the railing, gave his really sporting owner a very bad fall, bolted off the Course and was distanced.

*Second Heat.*—*Cyclops* walked over.

MATCH.—H. F. R. C. 10 stone, for 50 Rs.

|              |    |    |    |    |    |                   |    |    |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Reid's    | .. | .. | c. | a. | g. | <i>Tony,</i>      | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Ricardo's | .. | .. | b. | a. | h. | <i>My Cousin,</i> | .. | .. | 2 |

This, the best contested race of the morning, was won by a nose, both jocks hard at work from the last quarter of a mile. *My Cousin* jumped off with the lead, keeping some eight lengths ahead till the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in, when the chesnut began to draw upon him and won on the Post.

MATCH.— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats 100 Rs. to 50. Catch weights G. R.

|                   |    |    |         |    |                     |    |   |   |
|-------------------|----|----|---------|----|---------------------|----|---|---|
| Mr Francis'       | .. | g. | a.      | h. | <i>The Colonel,</i> | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. Heavyside's | .. | b. | (Cabul) | h. | <i>The Grunter,</i> | .. | 2 | 2 |

*First Heat.*—*Grunter* again made his appearance this morning looking very fresh. Both horses off at score, the grey leading, and winning very easy.

*Second Heat.*—Much the same as the last, the grey winning without the slightest difficulty.

2D RACE.—A Hack Purse for 80 Rupees,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 10 stone. Entrance 1 G. M. The winner to be sold for 250 Rs.

|              |             |                        |          |
|--------------|-------------|------------------------|----------|
| Mr Zetto's   | .. g. c. b. | <i>Goolbehar,</i>      | .. 1 1   |
| Mr Grey's    | .. r. g.    | <i>Whitestockings,</i> | .. 2 dr. |
| Mr O'Keefe's | .. i. g. p. | <i>Mosner,</i>         | .. 3 dr. |

For this race three nags of sorts appeared, one trained, one apparently in a state of coma, and the other quite untrained of course : under these afflicting circumstances all that the rider of *Goolbehar* had to do was to sit still in his saddle and take a quiet gallop, which he did, leaving his competitors far behind to get the benefit of the dust.

## THIRD DAY.

1st RACE.—A Purse of 100 Rs. for all horses, 10st. 7lbs. R. C. 2 G. M. entrance. The winner of the 1st race 1st day to carry 7lbs. extra, of the 1st race 2d day 7lbs., if of both 10lbs. Winner of the 2d race 1st day 5lbs., of the 2d race 2d day 5lbs., if of both 8lbs.

|              |              |                          |                  |
|--------------|--------------|--------------------------|------------------|
| Mr Francis'  | g. a. h.     | <i>The Colonel,</i>      | 10st. 7lbs. .. 1 |
| Mr O'Keefe's | b. a. h.     | <i>The Squire,</i>       | 10st. 7lbs.      |
| Mr Juvenis'  | bk. c. b. g. | <i>The Black Prince,</i> | 10st. 9lbs.      |
| Mr Ricardo's | b. a. h.     | <i>My Cousin,</i>        | 10st. 7lbs.      |

At the word *off*, the four sprang off together, *The Squire* taking the lead : at the first turn near the mile post *My Cousin* went to the front but was obliged to resign the honorable post, notwithstanding a pair of not very gentle persanders. *The Squire* and *The Colonel* now disputed the lead. *The Black Prince* lying by some lengths behind ; at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in, *The Squire* was leading with *The Colonel* close on him, on the look out for a bolt, as the turn into the straight running was *The Squire's* favorite place for doing that same. However, his Jock being evidently on the look-out also steered him well round, and went to work, which indeed all riders did with a will. Never was such a clashing of whips heard : however, the extra weight on *The Squire* (no rider at the weights specified being available, he had to be ridden some lbs. over) told, and *The Colonel* was lauded a winner by half a length, *The Black Prince* a good third, and *My Cousin* about a length behind the *Prince*.

Time,—2m. 25s.

2d RACE.—A Pony Purse of 80 Rs.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats, catch weights 1 G. M. entrance.

|              |               |                           |             |
|--------------|---------------|---------------------------|-------------|
| Mr Zetto's   | chestnut pony | <i>The Ratcatcher,</i>    | .. .. 1 0 1 |
| Mr O'Neill's | dun pony      | <i>Greased Lightning,</i> | .. .. 2 0 2 |

*First Heat.*—The chestnut won very easy ; the dun carrying a couple of stone extra.

*Second Heat.*—The dun having a light weight on his back made a dead heat of it.

*Third Heat.*—*The Ratcatcher* had it pretty much his own way, the dun shutting up about 50 yards from the winning post.

Match  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, 10 stone.

|                   |    |          |                     |         |
|-------------------|----|----------|---------------------|---------|
| Capt. Heavyside's | b. | Cabul h. | <i>The Grunter,</i> | .. .. 1 |
| Mr Judge's        | c. | Cape h.  | <i>Van Tromp,</i>   | .. .. 2 |

*The Grunter* off with a good lead, the Cape not being very nimble. With the assistance of a good whip *The Grunter* won the race by a good length. The Cape had hardly ever had a gallop, otherwise it might have been different.

## FOURTH DAY, March 2.

1ST RACE.—A Forced Handicap, for which all winners of public money must enter; 2 G. M. entrances, 100 Rs. from the Fund,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. The winner of the pony race excepted.

|             |             |                       |            |    |     |   |
|-------------|-------------|-----------------------|------------|----|-----|---|
| Mr Francis' | g. a. h.    | <i>The Colonel</i> ,  | 9st. 7lbs. | .. | 1   | 1 |
| Mr Juvenis' | g. a. h.    | <i>Cyclops</i> ,      | 11st. 0lb. | .. | 0   | 0 |
| „           | b. c. b. g. | <i>Black Prince</i> , | 9st. 0lb.  | .. | dr. |   |
| Mr Zetto's  | g. c. b. g. | <i>Goolbehar</i> ,    | 8st. 7lbs. | .. | dr. |   |

*First Heat*.—*Cyclops* of course the favorite at any odds, having sold for very nearly the amount in the Lottery at the Ordinary the night before. *Cyclops* started off, hard held all the way and won easy. On coming to the scales one of those unfortunate circumstances which will sometimes happen, distanced the best horse on the Midnapore Course; his rider was short of weight, which gave the race to the *Colonel*, who had not a shadow of a chance, his owner having intended to draw him for the second heat.

*Second Heat*.—The *Colonel* showed at the post and won the race.

MATCH.— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile,—10st.—3 G. M.

|                  |          |                      |    |    |   |
|------------------|----------|----------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Judge's       | c. c. h. | <i>Van Tromp</i> ,   | .. | .. | 1 |
| Capt Heavyside's | b. c. h. | <i>The Grunter</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |

The *Grunter* who was rather restive at starting, got off badly, the *Dutchman* having a slight lead which he kept throughout and won the race. The *Grunter* was the favorite at the Ordinary, and astonished some by losing.

Time,—1m. 3s.

MATCH.—Round the corner, 10st. 5 G. M.

|              |          |                      |    |    |   |
|--------------|----------|----------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Ricardo's | b. a. h. | <i>My Cousin</i> ,   | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr O'Keefe's | b. a. h. | <i>Leatherhead</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |

This was considered so sure a thing, that 3 to 1 on *Leatherhead* though freely offered were declined. *My Cousin* started with a slight lead, *Leatherhead* close by; at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post *Leatherhead* shot past and lead to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile post when *My Cousin* took the lead and kept it, winning by some 3 lengths; the rider of *Leatherhead* easing his horse when he saw that his chance was gone. This must be said for *Leatherhead*, that he was quite untrained beyond a few gallops, whereas *My Cousin* had had as good an education as the time would permit of.

Time,—2m. 5s.

## THE FIFTH AND LAST DAY, March 3.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each. Horses to be handicapped by the Stewards round the Course.

|              |              |                       |            |        |
|--------------|--------------|-----------------------|------------|--------|
| Mr O'Keefe's | b. a. h.     | <i>The Squire</i> ,   | 9st. 9lbs. |        |
| Mr Juvenis'  | bl. c. b. g. | <i>Black Prince</i> , | 9st. 0lb.  |        |
| Mr Francis'  | g. a. h.     | <i>The Colonel</i> ,  | 10st. 0lb. | .. dr. |

Unfortunately owing to an accident happening to the *Colonel* the day before, he was drawn for this race, which was expected to be a very good one. *The Squire* and *Black Prince* consequently had to contest the race. Both horses off at score; however very soon *The Squire* went some length ahead, which he kept—and won the race, the *Black Prince* pulling up when he saw the race was gone.



2D RACE.—Losers' Handicaps for 50 Rs. H. F., 1. G. M. Entrance,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|              |    |    |    |                      |             |     |   |     |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|----------------------|-------------|-----|---|-----|---|
| Mr O'Keefe's | b. | a. | h. | <i>The Squire</i> ,  | 11st. 4lbs. | ..  | 1 | 2   | 2 |
| Mr Ricardo's | b. | a. | h. | <i>My Cousin</i> ,   | 10st. 2lbs. | ..  | 2 | 1   | 1 |
| Mr O'Keefe's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Leatherhead</i> , | 10st. 7lbs. | ... | 3 | dr. |   |

*First Heat*.—The three well off together, the *Cousin* and *Leatherland* rating it together for the first 800 yards, when *The Squire* drew upon the other horses took the lead and kept it, beating *My Cousin* by a length.

*Second Heat*.—All three at the Post again, and off together, *My Cousin* taking the lead which he kept and won the heat, *The Squire* being rather distressed.

*Third Heat*.—For this *My Cousin* and *The Squire* appeared, *Leatherhead* having been drawn. The very heavy weight and the previous race, *The Squire* had run, evidently had told upon him, whereas *My Cousin* appeared as fresh as ever, *My Cousin* took the lead, increased it as he went along and won the race easy, *The Squire* pulling up near the winning post.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 30s.—2d heat, 1m. 35s.—3d heat, 1m. 40s.

MATCH.—Round the Course, 10 stone for 50 Rs.

|                  |    |       |    |                      |    |    |   |  |
|------------------|----|-------|----|----------------------|----|----|---|--|
| Mr Ricardo's     | b. | a.    | h. | <i>My Cousin</i> ,   | .. | .. | 1 |  |
| Capt Heavyside's | b. | Cabul | h. | <i>The Grunter</i> , | .. | .. | 2 |  |

Notwithstanding the three heats *My Cousin* had run he appeared at the post again almost as fresh as ever. *The Grunter* tried his best, but it was no go, *My Cousin* winning by a couple of lengths, and might have won by more.

## MEERUT SKY RACES,—1847.

FIRST DAY, Wednesday, February 24, 1847.

1ST RACE.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. and 15 added—1 mile heats, for all untrained horses, to be handicapped at the post.

|                 |    |    |    |                                |    |    |   |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|--------------------------------|----|----|---|---|
| Capt. Beecher's | c. | b. | m. | <i>Polka</i> ,                 | .. | .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Clifton's    | c. | a. | h. | <i>Barrabas</i> ,              | .. | .. | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Kemp's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>Aboukir, late Admiral</i> , | .. | .. | 3 | 3 |

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. with 8 G. M. added— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 11st. Gentlemen riders. For all untrained horses that have never won public money.

|            |    |    |    |                   |    |    |   |     |
|------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|---|-----|
| Mr Ward's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Tripoli</i> ,  | .. | .. | 1 | 0   |
| Mr James's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Don Juan</i> , | .. | .. | 2 | dr. |

3D RACE.—Hack Race— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile—2 G. M. with 8 added—10st. 7lbs. Horses valued by the owners will carry weight as follows:—

|         |    |    |    |    |       |        |
|---------|----|----|----|----|-------|--------|
| 800 Rs. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 11st. | 0lb.   |
| 700     | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10st. | 12lbs. |
| 600     | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10st. | 10lbs. |
| 500     | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10st. | 4lbs.  |
| 400     | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9st.  | 8lbs.  |

The winner to be sold at the owner's valuation.

|                 |    |    |    |                    |       |       |    |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|--------------------|-------|-------|----|---|
| Mr Trower's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Gass,</i>       | 10st. | 4lbs. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Elliot's     | b. | a. | h. | <i>Butler,</i>     | 10st. | 4lbs. | .. | 2 |
| Capt. Beecher's | c. | b. | m. | <i>Wild Horse,</i> | 9st.  | 8lbs. | .. | 3 |

4TH RACE.—Pony Race, 16 Rs. each, 3 G. M. added— $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Catch weights.

|                |    |                        |     |    |   |
|----------------|----|------------------------|-----|----|---|
| Capt. Little's | .. | <i>Backgammon,</i>     | ..  | .. | 1 |
| Mr Francis'    | .. | <i>Peter Priggins,</i> | ... | .. | 2 |
| Mr Jones'      | .. | <i>Maggie,</i>         | ..  | .. | 3 |

# SECOND DAY, Thursday, February 25.

1ST RACE.—A Handicap for all horses—5 G. M. and 15 added from the Fund—1 mile heats.

|                 |    |    |    |                               |       |        |   |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|-------------------------------|-------|--------|---|---|
| Mr. Kemp's      | b. | a. | h. | <i>Aboukir, late Admiral,</i> | 10st. | 10lbs. | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. Beecher's | c. | b. | m. | <i>Polka,</i>                 | 11st. | 4lbs.  | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Ward's       | b. | a. | g. | <i>Tripoli,</i>               | 10st. | 6lb.   | 3 | 3 |

2D RACE.—Sweepstakes of 1 G. M. with 5 added— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. For all *bond fide* chargers, 11st.

|                 |    |    |    |                               |    |     |   |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|-------------------------------|----|-----|---|---|
| Capt. Beecher's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Hackfall,</i>              | .. | ..  | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Trower's     | g. | a. | h. | <i>Gass,</i>                  | .. | ..  | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Kemp's       | b. | a. | h. | <i>Aboukir, late Admiral,</i> | .. | dr. |   |   |

3D RACE.—Hurdle Race. R. C. 5 Hurdles. Gentlemen riders, 11st. 7lbs. 1 G. M. entrance and 10 G. M. added. Hurdles 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet.

|               |    |    |    |                   |    |    |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|-------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Christie's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Maharajah,</i> | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr McBarnet's |    | e. | h. | <i>Howitzer,</i>  | .. | .. | 0 |
| Mr Elliot's   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Khyber,</i>    | .. | .. | 0 |

# ALLAHABAD SKY RACES.—1847.

## FIRST DAY, Thursday, February 25.

1ST RACE.—5 G. M. from the Fund added to a sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each H. F. for all horses  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Arabs and Country bred 11st. Cape and N S. Wales 11st. 4lbs. English 12st. The winner to be sold for Rs. 500, &c. To close and name by 12 o'clock before the race.

|                  |    |    |    |    |                    |    |              |   |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|----|--------------------|----|--------------|---|---|
| Mr Trench's      | g. | c. | b. | m. | <i>Memory,</i>     | .. | Mr Trench    | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Marshall's    | c. | a. | h. |    | <i>Tartar,</i>     | .. | Mr Cronmelyn | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Griffith's    | c. | c. | m. |    | <i>Mavourneen,</i> | .. | Mr Marquis   | 3 | 4 |
| Mr Higgins names | c. | c. | m. |    | <i>Mabel,</i>      | .. | Capt Wheatly | 4 | 3 |

At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 o'clock P. M. the horses were paraded for the 1st heat, each looking as if they were sure to win. *Mabel* was the favourite, both in the opinion of the knowing ones and in the wishes of the fairer portion of the creation, a bright and lovely sprinkling of whom honoured the Stand. *Mavourneen* and *Tartar* were pretty equal in the betting, 3 to 1 being freely taken and given, while *Memory* was sadly in the back ground, except with her owner, who took the odds all round.

bought her in the lottery and backed her the best of the Race against any of the others.

**First Heat.**—The start was a good one, *Memory* and the favourite off at score. *Tartar* holding his own and *Mavourneen* running fourth ; at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  from home, *Mabel* was choked and *Tartar* took second place, in which position they ran to the post, *Memory* winning unpunished in the good timing of 1833, considering that the Course was a most severe uphill one the entire way.

**Second Heat.**—All off in good style, *Memory*, *Mabel* and *Tartar* running at one another, *Mabel* leading to the dip, where she dropped and the Race was finished as in the first heat, *Memory* winning unpunished in 1834, *Tartar* a capital second.

**2D RACE.**—50 Rs. from the Fund added to a sweepstakes of Rs. 20 each, for all maiden galloways. Catch weights above 9st.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile ; to close and name as in first race.

|               |    |    |    |                  |    |    |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Marquis'   | b. | p. | g. | <i>Love not,</i> | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Marshall's | g. | a. | g. | <i>Jingle,</i>   | .. | .. | 2 |

Won in a canter by *Jingle*.

**3D RACE.**—A Silver mounted Jockey Whip, presented by J. E. Bell, Esq., for all ponies. Catch weights,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, entrance 10 Rs. P P.

|               |    |    |                         |    |     |   |
|---------------|----|----|-------------------------|----|-----|---|
| Mr Higgins'   | g. | p. | <i>Little Breeches,</i> | .. | 1   | 1 |
| Mr Charlton's | b. | p. | <i>Rough and Ready,</i> | .. | 2   | 2 |
| Mr Hopeful's  | d. | p. | <i>Spinning Jenny,</i>  | .. | 3   | 3 |
| Mr Higgins'   | g. | p. | <i>Bloodhound,</i>      | .. | dr. |   |

*Rough and Ready* and *Little Breeches* were equally favourites, the latter however won with ease, beautifully steered by Mr Marquis.

## SECOND DAY, Saturday, February 27.

**1ST RACE.**—The Hotel Cup presented by Mr Berrill, added to a sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each. Half forfeit for all horses to be handicapped by the Stewards. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Entrances to go to 2d horse. To close and name by 12 o'clock the day before the meeting. Three horses from *bonâ fide*, different stables to start or no race.

|              |    |    |    |                                    |                |   |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|------------------------------------|----------------|---|---|
| Mr Trench's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Postmaster</i> , 11st. 0lb.     | Mr Trench      | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Higgins'  | n. | s. | g. | a. h. <i>Borderer</i> , 11st. 0lb. | Mr Crommelin   | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Hopeful's | g. | h. | m. | <i>My Mary</i> , 10st. 7lbs.       | Mr Chamberlain | 3 | 3 |

This was the race of the meeting, all anxious to bet yet doubtful which to back. *Borderer* had been some time in training, was in fine order, while *Postmaster* had only arrived five days before the race, and the English mare was a dark one, whose powers the public were ignorant of. At the ordinary *Postmaster* sold highest in both lotteries, bought by his owner ; as was *Borderer* also though at somewhat a lower figure, thus showing that there was no want of confidence on either side.

**First Heat.**—At the stated time the horses paraded before the Stand. *Borderer* fittest to go ; *Postmaster* appearing rather fleshy and the Mare rather lean. After some hesitation on the part of *Borderer*, they all got well off. *Postmaster* first, which place he almost immediately resigned to *Borderer*, the mare some lengths behind ; in this way they ran to the distance post when *Postmaster* came alongside *Borderer* and eventually won a well contested heat in 1m. 28s.

**Second Heat.**—The mare was drawn and *Postmaster* and *Borderer* were left to contend for the prize : the heat was run much as the first, *Poster* winning on the Post in 1m. 27s.

2D RACE.—6 G. M. from the fund added to a sweepstakes of 2 G. M. P. P. for all maiden horses, to be handicapped by the Stewards.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. To close and name by 12 o'clock the day before the race.

|                 |                                 |             |              |   |   |     |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|-------------|--------------|---|---|-----|
| Mr Trench's     | g. c. b. m. <i>Memory</i> ,     | 10st. 0lb.  | Mr Higgins   | 1 | 2 | 1   |
| Mr Trench names | g. a. h. <i>Crepper</i> ,       | 11st. 0lb.  | Mr Trench    | 2 | 1 | 2   |
| Mr Griffith's   | c. c. b. m. <i>Mavourneen</i> , | 10st. 7lbs. | Mr Crommelin | 3 | 3 | dr. |

*First Heat*.—*Mavourneen* was a good deal fancied for this race; *Memory* rather the favorite and the Cape in doubtful position. *Mavourneen* and the Cape off at score, *Memory* some lengths behind, the pace very good; at the distance the Cape fell off and *Memory* went up to *Mavourneen*; every yard well contested, *Memory* winning on the post by a neck, *Crepper* as much before *Mavourneen*.

*Second Heat*.—*Memory* off at score, *Mavourneen* and *Crepper* well up; at the distance *Mavourneen* dropped and the *Crepper* went up and won by a head, both at the whip.

*Third Heat*.—The Cape got a bad start, which he never recovered, leaving *Memory* to canter in for the heat.

3D RACE.—Hurry Scurry Plate, Rs. 50 from the Fund. Half a mile; crossing and jostling allowed. Catch weights above 10st. 7lbs. Winner to be sold for Rs. 20-0. Entrance Rs. 16. To close and name by 12 o'clock the day before the race.

|                  |                               |    |           |     |
|------------------|-------------------------------|----|-----------|-----|
| Mr Higgins names | c. c. b. m. <i>Mabel</i> ,    | .. | Mr Trench | 1   |
| Mr Marquis names | b. a. h. <i>Ginger</i> ,      | .. | Mr Cugler | 2   |
| Mr Hopeful's     | b. c. b. h. <i>No Where</i> , | .. | ..        | bd. |

This Race was run in the dark, *Malct* off with the lead which she maintained to the end, beating *Ginger* by a length.

### THIRD DAY, Monday, March 2.

1ST RACE.—100 Rs. from the Fund, added to sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each. H. F.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Weight for inches, 14 hands to carry 10st. To close the day before the meeting and name by 12 o'clock the day before the race.

|             |                              |    |   |              |
|-------------|------------------------------|----|---|--------------|
| Mr Trench's | b. a. h. <i>Postmaster</i> , | .. | 2 | walked over. |
| Mr Higgins' | g. a. h. <i>Borderer</i> ,   | .. | 1 | dr.          |

*Borderer* was allowed to run instead of *Bigotry* the horse nominated, the latter having gone wrong. Both horses at a canter until within a few yards of the post, when *Borderer* was shoved in for the heat, he was however drawn for the 2d, letting *Postmaster* walk over.

2D RACE.—5 G. M. from the Fund, added to a sweepstakes of 1 G. M., P. P. for all horses  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 11st. each. Winner to be sold for Rs. 400.

|                |                                 |    |            |   |   |
|----------------|---------------------------------|----|------------|---|---|
| Mr Trench's    | g. c. b. m. <i>Memory</i> ,     | .. | Mr Trench  | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Higgins' w. | c. c. b. m. <i>Mabel</i> ,      | .. | Mr Chummy  | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Griffith's  | c. c. b. m. <i>Mavourneen</i> , | .. | Mr Higgins | 3 | 3 |

*Mabel* being a well known, speedy one for the distance was the favorite, however *Memory* was not to be done; her owner trusting to her good condition and honesty, made the running from post to post, winning both heats by a half a length; *Mabel* beautifully jockeyed by that well-known equestrian Mr Chummy.

3D RACE.—A Saddle and Bridle presented by J. Bell, Esq., for all horses that have not won public money during the meeting, to be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance Rs. 20;  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile.

|             |    |    |    |                   |             |           |     |
|-------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------------|-----------|-----|
| Mr Higgins' | g. | a. | h. | <i>Borderer</i> , | 13st. 0lb.  | John Day  | • 1 |
| Mr Trench's | g. | c. | h. | <i>Creeper</i> ,  | 11st. 7lbs. | Mr Trench | 2   |

Any odds on *Borderer*. Both off at score running neck and neck the distance, when the Cape was brought to the whip and well he took it, answering at every stride and being only beaten on the post by a head.

## FOURTH DAY.

1ST RACE.—A Handicap for all horses Rs. 20 each with the surplus money added.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats.

|              |    |    |    |                     |             |           |     |
|--------------|----|----|----|---------------------|-------------|-----------|-----|
| Mr Higgins'  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Borderer</i> ,   | 11st. 7lbs. | Mr Day    | 1 1 |
| Mr Maxwell's | c. | b. | m. | <i>Mabel</i> ,      | 9st. 4lbs.  |           | dr. |
| Mr Trench's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Postmaster</i> , | 12st. 0lb.  | Mr Trench | 2 2 |
| „            | g. | c. | h. | <i>Creeper</i> ,    | 10st. 0lb.  | Mr Chummy | 3 2 |

*First Heat*.—*Poster* and *Borderer* got off for the first heat, the latter winning, but it was declared a false start and the heat went for nothing. The *Borderer* made the running in the two following heats winning both by a length.

*Second Heat*.—*Postmaster* lost a shoe in the 1st heat and was forced to start for the 2d without it, the Stewards not allowing more than the  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour; after the 2d heat he was shod, but the weight was too much for him and he pulled up lame.

2D RACE.—Winners' Handicap, for which all winners must enter; optional to losers. 50 Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 20 Rs. P. P.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats.

|              |    |    |    |                     |             |           |       |
|--------------|----|----|----|---------------------|-------------|-----------|-------|
| Mr Higgins'  | g. | a. | h. | <i>Borderer</i> ,   | 12st. 0lb.  | Mr J. Day | 2 1 1 |
| Mr Trench's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Postmaster</i> , | 12st. 7lbs. | Mr Trench | 1 2 2 |
| „            | c. | c. | b. | m. <i>Memory</i> ,  | ..          | ..        | dr.   |
| Mr Maxwell's | c. | c. | b. | m. <i>Mabel</i> ,   | ..          | Chummy    | 3 dr. |

The Winners' Handicap was run on the following morning, *Poster* with 28lbs. of dead weight, won to the surprise of all, the 1st heat, and ran well up for the others.

3D RACE.—Losers' Handicap, 60 Rs. from the Fund. Entrance 20 Rs. P. P.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats.

|             |    |    |    |                  |    |    |              |
|-------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|--------------|
| Mr Trench's | g. | c. | h. | <i>Creeper</i> , | .. | .. | walked over. |
|-------------|----|----|----|------------------|----|----|--------------|

## AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR IS COMPILED.

|                       |           |                               |
|-----------------------|-----------|-------------------------------|
| Poonah Races,         | . . . . . | <i>Bombay Times.</i>          |
| Nusserabad Sky Races, | . . . . . | <i>Delhi Gazette.</i>         |
| Ferozepore Races,     | . . . . . | <i>Mofussilite.</i>           |
| Mozufferpore Races,   | . . . . . | <i>Englishman.</i>            |
| Calcutta Races,       | . . . . . | <i>Calcutta Star.</i>         |
| Baroda Races,         | . . . . . | <i>Our own Correspondent.</i> |
| Muttra Races,         | . . . . . | <i>Delhi Gazette.</i>         |
| Lucknow Races,        | . . . . . | <i>Englishman.</i>            |
| Jessore Races,        | . . . . . | <i>Ditto.</i>                 |
| Mhow Races,           | . . . . . | <i>Delhi Gazette.</i>         |
| Kamptee Races,        | . . . . . | <i>Madras Athenæum.</i>       |
| Jullunder Sky Races,  | . . . . . | <i>Mofussilite.</i>           |
| Hyderabad Races,      | . . . . . | <i>Madras Spectator.</i>      |
| Meerut Races,         | . . . . . | <i>Delhi Gazette.</i>         |
| Berhampore Races.     | . . . . . | <i>Calcutta Star.</i>         |
| Saugor Races,         | . . . . . | <i>Our own Correspondent.</i> |
| Bombay Races,         | . . . . . | <i>Bombay Times.</i>          |
| Midnapore Sky Races,  | . . . . . | <i>Calcutta Star.</i>         |
| Meerut Sky Races,     | . . . . . | <i>Mofussilite.</i>           |
| Allahabad Sky Races,  | . . . . . | <i>Delhi Gazette.</i>         |



**TABULAR ABSTRACTS**

**OF THE**

**PRESIDENCY MEETINGS.**





CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING.—1846-47.

| Race.                                           | Winners.                       | Weight.   | Distance. | Time.  | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------|-----------|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Derby Stakes.....                               | b a h <i>Mauret</i> .....      | 8st 3lbs  | 2 Miles.  | 3m 53s | Beating <i>Maynooth</i> 8st 12lbs, an indifferent second;<br><i>Child of the Islands</i> 8st 3lbs; <i>Problem</i> 8st 12lbs; <i>Honeybrook</i> 7st 13lbs; <i>Forewell</i> 8st 13lbs; <i>Loring</i> 9st 5lbs; <i>Shoreef</i> 9st 3lbs; and <i>Cadwalader</i> , 8st 13lbs. |
| Australian Purse.....                           | b a h <i>Paris</i> .....       | 8st 13lbs | 1½ Miles. | 2m 54s | Beating <i>Selma</i> 7st 11lbs; <i>Talisman</i> 9st 3lbs; <i>Kaffir</i> 9st 3lbs.                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| 50 G. M. Sweepstakes<br>for all Horses.....     | g a h <i>The Boy Jones</i> ... | 9st 7lbs  | 2 Miles.  | 4m 17s | Beating g a h <i>Crab</i> 8st 7lbs.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 50 G. M. Sweepstakes.                           | b a h <i>Glaucaus</i> .....    | 8st 10lbs | 2½ Miles. | 4m 26s | Beating g a h <i>Eleppoo</i> 8st 10lbs.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Sheik Ibrahim's Plate.                          | b a h <i>Maynooth</i> .....    | 9st 3lbs  | R. C.*    | —      | Beating b a h <i>Foratona</i> 9st 3lbs; and g a h <i>Shopp-iron</i> 8st 4lbs; the first quarter was a canter; time of the last mile and a half, 3m 3s.                                                                                                                   |
| Allipore Champagne<br>Stakes.....               | b a h <i>Cadwalader</i> ...    | 8st 6lbs  | R. C.     | 3m 26s | Beating b a h <i>Forewell</i> 8st 6lbs; and b a h <i>Glaucaus</i> 9st 5lbs.                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| 70 G. M. Purse. Handicap<br>for all horses..... | g a h <i>Glennmore</i> ...     | 9st 2lbs  | R. C.     | 3m 25s | Beating c n s w c <i>Sellia</i> 8st; g a h <i>Eleppoo</i> 9st 5lbs; g a h <i>Crofton</i> 8st 4lbs; g a h <i>Crofton</i> 8st 7lbs; and g a h <i>Wanderer</i> 7st 11lbs. The following horses did not stand the Handicap. g a h <i>The</i>                                 |

\* 1½ mile and 15 yards.

11 TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA FIRST MEETING.

CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING.—1846-47.

| Race.                                   | Winners.                                | Weight. | Distance.                               | Time.   | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|---------|-----------------------------------------|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Auckland Stakes...                      | g a h <i>Sir Hugh</i> ...               | 8st     | 2½ Miles.                               | —       | Walked over.                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Park Street Stakes...                   | g a h <i>Croton Oil</i> ...             | 9st     | R. C.                                   | 3m 33s  | Beating b a h <i>Ibrahim</i> 9st 3lbs.                                                                                                                                                        |
| Welter for Maiden N.<br>S. W. Horses... | b h <i>Paris</i> ...                    | 11st    | St. Legger<br>Course.*                  | —       | Walked over.                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 30 G. M. Sweepstakes.                   | b a h <i>Problem</i> .....              | 8st     | 7lbs ½ Mile, Heats 1m 24s<br>and 1m 25s | —       | Beating g a h <i>Lapping</i> 8st 7lbs; and b a h <i>Maynooth</i> 8st 7lbs, distanced. <i>Maynooth</i> won the second heat, but for the third went on the wrong side of the post at the start. |
| The Great Welter....                    | b a h <i>Maynooth</i> ....              | 11st    | R. C.                                   | —       | Walked over.                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 30 G. M. Purse... ..                    | b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> ..... | 8st     | Mile.                                   | 1m 52½s | Beating c n s w c <i>Selim</i> 8st 4lbs; and b a h <i>Problem</i> 8st 12lbs.                                                                                                                  |
| 30 G. M. Sweepstakes.                   | b a h <i>Maynooth</i> ...               | 8st     | 2 Miles.                                | —       | Walked over.                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Colonial Stakes,...                     | b n s w h <i>Paris</i> ...              | 8st     | R. C.                                   | 3m 32s  | Beating b n s w f <i>Bellona</i> 6st 10lbs.                                                                                                                                                   |

\* 1½ mile and 125 yards.

CALCUTTA RACES. FIRST MEETING, —1846-47.

| Race.                                         | Winners.                                  | Weight.   | Distance.      | Time.     | Remarks.                                                                                                         |
|-----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|-----------|----------------|-----------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| The Green Stakes....                          | g a h <i>The Baron</i> ....               | 8st 13lbs | 1½ Mile.       | 3m 0s     | Beating g a h <i>Master Henry</i> 8st 13lbs; b a h <i>Alcyonist</i> 9st 3lbs; and b a h <i>Ibrahim</i> 9st 3lbs. |
| 50 G. M. Sweepstakes.                         | g a h <i>Elepo</i> .. ....                | 9st 0lb   | Gilbert Mile.  | 1m 53½s   | Beating b a h <i>Glaucus</i> 9st by a length.                                                                    |
| 40 G. M. Purse.. ..                           | b a h <i>Minnet</i> .. ....               | 8st 5lbs  | R. C. Heats.   | 3-28—3-33 | Beating g a h <i>Croton Oil</i> 9st 5lbs; and b a h <i>Mysooth</i> 9st 3lbs.                                     |
| 30 G. M. Sweepstakes.                         | g a h <i>The Boy Jones</i>                | 8st 9lbs  | ½ Mile.        | 1m 26s    | Beating g a g <i>Sir Hugh</i> 8st 9lbs by a neck.                                                                |
| 50 G. M. Sweepstakes.                         | g a h <i>The Baron</i> ....               | 8st 2lbs  | 3 Miles.       | 6m 10s    | Beating b a h <i>Farewell</i> 8st 3lbs by a length and half.                                                     |
| 50 G. M. Sweepstakes.                         | b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> .. .... | 8st 4lbs  | Mile.          | 1m 52s    | Beating b a h <i>Cadwallader</i> 8st 4lbs with ease.                                                             |
| 50 G. M. Sweepstakes.<br>for N. S. W. horses. | c c <i>Salim</i> .. ....                  | 8st 4lbs  | Mile.          | 1m 54s    | Beating b a h <i>Paris</i> 8st 13lbs by half a length.                                                           |
| 50 G. M. Sweepstakes.                         | g a h <i>Elepo</i> .. ....                | 8st 7lbs  | 2 Miles, Heats | 3-55 3-57 | Beating b a h <i>Glaucus</i> 8st 7lbs.                                                                           |
| 25 G. M. Sweepstakes.                         | b a h <i>Glaucus</i> .. ....              | 9st 7lbs  | Craven.*       | 2m 22s    | Beating b a h <i>Minnet</i> 8st 1lb; b a h <i>Glennmore</i> 9st 7lbs; and g a h <i>Crab</i> 9st 7lbs.            |
| Newmarket Stakes...                           | b a u s t f <i>Bellona</i> .. ..          | 7st 9lbs  | Mile.          | 1m 56s    | Beating g a h <i>Croton Oil</i> 9st 12lbs.                                                                       |
|                                               |                                           |           |                |           | * 1¼ mile.                                                                                                       |

iv TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA FIRST MEETING.

CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING.—1846-47.

| Race.                            | Winners.                               | Weight.   | Distance.       | Time.             | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------------|-----------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 50 G. M. Purse for all horses... | b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> .... | 7st 11lbs | 2 Miles.        | 3m 52s            | Beating b a h <i>Glenmore</i> 8st 11lbs; and b a h <i>Problema</i> 8st 1lb.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Bengal Club Cup....              | b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> .... | 8st 2lbs  | 2 Miles, Heats. | 3m 58s            | Beating b a h <i>Maymonth</i> 8st 7lbs easily for the first heat. Second heat <i>Maymonth</i> drawn.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| 25 G. M. Purse...                | g a h <i>Merry Monarch</i>             | 8st 3lbs  | Mile Heats.     | 1m 56½s<br>1m 58s | Beating c a u s t g <i>Problema</i> 8st 1lb; and g a h <i>Leproy</i> 7st 13lbs.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 50 G. M. Free Handicap Purse.... | b a h <i>Cadwallader</i> ...           | 8st 7lbs  | T. I.*          | 2m 51s            | Beating c n s w c <i>Salim</i> 8st 4lbs; c n s w f <i>Bellona</i> 6st 6lbs; b a h <i>Manuel</i> 8st 13lbs; g a h <i>The Boy Jones</i> , 8st 10lbs and b n s w h <i>Emigrant</i> 9st 5lbs. The following horses did not stand the Handicap. b eng m <i>Morgano</i> 10st; b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> 8st 13lbs; g a h <i>Sir Hugh</i> 8st 9lbs; b a h <i>Maymonth</i> 8st 8lbs; b n s w h <i>Paris</i> 8st 8lb; b a h <i>Oranmore</i> 8st 7lbs; g a h <i>The Baron</i> 8st; and g a h <i>Crochet</i> 7st 12lbs. |
| 50 G. M. Sweepstakes.            | g a h <i>Elyso</i> ...                 | 9st 6lbs  | 1½ Miles.       | 3m 8s             | Beating b a h <i>Glaucus</i> 9st, hardly a half-mile race.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| The All Arab Cup..               | b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> .... | 7st 8lbs  | 1½ Miles.       | 2 m 48s           | Beating b a h <i>Manuel</i> 7st 5lbs and b a h <i>Cadwallader</i> 7st 13lbs.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |

\* 1½ Mile, less 90 yards.

TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA FIRST MEETING. V

CALCUTTA RACES, FIRST MEETING,--1846-47.

| Race.                                    | Winners.                       | Weight.                  | Distance. | Time.   | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------|-----------|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 60 G. M. Purse for all horses. Handicap. | c n s w c <i>Selim</i> . . . . | 8st 5lbs                 | R. C.     | 3m 22s  | Beating g a h <i>Elepoo</i> 9st; b n s w f <i>Bellona</i> 6st 6lbs; g a g <i>Sir Hugh</i> 8st; b a h <i>Glaucus</i> 8st 10lbs and b a h <i>Glennore</i> 8st 12lbs. The following horses did not stand the Handicap. b a h <i>Maynooth</i> 8st 6lbs; g a h <i>The Boy Jones</i> 8st 2lbs; g a h <i>Crab</i> 7st 12lbs; g a h <i>The Baron</i> 7st 9lbs; g a h <i>Croton Oil</i> , a feather.                                                                                     |
| Winners' Handicap.                       | b n s w f <i>Bellona</i> . . . | 6st 6lbs                 | 2 Miles.  | 3m 50½s | Beating c n s w c <i>Selim</i> 8st 5lbs; b a h <i>Cadwalader</i> 8st. 4lbs; g a h <i>Elepoo</i> 9st; g a h <i>The Boy Jones</i> 9st; b a h <i>Maynooth</i> 8st 4lbs; b a h <i>Glaucus</i> 8st 6lbs; b a h <i>Glennore</i> 8st 7lbs; g a h <i>The Baron</i> 7st and g a h <i>Croton Oil</i> a feather. The following horses did not start; b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> 8st 13lbs; b a h <i>Minuet</i> 8st 9lbs; b n s w h <i>Paris</i> 8st 2lbs; b a h <i>Problem</i> 8st. |
| Losers' Handicap . . . .                 | g a g <i>Sir Hugh</i> . . . .  | 8st 10lbs 1½ Mile Heats. |           | 2m 55s  | Beating g a h <i>The Boy Jones</i> 8st 12lbs; g a h <i>Crab</i> 8st 5lbs and g a h <i>Master Henry</i> 7st 8lbs.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |

## CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING 1846-47.

| Race.                                  | Winners.                    | Weight.   | Distance.          | Time.   | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|----------------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------|--------------------|---------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Merchants' Plate for all horses.....   | c n s w c <i>Selim</i> .... | 7st 11lbs | St Leger C         | 3m 28s  | Beating b a h <i>Cadwallader</i> 7st 13lbs; b a h <i>Minuet</i> 7st 13lbs; b cp h <i>Sir Benjamin</i> 9st 5lbs; b eng m <i>Morgiana</i> 9st 3lbs; g a h <i>Elepo</i> 8st 12lbs; bk cp h <i>Voltaire</i> 8st 13lbs; b n s w m <i>Greenmantle</i> 8st 10lbs; b n s w h <i>Paris</i> 8st 6lbs; and b a h <i>The Child of the Islands</i> 7st 13lbs—Won easily. |
| 25 G M Sweepstakes for all horses .... | b a h <i>Oranmore</i> ....  | 8st 11lb  | Craven             | 2m 24s  | Beating g a h <i>The Merry Monarch</i> 9st; b n s w h <i>Emigrant</i> 9st 9lbs; and b a h <i>Goldfinder</i> 8st 11b. A very fine race; not a clear length between the first horse and the last.                                                                                                                                                             |
| 50 G M Sweepstakes for all horses .... | g a h <i>The Baron</i> ..   | 8st 7lbs  | $\frac{1}{2}$ Mile | 56s 54s | Beating g a h <i>Repulse</i> 8st 7lbs; and g a h <i>Master Henry</i> 7st 11lbs. First time a dead heat between <i>The Baron</i> and <i>Repulse</i> .                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| 25 G M Sweepstakes for all horses .... | b a h <i>Cadwallader</i> .. | 8st ..    | Mile               | 1m 54s  | Beating n s w g <i>Brown Jumper</i> 9st; g a h <i>The Boy Jones</i> 8st 7lbs; c n s w g <i>Problem</i> 9st; and b a h <i>Problem</i> 8st.                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 25 G M Handicap Sweepstakes.....       | c n s w c <i>Selim</i> ...  | 8st 8lbs  | R. C.              | 3m 30s  | Beating g a h <i>The Boy Jones</i> 7st 12lbs; g a h <i>Elepo</i> 8st 11lbs; and g a h <i>Sir Hugh</i> 7st 12lbs. Won with perfect ease.                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |

CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING 1846-47.

| Race.                                                                                                                      | Winners.                             | Weight. | Distance.             | Time.  | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|---------|-----------------------|--------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 30 G M Sweepstakes<br>for all horses... ..                                                                                 | b c h <i>Child of the Islands...</i> | 8st     | 2 Miles               | 3m 31s | Beating g a h <i>Croton Oil</i> 8st. Won easily.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| 20 G M Sweepstakes<br>for all horses not<br>winners of upwards<br>of 100 G M previ-<br>ously to October<br>1, 1846..... .. | b n s w g <i>Brown Jumper...</i>     | 9st     | $\frac{3}{4}$ Mile    | 1m 23s | Beating c n s w h <i>Problem</i> 9st 7lbs; bk cp h <i>Voltaire</i> 9st 7lbs; b a h <i>Problem</i> 8st 7lbs; and g a h <i>The Mary Monarch</i> 8st 7lbs.                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Civilians' Purse... ..                                                                                                     | b a h <i>Minuet</i> ..... ..         | 8st     | 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ Miles | 4m 25s | Beating b a h <i>Magnoon</i> 8st 7lbs; b a h <i>Cadevallader</i> 8st 3lbs; b n s w m <i>Greenmantle</i> 8st 5lbs; b eng m <i>Morgiana</i> 9st 3lbs; and b n s w h <i>Paris</i> 8st 3lbs. The first mile and a quarter was very slow, the last mile was done in 1m 50s; neither of the first 3 horses was a quarter of a second above this time. |
| 50 G M Sweepstakes                                                                                                         | g a h <i>The Baron</i> ....          | 8st     | 1 Mile                | 1m 54s | Beating g a h <i>Repulse</i> 8st 7lbs; and g a h <i>Master Henry</i> 7st 11lbs.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| 30 G M Sweepstakes<br>for all horses, not<br>winners of upwards<br>of 100 G M previ-<br>ously to October 1,<br>1846.. .. . | b a h <i>Problem</i> .....           | 8st     | R. C.                 | 3m 29s | Beating g a h <i>Croton Oil</i> 9st easily.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |



## VIII TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA 2D MEETING.

## CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING 1846-47.

| Race.                                                                                          | Winner.                                | Weight. | Distance.       | Time.  | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|---------|-----------------|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25 G M Sweepstakes for all horses.....                                                         | b n s w h <i>Paris</i> .....           | 8st     | 2 Miles.        |        | Walked over, the b a h <i>Minuet</i> , the only other entrance, being drawn.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Whip presented by His Highness the Nawab Nazim, and Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. P. P..... | b eng m <i>Morgiana</i> ....           | 9st     | 1 Mile.         | 1m 54s | Beating g a h <i>Repulse</i> 7st 12lbs; b n s w g <i>Brown Juniper</i> 8st 7lbs; b n s w h <i>Paris</i> 8st 7lbs; g a h <i>Merry Monarch</i> 8st 7lbs; and b a h <i>Oranmore</i> 7st 12lbs. Won by a nose: <i>Repulse</i> second and all the other horses too close together to be placed. The c n s w c <i>Selim</i> 9st and c cp h <i>Battledore</i> 8st 10lbs, did not start. |
| Trades' Plate.....                                                                             | b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> .... | 8st     | 2 Miles Heats.  |        | Walked over.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| His Highness the Nawab Nazim's Plate,                                                          | c n s w c <i>Selim</i> .....           | 9st     | St Leger Course | 3m 31s | Beating b a h <i>Minuet</i> 8st 8lbs; g a h <i>Elepoo</i> 8st 6lbs; c cp h <i>Battledore</i> 8st 7lbs; b n s w h <i>Emigrant</i> 8st 5lbs; and b a h <i>Maynooth</i> 8st 2lbs (declared 14lb). Won with ease. Eleven horses did not stand the Handicap (vide Calendar.)                                                                                                          |
| Bahoo Radamadh Banerjee's Purse.*                                                              | c n s w c <i>Selim</i> .....           | 8st     | 2 Miles.        | 3m 57s | Beating b c h <i>Cadwallader</i> 8st 5lbs. First Mile slow, second mile 1m. 52s. Won with ease.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |

\* The terms of the Race required 3 horses to start. the Purse was therefore withheld, but given to be run for again; *vide post*.

CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING, —1846.47.

| Race.                                                    | Winners.                         | Weight.   | Distance.          | Time.  | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------|--------------------|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 50 G. M. Sweepstakes                                     | g a h <i>The Baron</i> .....     | 8st 7lbs  | 1½ Miles.          | 2m 55s | Beating g a h <i>Repulse</i> 8st 7lbs ; and g a h <i>Master Henry</i> 7st 10lbs. Won by a nose.                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Winners' Handicap..                                      | g a h <i>The Boy Jones</i>       | 7st 12lbs | 2 Miles.           | 3m 50s | Beating b eng m <i>Morgiana</i> 8st 10lbs ; g a g <i>Sir Hugh</i> 7st 12lbs ; g a h <i>Elepo</i> 8st 7lbs ; <i>Minuet</i> 8st 12lbs ; b a h <i>Cadwalader</i> 8st 9lbs ; b a h <i>Maynooth</i> 8st 2lbs. Won by half a head. There were ten horses drawn, vide Calendar. |
| 50 G M Sweepstakes.                                      | g a h <i>The Baron</i> ....      | 8st 7lbs  | 2 Miles.           | 3m 55s | Beating g a h <i>Repulse</i> 8st 7lbs ; and g a h <i>Master Henry</i> 7st 11lbs. Won in hand by a length.                                                                                                                                                                |
| 25 G M Sweepstakes for Maiden Arabs, weight for age .... | <i>Child of the Islands</i> .... | 8st 13lbs | 2 Miles            | 3m 50s | Beating b a h <i>Minuet</i> 8st 13lbs ; b a h <i>Maynooth</i> 9st 3lbs ; g a h <i>Croton Oil</i> 9st 5lbs ; b a h, <i>Farewell</i> 8st 13lbs, and b a h <i>Cadwalader</i> 8st 13lbs, won easily.                                                                         |
| Purse Rs. 800..                                          | c eng f <i>Flyaway</i> ....      | 8st 7lbs  | T Y C              | —      | Walked over. This was a purse given by the seller of three English fillies, disposed of by raffie.                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Baboo Radamadub Banerjee's Purse (Handicap) .....        | g a h <i>Elepo</i> .....         | 8st 4lbs  | R C and a distance | 3m 38s | Beating b eng m <i>Morgiana</i> 9st 2lb ; c ch h <i>Bat-tedore</i> 8st 7lbs ; g a h the <i>Boy Jones</i> 8st 2lbs ; b a h <i>Cadwalader</i> 8st 7lbs. The b a h <i>Child of the Islands</i> 9st 2lbs and b a h <i>Minuet</i> 8st 12lbs, did not stand the Handicap.      |

X TABULAR ABSTRACT OF THE CALCUTTA 2D MEETING.

CALCUTTA RACES, SECOND MEETING,—1846-47.

| Race.                                                        | Winners.                                 | Weight.   | Distance. | Time.  | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Free Handicap Stakes<br>of G M 20 with a<br>Purse G M 50.... | b a h <i>Child of the<br/>Islands...</i> | 8st 13lbs | One Mile  | 1m 51s | Beating g a h <i>Eleppo</i> 8st 4lbs; b n s w h <i>Emigrant</i><br>8st 5lbs; c ch h <i>Battledore</i> 8st 7lbs; c n s w g<br><i>Problem</i> 8st 7lbs, and g a h <i>The Baron</i> 7st 12lbs<br>(declared 4lb) Won easily. The Cape horse had a<br>very bad start, having his head the wrong way when<br>the word was given; after getting away he held his<br>own, as regards the winning horse, to the finish: it<br>would therefore in all probability have been a very<br>close thing but for this accident. |

ABSTRACT OF BOMBAY RACES FOR 1847.

| Race.                                      | Winners.                        | Weight.    | Distance.       | Time.            | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|--------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| The Derby .....                            | g a h <i>Mint Master</i> ..     | 8st 5lbs   | 1½ Mile.        | 2m 58s           | Beating g a h <i>The Great Western</i> 8st 2lbs; w a h <i>Templation</i> 8st 5lbs; and b a h <i>Glencly</i> .                                                                                                   |
| The Drawing Room Stakes .....              | g a h <i>Master George</i> ..   | 8st 7lbs   | 1 Mile.         | 1m 51s           | Beating b a h <i>Young Deceter</i> 8st 7lbs, and g a h <i>Warley</i> 8st 7lbs.                                                                                                                                  |
| The Give and Take ..                       | c a h <i>Druid</i> .....        | 9st 0lbs   | 1½ Mile, heats. | 3m 5s            | Beating g a h <i>The Derby</i> 8st 7lbs for the first heat. <i>The Derby</i> drawn for the second.                                                                                                              |
| The Great Welter .....                     | b a h <i>Hobson's Choice</i> .. | 10st 11lbs | 1½ Mile.        | 3m 2s            | Beating g a h <i>Vibration</i> 11st 0lb, and g a h <i>Warley</i> 11st 0lb.                                                                                                                                      |
| The Dealers' Plate ..                      | g a c <i>Fielin</i> .....       | 7st 12lbs  | 2 Miles.        | 3m 59s           | Beating g a h <i>Vynuth</i> 8st 12lbs; b a c <i>Premier</i> 7st 12lbs; g a h <i>Goodly Singh</i> 12st 7lbs; g a c <i>Thrander</i> ; g a c <i>Sea Horse</i> ; g a c <i>Absentee</i> , and g a c <i>Perrygo</i> . |
| The Forbes' Stakes ..                      | b a c <i>String for Lead</i> .. | 7st 7lbs   | 2 Miles.        | 4m 0s            | Beating b a h <i>Hobson's Choice</i> 9st 12lbs, and w a l <i>Templation</i> 8st 0lb.                                                                                                                            |
| The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse .....     | g a h <i>Warley</i> .....       | 8st 7lbs   | 1 Mile, heats.  | 1m 57s<br>1m 56s | Beating c a h <i>Druid</i> 8st 7lbs, and b a h <i>Young Deceter</i> 8st 7lbs.                                                                                                                                   |
| The Cup presented by the Civil Servants .. | g a h <i>Vibration</i> .....    | 9st 0lb    | 2 Miles.        | 4m 4s            | Beating b a h <i>Glencly</i> 8st 9lbs, and g a h <i>Warley</i> 9st 0lb.                                                                                                                                         |

## ABSTRACT OF BOMBAY RACES FOR 1847.

| Race.                          | Winners.                        | Weight.       | Distance.       | Time.            | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------|-----------------|------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| The Whim Purse.....            | c a h <i>Druid</i> .....        | 8st 12lbs 8oz | 1½ Mile, heats. | 2m 58s<br>2m 47s | Beating g a h <i>Master George</i> 8st 10lbs and g a c <i>Gooleb Singh</i> 8st 4lbs 1oz.                                                                 |
| Match for Rs 1000 ..           | g a h <i>Bedouin</i> .....      | 8st 5lbs      | 2 Miles.        | 4m 1s            | Beating g a h <i>Pigeon</i> 8st 10lbs.                                                                                                                   |
| The Merchants' Plate g a h     | <i>Virmuth</i> .....            | 8st 5lbs      | 2 Miles.        | 3m 56½s          | Beating b a h <i>Premier</i> 7st 5lb.                                                                                                                    |
| The Malet Stakes....           | g a h <i>Mint Master</i> ..     | 8st 6lbs      | 2 Miles.        | 4m 4s            | Beating g a h <i>Vibration</i> 9st 2lbs.                                                                                                                 |
| The Craven Stakes..            | b a c <i>String for Lead</i> .  | 8st 9lbs 1½   | Mile, heats.    | —                | Beating w a h <i>Temptation</i> 9st 1lbs.                                                                                                                |
| Match for Rs 1000...           | g a h <i>Pigeon</i> ... ..      | 8st 7lbs      | 2 Miles.        | 4m 1s.           | Beating g a c <i>Seahorse</i> 8st 7lbs.                                                                                                                  |
| Winners' Handicap..            | g a h <i>Mint Master</i> ..     | —             | 2 Miles.        | 3m 52½s.         | Beating g a h <i>Virmuth</i> ; c a h <i>Druid</i> ; g a h <i>Great Western</i> , and g a h <i>Vibration</i> .                                            |
| The Beaten Plate Handicap..... | b a h <i>Young Deceit</i> ..... | —             | 1½ Mile.        | —                | Beating g a h <i>Malmesbury</i> .                                                                                                                        |
| Match for 10 G. M. g a c       | <i>Thunder</i> ... ..           | —             | 2 Miles.        | 4m 3½s           | Beating g a h <i>Pigeon</i> .                                                                                                                            |
| The Governor's Cup c a h       | <i>Druid</i> .....              | 10st 9lbs;    | R. C. heats.    | 3m; 3-3; 3-5     | Beating b a h <i>Hobson's Choice</i> 10st 11lbs; w a h <i>Temptation</i> 10st 0lb; g a h <i>Vibration</i> 10st 7lbs, and b a h <i>Glenely</i> 9st 12lbs. |
| Match for Rs 500....           | g a h <i>Pigeon</i> .....       | 8st 7lbs      | 2 Miles.        | 3m 59s           | Beating g a h <i>Thunder</i> 8st 7lbs.                                                                                                                   |

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

|                            |            |                   |            |                              |                |
|----------------------------|------------|-------------------|------------|------------------------------|----------------|
| <b>A.</b>                  |            | <b>E.</b>         |            | <b>L.</b>                    |                |
| Aboukir, late Admiral.     | 77         | Elepeco,          | 18, 20, 34 | Little Breches,              | 78             |
| Adrian,                    | 57         | Ellenkhallee,     | 44         | Little Goorkha,              | 24             |
| Alchymist,                 | 65         | En-ign,           | 5          | Little Wonder,               | 42             |
| Alice,                     | 9          | Ercbus,           | 58         | Love not,                    | 78             |
| Ali Bey,                   | 46         | Escape,           | 59         |                              |                |
|                            |            | Evil Eye,         | 67         | <b>M.</b>                    |                |
| <b>B.</b>                  |            | <b>F.</b>         |            |                              |                |
| B. B.                      | 58         |                   |            | Mabel,                       | 79             |
| Baby Blake,                | 11         | Fairy,            | 38         | Maharajah,                   | 77             |
| Backgammon,                | 77         | Fanny,            | 10         | Mahsbury,                    | 35, 36, 37     |
| Baron, 18. 19, 26, 27, 31, |            | Fang-a-Ballah,    | 61         | Marcngo,                     | 62             |
| 32, 33                     |            | Fluid Magnesia,   | 5          | Mary,                        | 44, 63, 65     |
| Baroness,                  | 43         | Flyaway,          | 3          | Master George,               | 69             |
| Bedouin,                   | 71         | Formosa,          | 44, 63, 64 | Mavourneen,                  | 9, 10, 11      |
| Bellona,                   | 21, 24     | Fusher,           | 62, 64     | Mavnooth,                    | 11, 17, 23,    |
| Black Prince,              | 23         |                   |            | 25, 26                       |                |
| Blow-me-tight,             | 46         |                   |            | Memory,                      | 77, 79         |
| Bones,                     | 46         | <b>G.</b>         |            | Mesmer,                      | 38, 39         |
| Borderer,                  | 80         | Ganymede,         | 5, 51      | Merry Monarch,               | 22             |
| Bostrukizon,               | 58         | Gass,             | 77         | Mina,                        | 4              |
| Boy Jones,                 | 11, 19, 33 | Glaucus,          | 14, 20, 23 | Mint Master, 1, 2, 3, 69, 71 |                |
| Brown Jumper,              | 29         | Gleumore,         | 15         | Minuet,                      | 12, 18, 29     |
|                            |            | Golden Rein,      | 63         | Mooltan,                     | 66             |
| <b>C.</b>                  |            | Goolbehar,        | 71         | Mondecal,                    | 9, 10          |
| Cadet,                     | 37         | Great Western,    | 35, 37     | Morgiana,                    | 26, 30         |
| Cadwallader,               | 15, 22, 28 | Grey Surrey,      | 8          | Moulah,                      | 50             |
| Calcot,                    | 57         | Grunder,          | 8          | My Cousin,                   | 73, 75, 76     |
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| Chabook,                   | 54, 55, 57 | <b>H.</b>         |            | Nameless,                    | 42             |
| Charley,                   | 54         | Hackfall,         | 77         |                              |                |
| Child of the Islands,      | 17,        | Harkaway,         | 50         | <b>O.</b>                    |                |
| 19, 21, 23, 29, 31, 33,    |            | Hesperus,         | 12         | Oranmore,                    | 27             |
| 34                         |            | Hobson's Choice,  | 69         | Our Old Friend,              | 6, 8           |
| Coburg,                    | 3, 4       | Holdfast,         | 60, 61     |                              |                |
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| Creeper,                   | 80         | If you Please,    | 5          | Paris,                       | 13, 16, 17, 30 |
| Cricket Ball,              | 48, 49     | It's-not-my-lead, | 50         | Parson's Daughter,           | 66             |
| Croton Oil,                | 16         |                   |            | Pathfinder,                  | 37             |
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| Devil to Pay,              | 9          | Knight Templar,   | 42         | Poney,                       | 72             |
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| Dusty Bob,                 | 68         |                   |            |                              |                |

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| Rein Deer,                  | 7          | Taffy,                | 8               |                 |             |
| Repealer,                   | 66, 68     | Tara,                 | 40, 42          | Waldemar,       | 41          |
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THE  
INDIA SPORTING REVIEW,

A  
RECORD

OF THE  
TURE, THE CHASE, THE GUN,  
THE ROD, AND  
SPEAR.





THE  
INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

N<sup>o</sup>. X.

JUNE, 1847.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

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1847.



## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOLEN.—A correspondent obliged us some time ago with a short paper on the Coolen and two drawings. We have been unable to turn them to account, from a partial accident to the manuscript, and the paper being without signature we have had no means of communicating with the author. We believe we did know our friend at the time, but his identity has escaped us. If he will favour us with a line his paper shall appear in our next number.

J. G. F.—We regret that two failures with the lithographic prints, have prevented our giving the article in this number. The drawings were executed, but the transfer was a failure owing to the extraordinary heat of the weather. They were subsequently re-done, but could not be coloured in time.

H.—We should have given portraits of *The Child of the Islands* and *Minuet*, as a matter of course, could we have found any one competent to take them; but the only artist in Calcutta (and he is a Native) who succeeds at all in this line, was absent from the Presidency while the horses were here. If the horses live we presume we shall see them again in the fall of the year, when we will try what can be done. We should wish to give the crack maiden of every season.

HINT,—We are obliged for it, but it was anticipated. The portrait was executed before Mr. S. left for England and will appear in our next number.

L. S. W.—Nos. I. and III., we are sorry to say are out of print; of No. II. and all the other numbers a few copies remain on hand.

JUVENAL.—We will bear the subject in mind and *not* “let it drop” till we have elicited the desired information.

A. F. M.—We look for the promised favour with much pleasure. Our correspondent will see in this No. the interesting paper about which he enquires.

A SUBSCRIBER,—Will see that we have availed ourselves of his enclosure, and we hope to hear from him again. Can he not send us a plan of the Course?

W. R.—We have put the initials only of the signature because it is that of a friend who contributes a valuable paper in the present number, and who has subscribed himself by the same name for some years as a writer on sporting subjects. Perhaps our present correspondent when writing again will do us the favour of adopting another *nom de guerre*.

SANDY.—The paper reached us too late, for this Number, but it shall appear in our next.

LEATHER STOCKINGS.—Ditto. We may mention that—owing to arrangements which will commence with our next number, *and which we hope will give our Mofussil friends here and in the other Presidencies their copies about the time the Work is delivered in Calcutta*—no manuscript will have a chance of insertion in the first approaching number, unless it reach us by the 15th of the month,—say of the months of March, June, September, and December, as the case may be.

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THE  
INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

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J U N E, 1 8 4 7.

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GWALIOR, BUNDLEKHUND, AND OUDE ;

OR,

MY LAST SPORTING TOUR IN INDIA.

GWALIOR.

On the evening of the 3rd of November 1846, I proceeded from the hospitable mansion of Sir Richmond Shakespear and then took a final leave of old Gwalior where I had resided fourteen long years. My servants, guns, tents, and horses, had been sent to Oorana, a village seated in a rather pretty valley on the Poorsa road about six miles to the north. Though not in the habit of talking to myself, I could not help thinking of Wharton's apostrophe to the old city of Oxford as he stood on the bank of the Isis, and I caught myself paraphrasing it, as I cast a last glance at the celebrated fortress—

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,  
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time,  
Ye massive piles of old munificence,  
At once the pride of Tyrants and defence ;  
Ye dungeons dark, that, length'ning to the sight,  
To contemplation, step by step, invite ;



Ye low arch'd doors whereof the whispers clear  
 Of crimes unseen have swept the prisoners' ear ;  
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays  
 Her holy hymns of ever echoing praise ;  
 Lo ! your friend Westley from Oorana's vale,  
 With a Mahratta fondness bids you hail !

Of that remarkable State prison, in which so many Princes have been immured, it is not my intention to write, at least beyond a few passing words. Tradition carries its romantic history back to a period long before the birth of our Saviour. On the top of what was then a vast, but barren rock of sandstone, the sides of which were almost perpendicular, lived, nineteen hundred years ago, a celebrated devotee whose name was Gwali. According to the popular belief, two centuries after his death, ramparts were first raised on this hill by a Hindoo chieftain who reigned at Delhi, and the new fortress was named after the departed saint. Eight hundred years afterwards, tradition gave way to written accounts, or at all events to accounts of nicer accuracy, and we learn how that place was seized by the Mahomedans A. D. 1230 ; how that Humayoon, the Mogul Emperor, resided for a time in it, and how the son of the unfortunate Dara Shikoh died in one of the dungeons of slow poison. The dungeons are still shown to visitors. The palace of the killadar was built in Shah Jehan's reign by his general, Moozuffier Khan, and is remarkable only as showing the perfection in which the art of enamelling was understood at that period. The interior displays no elegance. In this *our* day it has been converted into quarters for the officer in charge of the garrison, and its rooms, in respect of furniture, rejoice in the possession of a toon-wood table and a couple of chairs. Alas, for the mutability of all things mundane ! Some sagacious tourist,—I think Pitz-Pliny of Gwalior, but I am not sure,—once exclaimed, “ what riddles are men ! ” Yes, they *are* riddles and so are women—but who is so great a riddle as old *Time* ?

4th.—*Oorana*, 6 miles.—The preserved grass-lands here during the months of October and September are celebrated for bustard-shooting. These noble birds, after the rainy season, leave the Kolet, Rye, and Behut table-land, and settle down in the fine roussa grass of this little valley. They feed on the oily seeds of this grass. I have seen as many as twelve together peeping just above the high standing grass. When I arrived the grass had been cut and stacked and the birds had in consequence left. Bagged a buck antelope.\*

\* Those who know the real name of me, W. R., will hardly accuse me of injustice towards the *doctors*, yet truth, like murder, will ‘out’ even from my, to

5th.—*Rattora*, 10 miles.—Crossed over the Sencechara hill, where a great fair is annually held by the Mahrattas and came on the roussa grass-lands of Rattora also famous for bustards. Good antelope shooting here. Wounded a buck, but the pace he kept up beat my Affghan pony, *Dowl Khan*, after a good run of half an hour. Bagged a brace of the large grouse.

6th.—*Bellony*, 10 miles—is seated on the right bank of the Ahsin river. Antelope, geese and coolen may be met with. Saw one buck.

7th.—*Poorsu*, 10 miles.—This is a small military station occupied by a wing of an infantry corps of the Gwalior Contingent, and a village in the neighbourhood is remarkable for a little “untoward” affair, which should be mentioned. Singular as the statement must appear to those who knew the turbulent character of both the peasantry and soldiery of Gwalior in the palmy days of Junkojee Scindea, yet the fact is, that only once has a drop of blood been effused in any engagement, tumult or affray;—only once has a shot been fired since the battle of Maharajpoor. That unfortunate affair was occasioned by over-officiousness and ignorance which might have led to a very serious popular rising. The people of this district are for the most part Jauts, distinct in religion and language altogether, therefore, from the Mahrattas whom, as their conquerors, they thoroughly detest. The relish with which they slaughtered in cold blood some of the fugitives of the Gwalior army after the battle of Maharajpoor was in no degree disguised. Over these people, alike courageous and insubordinate, a Mahratta amil is placed, a very small satellite of authority when

them, ever partial pen. Well, then, until the organization of the new Contingent 1841, there never was a medico at Gwalior, during the last 40 years, “learned” as “physicians” as all of them of course were, who had *any* knowledge of practical chemistry or any idea of geology, save, what is understood as a Scotch smattering of pebbles. Now, Dr. Trauter at Mahidpoor, an uncovenanted officer, whose great abilities as an agricultural, or in plain words, as a practical chemist, are not sufficiently known to Government, has invented a machine for the purpose of expressing oil from the roussa grass from which a finer, purer, and more valuable article is obtained than even that manufactured at Mundleisur. The mode of expressing at Gwalior is so wretched, that the oil is thick, filthy, and offensive to the snell, and, therefore, is not much used as an embrocation. But the late re-organization of the Contingent sent nine medical officers to Gwalior, some of whom have attainments to qualify them to become very useful. Who will say that the Otaheite sugar-cane which grows so luxuriantly at Jubblepoor cannot thrive in the rich sugar-cane soil of Juksoulee? Who will pronounce that there are not, as yet undiscovered because unexplored, valuable coal beds at Berye and at Rye?

revolving round the khomavisdar, or chief collector of the district; but as the khomavisdars live at court to bask in the sunshine of royalty, this jack in office is by no means diffident in applying the screw in revenue affairs. He does that work zealously, if not wisely; his only difficulty is to get troops to back his exactions. It so happened, that immediately after a detachment of the Contingent arrived at Poorsa a dispute arose between the amil and the zeemindars. The amil went to the officer in charge of the detachment, (for an entire regiment had not then been raised,) who, unfortunately mistaking his position and duty, acted on this official's requisition and led his men against the refractory zeemindars. An engagement ensued, some of the villagers with arms in their hands were either killed or wounded, while the commanding officer received a terrific sword-cut on his forehead. Such rencontres, which if allowed would justly bring the greatest odium on Lord Ellenborough's settlement of this country, and which without previous inquiry by our political authorities as in *this* instance, cannot on any principle of fairness be justified, have been prohibited by peremptory orders from Colonel Sleeman and the late Brigadier Stubbs.

The district of Poorsa is either traversed or bounded by three rivers, the Chumbul, the Kuharee, and the Ahsin, and has, if not very extensive, yet pretty and diversified prospects, especially during the autumn when the land is covered with cotton, joar, bajra, urhur, and various kinds of millet. The soil, nevertheless, is not favourable for the spring cultivation as there is no irrigation from wells, the water lying as far as 120 feet from the surface. Nor are there any tanks, at least none that hold water so late as November. For antelope shooting this district would delight the heart of a sportsman if he will wait till the autumn crops have been cut. Till then these beautiful animals lie in the urhur fields and are seldom seen. That excellent sportsman Clunie, better known in your Review as *Kandaharee*, whose earlier education was passed among the red-deer and roe-buck on the highlands of Scotland, I met at Poorsa, and he readily agreed to accompany me the next two marches.

8th.—*Goormee*, 10 miles.—No quail or any game except antelope, and they were screened from our view by the standing corn. The country people were very civil and seemed to like the highlander very much, and, knowing *his* weak point, talked to him a good deal about leopards. Clunie had, a few days previously, bagged a pair of leopards, male and female, in an adjoining ravine, himself on foot and alone. Perhaps, because I had a party of gendarmes about me whom the good old minister of Gwalior had insisted on accompanying me on my excursion, the conversation directed to me by a zeemindar was on assess-

ments and crops. "We have," said one of the farmers of Peepree, "only one friend and we have seen little of him of late." I reflected a little while and replied, "I suppose you allude to the amil!" whereupon the by-standers began to laugh like fun. "No, Sir," rejoined the old man, "I did not mean the pundit—he is hard enough—we have no wells in this country, our only friend is the rain." The Mahrattas of the present day, precisely like their ancestors 350 years ago, have no men of business except pundits who are Mahratta brahmins. It is not of course that the Mahrattas, who are not of the priesthood, have not the average amount of natural ability, or that some might not become great scholars if they chose, but all literary attainments, even such common ones as reading and writing, are voted *low*. A happy change is likely to take place through the influence of the mild and benevolent advisers of the existing Government, Colonel Sleeman and Sir Richmond Shakespear. What Sivajee and his successors down to Junkojee Scindea scorned, the little Gyajee Scindea has been taught to love. Already he reads Hindec, can write the Mahratta character, and is eager to commence Persian. Besides instruction intended to improve and enlarge his understanding, he is judiciously taught those exercises which it is to be hoped will direct his taste and render him popular. Those exercises are riding, shooting, and the use of the spear, in which last art Mahrattas above all other men so greatly excel.

9th.—*Peepree*, 10 miles.—Midway between this place and Gormee is a fine grass plain on which antelope lie. There Kandaharee knocked over two does, a right and left shot, in good style. Neither to-day nor yesterday could I get a shot. My friend now returned to Poorsa and I proceeded on alone.

10th.—*Bhind*, 12 miles.—This was at one time a well-built town, but is now mostly in ruins. It is seated on a fine open plain. Here formerly was the great Jhinsi grass-preserve, or grass expressly kept for the use of the State bullocks used for dragging the artillery guns. Capital antelope shooting in the grass. Bagged a couple of geese, five couple of wild-fowl and rolled over two black bucks and one doe; the three, however, got into the joar cultivation which stood seven feet high, and one only was brought in. The sport is magnificent here in January. Some miles to the south of *Bhind* is the fortress of Gohud noted for a protracted siege maintained in 1767 by the Jauts against the Mahrattas under Rugonath Rao, uncle to the Peishwa. After the garrison had nearly expended their ammunition they offered the enemy three lacs of rupees to march away, which offer was gladly accepted. A round shot went clean through the palace wall and the hole is somewhat boastfully pointed out to visitors by the Mahratta cicerone. The sports-

man will find good snipe-shooting at Gohud and Etounda, and numerous antelope around.

11th.—*Belou*, 10 miles.—Antelope and grey partridges, the latter very numerous about the ravines, are to be met with on the way. Bagged a buck. The heat was too great to beat up the partridges. Belou is in an abominable hole and completely surrounded by ravines. Not far from it resides the free-booter Pertaub Sing, whose security consists in the prodigious ravines which encircle his little fortress, and which enable him to escape from any force that may be sent against him.

12th.—*Rone*, 12 miles.—The road lies now below, now above, ravines all the way rendering the journey very annoying. Crossed the river Scinde. Rone is a part of Scindea's ceded district, and is under the very able management of Captain Ross. Antelope are to be found towards the East. It is a remarkable fact that, on the left side of the river, there is no irrigation from wells for the reason already stated, while on this, the Mehona or right side, irrigation is common, the water being found as near as ten feet from the surface. The soil on either side is similar, chiefly sand and kunker.

13th.—*Mehona*, 6 miles.—This is the chief village in the Kuchwyeghur district which till ceded to the British Government was the terror of all travellers whose occupations led them thither. Near the village is a military station occupied by troops of the Contingent. The site was much more judiciously chosen here than at Poorsa; but the country is not enlivened by groves of the mango tree as the latter is. The cultivation is very fine. First rate antelope shooting is here in January. The real Irish hospitality of "the Colonel," once so long known as Paddy, who commands the station, discouraged my passion for ball-shooting this day.

14th.—*Iahur*, 7 miles.—Saw a large herd of antelope and got two shots without bringing either to account, except indeed in ascribing the result to Irish entertainment which will, however, explained by physiologists, affect the cerebrum. Beautiful joar cultivation, but no quail in it.

15th.—*Duboi*, 16 miles.—Splendid crops all along this march. A buck antelope grazing by himself was bagged. Came afterwards on a flock of wild geese and Eley's A. A. A. tumbled over a couple. Towards the west are the Scundah hills where a tiger may be occasionally seen, and where numerous leopards have there abiding place.

16th.—*Pundokur*, 10 miles.—This village has also been ceded to us by Scindea as well as the districts of Bhandere and Mehona on either side. For the first time the traveller beholds at the distance of ten miles some of the curiously shaped hills

of Bundelkhand scarped as they are into all manner of shapes by the unerring hand of nature. Here a chain of unequal hills is seen to cross a valley, there insulated hills of beautiful forms, some conical topped with little temples, some terminating abruptly in a sharp precipice, and others appear cut so as to resemble a camel's back. Not the least curious fact is, that, while many of the hills of Gwalior are sandstone, those in the adjoining province of Bundelkhand, north of the Vyndhian range, are all composed of felspar and quartz,—are veins in fact running out of the vast granite bed below, which bed is no where covered in Bundelkhand by any stratified rock. The Vyndhian range, as is well-known, is all sand-stone. Accordingly, the celebrated waterfalls of Rewah which are on this range run into the granite plain of Bundelkhand out of which plain these hills of felspar and quartz, of which I am now writing, arise. Geologists suppose that the Vyndhian range is the remains of a sandstone bed that once covered the whole of the present immense bed of granite, but washed off by the floods of uncounted ages leaving nothing except the range. In many parts of Bundelkhand there are numerous dikes of basalt, but this basalt never rises into rocks.\* By Punrokur passes the Phohooj river. I saw no game except grey partridges. Shot 4 brace.

17th.—*Bhandere*, 10 miles.—The Phohooj river runs by this very old and decayed town, where may be still seen remains of handsome mosques and Hindoo temples. Mr. M., an uncovenanted civilian, the assistant superintendent of the district, resides here; and, himself a sportsman, all travellers bent on sport are sure while halting to be regaled with good cheer by this gentleman.

18th.—*Seersysr*, 10 miles.—A half dried tank here held a number of wild ducks, and except those aquatics, I saw no game.

19th.—*Jhansi*, 10 miles. On the way the Phohooj is again crossed, and thorn jungle which abounds so greatly in this principality elsewhere is now first seen. Ravine deer and snipe would fully engage the attention of the shooter on this march. For myself I was too anxious to meet my friends at Jhansi to permit of my disturbing beast or bird. Here terminated so much of my excursion as is connected with Gwalior, and should the reader be struck with the poverty of appearances for a sportsman from the account I have given, the fact should be borne in mind that the crops were standing, and that there are no lakes or even

\* The great Gwalior hill on which stands the fortress is composed of sandstone with a few boulders of basalt. The hills between the fort and camp are covered with basalt, and all the stones below are basaltic boulders. The only other rock about Gwalior is the indurated iron clay slate having magnetic powers.

jheels in that portion of Gwalior that I had traversed. As regards quail, scarcely a bird had arrived from the north; however the prospect is better in Bundelkhand.

### BHUNDLEKHUND.

————— "all that gave  
Promise of pleasure, peril of a grave."

BYRON.

Bundelkhand is a country of jungle and snipe-jheels. Such a description of it is novel and certainly not so flattering as that which was once plagiarised from Burke by a former Deputy Secretary to the Government of India who wrote under the signature of Indophilus, nevertheless such is this country, and well calculated it is to occasion the liveliest joy to the *bog trotter*. I had intended to detail briefly the true relation of the cause of the Boondela insurrection of 1841-2 and 3, which never has been as yet fully given to the *public*, and perhaps never will be; but subsequent reflection convinces me that the subject is hardly a fit one for the pages of a *Sporting Review*. JHANSI—to return to my story—is the most flourishing town in the province and is subject, as everybody knows, to a Mahratta bramin whose ancestor was in the Peishwa's service. It appears little to the credit of our Government that the once large, populous, and wealthy towns of Banda and Calpee ceded to us when they were the most opulent places in Bundelkhand are little better than ruins as compared with this neat and modern capital. The fort is said to be of considerable strength though not so much so as that at Sumpter. Fourteen miles west of Jhansi, at the village Dunira, is the finest snipe shooting in Upper India. Public business prevented me from going there, but I am told that the crack shots of the 17th Regt. now at Jhansi have made rare havoc of the long-bills. On the slips of rice cultivation around the town of Jhansi is very tolerable sport, as also at *Buckrai* and *Bijowli* in the neighbourhood. Bustards are numerous in the rainy season on the adjoining hilly ground; there likewise are ravine deer, hares, and partridges. The seven streams of the Betwa at Orcha afford mahseer fishing to those who like the sport or rather to those very few people who understand it, while to the lovers of archæological wonders the old capital of Theree will be attractive.

23d Nov.—*Burwa Sagor*, 14 miles.—Having taken leave of my friends at Jhansi I marched to Burwa Sagor. The lake here is said to be 18 miles in circumference at this season and

25 just after the cessation of the rains: Burwa Sagor is the principal village of a pergunnah which comprises 25 other villages, and the whole are under a mooktear. Jutting over the embankment of the lake is an old baronial castle, the walls of which are pierced for matchlocks. It is defended by an outwork. This village, like almost every other village or hamlet in Bundelkhand, is singularly neat. Nowhere have I ever seen in India such clean looking fronts as the houses display in this province. This is owing to their being built of red brick and, the principal ones at least, ornamented with stucco. To the sportsman it is material to know that the Nowgong side of the lake affords the best sport. Bagged 37 couple of snipe and 2 of wild-fowl.

24th.—*Pirtipoor*, 12 miles.—This begins the Theree principality. Not a snipe was found on the lake, but on the rice cultivation I shot 16½ couple.

25th.—*Bomori* and *Burana*, 12 miles.—A very fine lake is opposite Burana, the better halting place is Bomori. This lake is fed by two broad and deep rivulets, and is literally covered with swarms of geese and wild-fowl. Behind Burana is a pretty park-like valley covered with groves of the mango and mowa trees, and far beyond the lake is seen a fine avenue of the same trees. Tej Sing, the old Rajah of Theree, now gathered to his fathers, built a temple here to Mahadeo, and there are five smaller temples dedicated to Bhowannee. Bagged 4 geese, 3 couple of ducks, and 26½ of snipe.

26th.—*Belgong*, 12 miles.—The two last miles of this march passes through a fine wooded tract. No shooting here.

27th.—*Theree*, called also *Teekumghur*, 10 miles, is the modern capital of the principality of that name. Proceeding from Belgong to this city the traveller passes on his right hand side a curious bowlee erected at the expense of the wife of Rajah Bickermajeet who reigned at Theree some years ago. This singular well forms the centre of the Ranee's palace, the sitting and sleeping chambers being constructed around and above it. At some distance in the same garden is a smaller palace which was occupied by her husband. Strange, though perhaps not inconvenient, this oriental custom of having detached palaces for man and wife. Rajah Tej Sing who built the temple at Burana was the younger brother of Bickermajeet and succeeded him at his death. The present rajah, a minor, is a son of Hindee Sa, a cousin of the two brothers above and of the same Bijeena family. They are all descendants of the celebrated Birsing Deo who ordered 52 great works to be commenced on that day and hour which his priest pronounced to be eminently 'lucky.' Of those works the fortress of Dhamonee is one and that of Jhansi is another. The present minister of Theree is Muzboot Sing, a scion of one of



the oldest Bondela families and son of Rajah Bickermajeet's prime minister, and if popular belief is to be relied on, he feels a strong hereditary interest in the welfare of the young chief, his master. Except a few foreign troops (*purdesees*) who keep guard at the palace and a few horsemen for state purposes, this principality has no regular army; but as head of his clan the rajah can call in the aid of thousands who have to this day lost none of their attachment to feudalism. Boondela adults are all agriculturists and almost all who own 20 rupees possess a match-lock which in times of peace is slung in their houses. Land is given rent-free or on favourable terms to a certain number of retainers, and also to such as are required for police duty who receive in addition 3 rupees a month; but for any national enterprise each village furnishes its quota. An army like this, wearing no uniform and owning no officers is formidable for guerilla warfare on the borders of its own country at least, from the immense woody tracts into which it can retreat and disperse at pleasure.

There are two good jheels near the town off which is excellent snipe shooting. Shot 35 couple.

28th.—Kullianpoor, 20 miles.—Public business and a desire to see Scindea's military station at Lullutpoor directed my way through this poorly cultivated tract. There appeared to be no game.

29th.—Lullutpoor, 10 miles.—Among the connoisseurs and tourists of that fine force known as the Gwalior Contingent, a great question has arisen and is still agitating the public mind of Moorar.\* The question is, whether Lullutpoor or Seepree is the fairest portion of Scindea's dominions. Faction indeed once endeavoured to bring Augur, a new military station in Gwalior, into the dispute, but the attempt has been since entirely and very properly abandoned. I trust I commit no serious breach of confidence when I record that the gallant *D. C. G.* of the north-west provinces and his Fidus Achates during a recent tour to these Arcadian regions gave their influential opinions, to the great mortification of some of the connoisseurs, in favor of Lullutpoor. Happy people to enjoy air so pure and to behold things so beautiful in two adjoining districts! From a burning desire to put this question at rest, I have taken the utmost pains in coming to a decision. Well, then, for genius in the art of building and for an enchanting character about the gardens Seepree clearly carries the palm. The portico erected by Brigadier Orlando Stubbs is as fine as anything, of its kind, about the great palace of the

\* 'Moorar' is the name of the head-quarters of the Contingent, corrupted from Oomrar, a celebrated beauty, whose spirit still hovers there.

Alhambra ; but for *living* beauty which doubtless solely guided or carried away the judgment of the said *D. C. G.* and his Achates, the wreath of roses must be worn at Lullutpoor, and that is to be the token of superiority :—

“ In that bright circle young Selina grew,  
A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew,  
For the fond Graces form'd her easy mien,  
And Heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.  
She seem'd a rose-bud, when it first receives  
The genial sun in its expanding leaves.”

It will be seen, therefore, that, disregarding the consequence that awaits my poor memory at Seepree, I give a bold plumper for Lullutpoor and the garland to young Selina.

Nov. 30th. Dec. 1st, and 2nd and 3rd halted.

4th Dec.—*Banpoor*, 24 miles.—This is the little capital of Murdun Sing, son of the unfortunate Moor Pylad, the late Chunderee Rajah, whose territories were conquered by Col. Baptiste Filose, late a distinguished officer in Scindea's army. He was the son of Michael Filose who served under General De Boigne. Baptiste, by which name he is better known left four grandsons who now reside at Gwalior, and property estimated at 120,000£, a moiety of which was in Company's paper. These people are Neapolitans by descent. From Banpoor a beautiful view of Theree and Maroomur can be had. The latter place is famous for the temples of the Purwar tribe, people who never eat food or drink a drop of water when the sun is below the horizon.

5th.—*Theree*, 8 miles.—I returned to Theree to shoot snipe, but no sooner had I got my gun in readiness than ‘the gold-stick,’ or master of the Court ceremonies, waited on me with a respectful request from the minister, that, as the Queen-dowager had breathed her last two days ago, I would not disturb the universal grief by shooting. I had not previously heard of the old lady's death, and my answer of course was that I would not shoot. Though I have visited Theree only four times, on two of those occasions it strangely happened that a queen died; the former time was when I came here with Mr Holyoak, as he was called, in March 1843. With Mr Towlinson, in *Dombey and Son*, I begin to think ‘there's a fate in it.’ However, I passed the day in looking at temples. The handsomest is one unfinished, building at the expense of a princess now living in the palace. Outside the walls of the city is the Bindrabund temple erected by Rajah Bahadoor, another brother of Bickermajeet. I must not omit to state that during five days after the death of a prince or princess all shops must be closed, and no business whatever

can be transacted. This law applies to grain dealers, so that if a native has not flour for making his daily bread he must borrow from a neighbour. The only exception made is in favour of travellers. When European gentlemen halt at Theree, the rajah generally sends them some vegetables and fruit from his garden. The 'gold stick,' however, explained that even that little mark of attention could not be shown at a time of mourning. Whilst riding through the city I observed a great number of people with no moustache or beard and not a few with no hair on their head, and I saw several barbers very busy 'polishing off' hair. I knew well enough that Hindoos when they lose a very near relative are shaved in this manner as a sign of mourning, but seeing so many scare-crow looking people amused me, and I asked the cause.\* "Why, Sir," said the man, "have we not lost our mother?" All the relatives of the deceased queen are considered unclean during 13 days, and no Hindoo, not even the family doctor, would touch any part of their person, for during that period the soul of the departed is supposed to hover around the ashes. On the 14th day it is said to ascend and appear before the judgment seat of *Jum*, the great judge of the immortal part of mankind, who disposes of it according to its merits.

6th.—*Karree*, 7 miles, is a fine village seated on the declivity of a hill in front of a pretty lake. Though only four or five miles from the high roads leading to Saugor, Nowgong, and Jhansi, this good shooting ground is not known; nay, I believe, that the existence of a lake here is unknown to sportsmen. Bagged 24½ couple of snipe. There is a Purwar temple in the village.

7th.—*Halted*. Shot five couple of snipe, beat for hares but saw none.

8th.—*Mujna*, 6 miles.—Midway between Karree and this place are two jheels or small lakes named Mowai and Popowni separated by the high road leading to Nowgong. At Mujna likewise is a jheel. Bagged at these three places, 2 geese and 14½ couple of snipe. It need hardly be observed that sportsmen have great opportunities of picking up information by familiar intercourse with the people. There is always something interesting, not to say absolutely necessary, to learn regarding their superstitious veneration for particular animals and birds. Everybody has heard of the murder of two officers at Muttra, because they happened not to know that the monkeys they shot were held sacred. I remember when a Mahomedan servant of mine shot a peafowl near Gwalior, which circumstance led to about a hundred villagers sallying out with bludgeons to assail all my party, and nothing could have saved some of our heads but for the thorough knowledge of the language of my companion,

R. W. E., who assured the enraged people that the man should be severely punished, and he kept his word. There are, however, birds which if not actually sacred like the peafowl are, nevertheless, regarded by Hindoos with such affection that to shoot them is offensive; among these is the syrus, which not coming within the category of game, ought not to be shot. It happened that two sportsmen, very young ones it is presumed, going from Saugor to Nowgong with the General, shot two tame syrus. As I, some few days following, was approaching these lakes a respectable locking zeemindar walked up to me and, with a pitiable countenance, said "there are plenty of wild-fowl to shoot, and if you proceed into the jungle you will find deer, but no luck can happen to us if the syrus are shot,"—and then he went on to tell me how that two sahibs had shot a couple of those birds. Syrus are always seen in pairs. I mean the male is always near the female, and such is *said* to be the attachment of the female that on the male meeting with a violent death she sends forth the most piercing cries, hovers around the dead bird, and soon pines to death. For these reasons the Hindoos say that the love of the syrus emblemizes, as it were, the state, or what perhaps ought to be the state, of wedded life among them.

9th.—*Serkumpoor*, 4 miles.—The sportsman should go first to the *Bitterica* lake on which when I visited it were myriads of wild geese and ducks, but a punt is necessary to get within range. There were not many snipe this season. From *Bitterwa* I went to *Jeittal* jheel and, concluded a very pleasant day's sport around the "lagoon" of *Serkumpoor*. Bagged 5 geese, 3 couple of ducks, and 21½ couple of snipe. A servant of mine skylarking in a shockingly rickety punt was very nearly drowned. The narrow little boat capized and sunk, tumbling into the deep both the servant and the waterman of the village who was with him. The former was rescued just in time by the latter, but was totally insensible during three hours afterwards. It was difficult to avoid laughing to see the first step taken by his companions, fellow servants, to restore animation. Up they whipped his legs in the air and down went his head—to let the water escape the more easily from the mouth! After he had been carried to *Serkumpoor* I asked him what sum of money he intended to give the waterman, a poor naked wretch, for saving his life. "Give, Sir, what *can* I give, I am a poor man myself." This is a characteristic of blackee, go where you will.

10th.—*Band*, called also after its fortress *Buldeogurh*, 7 miles.—On the road to *Band* the sportsman should visit *Juttera*, and should take care not to say *Juttaira*, or he will be taken 12 miles out of his way. From *Juttera* he should go to *Jinnaghur*, and if his object be entirely sport he need not hurry to

reach the fine lake at Band, for he will find no sport there. Bagged at those two places 18 couple of snipe. Band is a well built town and said to contain 7000 inhabitants. It is commanded or defended by Buldeogurh, a fortress erected by Rajah Bickermajeet. This castle is built of large slabs of granite and is accessible only by a narrow and circuitous flight of steps. It stands on a hill which forms the natural embankment of the lake, and the pretty little turret that surmounts the whole adds much to the beauty of the building.

11th.—*Narainpoor*, 6 miles.—A lake here and a much larger one at Ahar, half-way, give employment to the shooter. Scarcely any snipe this season at these lakes, but “no end” of geese. Bagged 4 geese and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  couple of long bills.

12th.—*Laar*, 3 miles.—As this lake is not fed by any rivulet, and as very little rain had fallen, all the rice fields had been ploughed up a month earlier than usual from the want of water to preserve the rice, so that the extensive stubble (on which *M. B.* used to teach ‘the boys,’ to shoot snipe during that glorious time for sportsmen when the Boondelas sung—‘to your tents’—,) was nowhere. Notwithstanding, the little lake of *Laar* afforded clipping sport. Bagged 3 geese and 36 couple of snipe.

13th, halted.—Occupied all day in reading letters and newspapers from the dear little island.

14th.—*Degoah*, 3 miles.—I have always regarded the shooting ground here as especially my own, it having been discovered by me when the insurrection was very hot. It may be surpassed by the lake of *Burragong*, but is not equalled by any other in the Theree principality. The rice stubble is the place, and, when you have cleared that, try the edges of the lake. Bagged 1 goose and 43 couple of snipe.

15th.—*Burragong*, 5 miles.—The head-quarters of the snipe, but first a word as respects the village. It is the Birmingham of the Theree principality and is celebrated, therefore, for the manufacture of matchlocks, which really are very cheap and beautiful. For 2£ sterling a very fair article can be had. Care should be taken to use country powder for country guns, for, if Pigeon’s manufacture fills the large powder chamber of these guns, the chance is the shooter will find his right collar bone fractured. There is a school and a well-attended one here. I counted 45 scholars all seated in a circle. In each boy’s hand was a board, the size of a slate, painted red, and a pen made of wood which was dipped in a solution of chalk. They were all doing their respective sums of cyphering and counting aloud, and all see-sawing their bodies backwards and forwards after the most approved manner in English schools, that particular motion I suppose stimulating the organ of figures in the brain. In the

centre of the circle, where 45 different sums, perhaps were being worked aloud at the same time by as many scholars, sat Mr. Pedagogue with a long bamboo in his hand, with which he tapped rather sharply such scholars as seemed nearly silent. The noise reminded me of Babel. I made a motion for silence, and the boys curious to know what I intended to say became quite silent on which I said—"Boys, read louder, louder!"—the joke seemed to be caught, they screamed, drowned Pedagogue's voice, and became mutinous. I continued "louder, louder!" when the boys themselves vociferated "louder, louder" till a perfect tumult arose, and I rode away. Some of the lads afterwards came to my tent and got a tip.

This day was bitterly cold and rain fell after I arrived at my tent, nevertheless, I walked to the fine rice stubble, unfavourable as appearances were. There was, however, no approaching a bird. The snipe rose in whiffs 60, 80 yards, and perhaps longer distances before me, so that after being drenched with rain and covered with mud I brought home 1½ couple. With a warm sun and little wind I consider Burrangong good for 50 couple the first day.

17th, halted.—Heavy rains fell in the night, but old Phœbus peeped out at intervals during the day. Still a north-wester blew. As I could not halt another day I determined to set to work at once. Whiffs after whiffs rose on the least noise, so that there was nothing but the whirligig sort of shooting likely to answer. By this term I mean aiming a foot at least before the object, pulling the trigger sharp, and trusting a good deal to — *luck!* A leisurely adjustment of the gun, a light finger, and what shooters, call "giving your bird fair play," will not do in a gale of wind. At 3 p. m. not a snipe was to be seen, though hundreds perhaps had gone off in whiffs, and I thought I had been very lucky when I counted 18 couple of snipe, 2 brace of quail, and 2 couple of ducks. In 1845 on this very ground a young friend and myself, between 11 a. m. and 4 p. m., shot 136 head of game, but Phœbus and not Eolus presided on that occasion. The sportsman can proceed to the lake of Gohra on the right side of the Dessau, or follow my route which I think is the best.

18th.—*Nunnee Theree*, via Degoah is 12 miles, direct it is 10.—Tried the rice cultivation at Degoah again, and shot 23½ couple of snipe off it. The jheel at Nunnee Theree, this season, held no game.

19th.—*Dargoah*, 12 miles.—Jungle all the way, there is no road, but a cart may be pulled along. Two snipe jheels, one here and the other at *Koolreyla* on the road. Shot 2 geese, 3 couple of teal and 17 couple of snipe.

20th.—*Heerapoor*, 10 miles.—A fine village and large lake though few snipe on the latter. Bagged 1 goose, 3 couple of teal, 3 brace of quail, and 4 couple of snipe.

21st.—*Dehree*, 12 miles.—Capital sport to be had on this lake. I did not arrive on the ground much before noon and at 5 P. M. I had shot 37 couple of snipe and one of teal. This is a very large village, about a mile long, and forms part of the private estate of Rao Pertaub Sing. He lives in a miserable house and spends all his income in keeping up a set of insolent retainers. Though there were as many as forty grain dealers' houses, I could not buy any supplies till 9 o'clock at night. When asked the reason, the grain dealers said that all the grain belonged to the Rao sahib and he had given no order. My servants went to the Rao and told him that, perhaps, he did not know that their master is 'an English gentleman.' That is not always, it must be added, an appeal to the good-breeding so much as to the good sense of the chiefs, for what is the use, they are apt to say, of causing annoyance to a Feringhee? But why or wherefore I know not, Mr Pertaub Sing rather prided himself on holding an English gentleman very cheap. "An English gentleman! did you say," was his reply, "why, there are a thousand of them over the way there, at Nowgong." Now, blackee, does not like a sneer to be directed at his own master though he cares nothing for all the reproaches that may be hurled at his master's brethren. The rejoinder which my servants made my innate modesty induces me to withhold, but it concluded with this biting sarcasm—"my master may wish to call on your highness, if your highness will let us know where your palace is," at the same time looking contemptuously at his hovel. Eventually he allowed the grain to be sold, but his incivility prevented my halting another day which I should like to have done. I took no notice whatever of the man's rudeness. A hurkaru of the Theree minister overheard the discussion, and reported the affair to his master who forwarded Rao Pertaub such a tickler in the shape of a letter that his 'highness' sent subsequently his younger brother and his dewan about 100 miles to make ample apologies to me. I accepted them and gave a note to that effect, desiring the deputation to say to Pertaub Sing, that I considered his conduct too absurd to notice. Without my note of pardon the minister would have fined the scamp heavily.

22nd.—*Ramnugger*, 4 miles.—Leaving Dheree a mile and a half's journey takes the traveller to the *Duneyla* lake which I did not try, but proceeded to *Kissenpoor* where, for the size of the place, is excellent shooting. Shot 29 couple of snipe and 2 brace of quail. Nothing but ducks at Ramnugger. The lakes hitherto visited, except that at Burwa

Saugor, are all in the Thercee principality, and few are known to our sportsmen, and few elsewhere are better.

23rd.—*Achet*, 8 miles.—The Dessau river separates the last named states from that of Punnah, and was crossed this day opposite Achet, a village belonging to the Chicari Rajah. Two Madras officers were shooting here, and they invited me, a stranger, to dine with them. The Madras servants do not understand the Hindoostanee language, but speak rather odd English, and are a little more off-hand in their conversation to their superiors than the quiet Hindoostanee. One of these servants came up to me and inquired what sport I had. I replied, and then I asked what sport his master had seen. ‘O, Sir, very handsome I assure you, *very* handsome,’ and he entered into particulars with a gaiety of manner which surprised and pleased me. His master is a well-known tiger shot,—Capt. H. of the 7th Madras Cavalry.

24th.—*Nourgong*, 8 miles.—This is our new military cantonment in Bundelkhand, and as it has been often described, there is no necessity for my remarking on its beauties.

27th.—*Mow*, 5 miles.—The ruins of the palace of the great Chuttersaul and of the tomb which he caused to be erected over the ashes of his favourite wife, are to be seen here. After her death the family removed to Punnah, which thenceforth became the capital of his dominions as it now is of one of his descendant; and Mow, the old capital, afterwards gradually fell into decay. This great Boondela prince, as most readers will remember, reigned in the time of Alungeer, and just before his death, making the rapid rise to power that the Mahrattas were then making in Upper India, he directed that at his decease his splendid principality should be divided into three nearly equal shares; of these, one he gave to the all-powerful Peishwa, with the view to secure the remaining two for his two sons, Hirdee Sa and Jugut Rao or Raj. The infamous Hindoot, whose name is so often mentioned by the Boondelas as a great prince, was the son of Hirdee Sa, but possessed himself of the Punnah estate by the murder of his imbecile elder brother. Mow is celebrated, in our history, as the spot where in 1778 Colonel Leslie, marching with a force from Calpee to aid the Bombay army in its fearful struggles with the Mahrattas, attacked and beat a large body of Boondelas who had collected there. The sportsman will find a large lake at *Gohra*, and two snipe-jheels at *Mow*.

28th.—*Chutterpoor*, 8 miles, is the chief town of Rajah Pertaub Sing's principality, and was built in the reign of Chuttersaul whose name it bears. Though completely walled round it was twice taken and ruthlessly plundered by the Mahratta horse, but its thoroughfare is so great, the wealth of the commer-



cial class so considerable, and the character of Rajah Pertaub Sing himself for integrity so well established, that its trade has been year to year increasing. Next to Jhansi it is the neatest and most thriving town in Bundelkhand. Being comparatively a modern town, the tourist will not find any remarkable remains of antiquity, but the palace is an elegant little structure resembling what one might imagine to be intended for the residence of fairies rather than the abode of a swarthy prince. It is in fact occupied by the ladies only of his family, who probably are very sylph-like and pretty. Rajah Pertaub Sing is the son of the late Donee Sa, who was first a servant of the Punnah Rajah, and then rose to be 'the chamberlain' of his palace. His influence and power increasing, he helped himself to a good slice of his master's territory. That slice now forms the Chutterpoor principality. Being in actual possession when the British relations with Bundelkhand commenced,—that is, after the treaty of Bassein,—he was recognised as an independent sovereign upon a principle which has ever since guided all our decisions; viz. actual possession to be regarded as rightful possession. It was, therefore, enough for a prince to have actual possession when our political relations began. With some states in Bundelkhand, however, as Saugor, Jaloun, Jhansi, &c., our relations commenced as late as 1817, when we succeeded the Peishwa as sovereign.

On the *Bagowta* jheel, 3 miles distant, is good snipe shooting. Bagged 17 couple and four brace of quail.

29th, halted.—The Mahommedan festival of the mohurum. My servants went to see the bier thrown into a tank, and I wrote letters to dear friends in England.

30th.—*Bussera*, 12 miles.—On the right side of the road was beautiful looking grass for quail, but not a bird in it. At the *Bussera* jheel, shot four couple of ducks and eight couple of snipe.

31st.—*Emileea*, 16 miles.—Beat leisurely the jungle on the road-side and saw nothing till I reached the *Emileea* lake at 3 p. m. Shot along one side and bagged one couple of teal, nine of snipe, and six brace of quail.

*New year's day*, halted.—At day-light news was brought that a wood-cutter, cutting wood in the jungle towards the *Ken* river, had been killed during the night by a tiger. Orders were given for an immediate start, and off the servants and myself went with a guide. After prowling about the jungle three hours we learned that no man had been killed, but that a buffalo had been carried away three days previously. Returned to the lake and shot one hare, eighteen couple of snipe and six and a half of quail.

2nd January.—Sent my tents to *Rajgurh*, as no supplies nearer could be had and proceeded to *Pahtan* across the Ken river and thence to *Lullar*, where 80 beaters awaited my arrival. It was near Lullah where the tiger carried off the buffalo. Three magnificent glens are in this neighbourhood, and the work of beating them up occupied me till sunset. The beasts seen were, 1 boar, 1 bear, 2 hyenas, and a buck and a doe sambur. The buck, a fine fellow with noble antlers, was bagged. A half grown sambur was surrounded by the coolces and killed by their bludgeons and spears. The uproar which the men kicked up and the cries of *mar ! mar !* which resounded through the hills made me apprehend that they had ran foul of the tiger. The excitement through the day was so great, the evening closed on us ere we got out of the last glen, when we heard that we had ten miles of jungle to clear ere we could get to the tents. On horseback and with a guide I arrived at 11 p. m., but my unfortunate servants lost their way and passed the whole night in the jungle. The crossing of the Ken river was exceedingly difficult.

*Rajghur* is so named from a pretty little palace which is seated on the spur of the great hill of *Munneagurh*. This palace was built by Rajah Hindooput, whom I have mentioned as the great Chuttersaul's grandson, and is now almost a ruin. A small room inlaid with various stones is shown as the painted hall. From its roof are to be seen, in the far distance, the stupendous and really wonderful temples of Kujwae, and towards the south the dark outline of the Vyndhian mountains ; but immediately behind is the hill which, tradition tells, was 800 years ago the great fortress of Munneagurh. The ramparts have disappeared, save here and there a few stones which are still seen surmounting the natural edge of the hill. Bears and leopards alone hold dominion on its precipitous sides. Below lie the ruins of Rypora, the town to which Munneagurh was a defence ; both now a waste. Nothing seems to be known respecting the history of either. With 140 beaters I crossed the Ken to try the fine glens of *Peepultola* in the Purnah state. At the different places where I stood in those glens not a single beast appeared, but the coolces hunted out 1 tiger, 1 bear, and 5 sambur. One of the last was shot by a matchlockman.

5th.—This day being the festival of Gunesh, son of Mahadeo and Parbuttee, no beaters could be had.

6th.—No fewer than 210 volunteers proffered their services at 4d. a head to beat the jungle, and as 400 would not be too many to beat the glens properly, all were engaged. I went first to the *Budroree Kho* in which I shot a neelgae, and then proceeded to a jungle memorable from the circumstance of a wounded tiger having killed the man who fired at him in the month of

April 1846. This man, a Boondela, was a sportsman and reputed a capital shot, and, on this occasion, as before, he relied on his nerve, his matchlock, and his sword. Screened by a few boughs that had been cut off a tree, he awaited the arrival of a tiger and presently one was seen sneaking away from the beaters. He fired, the tiger roared, and, it was supposed, that in the excitement of the moment he drew his sword and advanced to dispatch the wounded beast, but all that is known is, that the poor man's corpse was found in the ditch close to the covert, and his naked sword near him. The tiger was traced by his blood and killed. The glen in which this occurrence took place was considered a certain find for tigers, but this day it proved a blank. About 60 miles from Rajgurrh the Adjigurrh Rajah resides, and I here received a pressing invitation from his highness to go to his capital, the country around which is considered very good for tigers. In no part of India can the sportsman receive more attention than he is sure to find in Bundelkhand, and nowhere is he less likely to suffer from petty thieves. In honest *John's* territories the traveller is almost sure to be robbed; nay, his silver teapot is not safe while he is taking his breakfast.\* A person, in the present day at least, may travel all over Bundelkhand without finding any necessity for sending at night for the village watchman. Let him travel along *John's* trunk-road between Burdwan and Shergotty, and leave his property at night without a guard, and he will not be troubled with the custody of it very long.

7th.—Crossed the Ken and marched to *Kujwae*, 12 miles. Here are, perhaps, the most remarkable temples in the world. They were built, according to tradition, 1,200 years ago, by a certain set of penitents, who having committed almost every sin, at least the most carnal of sins, conceived the idea of raising temples by way of atonement, and that the *nature* of their particular sins should not be unknown to posterity; pictures representing the same are cut out of the solid stones which form the temples.

At *Beahtal* by the road side there is a little shooting. Bagged 3 couple of snipe and 7 couple of ducks.

8th.—*Ramnugger*, 3 miles.—The Chutterpoor Rajah, Pertaub Sing, resides here and I visited him. He is a frank and courteous man and enters freely into conversation. His correct knowledge of the people of the Gwalior court; how that one chief named was wishing to elbow out another, surprised me.

Found good shooting at *Kujwae*, 4 miles from Ramnugger. Shot 6 couple of wild fowl and 28 couple of snipe.

\* Agra thieves in 1837 to wit!

9th.—*Talgong*, 10 miles.—Jheels at this place and at Lalpora. Shot  $3\frac{1}{2}$  couple of ducks and  $17\frac{1}{2}$  couple of snipe.

10th.—*Lowri*, 10 miles. Since I left Jhansi till I arrived here, not one antelope had been seen. I saw a small herd near Lowri. At *Benboo* shot 2 couple of wild fowl and 6 of snipe. The country around is very beautiful.

11th.—*Didwara*, 8 miles.—Abundance of game. Shot a buck antelope, 6 couple of wild fowl and 8 of snipe.

12th.—*Mahoba*, 8 miles. There are four lakes in the immediate neighbourhood of this old place, and at least ten more between Mahoba and our military station at Nowgong, the names of some of which are as follows:—*Gurre*, *Koorao*, *Oojra*, *Oorwar*, *Seerinuggur*, and *Byajnuggur*. I did not visit any of these spots as the Nowgong gentlemen, party after party, had been for 3 months blazing away at the unhappy long-bills. There is something shocking in knocking over snipe that have ‘scaped scaped’ the unrelenting firing of not a few jolly ensigns,—something cruel in shooting birds which have so successfully braved “the battle and the breeze.”

13th and 14th.—I halted, if the truth must be told, to acquire an archaeological taste! Mahoba, now a very quiet little dirty town, was the capital of the Chundeyls, rajahs, men who reigned before our Egbert was born, ay, or before any of the petty Saxon princes who preceded him. And what has become of the race that so often contended with the Hindoo chiefs of Delhi? Its princes have disappeared; at least a lineal descendant is as little distinguishable at this day in Bundlekhund as would now in England be a direct descendant of those savage adventurers who came to Britain from the forests of ancient Scythia. It is very possible that a Hindoo may be met with, who will tell you that he is of this lost house, just as Paddy O’Callaghan claims St. Patrick for his own particular ancestor. One fact at all events is still pretty evident, that the rajahs knew how to keep themselves cool, for they caused a palace to be erected in the centre of a lake, and, lest state business should disturb them in their aquatic abode, they built by the side of their palace a public hall for the minister. The ruins of these buildings have, I rejoice to say, attracted the attention of a clever antiquarian—such is said to be the case. ‘Lives of the most celebrated Chundeyls worthies’ would be a work of no ordinary kind. To be serious, however, much of the history of these people might possibly be derived from the inscriptions on the ruins.

15th.—*Chicari*, 10 miles.—Proceeded this day to Chicari which is the capital of Rajah Rutun Sing, who is a tip-top sportsman. All the country round his seat is strictly preserved. If an European gentleman be introduced to him, he is sure to invite

him to a day's shooting, and the invitation is accompanied with so much cordiality of manner that there can be no doubt of his sincerity. Neelgae, antelope, and the spotted deer, are very numerous. The first and last of these are in the state of, to use a law term, *feræ naturæ*, but the antelope are so tame that they can hardly be regarded so. I was accompanied by Mr. G. P., the superintendent at Mahoba, by the express desire of the rajah. We were not out with our guns above an hour or two, and we visited the neelghae jungle. Mr. P. shot a very large male, called here, but not out of Bundelkhand that I know, *neela*. A "blue bull" is my name for these large brutes.

16th.—Mr. P. returned to Mahoba, and I had the whole jungle to myself. Bagged a large bull and a doe. Three wounded bulls, besides, I had the misfortune to lose. To the experienced shooter in India, it is not necessary to say that these large deer can rarely be bagged if the bullet do not strike the chest or head.

17th.—Halted.

18th.—*Emileea*, 3 miles.—This is the spotted deer preserve. As I ascertained that the rajah takes much interest in preserving these beautiful creatures, I did not shoot any. Rajah Rutan Sing uses only English guns of which he has about six.

19th.—*Kobrai*, 10 miles.—This village is in the Mahoba district, and there is very good antelope shooting around. Shot a buck.

20th.—Halted. Bagged a doe antelope.

21st.—*Mattound*, 10 miles.—Shot a doe.

22nd.—*Akbai*, 6 miles.—Capital shooting ground here; bagged a buck antelope, 12 brace of quail, and 5 couple of snipe.

23rd.—*Marouli* on the Ken, 4 miles.—Shot 8 brace of quail, 6 couple of wild-fowl, and 5 of snipe near several villages on the road.

At Marouli itself there was no shooting.

24th.—*Bombyc*.—Shot a doe antelope and 19 brace of quail.

25th.—Halted. Rain.

26th.—Rain.

27th.—Shot a doe antelope and 26 brace of quail.

28th.—*Serowli*, 3 miles.—Bagged 30 brace of quail and 1 of grey partridges.

29th, 30th and 31st.—At *Banda*, 8 miles from Serowli.—Though a stranger in this station, I was nobly entertained in the mansion of 'old F.' so well-known for his gallantry at Pesh-Bolak; and scarcely less so for his unostentatious hospitality to all European pilgrims who, like me, happen to halt by his door on their way to Fatherland. Himself a lineal descendant of the great Drinkwater family; though, peradventure, a superficial

observer might take him for a scion of the immortal Falstaff, in so far, I mean, as the outer man appears, which is perhaps a trifle beyond 'regulation size' for a *brevet* Major; notwithstanding, I repeat, a Drinkwater, there are few cellars better stocked than his with the sparkling wines of Burgundy and Bourdeaux. Of the ladies of his house, I may be excused for saying, that they know how to make the stranger feel himself as if at home. The sight of my Serowli bag of game brought out of "old F." a violent cacoethes, and my host forthwith gave orders for tents, guns, and the usual munitions of war, to be sent to Serowli. Accordingly, on the 1st of February, at that hour when, as poets tell us, "faint streaks of radiance begin to tinge the eastern sky," two buggies, containing old and young F.; Alfred P. and myself, might be seen going in the direct line to Serowli. On arriving there we discussed breakfast, and also the policy of Lord Auckland\*—strange freak—till the beaters were announced to be ready, and at 12 o'clock we reached the joar stubble, "old F." and P. taking one line, young F. and myself another. As "old F." was a veteran in the field, and had been a keen sportsman in former days of idleness, a little chaffing passed in regard to which party could bag the most. The thickness of the stubble proved after a time too much for "old F." however, and he and his companion retired to the tent, very soon, having shot 9 brace of quail. Young F., the son, who is a very promising shooter by the way, and myself, did not give in till, to quote the poets again, "the lingering light faded in the west," having shot 37 brace of quail, 1 hare, and a goose. It was a cold day and A. P. was dressed in a coachman's *box-coat*! and his tall fine figure reminded me of Stephenson who drove the Brighton *Age* rather than of Colonel Hawker.

2nd. *Halted*.—We all separated for this day's shooting. Young F. devoted his attention to aquatics and shot 5 couple of ducks and 6 couple of snipe; "old F.," taking the thing in the cool of the afternoon, shot 10 brace of quail; while I went out stalking. Having broken the hind leg of a doe antelope, I mounted *Dowd Khan* to ride her down and when at full gallop the pony put his foot into a deep hole and fell, shooting me a head of him like a sack of coals.

3rd.—*Mattound*, 6 miles.—While I was strolling after antelope to-day, I fell in with a large herd and shot two black bucks, but presently a party of about 20 men came up and would not allow me to secure the antelope. It appeared that the land is rented by the Nawaub of Banda, and the men were his servants.

\* Not his Lordship's foreign or home policy, merely club-house diplomacy or first elements of Loo!

The next day the Nawaub sent us a written permission to shoot over his land. He is himself a good shot and companionable fellow.

4th. *Halted*.—The F.s made great havoc of the ducks this day. I shot a buck; and, since the whole truth should be told, be it added that, in the course of my excursion, I mistook, seriously, my most excellent host himself for a fine old buck antelope! How such a misconception arose in my mind, I must in common fairness to myself relate. My friend on this occasion wore a large black cloak such as is in common use among Affghans. This cloak opened a little in front and displayed white clothing within. Wholly unattended, my friend stood in the centre of an open plain, perhaps  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile distant from me, and at that distance he looked to the very life like an experienced old buck, one that knows the danger of being near any jungle. I marked the black back and the white belly of the object before me, and had no kind of doubt that an old buck was in the distance. Stealthily I approached, allowing myself occasionally the nearest glance. At last I had advanced within 150 yards and was about to adjust the gun, when lo! there stood *the Major*! He was waiting the turn of his servant, who had gone for his cheroot-box, and enjoying the while the prospect before him.

5th. *Halted*.—Excellent sport.—My own bag was 30 brace of quail and painted partridge; the F.s slaughtered “no end” of wild-fowl.

6th.—*Kobrai*.—Nothing except wild-fowl at the shooting of which “the governor,” seated in his own wherry, is pre-eminent. No account was taken of the number he shot.

7th.—Sunday, halted.

8th.—*Leswarra*, 8 miles.—The F.s returned to Banda. Shot 7 couple of teal and 2 of snipe.

9th.—*Barigarh*, 8 miles.—A very curious old gate-way at this place.

10th.—*Goorah*, 6 miles.—Antelope around, but I did not go after them.

11th.—*Nagowta*, 14 miles.—At the jheel here shot 10 couple of snipe and 4 couple of ducks.

12th.—*Seundah*, 18 miles.—No shooting.

13th.—*Banda*, 12 miles.—From Banda I proceeded via Futteypore to Allahabad, a distance perhaps of 200 miles, and saw not a head of game except at Bijennee, where I shot a blue bull (neelghau.)

Thus much, then, in respect of shooting in some parts of Bundelkhand. In conclusion I would observe that, in enumerating the amount of game shot, daily, I consider that that

method conveys intelligence of the nature of the ground which general terms do not. For instance, the quaint remark of the Madras servant of "very handsome shooting" may come up to the idea of the griff who expended a flask of gunpowder on one jack snipe and then required his walking stick to knock the bird down, or to that of the late *Gunga*, whose shooting perhaps will never be equalled on the beautiful quail ground of the Dhoon. I began by saying that Bundlekhund is a country of jungle and snipe-jheels, and I think that the history I have given bears out that representation.

### OUDE.

"Accuse not Nature, she has done *her* part ;  
"Do thou but thine."

MILTON.

This behest of the angel who chided Adam might with propriety, and possibly with some advantage, be printed in letters of gold on the wall of the palace of his Majesty of Lucknow, for, it must be owned, that if a country ever looked like an extensive garden that country is Oude ; but if ever monarch had rebellious subjects, that monarch is this king ; if ever a government was contemptible, a people worried ; if ever landholders had precarious titles to the lands of their fathers ; if signs of desolation were ever beheld, all these things have existence here. Throughout about 100 miles which I traversed, the whole country was a fine park-like plain covered with old plantations of the mango and mowa tree, the soil a rich loam, and the corn, at this date, is seen literally bending with the weight of the grain ; nevertheless half the houses in almost every village have been unroofed, and in answer to the question how that state was brought about, I was told that as soon as the crops are collected the farmers frequently make a bolt, and the collectors of revenue do what damage they can by unroofing the houses. Then as regards offences against the person. An assault on the person is avenged on the spot, by murder in many cases, without the smallest chance of interference from by-standers. In fact, no laws are known, or if there are any, the government is too weak to enforce obedience to them. Another trait noticeable, though in itself of no consequence, is the entire absence of that polite treatment on the part of the peasantry which European gentlemen generally meet with on the estates of native princes, invariably meet with in Bundlekhund so far as my own experience extends. As an illustration



of what I allude to, the villagers will crowd and loiter round a gentleman's tent half the day, and remark one to the other on the curious habits of the "Feringhee," and should the stranger walk up to them not a man will make the accustomed salaam. The way to meet this condition of civilization, I acquired some years ago from a friend who held a very high diplomatic post and was in station a great man, and that was, "if the people will not salaam to you, the best thing is to salaam to them." They never fail to return the greeting which is more than can be said of *our* people. Such civility, even if purchased at the expense of a little dignity, begets a good understanding, and half one's sport depends on gaining the goodwill of the villagers, who can and will tell you, when they choose, where game is to be found, and who can and will, when displeased, stop the supplies.

An old order of our Government, little obeyed, perhaps in this day, prohibits sportsmen from shooting in a native state, without the permission of the British representative of the respective court. To obtain permission is especially requisite in Oude. Accordingly, I wrote to Colonel Richmond, C. B., who, by return of post sent me a most polite note enclosed, in which was a *perwanah* from the *vizier*, and on the 28th of Feb. I crossed old Gungajee. A very odd and ludicrous mistake which terminated, however, in a hearty burst of laughter occurred at the very beginning of my Oude adventures. At day-break, on the 1st of March, I found myself on the estate of the P'hudree Rajah, a tributary of the king, and while proceeding in a jungle for *neelgæe* near the rajah's fortress, which was completely hid from view by the trees, I saw that I was watched and followed by small parties of matchlockmen having matches lit in their hands. I did not apprehend any harm and I was prepared to see strange things in Oude, nevertheless, I could not pursue game with these "lively boys" behind me, so I walked up to a party of three men and as civilly as possible asked what was the matter. A long colloquy ensued, without my being one iota the wiser as their answers were intentionally evasive. Yes, this wisdom I did acquire, that they did not care about my shooting *neelgæe*. I had two very sharp servants with me and while I sat down, I desired them to see if they could solve the mystery, by holding a conversation, as I had signally failed. After a considerable time, one of the matchlockmen struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, bent his spine somewhat backward, and burst into a fit of laughter! It was clear from those signs that a *mare's nest* was on the tapis. My servants now laughed and both parties drew towards me big with the solution. It was a *mare's nest* in truth. The murder was "out" and no sooner

out than one of the three matchlockmen ran to the garrison to apprise the party and the affrighted ranee all about it. It appeared that nine days previously the P'hudree Rajah, a young man whose estate is said to be worth 2 lacs of rupees annually, had gone to a temple at Allahabad to pray, was taken suddenly ill, and died. He left no heir, no relative indeed save his mother the affrighted ranee in question. At his decease she assumed the management of the estate, but confidently expected a force would be sent from Lucknow to dispossess her. Her armed retainers amounted to 1200, and the old woman intended to contest the matter if disturbed. A spy brought word that a Feringhee captain was reconnoitring the fortress, and it was conjectured, therefrom, that a force, was approaching from Lucknow. The suspected captain, it will be understood, was no less a personage than Westley Richards himself—ego miserrimus!—On the intelligence of a Feringhee's arrival reaching the ranee every thing in the garrison was put in readiness for a fight and scouts were sent out to watch the captain. It is just as well, I think, that they did not at once *bag* the supposed "captain." Not until my servants had given a heap of evidence to prove that I had come from *Gwalior* for *shihar*, (a thing in itself strange enough I confess,)—was a single doubt removed from their minds that I was otherwise than an officer in the King of Oude's service! Of the fact that this belief prevailed in the fortress also there was no doubt as fully twenty other retainers came to me afterwards and enjoyed the mistake. One conjecture I must put to paper. A singular uniform the officers of his sable majesty wear if it at all resemble mine. My neel-gae dress is as follows, (recorded, to enable the officers to compare the respective livery,) a large hat green within and without, green jacket which buttons closely in front, green trowsers and green gaiters. As regards the clothing of my two orderlies every stitch was of the same grassy hue. Nine years ago, as the matchlockmen informed me, a fierce battle took place here between the P'hudree Rajah and the King of Oude's army when three uncles of the late rajah were slain on the field, and the recollection of that bloody day may account for and justify the apprehension of the old lady who had just lost her only son.

A word in passing on the punishment of criminals in Oude. In Hindoo principalities the most atrocious criminals are very rarely executed in consequence of the aversion, founded on braminical superstition, of the shedding of human blood. Perhaps that dislike to capital punishment was least entertained of late years by the Baiza Bae of Gwalior, but then, it will be remembered, that she was the daughter of one of the greatest mon-

sters that ever appeared in the shape of man ; viz. Shirzee Rao Ghatgay, who would cut off the head of an opponent with as much gusto as a thug would throttle a traveller. It would seem that the Kings of Oude, though unaddicted to the superstition I have named, were yet as squeamish as Hindoo princes as regards the gallows, and they have resolutely refused to execute either a murderer or a traitor. Curiosity induced me to inquire what punishment was inflicted, and as the answers I received from different places and different people substantially agreed, I give full credence to them. A criminal convicted of a heinous crime is shut up in a cell of a prison and with his simple food is mixed a very large proportion of coarse salt ; two-thirds of boiled rice and dhall to one-third of salt, some people said, were the usual mixture. If he refuse to eat he is beat till the nauseous dose is swallowed. Burning thirst ensues and abundance of water is drank. After a period violent inflammation follows, the abdomen swells enormously, and the most horrid sufferings in time put a termination to the poor wretch's life. No doubt hundreds have died and hundreds again will die in this iniquitous manner, but what then ? What ground for disgust ? Would not the blood of his Majesty of Oude freeze in his veins at the bare idea of hanging a malefactor on a gallows, and ought not the British Government to respect such refined feeling ? The king, like Ewart and Kelly, dislikes capital punishment !

2nd.—*B,hetee Tal*, 28 miles from Allahabad.—A young friend, *G. A. C.*, met me at this place and accompanied me during the rest of my excursion. As the name denotes there is a large lake here the edges of which were all ploughed for the spring crop of rice. Finding, therefore, the season was too far advanced for snipe shooting and no ground for quail, we determined to confine our attention to neelghaw. *G. A. C.*, however, shot a brace of black partridge. The jhow grass on the banks of the Ganges was too high and thick to beat for neelghaw at this place.

3rd.—*Peeranuggur*, 12 miles.—Without coolies and elephants we walked into this and the other beautiful plantations and jungles, some very thickly wooded, others resembled the woods in England, and we stalked the neelgae just as antelope are stalked in the open plain. I had scarcely entered the first jungle when a huge blue bull with head erect was seen looking at me. A single ball brought him down. *G. A. C.* bagged a doe, and another doe soon afterwards fell to my gun.

4th, *Halted*.—We tried the *Peeranuggur* jungle again. Saw about ten neelgae and might have had a splendid shot at a bull but for cows grazing behind. Shot nothing.

5th.—*Dhungur*, 3 miles.—The farmers told us that the *Dhungur* jungle is an excellent place for sport and so we found it. *G. A. C.* and I separated, and the part of the ground I happened to take was far the best. I first of all saw six bulls together, wagging their tails very comfortably by a little jheel. Four bullets brought down one of these ; I mean that the wounded bull could not be secured till struck by the fourth ball. *G. A. C.* shot a doe. The *Burusta* lake is near, but no shooting off it.

6th, *Halted*.—*G. A. C.* shot a doe, I a large male and doe in the same *Dhungur* jungle. The shooting ground was superb, yet to our surprise the cultivators told us that we should find still better shooting at *Kytethole*, and we did so as will be seen. As the farmers were brahmins we apprehended that they would not like our shooting what they regard as a species of the cow, but they declared that their crops were so injured by these beasts they wished we could shoot all of them. Indeed, some of the farmers walked to the jungles to point out the most likely spot.

7th.—*Sukramghur*, 6 miles.—So far as the bag looked this was a blank ; nevertheless the sport was very exciting. *G. A. C.* lost one wounded male, I lost two, males also, all huge fellows.

8th.—*Hurriapoor*, 2 miles.—The villagers of this place told us that a bull in the neighbourhood was accustomed to charge whomsoever interfered with him, and we separated with the hope of finding that particular fellow. I presently fell in with a large male and a right and left shot brought him down, but there was no telling if he were or not the terror of the village boys.

9th.—*Koosoorpoor*, 6 miles.—Saw several neelgae, but neither *G. A. C.* or myself could get near enough to fire.

10th.—*Akorea*, 6 miles.—Also a blank.

11th, *Halted*.—*G. A. C.* shot a doe.

12th.—*Kytethole*, 9 miles.—Without a coolee or an elephant the shooter will find the stalking of neelgae at this place most excellent. He should pitch his tent about three miles from *Kytethole* on the valley of the Ganges, and should dress himself in a suit of green clothes. The sun being very hot in March for hard exercise, *G. A. C.* and myself did not leave the tent until 3 p. m. He took the jhow grass to the left, I that to the right, in which I soon put out four blue bulls. One enormous fellow drew himself up and looked at me. A right and left shot brought him to the ground. Proceeding into the jhow grass which is seen on the bank of the Ganges I found a small herd and there bagged a doe. Afterwards I tried the jungle nearer the tent and I had the singular good luck to shoot two bulls

there, making four altogether shot between 3 and 6 P. M. My friend was unlucky as compared with me, but he shot a doe in very pretty style. The villagers told us that no English sportsmen ever go to Kytethole, but that occasionally a native shoots at this splendid spot. To bring home to our tent the animals shot required four carts. As I trust this account will induce some of our crack sportsmen to visit Kytethole, let me remark that the neelgae generally lie in the jhow by the Ganges during the day. When disturbed they invariably bolt off generally at a splitting pace, to the tree-jungle opposite which is neither too thick nor too extensive to enable them to get away from the shooter. During 16 years' experience in jungles I never enjoyed such rare fun as I did here or obtained such sport, always remembering that we went out without beaters.

13th, *Halted*.—We saw several neelgae, but owing to yesterday's firing they could not be approached.

14th, *Halted*.—Did not go out to-day.

15th.—*Kooteca*, 8 miles.—Tried Kytethole at day-break, each of us shot a doe there and then went to Kooteca. A sporting party of farmers had been shooting wild hog, and had frightened the neelgae into the thickest part of the jungle.

16th.—*Kerowlee*, 8 miles.—*G. A. C.* bagged a doe and lost one.

17th.—*Kytethole*, 16 miles.—We returned to this fine ground and again had capital sport. My friend shot one neelgae, 1 hare, and 1 brace of black partridges; I bagged a blue bull and a doe. The last when wounded ran to the open plain and afforded us a good hunt, our horses being with us.

18th.—*Dhungur*, 12 miles.—The day's sport was two does, one shot by *G. A. C.*, and the other by myself.

19th.—*Peeranuggur*, 3 miles.—The last shot fired was from my gun and it brought down a blue bull. The next day we marched towards Allahabad.

Whether this sport—of 21 neelgae bagged by two shooters in 17 days without a single coolee or elephant and during a time of year when they could go out only during the morning and evening—be considered good in Oude I cannot say; but this I know, that in Gwalior and in Bundelkhand it would be regarded as 'clipping'; and yet nobody at Allahabad was aware that such sport was to be had so near that station. The sportsmen of Allahabad have but to read your Review, visit Kytethole and hold their guns straight, and I pledge my word that they will not be disappointed.

I now beg to bid all Indian sportsmen adieu. If these notes of an excursion which afforded me much amusement shall give

to the reader a tolerable conception of the sport which he may expect when he shall traverse these tracts of country, the object that I have in view will be sufficiently attained. That is all I can say to them. To the *sport* of India my parting words are '*esto perpetua.*'

*Heads of Game Bagged by W. R. during the whole Tour.*

|                              |          | Native names.   |
|------------------------------|----------|-----------------|
| Sambur, . . . . .            | 1 . . .  | Barra Singha.   |
| Neelgae, . . . . .           | 18 . . . | Neelghaw & Roz. |
| Antelope, . . . . .          | 13 . . . | Hurun.          |
| Hares, . . . . .             | 2 . . .  | Khurar.         |
| Painted Partridge, . . . . . | 1        |                 |
| Large Grouse, . . . . .      | 2        |                 |
| Grey Partridges, . . . . .   | 9        |                 |
| Geese, . . . . .             | 27       |                 |
| Wildfowl, . . . . .          | 126      |                 |
| Quail, . . . . .             | 345      |                 |
| Snipe, . . . . .             | 1,163    |                 |
|                              | <hr/>    |                 |
|                              | 1,707    |                 |
|                              | <hr/>    |                 |

WESTLEY RICHARDS.

## TRAVELLING IN THE N. WEST PROVINCES.

I have been, my dear ABEL, as you know, sadly knocked about in a variety of ways even from childhood. I've coached it in olden days as an outsider on almost every road in Merry Old England. I have shipped, steamed, carred and carted. I have rambled with my knapsack on my back. I have campaigned with the Seiks. I have marched from the confines of Cashmere to those of Bengal, and tried every possible means of conveyance ever heard or read of, but never before has it been my fate to encounter such peril as has lately befallen me. I am now seated in my well stuffed chair and propped up by pillows. I have mustered courage by the aid of a little warm within, brandy, and water, to attempt a description for the information and edification of our friends in the N. West, and all old stagers who up to the present time have only known travelling in India by the pleasant, easy, slow and sure palankin dāk, of a newly invented and strangely constructed machine now in use in our provinces to the dire destruction of the tattoo race; to the annihilation of the genus bearer; in violation of the act of the king of Conomara, and to the great terror of women, children and sober-minded middle aged gentlemen.

Being hard pressed for time and seduced by the prospect of a speedy journey, in a moment of thoughtless confidence, I took my seat in a conveyance styled in the way bill a palaukin carriage. I say I took my seat, Heaven help and pardon me! I entered the thing and was stooping forward in the act of adjusting a few necessary articles on the opposite seat, a book, a box of sandwiches, a bottle, a mug, corkscrew, looking-glass, a box of cigars, and all the et ceteras of comfort usual on such occasions, when I felt a flip on my antipodes like a blow from a flail which appeared to be echoed in front, and without a word of caution such as 'hold on'—'all right'—or any thing, I was jolted into the seat amidst a fearful clatter, and whilst holding on for my very life, books, bottles, corkscrew, mug, cigars, &c., were dancing the Polka vis-a-vis to my unfortunate self. I was doomed to look on in agony, whilst one by one pirouetted first on my knees, thence to the ground where I felt them keeping up the dance, as if either individually or collectively, they had never had such fun in their lives.

Some people are pleased to call me fat: I am particularly sensitive upon this point, and as I only weigh 16 stone, I do not think the remark justifiable: I certainly have, or rather had, a quantity of loose flesh and a fair round belly, alas! where is it?

his running away backward or forwards, or sideways or lying down, was not easy to determine. The harness was of the worst description I ever saw out of Ireland; it was so constructed that the shafts were on the animal's back, and the belly band was fastened in a knot underneath; the chest strap was faced with sheep skin which from constant sweat had become hard and knotty, the blinkers were allowed to flap about like a pair of window-shutters and the animal was at liberty to look at what was behind him just as much as the twitch would admit; bearing rein and crupper there were none. And now for the driver, coachman he cannot be called, a creature more unlike any of his calling cannot be imagined; he wore on his head a sort of dirty blue cloth bag with a hole cut out of it for his face, it came down to his eyes and under his chin; he wore a soldier's old pepper and salt great coat, with a cape a world too long and too wide. When dismounted he was obliged to hold it up like a woman with her gown on a wet day; it was buckled round his body by a narrow strap bulging out above and below. The sleeves were tucked back well up the arms; over his shoulder, he wore another strap to which was attached a sort of small pouch in which I suppose he carried his way-bill. To this strap was also fixed the instrument which emitted the unearthly sound, it was the remains of a bugle, the bell mouth of which had been considerably damaged. His legs are indescribable; but his whip was the most dreadful instrument I ever saw. It had a long handle the same thickness all the way down; a huge leather thong was fitted by two iron rings, the one passing through the other, and the thong consisted of untanned twisted leather terminating in two separate points. I gazed at all these things in perfect horror, and in my turn, found that I too was an object of curiosity. A fine fat respectable old jemadar was bending over me; the coachman (I mean the driver) was approaching, and they both exerted their powers of persuasion to induce me to enter; several men were standing about holding on to different part of the machine: I had no help for it, and took my seat much with the same feeling that you can imagine a man to have, about to undergo any fearful operation. Jemadar-jee approached, and urged all hands; Mr. Capes ascended the box, and a row commenced unequalled by any thing I ever heard. I endeavoured to look out and was met by a flipper across the face with the flail, which narrowly escaped knocking my eye out; the tattoo began to rear and plunge, good Heavens what was to become of me! I felt a frightful dizziness coming over me, seized the bottle and pouring some of the brandy into the mug, I determined—I know not what! The mug struck me in the mouth, the bottle flew from my hand; the brandy flew in my face, up my nose, and all over





H. W. SMITH & CO.

THE COACHMAN



my shirt ; I was pitched up, away went mug, bottle, looking glass, cheroots, and worst of all my unfortunate slippers, the very fates conspiring against my escape, a yell ! a plunge ! a momentary vision of a man sprawling in the road, a miserable sickly sensation and—all was dark ! How long this blessed state of oblivion may have continued I know not, but I was fearfully recalled to a sense of my misery by being pitched bodily against the front of the machine, and adding thereby to my many bruises a bloody nose ; I found we had left the road and cleared a ditch, and were tearing through a high *doll khet* ! I got back into my seat, hung down my bleeding head and resigned myself to my fate. I was taken out by my friends, and after careful examination found to be alive. By gentle nursing I am sufficiently recovered to send you this account of my first journey in a palkee gharee, and I never intend to enter another without either ensuring my life or taking a suck at Mr. Squires' apparatus for the inhalation of the vapour of ether, in spite of the assurance of a Post Master, that these are only "experimental trips."

Thine, my dear Abel,

#### THE REMAINS OF ROHILLA.

P.S.—You and your readers, my dear Abel, have looked and laughed at the spirited sketches which illustrate, alas with such fidelity, my sad story—take them not for mine, one glance, one thought will tell you, and all who know him, there is only *one* man can depict an Indian scene to such perfection, the inimitable, the incomparable Phil Trench. The only thing that vexes me is, he has made me look ridiculous—I don't like that ; the provoking way in which the wag has detailed all my grievances, appears almost unkind ; instead of gaining sympathy I shall only be laughed at. But just look again at that carriage in "The Start ;" look at those hind wheels ; look at all and every part of it, the shafts, springs, &c. ; look at *the* tat, and *the* harness ; look at the life and spirit of old Mr. Capes ; look at old jemadar-jee, the good old soul with his crew ; look, I say and laugh. But "He's Off." By the Gods *he's off*, through and over all, and every thing like the 3rd Dragoons at Moodkee ; look at that tear-away mad devil of a fiddle-headed brute ; look at that *beast* looking back to rejoice at the immortal smash behind him ; bless his eyes ! he makes me regret the twitch was ever let go. I'm angry too with that buffer Capes ; he looks like a figure head of affectation, squaring his old elbows as if he ever hoped either to pull him up or get him straight ; just do look at the equilibrium of the whole turn out ; and then he has actually depicted my mug ! both mugs, my cut mug and t'other mug, and made a lasting memo of my being out of spirits by smashing the 'balance' of my only bottle of

brandy, and not satisfied with upsetting the cheroots in the road, he has determined if the wheel ever gets so far, that it shall run over them; then the remains of my looking glass, in 'shattered guise' casting a last reflection upon the whole, even the slipper has not escaped, and—may I be hanged if that chillum-chee and stand won't be clattering down in a moment. Jemadar-jee is behind, safe, though you may hear him still singing out *mar betee chut*. As for his men—for a finish, say—why Jove's satellites are less than Jove.

R.

## FANCIFUL REALITIES.

### No. III.

#### DISTRICT DUTIES.

Stern duty rose, and frowning flung  
 His leaden chain around me—  
 With iron look and sullen tongue  
 He muttered as he bound me.  
 "The mountain breeze—the boundless Heaven  
 Unfit for toil the creature—  
 These, for the free alone, are given—  
 But what have slaves with Nature."

A season of unusual duration and of more than average rain, gradually cleared up during the earlier part of October, and contrary to the experience of that most respectable authority "the oldest inhabitant"—was followed by two entire months of as sultry and inauspicious weather as ever did duty for winter—and which two months were remarkable for a deficiency of dew generally so plentiful during September, October and November as to give, in the languages of the East, a name to this period (not so witty but more correct than the French distinctions,) and this fact, while it neutralized the promise of an abundant harvest, may have predisposed vegetation to the injury subsequently received by a frost.

Towards Christmas, the days (thermometer at noon in the sun, 89°) became remarkably endurable, and throughout January the quicksilver sunk lower than hitherto, when on the last night

of that month and for three successive nights, there was a very general sensation of a frost, traceable by many a blackened cotton-field and by the red appearance of tamarind and mango trees "making the green one red," and continued for a few days as remarkable as if this lower Guzerat had obtained a sick certificate and migrated to about a parallel of 46° North latitude, or had adopted successfully some plan for neutralizing the effect of a tropical sun which can, generally in February, "feelingly persuade us what we are." All these variations, disregarded by men whose occupation and residence render them independent of the season's difference are by habit and necessity perceptible by those who are like the witty definition of a watchman, "men paid to sleep in the open air," and who regard these trifles as indicative of the probable duration of that forlorn period of existence which is passed behind "tatties."

If any one will be kind enough to believe that this verbose prologue was not stolen for the Collector's last general summary of the weather report, and therefore in defiance of late G. G. Orders, he may perhaps have patience to read on, and discover that this, like many another article, has been written for his especial amusement and edification; independent of the particularly selfish glow of delight with which he may have taken up *The Review*, fresh from the tapaul—wet from the press, or it may be from the monsoon, and having plunged his paper cutter with ruthless haste into the innocent pages, gasped to find himself an author and his deeds, in print. Or grant, courteous reader, that you have been heretofore guiltless of auto-biography—a literature which delighteth not only the contributors to this, our much loved quarterly—but men of all character and capacity, from him who loudly avows his magnanimity in abstaining from self-glorification—(doubtless sensible of a lack of matter) up to him who joins to deeds of spear and rifle, better deeds of peunmanship; doubtless, you have assumed the horizontal position favorable to the fatigued or weather-oppressed—or the balance of power upon the caudal extremity, fashionable to European sages in the East, and are determined to exhibit in your own person the lately discovered fact, "that there are people in India who read as well as people who shoot tigers."—May you not be much disappointed with the sequel.

To those who have traced the effect of caste-prejudices it will be obvious, that custom, habits of life, and the accident of local position are circumstances which appear to have the same levelling effect on moral character, as the rush of water has on the pebbles of a rivulet's bed: as the rule, all character submitted to the action of the same events, has much of its personal

identity smoothed away and a general uniformity of appearance is the result : as the exception, he only will assume phases unrecognised among his associates, where rough sternness has enabled him to resist influences to which they have yielded, and to rise superior to powers which have ground all around him into mire and clay. We who look back from the distant pinnacle of years, undazzled by-party feeling, can discern the leading features of certain periods of history and can trace the corresponding impression on the crowd ; while with admiration, wonder and applause we welcome those characters who stand out from the canvass, distinct from among their fellows, literally as well as figuratively in advance of their age. This discernment is attained by a careful examination and a correct analysis of all evidence which can be brought to bear ; but being in itself a tedious process for which in many cases accurate details are wanting, men are disposed to receive as true, the showy portrait by the graphic hand of some historian or novelist, though no more like the original than he to Hercules. We recognize as personal acquaintance the men of old, from the masterly sketches by Sir Walter Scott, and occasionally in the elaborate etchings in Sir E. L. Bulwer's writings ; but as we approach those periods, of which, memoirs by cotemporaries, authentic biography or autographic letters are in existence, we compare with greater accuracy the lineaments of the mind and the habits of the day, and discover for ourselves the inaccuracies of general description. The literature of the last fifty years exhibits numerous instances in which all that is selfish, mean and degrading is held up as characteristic of that remnant of British exiles, who after exhausting their youth, health and energy in the East, returned to their native land, changed from all they once had been ; plethoric, it was supposed, of ill-earned wealth, " with a tawny complexion, a bad liver, and a worse heart." These overdrawn caricatures are fading into deserved oblivion. Romance is strange, but Truth it is well asserted is stranger, and however men may be delighted with fiction, there does exist so universal a love of truth, that fiction is obliged to be disguised as truth to obtain a hearing. Effectually to destroy these venerable delusions, these almost obsolete libels on Anglo-Indian society, but from which even the literature of the present day is not altogether free, let each man, after his tiger-stories and hair-breadth escapes have been exhausted, indulge the readers of the *Review* with a lively sketch or two of his own method of passing time, of the incidents most common to his profession, and the peculiar " locale " of his daily existence, albeit under penalty of that inexpiable fault, known as " common place, uninteresting or vulgar." Let him cast this fear from before him ; let him take

this old apothegm into consideration, that "not one half of the world knows how the other half exists." When a certain facetious Roman remarked—"Difficile est proprie communia dicere," he was well aware that to surmount difficulty of any sort is a labour pleasant to look back on.

Reader, whether a man of perilous adventure, or a lover of personal convenience and repose, did you ever—either on your hundred guinea hackney (the worse for him,) or on a fifty rupee tattoo (more honorable to yourself,) ride over the road in the Zillah of Broach—or did you ever undergo a sort of "mangling made easy," by compassing 20 or 30 miles during the night in an ox-drawn cart, through the said country—a district yielding more revenue than any other in the Bombay presidency; possessing a soil, hitherto believed to be inexhaustible in fertility, to which science lends no regenerative assistance, and to which artificial irrigation gives no variety of produce,—without made roads; without regulated markets; without internal sources of capital; without manufactures, and peopled in the greater number of its villages with a race of men destitute of energy, bigotted against all innovation and improvement, and content to endure extremes of poverty and oppression, without one exertion for their own retrieval. There is a land tax, imposed on narrow principles, without consideration for the difficulties of converting into current coin, the produce of numerous villages in which the staple often lies exposed to every contamination from dust, dew, and perhaps rain, until hopeless of a purchaser on the spot, the indigent owner reluctantly undertakes a lengthy journey to the capital, only to undergo fresh difficulties in the sale, and eventually to part with the produce of a year's labour and anxiety at any price which his avaricious money-lender may offer with the certainty of his produce being entirely destroyed, if not sold before the monsoon—a land tax—raised to a sum disproportioned to the risk in value of an article dependent on foreign markets for a price, and in a country where the slightest variation in the weather from June to November is followed by sore depression with prospects of the cultivator—a land-tax leaving hardly any remuneration to labour, no resource against casualties, and a bare existence to the lower classes of cultivators; (for the head men have other methods of support, not usually recorded), this land tax—the indirect oppressions of money-lenders and a few irregularities in the system of administration have reduced the mass of the people to a state of indigence from which nothing but a prompt reduction of the Government revenue, bearing some proportion to the exigency can relieve them. From the deep, dusty ravines which close on the ancient, and from the river side picturesque town of Broach, emerge up to the

usual level of the country, for miles round, several series of cart-ruts, varying in depth from a few inches to two or more feet according to the amount of traffic, and there branching off to the three hundred and odd villages which lie north of the Nerbuddah, form the primitive lines of communication with the rich town of Baroda and with Guzerat north of the Mhyee.

Two ruts of irregular breadth and variable depth running in a sort of Irish method, parallel, and only so far mathematically—that if produced ever so far, as you may see, they never could meet—are the road, and without any pretensions to the beauty or advantages of a straight line, are nevertheless the nearest communication between any two villages. Filled are these ruts with a thin, impalpable dust, a “cephalic” not clearing to the brain, if you judge by the children of the soil, nor equivalent to “Grimstone,” if you examine your own on any other wayfarer’s optics: between these ruts, lies an uneven, broken ridge, over which, with a well adjusted seat, a light hand and an active horse, you may pursue your way with tolerable safety, but over which any hot-headed animal or hard-handed rider may calculate accurately on a fall. Sometimes winding round, or through fields of the cracked and burnt-up black soil—sometimes proceeding as straight as two or more unequally matched and over-weighted bullocks can proceed, these ruts conduct you over tracks of uncultivated land, thinly covered with coarse dry grass, mingled with camel thorn and a few stunted shrubs, but gaping with numerous fissures and deep holes.

The horizon unbroken by any elevation higher than a mole-hill from the hill of Powghur, 80 miles N. N. E. to the fort of Panera more than 80 miles S. W. of Broach, is bounded (with the exception of those places from whence the low wood-crowned hills in the Rajpeepla country are visible,) with villages, more or less distant, all apparently surrounded by trees, which invariably are discovered to be an ocular delusion, a worn-out leafless burr tree on the bank, and a few stunted mango trees in the bed of the half filled and thirsty tank; while a few hundred yards of thorny hedge and a very few low bauble bushes flank the road by which you enter—over a hard rough surface, stamped fetlock-deep by cattle while in the semi-fluid state, which the whole country assumed during the rains and hardened into its present appearance subsequently.

From September to January, as far as the eye can see, one green expanse of cotton fields is variegated, here and there, with ripening grain; during the next two months all the grain has disappeared, the cotton fields are white with the bursting *balls* of wool, and from April to July the landscape affords no



other relief to the weary eye than field beyond field of black, parched soil—unshadowed by a single tree from one village to another; a fact, judging from other parts of Guzerat and from the adjoining states, to be attributed less to the unfavorable nature of the ground than to the improvident and reckless habits of the peasantry.

On the southern side of the river Dhadur, nearest to its disemboquement into the gulf of Cambay, stands a small but comparatively well populated village named Dénwah.

Though far from any town whence a ready sale for their cotton can be obtained, and cultivating no more grain than suffices for their own consumption, yet frugal habits and an extensive track of grass land lying on the banks of the Dhadur on to the shore of the gulf (20,000 acres common to their own and a few adjacent villages) have enabled the leading men to maintain themselves independent of the direct pressure of poverty, by the profits from their flocks and herds, and by leaving uncultivated the highest-rated arable land.

A stout, well conditioned bull-bulldog has returned alone from the distant pasture, either expelled for some refractory conduct or he has wandered back to the village from an independent spirit; at all events, he is eyeing with considerable astonishment—and an evident inclination to charge.—A Bertoba tent, pitched not very far from the village, well but sufficiently in the open to admit the occupant at night, the full benefit of all the air which can mitigate the sultry influence of the equinox.

A not unmusical but monotonous song chimes upon the breathless noon with the sleepy creaking of the wheel, from the waterman, whose bullocks have for the last two hours been engaged in the dreary occupation of walking down a sloping path some fifteen yards long and being pulled backwards up again to the well; by which primitive plan the large leathern bucket contrives to pour a considerable stream of water into the large reservoirs which surround the well, and afford refreshment to the thirsty herds, which have by this time returned from the grazing ground and are with difficulty, much shouting and sundry applications of the long clubs of their shrill-voiced attendants, restrained from taking their wonted siesta under the debauched-looking old burr tree whose questionable shadow now falls upon the white walls of a double-poled tent.

On one side a few peons and other menials are superintending the supply of water for the broad “cussuss” tatties, and on the other—round the door-way—a few skreens of fresh camel-thorn thickly packed and well wetted afford an agreeable light to the interior of the tent and aid in keeping the thermometer down to 100° of Fahrenheit. Around, in patient groups, are seated,

row beyond row, a multitude of villagers, while the "pates conscripti" of each little community are engaged in eloquent but diffuse and rather interjectional style of discussion with some person or persons within the tent: for after one has made a remark or a remonstrance, the substance appears taken up by a chorus of several, while the response is of a single voice evidently in all senses in the minority. Already for more than two hours has this work proceeded. Fresh arrivals swell the train outside; those who have emerged from the tent retire to the scanty cluster of baubul trees round the well—for the tank has been for more than a month dry,—to wash, smoke or talk, but have no wish to depart till evening darkening on the earth, puts a period to the weary-disputing, security-taking, rupee-wringing occupation of the fatigued European, who gladly emerges from his den to become the centre of a fresh circle of rather clamorous mortals with long Guzeratee petitions in their hands. By a hasty glance at as many as he can personally inspect, he has possessed himself of the contents—passed an order on each and handed some to be endorsed with his orders, some for the more tedious process of being read aloud, to the Native writers who have by this time issued from the tent, each accompanied by a heap of papers, the result of the last six or eight hours' work, while this scene concludes as much of the day's work as the public may be the wiser for—although the ultimate results are of far tardier growth and years elapse before this apparently superficial and irregular method of business has been digested into the form originally designed. Tedious, uninteresting and sedentary employment which calls for more exercise of patience and application than of any higher intellectual powers, requires some relaxation of proportional severity, to adjust the physical balance, and an hour or two in the morning on horseback with the greyhounds, or with the rifle to follow the more engrossing and difficult pursuit of the antelope are the only recreations which circumstances admit of.

Every one in the habit of prowling about at dusk with his rifle is aware of the vast advantage of firing from the east in the morning, and from the west side of the tank in the evening twilight—as objects on which the light falls are far more distinct than those placed between the obscure and the light.

Day light is slowly brightening the vast plain towards the west, the distant murmur of the tide flowing into the Dhadur is borne upon the waking ear while the querulous voice of the foul-feeding hyena rising from the fields towards the south, sounds as if the animal was still wandering round the village in search of his carrion repast.

Shortly before sunrise, an European on a short-tailed ches-

nut Deccani galloway, might be seen, (had any one been curious or actively inclined for the inspection) watching with considerable satisfaction and much exertion of the active pony's paces, the swift gyrations of a brace of black greyhounds who were coursing a fox upon a small open plain towards the south-west of the village—while the victim having found himself over-paced in an attempt to escape by straight running, is indulging in a few light infantry manœuvres round and round some bushes preparatory to a retreat into the cotton-fields in his rear.

It is doubtful—to the present day, whether the fox succeeded in making himself scarce, or whether he was picked up by the smaller black dog, who had begun to run cunning finding herself overmatched by the larger figure and lengthier stride of her daughter, who although she has twice rolled over in the holes still takes the turn from the fox whenever straight running allows her speed to be tried. However, the attention of the rider and the head of the pony are directed to an adjoining field, whence burst upon the plain and disappear successively in the distance some dozen antelopes just leaping high above the cotton plant which had hitherto concealed them and then stretching “*ventre à terre*,” into the grass land, when lo! “*Nat lupus inter oves*.” With queer rolling gait, with awkward attempt at a gallop, half frightened by the rush of the herd, half astonished to find himself in such company, a huge, brindled hyena careered over the hard but holey ground as fast as his ambling action could go. With spear in hand, the rider of the chesnut follows at the utmost speed of the short-tailed pony when a tolerably fast half mile has brought the pursuer and the chase to close quarters. With rapid wheel, the hyena has swung round upon his short hind legs—much more suddenly than any hog can turn, and because these brutes almost invariably complete a figure 8, by making a second almost as soon as they have made the first detour—the horse is turned round, instead of with him, and meeting him in the second pirouette, the rider has barely time to lunge the long spear deep into his ribs before the pony offended by the scent of the foul quadruped, or frightened by his bristly appearance and loud howl, has broken from the rider's controul, taken the bit between his teeth and bolted. After an involuntary scamper over holes of a disagreeable extent, the owner has regained the command over his terrified animal, and with eyes streaming from the morning air and from his exertions to restrain the unruly steed, is anxiously looking over the dim plain for the wounded hyena. Far in the distance, one dog and then the other is seen rushing for a wide water-course and disappearing in the ravine with frantic barks, among which a deeper howl is distinctly audible, while at last the hyena is seen to emerge and

pursue his way on the opposite bank : repeatedly, while the horseman is approaching, the smaller dog has rushed upon the huge brute, dragged him down by his bushy tail, and again escaped by active bounds while the frantic victim can only howl and attempt the assaults which his active assailants with ease avoid. Watching an opportunity while both dogs are circling round the rider has closed with the wounded victim who still proceeds at a slow gallop,—the spear is passed through the shoulder and the hyena has fallen dead instantly !!

With a jaw powerful as the leopard's, and a frame most muscular in the forepart, this brute is the most cowardly of all the carnivorous tribes, and though its round blue eyes have a most fierce expression, and the exhibition of the large mouth is a formidable sight, yet no situation will tempt the wretch to become the assailant of man.\* Breathless with a long run, and aghast with astonishment at what appeared to him to be a frantic attempt on the part of his master—to *spear a tiger*—perhaps not a little anxious for the welfare of his favorites,—the dogs, the dog-boy gazed on the defunct, with a rueful countenance, while a few remarks on the subject passed between him and a doughty villager, who with similar sympathy had left his field and with a very scanty garment on his person, but shield and sword in hand, had followed the horse, dog and hyena, to see the event.

After an unsuccessful attempt to decapitate the monster—in which, after the second stroke, the trusty sword assumed the

\* This is true, generally, of the single hyena and a man armed, but hardly the case when two or three of the brutes fall in with the defenceless traveller. Instances have been related to us, by eye-witnesses of the fact, where even single hyenas, under peculiar circumstances, have assailed and devoured grown up persons. Such occurrences took place during the dreadful famine which pervaded the Doab and Scindian territories in 1837. Thousands and tens of thousands of the poor inhabitants of those provinces left their homes to find work and food in the rich valley of the Nerbudda. Proceeding on their way over the rocky and jungly ghauts of Malwa, having scarcely any food except the wild berries of the forest, starvation caused sickness, and sickness necessitated the sufferers to slacken their pace. Hyenas as well as wolves saw their opportunity and waylaid the weary and the sick ; and having for the first time, perhaps feasted on human blood, their resolution and boldness became more and more manifest, till like the crow that sits on the back of the famished cow ready to pluck out her eyes as soon as she lies down to die, they were seen to prowl on the side of the road eager to pounce on the most enfeebled passenger. Nay, even the pariah dogs found, in that awful season of dearth, courage enough to seize hold of those whom fatigue had induced to lie down, and ere life had ebbed out, they were seen tearing off the flesh from the poor people's limbs. Hunger no doubt whetted *their* appetites, and the same craving for food will give boldness to the hyæna, especially during periods of great calamity such as that we have alluded to as having taken place in 1837.—A. E.

appearance of those scaphic weapons occasionally exhibited in a vignette to *Paradise Lost*, the two auxiliaries having agreed to divide the usual reward carried off some trophy for that purpose, while the chesnut pony and his owner cantered back to the tent.

A simple toilet and breakfast disposed of, a few English letters written, or a brief glance at the last London or Calcutta periodicals have occupied a spare hour or two, when the murmur of the assembled peasants acts as a summons to the office tent, and the same evidence of noisy details, varied by a police case or two, is transacted until evening is most welcome to all engaged in such work. Verily "the sleep of the laboring man is sweet," and in these wide plains not very distant from the sea, even until the bursting of the south-west monsoon—there is a refreshing coolness at night, unknown to the dweller in the town; this, with the simplicity, temperance and regularity which circumstances convert into habit, induce a buoyancy of spirit and a due portion of strength sufficient for the labor of the longest and hottest days.

With what eager anticipation, what a bias for enjoyment is the approach of a day or two of leisure regarded! What joy in the visit of a friend for a few days' shooting or hunting! and with what contempt for exertion, heat or inconvenience is the sentence of "hard labor on the roads" encountered, even with the prospect of the protracted "manufacture of blotting paper" out of one's personal habiliments in a forty or fifty miles' posting across the country, to enjoy, for a few days, the gaiety of an adjacent station, to meet the hearty welcome of those who have contested the honors of the spear, stood with us to face the tiger's charge or struggled through a gallant "rally" from "the distance in."

Though many like *Melibæus* may complain: "*nos patriæ fines, nos dulcia linquimus arva,*" let not one rest content that the land of his adoption, the scene of his labours, enjoyments, and it may be of his sorrows, shall still be remarkable only, as "that country, where men neither debate nor write; where eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs and the sparkling of wit and the cadence of rhyme are alike unknown." But girt with the panoply of energy, striking down the vigor of indifference to "the world's dread laugh," let him "charge with spurs of fire" upon the ogre *Indolence*, hurl him from his seat, wrest from his besotted grasp the cup of his iniquities, and forthwith convert that vessel with all possible dispatch into a mighty inkstand, whence he may record in mellifluous cadence those incidents by "flood and field" which show the bent of men's dispositions, form the salient angles of personal identity and

when mingled with the milder traits of daily existence and as free from egotism as memoirs can be rendered, become, the most agreeable and instructive history of any period ! Let no man believe, that like the knife-grinder, of story God bless you ! he has "none to tell." The brief sketch added by that classical worthy comprizes the argument of an Epic,—garments "torn in a scuffle." One episode introduces another, like the stories in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" and a very few words in apt places can shadow forth a whole life, while a thousand minute records are so many items on which curiosity may exercise imagination. What is conversation, the intercourse of society, or the contents of the million of letters daily circulating through the Post Office but threads which may be woven into biography and history.

In proportion to the number from whence selection is made, is the probability of the sample being better or worse, and however humble the style of literature, if truth be the subject and accuracy the means of communication—a teeming press will "hold the mirror up to Nature," to delight, to purify and instruct. So that the fanciful realities which occur to all, may be recorded in some form or other with as much facility, and when tedious, skipped over with equal agility by the reader, as may be the random and somewhat garrulous lucubrations of—

THE STRANGER.

## PHILOOR AS A SPORTING PROVINCE.

I don't know how the case is with you, Mr Editor, but I generally find that the introductory part of a subject takes more labor, and affords less pleasure than any thing else that may follow ; however this may be, I have endeavoured to treat upon Philoor (accompanied by a map), as a Sporting Province—from personal observations made regarding the capabilities of the various jungle coverts round that station.

About half a mile from the station, is the only jheel in the neighbourhood for wild fowl : from its proximity, it becomes the lounge for all the drummers, and other idlers at the place, consequently after a certain hour, not a living thing will be seen on it—but towards morning, the jheel is covered from one end to the other with living objects,—geese, all kinds of wild fowl,



the grey curlew, various kind of red shanks, &c., &c.; but so wary are they, that as the Loodiana gun fires, it is a signal for all to depart for the river, where they remain during the day on the sand-banks: however, by stationing myself at the head of the jheel,—a little before day break, I invariably obtained favorable shots at the different teams, in their transit from the jheel to the Sutledge. Snipe are very scarce, a few couple may be picked up round the jheel, but in no way does it afford good cover for them. Grey partridges are found in all the inland country, and the black on the banks of the river; but nowhere are they plentiful, ten brace being the best bag made. Hares are very numerous, and the country favorable for coursing. Quail plentiful at the commencement of the season—but at all times the country is favorable for them. The large rock, or grouse, are very plentiful. In the various patches of dāk jungle deer will invariably be found, and such as are heavy, contain the nyl ghau. Nowhere have I come across any wild hogs, though I have heard of them about thirty miles off, even the Pudharee coverts, are quite strong enough for harboring them. The smaller bustard will be found in the light jow jungles, along the banks of the river. I am inclined to annex a map of Loodiana also—round which are numerous jheels for wild fowl, especially by Dad, Pholaiwah, Gete and Laltoo,—together with the nullah on the Philoor road. A few snipe also may be bagg'd along the stream immediately under the fort. Quail are plentiful. Hares are numerous between Dogare and Bilya. Deer are found by Buddewal, Boolaree and Natto, but I found the former the best place. At Laltoo, is a long slip of dāk jungle, with small pieces of water—in the former I have seen deer, and pea-fowl, on the latter, very early of a morning, wild fowl.

This is but a brief outline of both places—in another year I trust to give a full description, in the mean time, I hope my next will be addressed from the snowy range.

PURDY.

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## SPORT IN UPPER SCINDE.

I have never seen any thing written in your excellent *Sporting Review* regarding the shikar in Upper Scinde; therefore, with your leave I send you a short account of a sporting trip undertaken a few days ago by three officers of the regiment stationed here.

On our first arrival at this station to relieve the Bengal Regiments, we were given to understand that nothing in the way of large shikar was to be had, and it is only lately that we have been able to look about us, and discover that hog and tigers are to be found in abundance. Of course it is hardly to be expected that janwars will come into camp to be slain, and if the fear of the sun and distance is to stand in a man's way—why, the consequence is, that nothing in the shikar line can be done.

We were thought quite mad to start on such a trip, and that at least one of our party must come back with fever; but it has been proved to the contrary, for here we are back again delighted with our trip and on the eve of again starting on another one.

*Thursday, April 15th.*—Arrived at Dhurie, sixty miles on the right bank of the Indus, about 9 o'clock, and found breakfast all ready, and the shikaries with khubber of a tigress 4 miles off at Bindu. In the evening went out to shoot parah. Bag 2 parah and 1 pig.

*Friday, 16th.*—Waiting for beaters, and managed after a great deal of trouble to collect about 100; went out morning and evening and beat for parah. Sent the shikaries to look after a tiger reported close by. Bag 2 parah.

*Saturday, 17th.*—Beat for parah as usual. The shikaries returned as the tiger had gone away. Bag 1 parah. Determined to send our tents on to a better place about 12 miles up the river, and to leave the tigress at Bindu till our return.

*Sunday, 18th.*—Started about 3 A. M. and arrived at Bunhar about 8 A. M., found our kit there all right and having good bags did not shikar; but in the evening went out to look for pugs. Returned to camp, having found the pugs of a large tigress and 2 cubs. Met the shikaries with khubbur of 3 tigers marked down.

*Monday, 19th.*—Went out at 3 P. M. to beat up the shikaries 3 tigers, they were in a large but not deep nullah, the jungle in which was not very thick. Lieutenants T——r was on the right, C——e in the centre, and D——n on the left: we began to beat about 4 o'clock, and the barking of the dogs and roars of the tigers soon told us the game was on foot. C——e was the first to get a shot, but as no blood was visible it was

supposed he had not hit. The 2nd came within 20 yards of T——r who put a ball through her heart and she was found dead close by. The third came at a gallop at D——n who shot her in the chest when within 10 yards of her, she dashed into the jungle and the dogs found her about 200 yards off very badly wounded: she did not show much fight and was very soon dispatched. Bag 2 tigress.

*Tuesday, 20th.*—Beat for parah in the morning, and in the evening tried to make the tigress and cubs break, but could not find them in consequence of the Belooches beating so badly. The first day they did very well as they had no idea what a tiger was, but ever since then they ran away if they had any idea a tiger was near them. Bag 1 parah and 1 pig.

*Wednesday, 21st.*—The shikaries brought khubber that the tigress and cubs during the night had killed a buffalo close by the jungle; went and beat for her, and just as the beaters had got close by the edge of the jungle she came out with a roar at a gallop in front of D——n who shot her in her chest, and as she turned fired at her again, which is supposed to have hit her. We then pugged her up by her blood into a thick jungle, where as we could not have killed her without having some of the beaters mauled, we thought it the best plan to leave her alone, hoping in the morning to find her either dead or too weak to show much fight. In the evening we had another beat for her cubs, but they were not to be found.

*Thursday, 22nd.*—Beat for the wounded tigress and found that yesterday evening's beating had sent her off, and there being nothing but very thick jungle all round, it was no use going after her. Beat a jungle near the tents in the evening. Bag 1 pig.

*Friday, 23rd.*—Changed our ground to Bindu 2 coss off, when we had khubber of a very large tigress, but a sand storm coming on, we could not beat for her.

*Saturday, 24th.*—The wind was blowing very fresh when we put the beaters in at 12 o'clock, but as usual they went all in a lump, through the jungle: the consequence was, that directly the dogs came on her, she broke back and was never seen. We returned to the tents very much disgusted and determined to take up our beaters next time. Found the skull of a tiger by her den.

*Sunday, 25th.*—Rain all the morning till about 12 o'clock, when we started for Sukkur by boat, our leave being up.

We found the Belooches very civil and attentive, but we strongly advise any party visiting that part of the country for-shikar, to take up their own beaters and dogs, &c.; without the latter it is hardly any use going up there, as the jungle in some places is so very thick that beaters cannot get through.

We hope to start for Kusmore in a few days should we get leave, and as we take our own dogs and beaters we hope to make a good bag—when you will again hear from

W. R.

SUKKUR, *May 3d*, 1847.

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### THE BOMBAY RACE COURSE.

This plan of the Bombay Race Course is from a survey by the Civil engineering class under Professor Pole, who has recently resigned his appointment and returned to England. It is to the Professor's courtesy we are indebted for the drawing and a few accompanying words. He says—"The ground is exceedingly flat, and for all practical purposes perfectly level: the whole neighbourhood is land reclaimed from the sea and is below high water mark, the sea being dammed out by an embankment almost a mile distant from the Course." We feel obliged for this attention to our *Review* by Mr Pole, and hope that others will act upon the hint.

A. E.

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## ROUGH MEMORANDA OF DEER STALKING.

Several skins of the antelope cervicapia spread round the writer in various parts of his study, recall recollections of the chase; when it is taken into consideration that these are the result of the maiden efforts of an inexperienced but young and ardent lover of the gun, it is not surprising, should he have chronicled in a private journal, the way by which he came into possession of them. As a record of the chase, the following memoranda, which the above mentioned trophies give birth to, although insignificant for a place in the annals of the chase, exhibit in the contribution, a sense of gratitude for *Fieldsman's* former papers having met with such a favourable reception as to admit of their being ranked amongst the contents of the Review. Again, that periodical is allowed to afford every subscriber the means of passing part of his time in an agreeable manner—as well, on account of the varied, interesting, and frequently humorous papers, as on that of the choice selections which it invariably unfolds. Therefore, does it not behove the individuals thus gratified, to contribute occasionally their mite to the existence and well-being of a work to which they are so much indebted? During certain seasons of the year, active field-operations are suspended *pro tem*, and one must have recourse to reminiscences, unless he ascends to extemporaneous composition, or descends to plagiarism. The writer need hardly say, that he does not mean to insinuate that the work in question is under any obligation to *him*. He is aware, too, that it would be vain to attempt to pour-tray in graphic language, the pleasure and excitement of such scenes as these in hand; they are only to be experienced. Even had he the requisite talent vested in him, a display would be unnecessary when you view him in the light of going through a narrative, in common parlance, with brother sportsmen; if you divest him however of that feeling, he allows that his paper is open to the criticism of the “public tribunal.” To proceed in order:—

No. 1.—Trophy has a time-worn appearance, having been tossing about since October 1845. It is the skin of a buck assuming a brown tinge, the stripe along the spine being nearly black. Had he been allowed to live till now, I fancy he would have attained the more sombre hue. I am unable to say positively the greatest length their horns grow, or if the rings on the latter are criteria of age. On these particulars, perhaps some one would enlighten us (*Jumna* for instance—he must excuse my taking liberties with his name;—that gentleman must be experienced,

considering the extraordinary success he has had, particularly about Bhurtpoore.) No. 1, to resume my recollections, was obtained in the following manner: At dawn of day I was riding over the plain between Khye and Jhouk at Ferozepore, with a single attendant bearing my rifle. For some time I sauntered on without seeing any live object, except a flock of the red-headed or Egyptian ibis, whose wild screaming attracted me to the solitary tree in which they happened to be ensconced. At this period I was entertaining an idea of returning, when, espying a couple of the game I was in quest of, the notion of return was speedily abandoned. Dismounting, I proceeded to work; my quarry were so wild, that I foresaw that to enable me to get a successful shot, I should require to put into force all the stock of generalship in my possession. After about an hour's manœuvres, over I should say three miles of ground, I seemed to have tired them—(or more likely instinct dictated their doing so, that they might have a chance of avoiding discovery), they lay down. And now cautiously approaching them, I had the satisfaction of springing them within 100 yards; after glancing hurriedly about them they started at a long trot, collecting their muscles for the *springing* pace—when I aimed at the buck, and had a *greater* satisfaction at hearing the ball taking effect—the reverberatory concussion was indeed to me an echo sweet to the senses. Not a little alloy however was mingled with the feeling of satisfaction, by observing that the ball was not received in a vital part. He ran fully 300 yards before falling from failure of strength by loss of blood. After securing my prize, I retired from the field considerably elated at having thus bagged my *first* deer by judgment *versus* instinct. Nor was I disappointed in my *new purchase*: the ball was propelled with crashing force. But subsequently I had a much better test, putting three bullets through the shoulder of a well-grown pig. For *those* who prefer single rifles for deer-stalking, there is nothing to equal a long barrel of heavy metal and large gauge. It is not preference, however, to which may be attributed *my* having a single-barrel; one is about half the “damage” of the other, and *necessitas non habet legem*.

No. 2.—Successful stalk earned me another skin differing from the last, in being of one general color, excepting of course the belly, &c. which are white—having hardly any lighter or darker shades, and wanting the lateral stripes. It is that of a full grown doe—only a few days ago I saw a tame young doe of the same species; *she* had the marks on the sides very distinct. The morning of April 6th 1846 was inauspicious for deer-stalking. I was with the corps in camp, and one of those hurricanes so general in the Cis-Sutlej states, through which I was then

marching—blew with terrific violence ; rain latterly drowned the particles of dust which impregnated the atmosphere ; but the darkness was great, and we could only get occasional glimpses of the column, which, having managed to form at the time *supposed* to be day-break, had advanced. By a circuitous route, in time it *did* reach the next stage, and those of us who could not get off with it, rejoined at *Judgurbh*. As the sun rose, he dispelled the rain which too had subdued the wind—so, taking advantage of the change, I sallied forth on horseback ; two coolies in attendance. How their services before my return, were required, the sequel will shew. On these occasions one is dependant on luck, as he knows nothing of the country, and even were antelope not of wandering habits, native information could not be relied on. I happened to take a south-west direction, and continued my course for about 2 miles, when, having drawn rein for the sixth or eighth time, I observed an individual standing sentry on a hillock ; my plan of operations was formed—quietly dismounting behind another eminence, I commenced the skirmish by nearing the herd—for such there was ; one by one they appeared from out of the plough-fallows in which they were taking their siesta, till they numbered twelve, consisting of young bucks, does and fawns. From 250 yards I had got to 150, when, after indulging in a few gambols, their suspicions were aroused and a regular retreat was sounded—the does covering their offspring and the bucks of course their mates, in the most gallant manner possible. Bringing up the rear was the doe which now brings up these reminiscences ; it never came into my head that she was lagging in consequence of being big with young. Kneeling down, I covered her to a T—as is usual in these cases there was a flash, a report and smoke : but the latter clearing away, the poor doe was prostrate, having been mortally wounded. I was now obliged to act the *butcher* and cut her throat, that she might not linger on in pain. A second barrel would here have come into play, for whilst reloading some of the others pulled up and actually came back to the fallen one “to take a last fond look.” It was now dusk, and retracing our steps was decided on. *En route*, I saw two couple looking so happy and unconscious of the vicinity of danger. They had no evil star shining over them on this occasion.

No. 3.—Is in color between Nos. 1 and 4—darker than the former and lighter than the latter ; being made up of black (white) and pepper-and-salt. If seven is the age when the male becomes perfectly black, *his* was five I fancy when killed. How he was made to bite the dust I will now endeavour to describe. As usual, on the day succeeding that on which I shot the doe, the afternoon's sun saw me rambling o'er the undulating plain, through the ravines and now and then into the mangoe planta-

tions, which, combined with the noble Sutlej seen in the distance, as it silently rolled along its immense body of water, contributed greatly to the beauty of the landscape. *Sidham* is a flourishing looking town, set off in appearance by a large brick building whose turrets tower above the noble trees. The surrounding crops of barley are green, of even growth and well fenced in by hedges. Altogether the *tout ensemble* has a happy look, were it not for that stronghold which reminds one of the hostile state of the country. Apropos, to *hedges*; they are seldom put into requisition unless there are deer or neelghye in the neighbourhood, and when (especially if there be jungle near,) there are large scare-crows, or as I have sometimes seen—pieces of metal suspended in the air, to make a tinkling noise, you may safely rely upon large game being in the vicinity; these precautions being put into force to defend the *khets* from nocturnal incroaches. Though the country is so well adapted, I notwithstanding saw only one deer, but *he* was enough, as I wanted sport, not slaughter. I stumbled upon him by chance whilst *en route* to camp. His long spiral antlers first “came into sight,” as the natives say; he was grazing at the time in a large field of wheat, having just entered it seemingly: he was too intent upon his pleasant pasture to perceive the intruder until about 100 yards from him. Whilst occupied in—to all appearance—considering whether to double back to the belt of jow jungle to the rear, or to charge through a number of labourers some way in front, your humble chronicler was busied in getting a sure aim at him—which, from the height of the crop in which all but his horns were excluded from view was not easy; the rifle was brought to the “present” and to the “trail” two or three times; at last I got my eye in a level between the sights on the barrel and the shoulder of my mark—pulling the fatal trigger the tell-tale *thut* followed. He madly bounded forward; his enemy making the best of his way after him—loading as he went. Out of fairness I must register my failures as well as success. Twice, be it told then, I endangered many more heads of corn than would have been the case had I hit the fugitive deer. Allowance must be made for running when not in condition; but this “cuts both ways”—as was proved when he fell “to rise no more.” He had indeed a quantity of fat upon his carcase. I forget how many times he broke down—generally on one knee, before overpowered. A ball through his brawny neck “settled his hash”—to use a vulgarism, which is summoned up by the recollections of part of the venison being subsequently served up at mess in that shape. I can assure the scrupulous, that when kept long enough, the liver of deer fried with rashers is no insipid dish for breakfast; and that the haunch roasted and eaten with jelly, and the other parts

brought to table in a proper manner, are—but only judge for yourselves. Hoping I may be forgiven this digression out of consideration for those of delicate appetite I must stalk on to—

No. 4.—Satiated by too much venison—the interest is naturally becoming less by many degrees, so I will spare my readers lengthened notices as speedily as the round about way I tell a story, will admit. We marched past five bucks of patriarchal bearing, feeding on the outskirts of a plot of sugar-cane. This (occurring near camp) induced me to take the field again in the afternoon of a day, in the early part of the current year. I cannot say that I had a *hostile* meeting; but at all events three savage-looking bucks confronted me just as I was turning my back on the setting sun. *How* I thinned their ranks the sequel will shew:—I was alone, and going along noiselessly, came upon a herd of antelope before I was well aware of it, grazing in a crop of wheat; a native was on the other side of them vainly endeavouring to drive them away by shouting. He attracted their attention, however, and I availed myself of the chance afforded of getting within shot, which I accomplished—fired, but only frightened them. They scampered off, myself following as quick as my locomotive powers allowed—but not quick enough to prevent their reaching a patch of dāk, into which they disappeared. It was now sunset, and despairing of a bag, I set my face homewards, but only to see three fine bucks. My delight was now equal to my previous chagrin. They were determined to do or die in their endeavour to gain the above jungle: their object—either to get to the main herd or to some favourite feeding place—equally determined in my own mind to intercept their advance, I headed them. Astonished at this unceremonious intrusion, they stopped and gazed, offering a standing mark—generously gave them a chance—they crossed within 100 yards, when—not *inclined* to throw away *my* last chance—(they were close to cover), having selected the last of the file I “cut him in two,” brought the rifle forward about a foot, etcetera—and he kissed the mother earth, the ball taking effect in the shoulder. Had re-loaded, and was priming, when, appropriating the motto they seemingly thought “discretion the best part of valor,” and after a lengthened scrutinizing, bounded off and disappeared in the dense cover—leaving me determined to procure a double rifle as soon as possible. I don’t like using a thin barrelled fowling piece for ball shooting. Forced a couple of men into service, and made them carry him to camp.

No. 5.—Is the last—to which my patient readers will be indebted for the infliction of an account of the way I came to add that skin to my small collection. Though the



quondam wearer was of the same sex as the last, yet it is a perfect contrast in-as-much as *it* is as fair as the *other* is dark. Than the latter I have seldom if ever seen one so black—the centre of whose immensely thick neck and part of the buttocks alone, being pepper-and-salt. (“H. B. R.’s” of the last no. I’ll bet a trifle was *jet* black.) No. 5 has the lateral marks; the horns were not spiral and only six inches in length; of No. 4 were 18 and spiral. Interesting as a dissertation on the horns, &c., of the cervine race might be, I must not delay in killing No. 5 over again. He fell at *Mahouley* one of the stages between this and Seetapore on one morning last month. Extract from journal:—Out at dawn of day wandering in a northerly direction, and over a good large plain dotted with belts of grass, dâk, &c. and mangoe groves. Was not long in finding a small herd of deer, just roused from sleep by my approach. To rise in succession took some little time, sufficient to let me approach to 100 yards. There were one or two males, two does, and a fawn or more. I picked out one of the former standing from me, and fired. When I watched him running off, although on three legs, I almost despaired of bagging—having, on different days previously lost several head of large game in like manner. However, at the end of a run on foot of about a mile, succeeded in overcoming him. I attribute the circumstance to the bullet passing through the back, and entering the belly, from which wound the entrails protruded. Having alluded to wounding other large game, I beg to revert to the incidents as they are illustrations of the difficulty of bringing to bag the deer species even though obviously severely wounded. The most recent was an old buck; he permitted me to get to 100 yards of him. I fired well in front—he fell instantly—but, alas! *not* to rise no more, for he as quickly regained his legs and was lost “to me and my heirs for ever,” in the impenetrable thickets. Another instance:—A fine doe lay weltering in her blood—which actually formed a pool—(the remainder of the large herd having left her nearly out of sight) till I had reloaded, and was walking up with the knife out of its sheath—when to my dire astonishment and mortification up she sprang and galloped off in the most confident manner possible. For two miles I followed on horseback at a hand canter, expecting to see her break down from loss of blood—but no, she gained a grass jungle by abruptly turning round the extremity of some rising ground. ’Twere needless to recount any more similar instances. A greyhound, if it were possible to train him to *heel-in* and not to course till permitted to do so, would no doubt prove a valuable acquisition in the field. One more anecdote:—Having fired at an individual of a large herd, say 24, without wounding him, of course

they all made themselves scarce, as quickly as wont to do, with the exception of one—a buck, who trotted past me exactly in the opposite direction which the remainder took. Imagine my surprise on perceiving that his object for this extraordinary proceeding was to return to a very young fawn which remained at the place where I first found the herd, some hundred yards off, in a paralyzed state from the scenes which were being enacted before its eyes—too young to comprehend the cruelty of man. I watched the fond *father* (?) with intense interest return to the son, and saw the little one join him. Inspired with reverence for the noble animal, I allowed him to depart in peace.

The more I see of the antelope tribe, the greater is my admiration of their instinct and fondness for their offspring; yet I should hardly be believed if I stated that *that* admiration was the cause of my not having added another trophy to my collection;—no, I will continue fonder of deer-stalking than perhaps of any other sport afforded by the gun. Keel-gye shooting is not adapted to *sportsmen*; but what a thrill of excitement must run through the veins on the approach of a herd of saumbar or any other large animal liable to charge! Antelope shooting is not devoid of great interest: they are a most vigilant race of deer; their senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling are wonderfully acute, and their speed unsurpassed. I admit that the sportsman evinces a feeling of pity on the death of his chase; he cannot behold the imploring look of the large and brilliant eye of the innocent doe, and its piteous bleating and struggle to be free, without a pang of remorse being kindled in his breast—a pang which leads to soliloquy, which, however, is at length broken by his wrapping himself up in the consolation, that the gentle and graceful deer, as well as the rest of the brute creation, was brought into existence for the sole use of the *genus homo*.

FIELDSMAN.

May 1847.

## PERILOUS ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

The following truly spirited affair is told in a private letter which has been placed in our hands by a friend, himself an old hand at the sport and who has had his hair-breadth escape.—A. E.

Knowing that you take much interest in sporting adventures, being a keen sportsman yourself, I forward you an account of a tiger I was lucky enough to kill on the 14th December, near Jugganauthpore on the Jannii river. I extract the account from my journal, which says :—About two-half p. m. a man came running down to the edge of the water just ahead of the boat in a great fright, and said that a tiger had seized a man close by, and that although the man was alive they were afraid to go near to fetch him ; that the tiger had left the man and gone to a little distance, but when the man moved to get away the tiger seized him again, and that as he understood the sahib had guns, he begged I would come and make a noise with them so that they might get the man. At first I thought it was, native-like, a great deal of fright and a great deal more exaggeration ; but when I looked at my informant, he seemed so earnest and so excited, that I thought he must have seen something like a tiger eating a man at least. I immediately ordered the boat and loaded very carefully my large rifle and double barrel and went to the top of the bank which was here twenty feet high, (followed by all the boatmen and servants, one with a sword without a handle and the rest with bamboos.) I was then in the midst of ranges of paddy-fields with not a tree or bush in them for half a mile to a mile round ; but with some scattered huts a long distance off to the right and left. I stopped and thought it impossible a tiger could be any where near, for if a cat had been there it appeared as if it must have been seen. The man probably taking my hesitation for fear, said "Sahib it is a small tiger, it is lame, it has been shot by some sahib logue, and can't run, it can't hurt you," but, I said, here is nothing but a paddy-field there is no place for a tiger here ; he replied, "there sahib, there," pointing about fifty yards ahead where there were four or five men standing. I ran up to them quickly and when I got to them above fifty yards further, I saw a poor wretch crawling on one side on the ground ; and I never saw such an expression of utter despair as that with which the poor fellow glanced behind him or one more indicative of imploring for assistance as he looked towards us. I ran up to him quickly : he could not speak and was covered with wounds, one a fearful one in the small of the back ; the people had a little dooley with them, I had him put on that and sent off to my boat. The men said, "Oh sahib ! now we have

got the man, come away, it is an immense tiger and you are on foot what can you do to it." I asked where they supposed it to be: they pointed about forty or fifty yards ahead—where there was a little coarse grass growing; so I picked out one fellow who I thought from his size was or ought to be at least the most courageous of the lot and gave him my double gun. I cocked my rifle, and commenced making a circle of about thirty yards round the supposed place where the tiger was; very soon I found my double gun getting further and further off, so I called to half a dozen who were nearest to come with the man, the rest were all going backward instead of coming on. After I had got about half round the place, the man with the gun said, "there sahib, there"—and I looked to see where he was pointing, but he was crouched in a heap behind me and exclaimed "oh ma-goo ma-goo, I can't, I can't." I took the direction of the fellow's eyes, and there right in front of me, distant about thirty yards, I saw through some grass, a confused shape and colouring of a thundering big head of a tiger. I told the fellow not to be afraid, and took the gun and half-cocked it, and told him on no account to run (for we were now alone) until he had given me the gun. I thought the fellow would drop into the earth. I placed the gun in his two hands in front of him ready for me to take hold of and would like to have cocked it, but was afraid the fellow in his fear might by some mishap let it off. I looked again at the tiger; he had raised himself a little: I put one hand on the gun in the fellow's hand and walked a little further to the right and ahead where there was an opening in the grass that gave me a better view of him: as I did so he raised himself a little more and seemed ready for a spring; so I said to the fellow, now I am going to fire but don't you run till you give me the gun: he said, "oh! I can't, I can't." I took deliberate aim—I could see his ears plainly, I judged from that where his eye was or the full lower part of his head—and fired, at the same time almost, snatching at my double barrel. It was well I did for it was a good arm's length off. The instant I fired the beast sprang fifteen or twenty feet right out, and with a roar, whor-aur-ar-r-r, came tearing towards me with furious bounds. I only had time to cock one barrel and I really think I articulated to myself, now nothing but the most determined coolness can save me, (for from the fearful leaps the beast took, I thought I had missed him.) I waited until he made three leaps and was then within ten or twelve yards of me and red full at his breast; finding him still come on, I sprang off sideways and he lit a few feet beyond where I had stood; I cocked the other barrel and stood ready for him, but he looked towards the few people who had been with the man with the gun who were now far off. Seeing this I ran eight or ten yards; he turned and made two leaps towards

me and I was just on the point of pulling my last trigger when he stumbled and fell, but got up again directly and fell again. I had given a fellow my powder flask to hold, so that it might be the more handy—but he with the main body of them were still running, although a good half mile off; so I hallooed and motioned that I wanted to load my gun and stood still: after some delay he made a tremendous circuit and brought it to me. During this time the tiger had raised himself up several times and growled most fiercely at me—but he could do no more. I loaded and walked up to the back of him, he was breathing very heavily and I was hesitating whether to fire again or not, when he lifted up his head, so I clapped the muzzle close to the back of his ear and gave him the *coup de grace*. It was some time before any one would come near me, but when they saw me take hold of the tiger's head they came from all quarters and I had a hundred or more around me directly; *and now that they found the tiger was really dead*, it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep them from putting spears into it and beating it. I tied his two fore and hind legs together, put a bamboo betwixt each, and sixteen fellows marched off, not very fast, with him towards the boat. I now wanted my rifle, but the fellow had flung it away as he ran; however, we soon found it. I went to look at the place where the tiger had lain: it was a dry nullah about four feet wide at the mouth and running back about ten feet to a point and about four feet deep, the only place for a mile or two round that he could probably have lain down without being seen. I went off to the boat to see what I could do for the poor wounded fellow. The wound in his back was from the tiger's mouth and a fearful one; his hips were literally smashed and his entrails protruding; the wounds in the upper part of the body were from the tiger's claws; his shoulder and left arm were smashed; of course with such wounds as these I could do nothing. I gave him some *bandannum* and made him a comfortable bed of some bamboos and the straw from some beer-bottles and sent him off to an indigo factory, that I understood was near. Just as I had done this, they brought me another man who had been seized by the same tiger earlier in the day; his wounds were in the same parts of his body and of exactly the same description as the other. I did the same for him. The fellows had now brought the tiger to the top of the bank and stolen all his whiskers. As I took his measure, it was eight feet ten inches long from nose to end of tail, three feet eight in height behind, three feet eleven inches at the fore shoulder, and two feet round the upper part of fore-leg. The next day after I had skinned him, I found his head measured two feet nine inches round. I was followed for two days by lots of natives who wanted to see the

sahib who shot the tiger, after waiting until it got close to him.

J. W. R.

GOWAHATTI, January 13, 1847.

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## A MONTH IN THE JUNGLE.

It was determined by a party of Nimrods, quartered at the lively station of Hingolee, during the hot weather of 1844, to get a month's leave, and have a shy at the tigers, bison, and other feræ, which abound within 30 or 40 miles of the said cantonment. The company was to be increased to six, by the addition of a volunteer who had stated his intention of joining them in their praise-worthy undertaking. On the 1st May then, the above mentioned gentleman, and all others, being reported present and fit for duty, the half-dozen of us started for the first day's march to Nimballa; where a tiger was said to be ready to eat the sahib's bullets. Our route was in the Mahoor direction, going thither along the banks of the Poos, a tributary of the Pagh Gunga—and which was said to swarm with tigers. Arrived at the ground, and breakfast despatched, the elephants, four in number, were duly invested with their howdahs, and paraded for the inspection of their future riders. But these, soon to take so conspicuous a part in the coming combats deserve a particular and separate notice from the pen of their obliged servant. First, "stalked to battle" the renowned Motee Mala, erst known to fame when the property of *Verderer*, and now in the possession of G. J. alias *Mr Best*. In altitude not exceeding eight feet she yet o'ertopped by the head and shoulders her small congeners! Who moreover had not as yet been initiated into the mysteries of tiger slaying; and were now to have their respective qualities for the fun put to the test. Of these, due precedence be given to the lovely Silan Peri or "Fairy of Ceylon," so named from the country of her birth and her numerous attractions of face and figure. Next her, as great a contrast as could well be imagined stood in grave and solemn dignity, *The Pig*—a young male, who from his ungainly gait and unequalled ugliness had deservedly drawn upon himself the above soubriquet. Last of all was an animal whose name is buried in mystery. *He* was not destined to cut a good figure in the events of the month; but of this more anon.

It being now near twelve o'clock, the order to march was given by the commandant. I and D. ascended the howdah of the portly Motee Mala; M. and H. mounted the Pig; S. had the Fairy, (lucky dog!) all to himself, and B. on the nameless animal brought up the rear. The beat was down the banks of the Pagh Gunga, and we soon commenced operations. The Mala was put into the bed of the river. The Peri, and the Pig and Mr Nameless on either side. The tiger was soon found; he started up almost under the feet of Motee Mala; but although he made noise enough at being so unceremoniously disturbed, the majestic personage was concealed in the thick underwood, on a small island in the middle of the river where he had taken up his quarters. Two shots were fired in his lordship's direction but without effect. He was ascending the left bank of the stream, when S. from the other side got a crack at him, which apparently told, for roaring furiously he rushed down in the direction of the Pig. He was here dreadfully annoyed by the compliments which M. and H. would insist upon paying him. One particular shot from M. he acknowledged by rearing himself on his hind legs and tumbling backwards into a small bush, out of which incontinently started, *mirabile dictu*, a hare! After this sickener he tried to regain the river, and on returning down one of its numerous nullahs was met and finally overthrown by the riders of Motee Mala. He was a good sized male tiger and only a week before had been put up by S., had desperately wounded a man, and made good his retreat. The man eventually, I am happy to say, recovered, which the tiger did not. After this the beat was resumed. A bear was started, which soon bit the dust, and only afforded sport by his absurd antics. The party then returned to the tents, auguring luck for the future from such an auspicious commencement. The nameless elephant behaved most infamously, having ran away twice, and induced the untrained ones to follow his bad example. He moreover wanted to fight the tiger himself, in fact he did every thing but what he was wished to do. He was therefore, ignominiously drummed out of camp, and sent back to Hingolce; the other elephants trumpeting "The Rogues' March." I said above that we all anticipated luck for the future, alas! what short-sighted mortals we are. A *Jonas* was among us—who the culprit was it was of course impossible to say; there was, however, no disputing the fact, that the next week was totally unsuccessful! It was the 8th of the month before we bagged another tiger! During the uneventful interval buffaloes had been picketed by us, and slain and devoured in the most orthodox manner by the beast for whom they were intended. Numberless had been the beats after the striped ruffians; day after

day the same round of never-ceasing ill-luck, sent us, not *blessing* I am afraid to the tents. The most likely spots were selected for picketing the victims; nay, on some occasions two of the party carried their enthusiasm so far, as to proceed themselves into the jungle, and personally to superintend the fastening-up of the juvenile buffaloes. All, however, was in vain. Before however chronicling the doings of the 8th, I ought to mention that on the 4th we *had* a good chance. A tigress, and one full grown cub, were reported present in the bed of the Poos river; we reached that stream on the 3rd. Her den was under the high bank, and almost impervious to the rays of the sun, being covered with densely matted creepers and brush-wood. The elephants, now reduced to three, were formed in line, and were slowly beating up the channel towards this spot, when about seventy yards before us out rushed the tigress. She took clean across the bed of the river—ran the gauntlet of us all—a regular case of file-firing ensued, but not a bullet touched her! she went at almost racing pace. Once out in the jungle she managed to beat us all, and was never within shot again. She afterwards paid the forfeit of her misdeeds, being eventually killed by a party from Jaulnah. To return: on the morning of the 8th, the buffalo was reported killed and half eaten; and the doer of this fell deed was also at home—You *do* lodge here Mr Fergusson—for a villager had heard him growling, on said villager's approaching too near his royal habitation—so this time we started in high spirits. Immediately on reaching the place supposed to harbour Tommy, he himself gave unmistakeable information of his whereabouts by rushing from his lair, and ferociously charging a horseman; but the latter by dint of immense spurring and kicking managed to get clear away from the brute, gorged as he was with his late repast. The tiger then crossed over the brow of a small hill looming while so doing as big as a bullock. "He's a whacker" cries I. "Push on mahoot," say the others,—in goes the ankoos, and we are all in hot pursuit. The beast had retreated to a clump of high grass and bushes close to the river—on the opposite bank of which we had scouts posted in trees giving us every information of his movements. The elephants formed in line, steadily bearing down towards the enemy. The Mala slightly ahead. No time now, or room for flight! The tiger consequently charged out, and was instantly saluted by four barrels. Wounded desperately through the body and lungs, and vomiting blood at every step, he turned to fly—but 50 yards proved too far for him. Ensconcing himself in another thicket, he was again closed with by the elephants, who arrived *en masse*—and he received his death-wound in a frantic attempt to swim the river. Though not a long, he was an immensely stout and pow-



erfully formed tiger. After this we had no sport till the 13th, when at a village called Hearee, news was brought in of a kill. About noon we reached the scene of action. On inspection, the buffalo was found to have almost entirely disappeared; such were the gastronomic powers of the enemy! Near the body of the slain buffalo a nullah ran into the bed of the river, and a man in a tree, who had been watching the tigress, indicated her position as being a short way up this nullah; so leaving M. and H. on the Pig, to guard the mouth of the water-course, the Mala, accompanied by the Peri, cautiously proceeded up the only practicable side of the channel. In about two minutes I twigged her, with cocked ears, intently eyeing the elephants, and wondering, no doubt, what the deuce *they* wanted. This point was soon settled. No. 1 from I. sent her to the right about, and she rushed down the nullah slap in front of the Pig. A volley administered here, sent her up the bank of the main stream, only however, to meet the other two elephants, who had lost no time in following. A rapid succession of shots from both howdahs soon caused her demise. She was an average sized tigress, and great was the wonder as to where she had put all the buffalo as she had no cubs to cry halves with her. A couple of days before this after beating from 11 o'clock until 4 p.m., we started a tiger, who rushing out full 300 yards in front of the elephant nearest to him, exposed himself covered from head to foot with black mud! The brute had been literally wallowing in the mire; several times the elephants must have all but trodden on him—but until evening there was no getting him to break. As it was, his mud bath had so refreshed his highness, that he immediately took to his heels and I regret to say made good his escape!

The scene of action was now to be changed. Most of the party voted for going into the Mahoor jungle after bison, so we struck off in that direction, and arrived in the heart of that magnificent forest, about the 20th. Our evenings meanwhile we used to employ in fishing, bathing, &c., &c. Mr Best occasionally, when we had no news of a kill, passing the entire day in the water, which proceeding *he* called "doing otter!" Here and there on our road we fell in with some lovely bathing and fishing places; and on one occasion some good sized carp were landed; and many more—moasters that they were—broke the rods and tackle of the party into "smithereens." On arriving at Belloora, the head quarters of the bison country, the Ghonds were dispatched all over the jungle for khubber, and most of us went out after spotted deer, or, as it was elegantly denominated, did "stump," with various and varied success—and, the contrary. The next day, H. while out after deer, came upon a large bull bison in the bed of the river—(we had now fallen in with

the Pagh Gunga again). He saw the brute making for a pathway in order to ascend the bank—there he accordingly posted himself, and as the bull's shoulder appeared above the rise of the ground, he put the muzzle of his gun close to said bull's shoulder and pulled both triggers! Desperately wounded, (the balls completely traversed his body) the brute tumbled down into the river and was soon settled afterwards. Next day news was brought in of a solitary bull marked down; so the entire party started off under guidance of one of the Ghonds; but the whole affair was, I am sorry to say, mismanaged—and, as too many cooks spoil the broth, so on this occasion too many hunters spoiled sport. In short though severely wounded the bull got off; and though three of us followed him by his tracks for four mortal hours with laudable perseverance, he was never seen again. Misfortunes *will* happen, &c., &c. This was the extent of the damage committed among the bison; so it was decided to return to Hingolee by a different route, several tigers being *reported* all ready to receive our visits, at three or four places on the road. We were unlucky again in the tiger line until we reached Kedar-goorlah a few marches from the cantonment. On the 27th, news was received of three tigers, mamma and two youngsters just arrived at years of discretion, being "at home" in a dense patch of date jungle. The habitat of these villains was a few acres or so in extent; a nullah with densely wooded banks ran in and out—with this exception the jungle was surrounded by open plain. About 11 o'clock we commenced operations, the jungle proved most awfully thick, and it was with great difficulty the elephants beat it. Taking in men perched on the cruppers of the said animals, on every tall tree we came to, whose height over-looked the comparatively insignificant date or sindy trees, though some of these were of tremendous height, we stuck a scout, and having in this way surrounded the whole place with a *cordon* we went to work. We were not long in starting the tigers, but the bushes were so thick that it was almost impossible to get a shot or even a glimpse of the brutes. They consequently were being continually kicked up by the elephants. If they charged, shots were fired not at the tigers as they were invisible, but at the bushes which marked their course. If they ran away, snap shots were taken at them whenever an opening kindly revealed the enemy,—which was very seldom. This work began to get stupid. The file-firing had been perfectly awful—when at last the tigress made a rush out of the thick jungle, apparently trying to reach the maidan and have a run for it. In the act of so doing D. on the Mala got a crack at her which rolled her over. She spun round for a few seconds perfectly stupified, and apparently done for—no such thing—she picked herself up, and

made a retreat that would have done credit to Xenophon; she was never seen again. About this time, the file-firing still continuing, B. got a capital shot at one of the others. This young gentleman was unluckily for himself indulging his organs of vision with a quiet look at the elephants. Fatal curiosity! he fell, pierced with the leaden death instantaneously. This was the extent of that day's work. Next morning, there being still another tiger in the patch of jungle, we again started and had hardly entered the thicket, when No. 3 came rushing past the line at full gallop. Three shots were simultaneously discharged by the riders of the Mala, and 20 yards further on, the tiger dropped apparently dead with *one* bullet only through his shoulder. Thinking him done for, we went in search of the one that escaped the day before—but had hardly been gone five minutes when an unearthly yelling and howling, mixed occasionally with the musical trumpet of the Silân Peri, brought the other two hattees back. It turned out that this ferocious specimen had only been shamming—in order, doubtless, to get the large elephants out of the way—and thinking perhaps he was more than a match for the Peri any day. He was obliged to receive another bullet before his antics ceased: yesterday's tigress was never found, and this was destined to be our last day's shikar. Our bag was not as much as it ought to have been, or even as it might have been; but we consoled ourselves with the hope of better luck next time; and those of the party whose first essay it was, doubtless thought it might have been worse; and returned to cantonment and parade, *almost* as *khoosh* as if twenty tigers instead of only five, had been the amount of the slain.

JUVENAL.

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## SPORTING GALLERY.

No. X.

## WILLIAM HALL.

Here is the artist who, on the Madras maidens *The Child of the Islands* and *Minuet*, did all the mischief to our Calcutta stables during the last two meetings—William Hall! Those who have not the pleasure of his acquaintance may take the word of ABEL EAST that the man is before them, as like as life.

William Hall is a native of East Coulton, near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, and began his professional life in the Racing stable of the Duke of Leeds in about his fifteenth year, where he had an opportunity of gathering information from men sufficiently celebrated in their day,—Messrs F. Jordan and Croft as trainers and M. Noble and Jackson as jockies. Hall remained in his Grace's service until 1820, when he came to this country engaged, as we have been told, for Mr Cockerell, of the Civil Service. He brought with him *Cannonade*, purchased from Sir John Byng, and a chesnut two year old colt from the Duke of York's stable (supposed to be *King Fisher*, *vide* Bengal Racing Calendar 1821.) We believe that *Cannonade* was purchased for the present father of the turf in India, Major General Sir W. R. Gilbert, K. C. B., at any rate it was under his and Col Stevenson's auspices these horses made their appearance—their performances may be seen in the Calendar already referred to. Hall reached Calcutta in the middle of 1821, but severe illness compelled him to proceed at once to sea: when he landed at Masulipatam, he found himself under orders for Hyderabad, where he remained in the service of Sir William Rumbold, Bart. for several years.

In Sir William's stables were the well known horses *Pet*, *Andrew*, *Looney* and *Slim*. At Hyderabad he first encountered Colonel Maclean of sporting celebrity, who that year had the Honorable Mr. Cole's stud under his care. Hall's first appearance in the *Pigskin* in India was on *Slim*, beating *Silkworm* afterwards *Curragh*. Here also Dr. Gordon's well known horse *Prince* went amiss. He then started for Nagpore with *Looney* and *Slim*, *Pet* being destined for England. At Nagpore Hall won eight times, besides several matches, and a maiden Race for Captain Mackenzie; he then returned to, and after running at, Hyderabad, proceeded with Sir W. Rumbold to Madras, where in the season of 1823 he made his first debut on *Andrew*, beaten in a match with *Curragh*.

The Madras list of that season contains the names of some

of the finest horses that had been known. It is only necessary to mention Orelia, Wickety-Waw, Wildblood, Curragh, Andrew, The Templar, Hetman, Longford, The Hurler, Shamrock and Mavourneen : of these Andrew, Wickety-Waw and Mavourneen were under Hall's management,—all winners.

In the following season 1824 Hall trained the Honorable L. G. K. Murray's horses—Mootee, Fairplay and Andrew, who were also all winners ; Fairplay proving himself what was considered in those days a horse of great speed, beating Curragh 8st. 7lb. a second heat in 2m. 59s. with 8st. 10lb. up.

Hall by this time had become a regular Madrassee ; and accordingly in 1825 we find him in charge of Captain Mackenzie's horses recently arrived from Nagpore, viz., Jerry Sneak, Clan Alpine, and Dominic Sampson ; not one of which nags ever managed to poke his nose in front of his antagonists on the winning post, though one and all ran good seconds in every race they started for.

Hall first appeared in the cernlean cap and jacket in 1826—when he took in hand the helm of the stud of the far famed, Mr. Fox, and his confederates. It would be useless to follow him through all his manifold struggles and victories at the head of this powerful stable, during the years from 1826 to 1838. In 1826 he turned out Stingo, Weizweiler, and Wandering-Willie. (This year was memorable for the affair of Sinbad, who turned out to be no Arab, and his races were eventually awarded to Stingo and Wandering-Willie.) In 1827 Vivian Grey, Houndsfoot, Wildblood and Stenie ; in 1828 Fan-Tail, and Starlight ; in 1829 Basilisk, the Lancer, Fadlalla, and Harmonica ; in 1830 Salonica, Whimsey, Saldanah, Tyigany ; in 1831 Petronica, Glendower, and Tofino ; in 1832 Night Shade, Cloudesly, Agonista, Mervin ; in 1833 Ball o'Fire, Bravo, and Launcelot Gobbo.

The season of 1833 was remarkable for the running of Strap and Gobbo. Heats 2 miles, both under 14 hands and carrying 8st. 4lb. within one pound of each other ; the first heat in 3m. 58½s. and the second heat in 3m. 54½s. the mile and a half in 2m. 56s., Gobbo winning both heats with the greatest ease, with Hall, who had the management of him, riding.

In 1834 He brought our Fiesco, King's Own, and Godolphin.

In 1835 there were no races at Madras, and Hall nothing daunted by the prospect and perils of a long and fatiguing land journey started with Salonica under his care, turning up safe and sound, in due season, at Cawnpore, Allypore, Meerut and Delhi.

On his return to Madras with Salonica a strong opposition had mustered against Mr Fox, at the head of whose stables he still continued. In 1836 he brought out Whitefoot, and Veronica.

The season of 1837 and 1838 produced several of the finest Arabs, and the best running, that had ever been known on the Madras course, or elsewhere in India. The timing of races was then attended to with the greatest care, and by none more so than by that spirited and devoted sportsman Mr A. Grant, well known at Calcutta before he made his appearance amongst the Mulls: this year he had Fieschi, Sweetlips, Rolica, Rookwood, and Talisman. In 1838 Corsair, Wenlock, Xebec, Ducrow and Belle-forest.

Hall's next appearance was at Calcutta in 1838-39, where he came to try the mettle of our men and horses and contest the supremacy of the turf as a trainer with Robert Ross and others, bringing with him the following string of celebrated Madras horses: Fieschi, Wenlock, Corsair, Ducrow, Sweetlips, Rookwood, Xebec, and Nightrake. Soon after his arrival these horses were most of them either sold to Mr Bacon or Mr Fergusson, Hall remaining with the last mentioned gentleman during that and the following season 1839-40. In 1840-41 he had the management of Mr White's horses, amongst which those best known to fame were Fieschi, Athlone, Destourmel, Walmer,—the last Hall's own selection at Madras, to which place he paid a flying visit in 1840.

In October 1841, Hall again returned to his old haunts at Bangalore in the service of Genl. Showers and Mr Maclean—but too late to do much good at the then impending October Meeting. It was during this meeting he brought out, and rode with admirable patience and judgment Mr Maclean's horse Glengour against Major Whistler's Bombay horse Snowdrop, late Crutch, in a P. P. Match, for Rs. 3,000—3 miles—Glengour winning easy.

The Confederacy between General Showers and Mr Maclean having ceased, Hall remained from 1842 with the latter gentleman, producing from time to time a fair proportion of winning horses, amongst whom were Glenmore, Glengall, and Glenlyon.

In the season of 1843-44 our hero again returned to Calcutta with what was considered a very promising stud of Madras horses. His achievements however on this occasion were by no means equal to his expectations, for none of his nags were successful with the exception of Glengall. He however *did* succeed in another affair which at that time was nearest to his heart. If Eloopoo and Chusan proved too much for him on the Course, he had it all his own way elsewhere. He wooed and won the maiden daughter of that well known sporting character Mr T. Pitts. The season of 1843-44 must therefore be held to have been a propitious one as regards the future happiness, comfort and settlement in life of the subject of our memoir.



In 1844-45, and 1845-46, Hall rested on his oars. The proceedings of the Bangalore committee in 1843 had given racing at Madras and Bangalore a severe blow; nor at the present time of writing, judging from present appearances is there much prospect of its regeneration and future prosperity as in the "olden time." But pass we on to matter more attractive. During the interval Hall was not idle. At the close of 1846, we find him buckling on his armour, and, under the auspices of Mr Williams, wending his way again to the City of Palaces with two solitary maidens; viz. Minuet and The Child of the Islands, two five year olds—who had early given sure promise of future renown. The character and performances of these nags, *unus et alter*, under Hall's management, are so fresh in the recollection of our readers, and are moreover so admirably pourtrayed in our last number under the head of a "Review of the Racing Season" that it would be a work of sheer supererogation to say more than that with Hall up in their first and maiden year both out-rivalled all former Arab performances, running, on different occasions, with great ease to themselves, the mile in 1m. 50s. the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile in 2m. 48s. and the 2 miles in 3m. 50s.!

We know not that we can add any thing more to this sketch, unless it be to express our wish that we may see Hall and his horses here again next Meeting; and if they are as successful as platers as they were as maidens, it will very well answer his purpose to come, albeit from the date of the Bangalore Races having been altered he will not be able to claim the weight he would have been entitled to had he started there. Still he will probably be tempted hither by his last season's unparalleled success; he well deserved it, for he has stuck manfully to his calling and appears to have his heart in it. It was his training in collision with that of two of the best gentlemen sportsmen India has ever seen; viz. Colonel Maclean and Mr A. Grant, that produced in the first instance a two mile Race on the Madras Course in 3m. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. with something to spare (Gobbo versus Strap) and again in something approaching 3m. 51s. in the memorable contest between Samnite and Fieschi. It is perhaps not too much to say that he has done more than any other trainer to show what may be got out of a Arab. There can be no question that his system is a severe one, but it is as certain that if he brings a horse to the post at all—not having overshot his date—that horse will be a dangerous one.

His style of riding is punishing from his length and weaving propensity, and we should rather back him never to lose a race on a horse capable of winning it than to steal one on an inferior animal.

A. E.

## UPPER SCINDE AND ITS SHIKAR.

Although Upper Scinde has been garrisoned by our troops for some years, no one appears to have thought it worth while rendering any account of the shikar to be procured, I consequently sit down to scribble a few lines, for the purpose of enlightening the shikaring gents, who may hereafter be destined to three years' residence at Sukkur. The "Undeniables" arrived here in February, 1846, but from the unsettled state of the Punjaub, and the marching, countermarching, &c., of Regiments and Detachments, it was the middle of May before we were regularly settled down, and consequently too hot to *commence* making any bundibuss for shikar: however, enquiries were made from every person likely to know anything about the country, but the information obtained was not as satisfactory as we could wish, "one of the oldest inhabitants" telling us that there were lots of pig, but it was *impossible* to ride them; that all the shikar was in Alli Moraud's territory, and sahib logue were not allowed to go there, and in short pointed out so many obstacles that we began to think ourselves the most unlucky devils; particularly as we heard that at Hyderabad there was lots of hunting. About this time the society of the station was augmented by the arrival of John H—I, an old hand with both spear and gun, who had been up here in former years; when from his yarns we were led to hope, that the forthcoming cold weather might shew a little sport in the way of pig sticking, &c. In the month of October, the country being sufficiently dry, a very respectful letter was written to H. H. Meer Alli Moraud, requesting permission to be allowed to kill pig in certain parts of his territory with the spear; in reply we received a purwannah in which was set forth that certain sahib logue were allowed to shikar with the "baleah," but winding up with a condition that guns loaded with ball were *not* to be used. This prohibition we cared little for, as there being few among us who would have been guilty of *shooting* a pig. Notwithstanding the favourable reply received from the Meer, it was the middle of December before we were able to hunt, all the best horses being engaged for the races; but the 20th of this month found some gents at the "Deydrah Mohara," about six miles from camp, from which the beaters succeeded in turning out a good sounder, when two fine boars fell a sacrifice to the spear of one of the riders, and we were able to return to camp by 10 o'clock A. M., This lucky commencement quite astonished the "oldest inhabitant," (a most capital fellow,) who could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the heads, and was very much inclined to suppose

that they were the victims of powder and ball, instead of spear. I regret that I have kept no regular journal of our sport, which has been capital ; as many as seven pigs have been killed in one day, and I fancy the total bag from the 1st of January to 30th April has been some 50 or 60 pigs. In the month of March, the Meer himself came across to this side of the river, and made sad havock in the country, which we began to hope was granted for our exclusive use ; but notwithstanding this, the pig are still plentiful, and the only difficulty that now exists is getting them to break, as they have got so cunning that they will do any anything rather than face the midan. When out one day and beating the Kantah-ke-Mohara, the beaters came on a most terrible, rusty old gentleman, in the shape of a boar ; he charged down the whole line, ripping three men, one so severely in the chest, that he died the following day. The country on the whole is the easiest to ride over I have ever seen, particularly after the Ras-kah Bahlah, Jumbah Tullow, and several other places I could name near Ahmedabad in Guzerat. The month of April saw a party of three officers start in the direction of Kusmore, in quest of tigers and large game, a journal of which trip, I believe has been sent to the *Review*. I hope to see the same party start again next year, when from the experience now gained, arrangements will be made to ensure success. Of finding game there is now but little doubt, six tigers having been killed in Upper Scinde within the last six months ; and with a proper hundibuss, there are lots more to be got. The small game shikarie may have lots of sport in the shape of snipe (which abound in the cold weather,) black partridge, quail, hares, &c., and if he confines his shikaring to the months of November, December, January and February, the most tender head need fear no rough treatment from (to most people) that bugbear to shikar—the Sun. From the end of May to the beginning of November very little sport is to be got in consequence of the whole country being inundated.

I am sorry to see the *Review* wanting correspondence from Guzerat : is there no one at Ahmedabad to take the place of the ever much to be lamented *New Forester* ; what is a certain " Secretary " H. L. G.—d about that he sends no journal of sport for its pages, to let those now far away read how shikar chuls ! Has the old hunt fallen to the ground ? if so, be silent, and tell us not of so melancholy an occurrence, but if not, take a hint and example (though humble) from

BROWN BOOTS.

SUKKUR, UPPER SCINDE, May, 1817.

## SPORTING MINUTES.

How happy shall I be, oh ye readers of the *Review*! if the *minutes* spent in sporting by me, prove to have produced anything likely to afford interesting *minutes* for your entertainment; if however, after wading through the lines I now indite, ye should shut the book disgusted at such twaddle, blessing old JUNGLEE at the same time for his pains, I pray of ye to bear in mind that he, poor fellow, is far more to be pitied than yourselves, for he has spent months in scraping together materials for your short ten minutes' reading; therefore if ye repine at *your* punishment, what must have been *his* sufferings! What they were shall be straightway told.

In November 1846, according to my annual custom, I turned out, but with the exception of bagging a couple of bears, my leisure time was spent in the pursuit of small game up to the end of December, when having been invited to pass the Christmas in the camp of a very old friend, rejoicing in the name of O——, I thought it wise to make the best of the holiday season and accepted his proposal, the more gladly that the famous Myn Pot Hill in Sirgooja was decided on as the scene of our merry-making: of this hill much has been written already, but it well merits a more full description, and I am much mistaken if the world will not soon be enlightened on the subject by a *chield*, who has been lately *taking notes* in the Sirgooja wilds: he is no sportsman, but still a right good fellow; and indeed there is a story told of an adventure he had with a hyena last year, from which there would seem to be hopes of his yet becoming a contributor to the *Review*. H——, for that is the initial of the name of my esteemed and scientific friend, had been enticed by O—— to take a gun in his hand and try for a bear in a favourite hill near which their camp was pitched; they took up their position at the proper ghaut, when by and by, a hyena made his appearance, about thirty yards from H—— and a little further from O——; the former presented his double barrel, while the latter waited patiently, intending to try his luck in case of H—— missing the beast: in this position they all remained some time, H—— apparently taking a steady aim, the hyena in no hurry to be off, and O—— biding his time; but hyenas, however politely inclined, have duties of their own to attend to, which prevent their lending themselves as targets beyond a reasonable time; so he walked off; H—— brought his gun down to the ready and O—— took a shot, just too late, as the beast popped into the bushes. "Why did'nt you fire!" said O——, rather impatiently;

"That is what I am going to ascertain" said H—— and on inspection it proved that he had been pulling at the left trigger while the right one was that which he had cocked. But for H.'s comfort let me add that I have seen such mistakes occur to old and good sportsmen. "Nemo mortalium" &c., &c., &c.

The season at which I saw the Myn Pot Hill was not that at which it appears to greatest advantage; its beauties and merits are more apparent in the hot weather, when the surrounding country is scorched up; here they rejoice in the verdant fields spangled over with thousands of lovely and sweet-scented flowers; the table land which extends to a distance of fifty or sixty miles long by forty or fifty wide, is intersected by beautiful streams of the clearest water, in which, at depths of 8 or 10 feet, fish are distinctly to be seen offering themselves an easy prey to the spectator, whose mind, not wholly occupied by the picturesque, has an eye also to the pot. The jungle at that season being burnt, the sportsman finds little difficulty in the pursuit of game, and had indeed would be considered the beat which did not afford shots at tigers, gour, sambur, &c. &c. &c. At the time of my visit the jungle and grass were so thick that it was difficult to drive the beasts, they were enabled to get so close to the beaters unperceived that they found little difficulty in forcing their way back, and few reached our ottas; moreover the weather was so cold (ice an inch thick) that the half frozen beaters found it difficult to perform their duty; still we managed to make some kind of a bag every day; 2 gour, many sambur, some hogs, and 3 tigers rewarded us for our perseverance, and one of the latter afforded us so much fun that I think it worthy of record. We had had a bankwar; several shots had been fired, a tiger had fallen to my share, and the beaters had reached the machaums. I was preparing for returning to camp when I got notice that a tiger had been slightly wounded by a native, and that O—— had gone to finish the beast. I lost no time and soon got over the intervening half or three-quarters of a mile, and found O—— making his arrangements for the attack; the cover selected by the wounded tiger was a belt of long grass about forty yards wide, skirted on both sides by the jungle through which it wound; down the centre of this belt ran a nullah about 6 feet deep and as many wide, the grass was so long and thick, as to conceal this nullah from view until quite close. O—— and I mounted the only suwarree elephant we had at hand, and a charjamah not being adapted for tiger-shooting, I looked forward to a shindy, and selected a double barrellled gun, *not my best*, as I calculated on a roll-over. O—— took a gun in each hand, which I thought bad policy, for on a charjamah one hand is required for holding on, particularly with an uncertain elephant, *not* however that ours could have been called *uncertain*, for he

left no room for doubt; on smelling the tiger he became uneasy, and in spite of all the driver could do, or we could say, would back towards the nullah in the middle of the grass: presently I saw the tiger move and fired; out he came with a roar slap at us, back went the elephant, and considering which end was leading at a tolerable pace: the row now became fierce, the elephant had backed to the verge of the nullah and tottered on the brink, the tiger had laid hold of the mahout's leg, and from the position we were in we were unable to get a shot; the large trees on every side of us were swarming with people, there could not have been less than 1500 or 2000 men within sight, all adding more or less to the clamor, assisted by 15 or 20 elephants dashing here and there in most admirable confusion—at length when I felt the hind quarters of the elephant sinking into the nullah, and when he gave a roll from which it seemed he could not recover, I jumped off, and being satisfied that the elephant had not fallen on me, I looked round anxiously and saw the tiger standing on his hind legs with his front claws planted in the elephants trunk, the mahout having fallen off on the opposite side; I snatched a 20z. rifle of O.'s from a servant and gave the tiger the contents from a distance of about 2 yards, he fell into the nullah, and as he attempted to come up the bank, I administered both right and left from a favourite three-foot barrelled Purdey, after which his efforts were but feeble; tremendous were the shouts of wai-wai! which then arose, and right glad were we to find that all had ended so well; strange to say in the vast commotion O—— saved himself and guns from a fall, neither was the mahout much hurt, a few scratches on the leg being the amount of his injuries.

After having enjoyed a fair share of sport we descended from the Myn Pot, some trifle of 2000 feet, and entered the vast forests of Odeypore. Here game of all descriptions abounds, but a want of unanimity among the people who were temporarily without a chief, rendered it difficult to manage the *hanks*; we however contrived to bag a few deer, &c. &c. and an onslaught I made on some wild buffaloes after a new fashion may be considered worthy of mention. Our camp was pitched at a place most auspiciously named *Bhag-bhal*; the people of the village informed us that eight wild buffaloes and a butcha were in the habit of coming nightly to feast on some grain of which there were two or three khèts on the jungle side of the village; I went and examined the ground, and in addition to the assurance of the people, beheld footmarks the size of a moderate plate attesting the fact that a few hours previous to my visit some gigantic monsters had been regaling themselves. The head man of the village who, though not over-young, seemed tolerably active, advised having a machaum built in a mango tree in the middle of the gram khèt to

which the buffaloes seemed most addicted. He also told me that the beasts were in the habit of coming a short time after sunset. Orders were accordingly given and the machaum prepared. At sunset I commenced my watch, the old man, one servant and myself, the whole of my battery and a little something to comfort the inward man being carefully arranged. The moon was at the full, but her brilliancy sadly dimmed by the fitful flitting of small clouds, and often during our long watch she

“ ——— hid her light  
From the heavens that night ;”

and as often did I politely beg the clouds to pass

“ ————— soon  
From the chaste cold moon”

as it would otherwise be a difficult matter to tell the head from the tail of any old buffalo that might have the kindness to honor me with a visit. But, gentle readers, although mine was a long and melancholy vigil in that ancient mango tree, I will not torture your expectations but at once proceed with my adventures. From 6 p. m. until past 11 did we remain as quiet and noiseless as “blessed defuncts;” once at about 10 o’clock I changed the position of my legs which I felt becoming gradually cramped; in executing this manoeuvre I caused our perch to make a creaking noise, whereupon the old man shook a finger at me in a warning manner: this I immediately perceived to be an artful dodge of his, for as the buffaloes had “failed in their truth” and not made their appearance, and in all likelihood had no intention of shewing themselves during the night, the old boy seized upon the unlucky crackling caused by my stretching a leg, intending in the morning to attribute their keeping away to it. This was not to be borne; therefore to involve him equally in the guilt with myself I watched my opportunity, and being to windward of him contrived to send a curling wreath of smoke across his nostrils: the poor old man was evidently unused to Manilla cheroots, for on his olfactories being invaded he sneezed violently, producing a sound which in the still calm night might have been heard for miles; for this I reproved him sharply saying that of course no buffaloes in their right senses could be expected to approach us when people indulged in sneezes of the prodigious character of those he had just favoured us with, and further reminded him that all blame in case of failure would attach to him. Sneezes are generally set down as unlucky, but in this case they proved the reverse, for shortly after the performance of my old friend, a noise resembling the cough of some animal was heard, but from what direction it was difficult to decide. “There they come” whispered Looyoo, so was the old chief named, and present-

ly we heard a crashing noise such as would be caused by the breaking down of palings—"they are going into the other khèt" said Looyoo "let us count them," and we distinctly reckoned the beasts by the sound as they broke down the wooden enclosure which separated them from their supper: "they are all in now", continued the old man as we heard the ninth jump. "What is to be done?" asked I; "we must go to them as they will not come to us,—I will guide you," said he, "but we must be careful not to make ourselves heard either in getting off the machaum or afterwards." Now the reader must be told that in mounting the machaum we had made use of a commodious ladder which had however been taken away after our ascent, as its remaining standing might scare away the beasts, and we had contemplated dealing destruction among the enemy from our perch. There was however no use in delaying, so we commenced our descent; my gun loader, an active young fellow, first got down without causing any disturbance, and I passed three guns down to him; I came next, but having shoes on and not being so expert as I might have been, created some commotion in the branches; old Looyoo followed, and we set off under his guidance by a circuitous route which he said would lead us to the only side of the khèt by which we could approach the buffaloes unperceived: there was a mud wall on the village side of the khèt and in it a gap through which I entered as stealthily as I could, gun all ready in hand, and closely followed by my two companions. At the extremity of the field I could plainly discern black objects moving here and there in an unsettled manner, and it was evident that something had occurred to disturb the minds of my longed-for prey, and I took shame to myself for the noise I had accidentally made in dropping out of the mango tree: it was impossible by the faint and deceitful moonlight to judge whether the beasts were fifty or one hundred and fifty yards off or even more, but it was necessary to be doing, for they gave unmistakable signs of being about to quit; if I remained in the shade of the wall I felt that I might be too far off to kill, and I also thought that when the beasts made their rush towards the jungle they might be jammed at the fence, and that by dashing out I might get a fair shot at an unlucky slow coach; I therefore rushed forward and as I expected caused a general "*sauve qui peut*" among the brutes; one or two loitered a moment behind the rest, seeking the cause of their being disturbed, but they also turned to follow; I stopt and fired at the nearest, got another gun and again fired as the last buffalo cleared the paling, I followed, and on reaching the outside of the khèt great was my disgust at finding neither carcase nor wounded buffalo to gladden my eyes: a distant sound of the beasts galloping off I heard, but even that presently



ceased and all was still; my people who had been left in the village, hearing the firing now came up, and some went and brought more guns from the machaum: we were about 200 yards a-head of the khêt, and hope itself seemed dead, when all at once we heard a noise as of a number of people playing at single stick. Old Looyoo brightened up and said "look sharp they are trying to carry off one of their wounded:" this was a trait of buffalo resource of which I was not aware, but the sounds were too apparent and the urgency of the case too great to admit of delay, and away we went through the long grass in the direction of the jungle. As we advanced, the sounds by which we were guided ceased, but after running about 200 yards, I was again able to perceive the black objects moving about as I had seen them in the khêt. I again fired several shots and they made off, I followed and after clearing one or two ditches and scrambling through some awkward ravines, I perceived a buffalo distinctly that had halted, and seemed inclined to come down to the charge. As he approached, I gave him right and left and he turned; I still followed and just then a man came up with a large 5oz. rifle, taking this weapon in hand I pursued the flying enemy, and by the doubtful light afforded by the cloud-covered moon I saw a buffalo standing apparently about 80 yards off; taking the best aim I could I fired, and in return had the satisfaction to hear a "phud" which could not be mistaken; getting another gun I pushed forward hoping at length to find some result, but alas! no, nothing was to be seen save the jungle which was now fairly reached. In melancholy mood I retraced my steps, and forming a line with the men I had, we searched the ground narrowly but to no purpose. At 2 A. M. I reached the tents, and on being questioned by my better-half gave Vague replies as to the result of my night rambles, leaving her to draw her own conclusions which she very quickly did, for as I had brought nothing home she naturally concluded I had shot nothing, and I had to undergo what might be expected—"I told you it was very absurd to go looking for buffaloes by night, as if the buffaloes were such donkeys as to be out at such hours like some people; how provoking, being woke up just as one has fallen fast asleep for the first time. I hope next time you go out in this way, you won't come home till morning." I got a glass of brandy and water and a cheroot, and chimed in with my wife's chorus "I won't come home till morning; I won't come home till morning;" still I had shrewd suspicions that all my firing had not been thrown away, and before dawn I was off again to the scene of action, and within 400 yards of the gram khêt I found an enormous buffalo shot through the shoulder, dead as mutton: on searching

further and as nearly as I could judge at the spot I fired the large rifle, there was a heap of coagulated blood and marrow; as this was a head of the dead buffalo it was evident that I had hopes of further reward for my long night's watch, and I went on and searched the jungle, but without success; on returning to camp to breakfast, I left some shikarees to follow up the traces, and at about 11 o'clock they came in saying they had come upon a wounded buffalo lying down, and had left two men on a tree to watch him. I started, and on nearing the spot advanced cautiously, and presently saw the men on the trees, who pointed into a patch of grass about 40 yards ahead of them. I moved on keeping a good look out, when one of the men on the trees called out "here he comes" and I heard a rustling. I moved a couple of yards aside under the shelter of a tree preparing to give him a warm reception, when the man aloft called out "he is gone ahead lame." I followed and by and by caught him up, but each time as I neared him he sneaked away, and on account of the long grass I could not get a sight of him; the people advised me to get on an elephant which I did, and again advancing I got a fine view of him and hit him, he turned and prepared for a charge, but I did not give him time, tumbling him over before he could quite bring himself to bear on me. Thus far successful I came home, and in some manner recovered my lost character, for great had been the laugh against me for coming home empty-handed the night before. I did not think it likely the buffaloes would come again the next night, so I sent some men to watch, with orders to come and fetch me if the buffaloes made their appearance. At about 4 A. M. I was summoned, and on reaching the skirts of the village I was told that the buffaloes had just left the khêts. I went in the direction pointed out, and soon got sight of the animals; they were running off, and as I cut across to intercept them, some of my people called out to me that there were two wounded buffaloes separated from the rest: thinking it likely that they were some of my friends of the night before, I turned and saw two, that seemed unable to keep up with the herd. I got pretty close to one of them and knocked him over, and as I was about to address myself to the other, a villager came up and shouted to me to hold hard, for I had killed one of his cattle and was about to slaughter another; overwhelmed with such a catastrophe, I stopped and found that it was too true, for on examining the fallen beast he was found to have a rope round his neck, and on enquiry it turned out that the unfortunate brace of tame buffaloes had escaped from their shed during the night and joined the wild buffaloes. Blushing with shame I reported my misdeed in camp and got properly laughed at: all will still laugh at my misfortune, but I can only say in my defence what business

had they there? "*Que diable allaient ils faire dans cette galère?*" With regard to old Looyoo's assertion when we heard the noise resembling a clashing of sticks that the buffalo were trying to carry off a wounded comrade, he was quite right, and there is no doubt that when a buffalo is wounded and unable to keep pace with the rest, they all endeavour to assist him with their horns: in proof whereof we found the marks of their horns on the carcasses of the dead beasts. If a buffalo is slightly wounded, he is enabled by the assistance of his brethren to keep on until he recovers his strength, but if wounded to death, they desert him when he falls.

We continued our route through Odeypore and Jushpore with varied success; but considering that the jungle was not burnt we made a fair bag. On one occasion within a few yards of the spot selected for my machaum, there was a piece of ground about twenty yards square which had evidently been the scene of an encounter between a tiger and a wild boar, the ground was torn up by the hog's feet, and bore marks of the tiger's paws, and the whole place was covered with hog's bristles. There was the trail distinctly to be seen where the tiger had carried off the body of his antagonist, and after devouring him left the bones as evidence of his victory: what would such a sight have been worth, and would the apparition of a man have put a stop to the combat? Knowing that such a scene had occurred close to my machaum, I had great hopes of luck on that day, but as the fates would have it, I saw nothing. I have no doubt but that people will cry out at the long-windedness of these "minutes;" but indeed good reader, the sportsman meets with adventures daily that would all prove of interest. On one occasion O——, whose machaum was about half a mile from mine, met with a singular or rather plural instance of success in shooting: he saw a large male sambur approach and stand about fifty or sixty yards off; he knocked him over, and shortly afterwards was aware of a *goind* deer or *bara-singha*, also a large male, coming from the same direction; he fired and the *goind* fell, but he at the same time saw or rather heard another beast make its escape. One of his men observed that he had seen a small deer standing near that which was killed: after the beat was over, a small *goind* was found wounded, and as it could be accounted for in no other way, O—— concluded that he had killed both at one shot, he at the time only seeing one animal; this was the more likely because O—— was in the habit of using two bullets in each barrel. On another day we enjoyed a very beautiful sight from the machaums unaccompanied however by any profit. In our front was the sandy bed of a river about 300 yards wide, the water being confined to a small stream running down the

centre, the jungle on the opposite side of this river was being beat up, and at one and the same moment we saw crossing the river at different points seventeen or eighteen deer of various kinds, sambur, nilghye and spotted deer all out of shot of us; but some were killed by native marksmen from the trees; on my left, also out of reach, an enormous tiger dashed across and bounded into the jungle on our side, the sight of so much game making off in safety was most tantalizing, but what could be done? On that day I was honoured with the society of Mrs. Junglee, who during the trip frequently accompanied me to the machaums; she declared that curiosity to see how I shot the beasts induced her to come out, but I fancy her object was to keep a look out after me, probably suspecting that I made shikar an excuse for enjoying a flirtation with some beautiful Indian nymph of the woods: let the motive have been what it may, it ended in her becoming as determined a shikaree as myself, and I have no doubt that in the course of one or two more expeditions she will insist on having a machaun and battery to herself; as it was she contented herself with praising me when I made a decent shot, and per contra, scolding me sadly if any beast made its escape; however, it behoves a sportsman and especially a married one to be a philosopher, I therefore took it all quietly, but the wigs I got were sometimes I thought undeserved; for instance if we got a glimpse of a pair of sambur horns among the trees about two hundred yards off, and she insisted on my firing instantaneously without waiting for the chance of the beast coming nearer, on my complying and of course missing, I had to submit to, "How stupid, I could have hit him myself, why did you fire so quick, fancy not waiting" and such like; or in case of some thick-skinned hard-boned old gour that obstinately would carry off a brace of balls in his shoulder, I was sure to be called to account "why didn't you shoot him through the heart, you ought to have shot him through the back bone"—but after all I think she brought me good luck, so I forgive her, or perhaps it was that the beasts came to me for the pleasure of seeing her, for I much doubt whether their jungle often afforded them so agreeable a sight; there is, however, no doubt, that for every animal that went to any other otta two came to mine, so I shall make no objection if Mrs Junglee proposes accompanying me on my next trip.

I had a narrow escape from a bear in Jushpore. I was watching in a ghaut at the foot of a hill in which there were said to be three or four bears; after half an hour's beating one came out and I knocked him over with two shots, just then the people called out that there were two more on the right. I ran in the direction pointed out and saw them. I fired one shot at some distance off, and one of the bears charged, when

he came within about five yards, I gave him the other barrel; it may have missed him but at any rate did not stop him, for on he came; I put back my hand for another gun, but found I had been deserted by all my gun people. I did not like to use my gun like a lattee, as it would certainly have been broken, and I knew that if I turned to run for it I should be caught. I therefore used the point of the barrels *à la baïonnette* and prodded him two or three times on the nose: he hesitated for a moment, and I shouted, still poking him about the muzzle, when he suddenly turned round and darted into the jungle, leaving me rejoiced at his departure, but determined on similar occasions to gird on a sword or some weapon in which I could place more confidence than in the muzzle of an empty gun.

We now entered Chota Nagpore, descending considerably, that country being divided into two portions, that below and that above the ghauts, and our route leading us to the former, great was our sorrow to think that we could not have managed our visit at the proper season after the burning of the jungles. Still we consoled ourselves with the hope that some obliging monsters would see the propriety of rewarding us for all our trouble by offering themselves as victims. At Kooloo-Kera, our first halting place in Chota Nagpore, we heard most encouraging accounts of the performances of the tigers, and more particularly of one tiger, worse than the wehr-wolf of Germany, which is but a man under a wolf's form. This tiger was said by the people to be possessed with a devil, depopulating whole villages, and invulnerable to ball or arrow. The story told was this: two Zemindars, neighbours, had a dispute about a village; the case was tried in the court, and such is the uncertainty of the law, possession was given to the wrong man; he who lost his cause happened to be well-skilled in magic, he therefore sought assistance from a tiger, securing the beast by powerful charms from all risk of slaughter; this ally was duly instructed, and for some weeks made a nightly practice of visiting the huts of the ryots on the estate of the successful suitor; when some dozens had fallen victims and all means were found unavailing to get rid of the enemy, the assistance of bramins was called in and wonderful *poojas* made, but all to no purpose; noted shikarees had watched for and fired at the tiger within a few yards, but they all declared that the powder and balls ran out of the barrels of their matchlocks like water, and all hopes of destroying the avenger were abandoned. When one hundred and forty persons had been killed and several villages deserted, as a last resource, the old gentleman who had gained his cause at such a costly price, proceeded on a visit to his rival, humbled himself, and offered to return the village he had wrongfully obtained on condition of

the tiger's ravages being put a stop to; the other party willingly agreed, and that very night the tiger was shot by a young fellow who had hardly ever pulled a trigger. Such was the story told to me; of this much there is no doubt that upwards of a hundred people had been killed within a few weeks by tigers. Within a few miles of camp was a hill of which we heard such wonders, that we resolved to explore it; we found it to consist of a large rock about seven hundred feet high and near the top a cave called *Ram-Lutta*; this cave forms a large and commodious dwelling for Gossains, several of which fraternity have resided there for years together; the cave is caused by the top of the hill being raised, (forgive the comparison good reader,) as one might lift the crust of a pie in order to take a peep at the contents, thus not only offering a spacious house for one's reception, but ornamenting the front with a verandah: near the cave is a large tank or cistern in the solid rock about twenty-five feet long and twelve or fifteen wide containing excellent water, we sounded this and found the water to be about fifteen feet deep. They shew marks in the rock where Rama stood, leaving the print of his foot plainly to be seen on the granite, his fireplace is to be seen and also the spots where his choicedars, two tigers, kept watch over him while he slept; there is also a fissure in the rock from which smoke is said to issue forth at times, we did not see the smoke, but all who put in their hands declared that they found it most suspiciously hot below, this however was no very surprising matter, when we recollect that the rock had been basking in the sun the whole day. "Woh ho! friend Junglee! what is it all about? I thought you were giving us a sporting minute and here you go off swan-hopping on the top of a rock; you had better keep a brighter look out or you may have one ABEL EAST foul of you." I cry you pardon, it was all a mistake, and now let us return to our tigers. But before I forget it, let me say a word in excuse of the system of shooting from machauns built on trees; I am led to this from having seen disparaging remarks occasionally applied to the practice. I have known it called unsportsman-like and have heard it hinted to be rather a shabby way of taking advantage of your beast: now as far as my experience goes, I am inclined to think that a delicate sense of danger and tender regard for one's sweet features and fragile limbs are not the only motives that induce the sportsman to ascend a machaum, the chief object in view in selecting a high perch, is to be enabled to see the game approach, for in these jungles a person on the ground would find it difficult to get a sight of a beast unless he came within a very few yards, whereas most of the animals bagged from a machaum are from forty to eighty yards off when fired at, and if on the ground, and the first fire should not prove fatal,

small would be the hopes of a second shot. It is not the danger that makes us seek the trees, for in all cases when a tiger, gour or buffalo gets wounded and takes to cover, we leave our trees and follow the game making the best of our luck, and all sportsmen know well that the risk of injury from a wounded beast is greater than that from one that has not got his *dander riz*. Another advantage in a machaum is, that in case of being favored with a visit from a herd of deer, a cool shot may succeed in bagging three or four; on foot this could never be the case, even if you had the luck to get a herd within fifteen yards; your first shot would place the survivors beyond reach of your further favors; in addition to all I have urged in favor of machaums is this fact, that the animals are not able to twig one so easily, when perched aloft, as when on the ground; in the latter case a screen is needed, and is much more perceptible to an approaching beast, than any otta made in a tree. I have heard of old and good sportsmen objecting to machaum-shooting and to hawkwars in general; but I am of opinion that they had never seen such hawkwars as are to be met with here, and I know that they had generally been so situated as to be able to get tiger and other shooting from elephants in the regular manner: a thing out of the question in this part of the country. Some object to the nuisance of having to sit quietly in an otta for hours, and after all see nothing to fire at; but it rarely happens here that one does not get a shot and amusement is not forbidden, *with discretion* one can manage to pass the time well enough. I have played chess and ecarté in an otta, written letters, read, and even taken greater liberties; for instance have had a moonshee reading papers that I was anxious to get through, and to shew you what a favourable retreat an otta may become to him who courts the muses, I append a copy of a song composed by a friend of mine in an otta, and which he declares he will be happy to sing before a Calcutta audience on the first opportunity to the tune of "*The Poacher*."

In our second hawk in Beroo, I was very fortunate: two large bull gour rattled down the side of a hill on my left; there was a small dry river in front of me, and when the beasts shewed, which they did at about fifty yards off, I fired at the front one with my long Purdey: he did not fall but skirted the river, and as he came opposite me I gave him the contents of a 5-oz. rifle in his back-bone, and over he went; his companion charged right across the nullah, and as he came, I hit him in three several places about the shoulder; but the guns I used were the ordinary sized double barrel, and he staggered on; he was seen to stand and support himself against a tree, and Mrs. J. who had become rather excited, told me to go

after him. I was going when the fallen gour began to shew signs of making off; this could not be allowed, I therefore (thinking one gour in the hand better than two in the bush) lodged a detainer or two in his carcase which had the desired effect, but I subsequently found that he never could have risen after the smash among his vertebræ. I now followed No. 2, and although the blood had flowed freely, and I was able to trace him for miles, I did not succeed in bagging him. A large bull gour also favoured O—— with a call; he described the beast as having advanced leisurely to within about forty yards of the otta, then twiggig O—— he stopped and began to turn. O—— now gave him both barrels well in the shoulder, in spite of which the brute got away leaving his track well marked by blood. O—— followed him but to no purpose, the gun O—— used was a Purdey, three foot barrel and thirteen to the lb. ball; a noted hard hitting weapon; but large gour are not easily brought down, and many is the slip between the cup and the lip, which occurs in their pursuit. For some twenty days in Beroo the sport was magnificent; I had the chief luck; no day did I draw a blank, and frequently I succeeded in bagging two beasts and on two occasions three. On one day I killed a tiger, a large male sambur, and a small deer; another day an enormous gour, a female sambur and a kotra deer. On this occasion I had just taken aim at a hog advancing from the front when my arma was touched, and I turned and saw a small gour coming from my left and rather behind the otta; as I was going to fire at the latter, a splendid bull dashed up from the same direction, bounding in beautiful style. I gave him right and left in the shoulder as he passed at about seventy yards off, he did not halt, but continued to dash on, when about 120 yards off, I broke his hind leg with the 5-oz. bone smasher and still he kept on, on three legs; I left the otta and pursued, and at about 200 yards off came to a dry nullah, and saw the marks where he had crossed. On following and mounting the bank on the opposite side, I came on him lying in the grass at a distance of about six yards, he perceived me and began to stagger to his feet, his eye balls starting from his head and resembling bits of ivory, his rage having as it were worked them into a white heat: I had only one gun and was alone, I therefore without delay gave him one ball under the ear, and the other in the centre of the forehead, and without waiting to see the result, bolted up the nullah; he had however fallen and I returned, presently assistance arrived, and some mussulmans *zubber-kurred* him in their most approved fashion: in performing this operation, however, several stout, hulking fellows, were hurled to the ground more than once by the furious struggles of the monster. I bagged a fair sized tiger at a place called King-Kaile; I had espied the tawny rascal



at a long distance off, about 200 yards, and making a sign to the men in the otta with me that a beast was coming, I stooped and applying my eye to a peep-hole watched the approach of the enemy with anxiety, for the slightest alarm might have caused him to diverge from his direct route and deprive me of a fair shot. He came on and at length stood still, his fore-feet resting on a stone, and not above thirty yards from me; as I raised myself to fire, he saw me, our eyes met, and I fired, the ball entered his shoulder, and as I afterwards ascertained passed through his heart; he was too hard hit to roar, and by some involuntary muscular motion, but which looked like a miraculous spring, he cleared the space between where he stood and the otta and fell dead within four yards of me; about half an hour afterwards, a peacock came running towards me, and when about ten yards off, I knocked him over, he however got up and ran a few yards and literally fell against the body of the tiger; from that otta I also killed a very large male sambur: on the same day a large tiger came and laid himself down under the otta of a native whose matchlock would not go off, the beast remained long enough for him to make five or six abortive attempts at getting his gun to do its duty, and then walked away. I was also fortunate in Beroo with the buffaloes, bagging several. On one occasion, I had hopes of making great slaughter among a herd that came to my otta, but my good intentions were frustrated. I had seen several buffaloes coming through the jungle straight down on my otta, the exact number I could not make out, but the plan I proposed to myself was, to allow them to come up quite close, and then as they could not go under the otta, I was sure to get several shots at whichever side they might pass, shots at the side being better with buffaloes than those fired at their heads. I was watching them through the front of the machaum and they had got within a few yards when an old and experienced shikarree who was with me, pulled me gently by the jacket, I turned, thinking that he saw something else of greater account than the buffaloes, and wished me to fire at it, but no, all he meant was to tell me to fire for he thought I was delaying too long or perhaps had *gone to sleep*; he completely upset my arrangements, I was *put off*, as they say at billiards, and fired unsteadily, only bagging one, whereas I firmly believe that if let alone, I could have secured three or four. I must not, however, take up too many of your valuable pages, and if I go over each and all of our victories over the lords of the Beroo forest I shall never have done; suffice it to say, that we moved from one encamping ground to another on the banks of the beautiful river Sunk, and found each spot more plentifully stocked with game than the former; the pleasant Sunk, besides affording a never failing supply of excellent water, so ne-

cessary in a thickly peopled camp like ours, gave an additional grace to the charming scenery around us, and would yield many treasures to the lovers of geology and mineralogy. I, although unversed in these sciences, enjoyed the sight of the vast rocks of marble through which the river dashes in a succession of small waterfalls, and in scrambling among the vast rocky caverns picked up many curious specimens, for although no judge of the value of such things, I never forget that I have friends who are, and therefore collect whatever seems *pretty, odd, or new* to adorn their museums. We left Beroo, and turned northward, explored the caves of Polkote, and visited the famous rocking stone there, returning to the station just in time to avoid the hot weather: should our route be ever followed by the sportsman, at the right season, after the burning of the jungles, great would be his reward: as it was we brought home trophies not to be despised.

## JUNGLEE.

March, 1847.

## LIST OF GAME BAGGED ON THE TRIP.

|                  |    |                         |    |
|------------------|----|-------------------------|----|
| Tigers, .....    | 4  | Nyl-ghyes, .....        | 14 |
| Gours, .....     | 5  | Goids, .....            | 7  |
| Buffaloes, ..... | 8  | Kotras, ...             | 60 |
| Bears, .....     | 3  | Mouse-deers, .....      | 6  |
| Leopard, .....   | 1  | Porcupines, .....       | 5  |
| Samburs, .....   | 70 | Small game not counted. |    |

## THE SPORTSMAN'S PROGRESS.

*To the tune of "When I was bound a 'Prentice."*

When I was bound an Ensign to serve John Company,  
I served them faithfully and true as you shall plainly see;  
For though I could not then have hit a partridge or a hare,  
I since have learnt the way to floor a tiger and a bear.

*Chorus*—I since have learnt, &c., &c., &c.

## II.

As me and my companions went up the river G——,  
We were Cadets as jovial as any you could see;  
In passing near to old Monghyr I bought a single gun,  
And shot peawits and jackals too and thought it mighty fun.  
And shot peawits, &c., &c., &c.

## III.

On reaching of the regiment I found that it was low,  
 To use a snobby gun like that when doubles were the go ;  
 My *frater* who did chance to hear of my predicament,  
 An Irish double barrelled gun to me he quickly sent.

An Irish, &c., &c., &c.

## IV.

And then with coolies in a line in khèts of Bahur so green,  
 A missing of the little quails I daily might be seen ;  
 Until by dint of practising with labor and with fag,  
 I sometimes popped a brace or two of birds within my bag.

I sometimes, &c., &c., &c.

## V.

The station next I chanced to see was famous Gorruckpore,  
 And there I first did try my luck with tiger, deer, and boar ;  
 With Wroughton for a schoolmaster I hunted many a day,  
 In hopes to put the balls in strait I might find out the way.

In hopes, &c., &c., &c.

## VI.

In Howdah with four double guns laid out all of a row,  
 How jolly is't in April days through the long grass to go ;  
 Until you hear a rustling, a roar and then a crash,  
 And you get charged by jack tiger, with an uncommon dash.

And you, &c., &c., &c.

## VII.

And then the wary sportsman he must keep his feelings cool,  
 For if he should be over-rash he cannot use his tool :  
 To save his beast from being cut, the tiger he must stop,  
 Be firm, be quick, be careful too, the tiger he will drop.

Be firm, &c., &c., &c.

## VIII.

Tho' twenty years and more have passed since first I handled gun,  
 It still has ever been to me the first and best of fun ;  
 And should my time in this old world be either long or short,  
 I feel that to the very last, I still shall love the sport.

I feel that, &c., &c., &c.

## IX.

All in an otta perched am I a writing of this song,  
The beaters shouting merrily as they do come along ;  
Nor shall I think the time is lost tho' I sit here many an hour,  
If by and bye I hear the tramp of a herd of rushing gour.  
If, by and bye, &c., &c., &c.

**X.**

**They come! They come! one on the left, and three are on the right,  
I take the 5-oz. rifle and I look along the sight;  
Click goes the lock and crack the ball his shoulder bone is struck—  
Hurra! hurra! down, down, he goes despite his strength and pluck.  
Hurra, hurra, &c., &c., &c.**

XI.

The rest have scattered here and there but not so quick but what I got a crack at one of them, which can't be called a pot ;  
We tracked him by his dripping blood but I did not tell you where,  
We found him not, and that is all about which I did care.  
We found, &c., &c., &c.

## XII.

Then here's good luck to shooting for it is my delight,  
I follow it the whole day through and dream of it at night ;  
Good luck to every gentleman who comes to shoot with me,  
That he shall have good sport and fun 'twill be my care to see.  
That he shall, &c., &c., &c.

J.

**March, 1847.**

## THE CALCUTTA GREAT WELTER.

Nothing perhaps is more significant of the thorough change that is coming over the racing men of Bengal generally, and of the City of Palaces in particular, than the omission in the Calcutta Race prospectus for the ensuing season of our old friend The Great Welter. Nor is he, poor old fellow, allowed even to depart in peace, for like other quondam public favorites it has been his fate to have pæans sung over his decline and fall. His younger brother, The Little Welter, died of inanition several years ago, as did the Welter for the Second Meeting, while that for the Australian horses ending in a walk-over may be said to have been still-born. With these, however, we have at present nothing to do. In the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* at page 329, we find the following passage:—

“I was much gratified in finding by the prospectus for the Calcutta Races, that the probability of re-establishing them had amounted to a certainty; and that in this age of reform, the good old Calcutta Welter had not suffered from “the schoolmaster,” but was booked for the second race, first day, in all its pristine glory, with only the change of their being no Riddlesworth to usher in the Derby of Bengal in proper form.”

The above was written in 1835. In 1839 a writer in *The Bengal Sporting Magazine*, Vol. 14, page 494—says,

“The Welter Sweepstakes, with the exception of the Riddlesworth, is of the oldest standing on the Calcutta Turf. It was for many years the principal race of the meeting, and the best maidens were always produced for it, and it generally excited considerable interest from the circumstance of its being ridden for by Gentlemen Jockies.”

In the year of grace 1847, however “nous avons changé tout cela,” for at page 88, No. 9, *India Sporting Review*, the Reviewer of the past Racing Season remarks:—

“The twentieth renewal of the Calcutta Great Welter Stakes for which *Maynooth* walked over. It is satisfactory to see by the prospectus for next year’s Races, that this once popular but now obsolete exhibition of gentlemen jockeyship has been swept away with the rest of the rubbish of mediæval racing.”

“Alack—alas—alas and well-aday!” (as Bombastes says,) that matters should have arrived at such a pass as this, that the Stakes for which the very best Maiden Arab was reserved, for which aspiring youths donned silk and bucks-kin and became like Sir Benjamin Backbite ‘a very Phœbus-mounted’ to contest the prize cheered by the bright eyes and wreathed smiles

of beauty, and for which the Ladies, bless their innocent hearts, freely bet their kid gloves and pots of pickles and oysters, not on the horses but on the riders, should have at last come to be classed with "the rubbish of mediæval racing." "There again is fame!" exclaimed Mr. Howitt as he rushed in mingled astonishment and disgust from the village of Marlowe on finding that Shelley was only remembered there by an unpaid bill. "There again is fame!"—and thus indeed may we exclaim at this altogether unlooked-for result to the attempts of our racing men and Gentlemen Jockies at earning for themselves in the annals of the Anglo Indian Turf, a name that should not die with them. It has occurred to us that it will be convenient for ready reference to compile and publish a tabular statement of the results of this quondam great race with names of the horses and riders, time, weight and distance, from its institution to its close, and we subjoin it; but it is necessary to state that it originated in 1824 under the name of the Baraset Stakes for Arabs that never won; 11st. 7lbs. T. M. Gentlemen Riders, which was won by Colonel Gilbert's G. H. Sherry ridden by the Owner, beating Mr. Lewis's B. H. Pigtail. From this sprang the Calcutta Great Welter which has existed, with the exception of two years in which there were no races, uninterruptedly from 1825 to 1846, when it sunk to rest under the infliction of a walk over. It died just after coming of age, that is in its twenty-second year, and we are not prepared to say it is very much to be lamented. It would probably have survived for years had not Racing in Calcutta gone ahead at an enormous pace, and the introduction of a field of professional riders put gentlemen-jocks out of the saddle. The establishment, too, of races so much more valuable, commanding from twenty to thirty nominations, rendered it out of the question that sporting men should care to run their horses with 11st. 7lbs. up.

The Writer in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* already quoted says in 1835,—“Now all ye good Calcutta Sportsmen, look at this distinguished list of winners, and then wish to have your names enrolled among the honorable number; endeavour to emulate the deeds of former meetings,” &c., &c., &c.

The Reporter of the Races for the *Sporting Review* in 1846 says, “The Great Welter a walk over!—The Derby has done this!”—and the curtain falls to rise no more on The Great Welter—

“So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er;  
And hearts that once beat high for praise  
Now feel that pulse no more.”

SVUM CUIQUE.

## THE GREAT WELTER WINNERS.

| Year | Winners.                             | Riders.                   | Weight.   | Distance.             | Time.            | Remarks.                                                                                                          |
|------|--------------------------------------|---------------------------|-----------|-----------------------|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1825 | Mr J. Barwell's <i>Moses</i> .....   | Mr A. C. Barwell.         | 12st 5lbs | R. C.                 | 4m 0s            | Beating <i>Waterley</i> and five others.                                                                          |
| 1826 | Mr Hickey's <i>Esterhazy</i> .....   | Mr. J. Lewis.....         | 11st 7lbs | R. C.                 | 3m 42s           | Beating <i>Haji Baba</i> and four others.                                                                         |
| 1827 | Mr Hickey's <i>Champion</i> .....    | Mr J. Lewis.....          | 11st 7lbs | R. C.                 | 3m 43s           | Beating <i>Premium</i> and two others.                                                                            |
| 1828 | Mr J. Barwell's <i>Premium</i> ..... | Mr J. Barwell.....        | 11st 7lbs | R. C.                 | 3m 40s           | Beating <i>Intruder</i> and five others.                                                                          |
| 1829 | Mr Grant's <i>Sir Solomon</i> .....  | Mr G. P. Thompson.....    | 11st 7lbs | R. C.                 | —                | Beating <i>Mascot</i> , seven horses drawn.                                                                       |
| 1830 | Mr White's <i>Hurry Skurry</i> ..... | Mr Dick.....              | 11st 7lbs | R. C.                 | 3m 41s           | Beating <i>Ally Bey</i> and seven others.                                                                         |
| 1831 | Mr White's <i>Jessam</i> .....       | Mr Dick.....              | 11st 7lbs | R. C.                 | 3m 42s           | Beating <i>Godolphin</i> and seven others.                                                                        |
| 1832 | No Races.....                        | —                         | —         | —                     | —                | —                                                                                                                 |
| 1833 | Dr Muston's <i>Godolphin</i> .....   | Mr Dick or Mr Raikes..... | 11st 7lbs | R. C.                 | 3m 43s or 3m 40s | Beating <i>Edry</i> and three others.                                                                             |
| 1834 | No Races.....                        | —                         | —         | —                     | —                | —                                                                                                                 |
| 1835 | Mr Cockerell's <i>Comet</i> ..       | Mr C. Newcomen.....       | 11st 7lbs | R. C. and a distance. | 4m 4s or 4m 1s   | Beating <i>Sirocco</i> , <i>Bourdeaux</i> , <i>Maze</i> .                                                         |
| 1836 | Mr Cockerell's <i>Pirate</i> .....   | Mr C. Newcomen.....       | 11st 7lbs | Do.                   | 4m 1s or 3m 59½s | Beating <i>Alderman</i> , <i>Rolla</i> , <i>Absentee</i> , <i>Alchemist</i> , <i>Barbarian</i> , <i>Roostum</i> . |

## THE GREAT WELTER WINNERS.

| Year | Winners.                                 | Riders.           | Weight.   | Distance.             | Time.           | Remarks.                                                                                                                                                                     |
|------|------------------------------------------|-------------------|-----------|-----------------------|-----------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1837 | Mr J. H. Patton's <i>Condolier</i> ..... | Mr A. Gladstone.. | 11st 7lbs | R. C. and a distance. | 4m 0s or 4m 45s | Beating <i>Stoic</i> , <i>Dolphin</i> , <i>Sunbeam</i> , <i>Toddy the Tiler</i> , <i>Gazelle</i> , <i>Paragon</i> .                                                          |
| 1838 | Mr Cockerell's <i>Prophet</i> .....      | Mr H. Newcomen..  | 11st 7lbs | Do.                   | 3m 54s          | Beating <i>Saracen</i> , <i>Promise</i> , <i>Xebec</i> , <i>Picaroan</i> , <i>Cavalier</i> , <i>Pilgrim</i> , <i>Crescent</i> .                                              |
| 1839 | Mr White's <i>Blackball</i> .....        | Mr Rainey.....    | 11st 7lbs | Do.                   | 3m 55s          | Beating <i>Ducron</i> , <i>Ildrine</i> , <i>Yizier</i> , <i>St Francis</i> , <i>Belkazzar</i> , <i>Aladdin</i> , <i>The General</i> , <i>Rushlight</i> , <i>Barbarossa</i> . |
| 1840 | Mr White's <i>Xebec</i> .....            | Mr W. Frith.....  | 11st 7lbs | R. C.                 | 3m 39s          | Beating <i>Walmer</i> , <i>Cameronian</i> , <i>Albion</i> , <i>Picaroan</i> , <i>Sir Robert</i> .                                                                            |
| 1841 | Mr Beckwith's <i>The Friar</i> .....     | Mr J. Fergusson.. | 11st 7lbs | Do.                   | 3m 38s          | Beating <i>Damascus</i> , <i>Brau</i> , <i>Ultimus</i> , <i>Harry</i> .                                                                                                      |
| 1842 | The Squire's <i>Gauntlet</i> .....       | Mr W. Frith.....  | 11st 7lbs | Do.                   | 3m 41s          | Beating <i>Lottery</i> , <i>Pickle</i> , <i>Escapade</i> , <i>Devastation</i> , <i>Beverley</i> , <i>Blue Beard</i> , <i>Hastings</i> , <i>Snowdrop</i> , <i>Obelisk</i> .   |
| 1843 | Mr Jones' <i>Elepos</i> .....            | Mr Newcomen.....  | 11st 7lbs | Do.                   | 3m 34s          | Beating <i>Massaroni</i> , <i>Pickle</i> , <i>Oranmore</i> .                                                                                                                 |
| 1844 | Mr Petre's <i>Crab</i> .....             | Lieut Mackenzie.. | 11st 7lbs | Do.                   | 3m 34½s         | Beating <i>Massaroni</i> , <i>Alchymist</i> distanced.                                                                                                                       |
| 1845 | Mr Green's <i>Glaucus</i> .....          | Capt. Hicks.....  | 11st 7lbs | Do.                   | 3m 37s          | Beating <i>Waldemar</i> , <i>The General</i> .                                                                                                                               |
| 1846 | Mr Green's <i>Maynooth</i> .....         | —                 | 11st 7lbs | Do.                   | —               | Walked over.                                                                                                                                                                 |



## THE EXTRA WEIGHTING OF COLONIAL HORSES.

I have read with much interest the able disquisition of a TURFITE, (in No. VIII. of the *Review*) on the extra weighting of Cape Horses. His arguments are so conclusive that it would be a waste of time my attempting to improve upon them, but I may be permitted to draw attention to the subsequent running of The Child  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in 2m. 48s. easily, and the timing of other Arabs, two miles in 3m. 50s. and so on, which performances have never yet been equalled by any Cape horse in India. If precedents, therefore, are to be carried out, why should not the Arabs now give weight to the Capers? Surely the Calcutta people must see that the days of protection to any class, are gone by, and that the more good horses can be seduced to India from any quarter of the globe, the better it will be for sport and for the general convenience of the community. The increased competition will keep prices down, or make those who are interested in the supremacy of any one class, realize their wishes, by a liberal distribution of gold mohurs out of their own private funds. But if a new scale of weights is to be fixed, let competent persons take the average of some years' timing (including the last), and then if there is any startling evidence of superiority on the side of any particular breed, the balance can be fairly adjusted. Only I do trust that the weights then established shall be pronounced unchangeable for a fixed period, say seven, five or even three years, so that the Colonial breeders may know whether it will pay them better to breed racing stock or remounts for Cavalry. It is well known that the Cape breeders have always looked to India as a safe market for their tried horses, and if any encouragement could be given them on any durable plan, I have no doubt a large consignment of promising maidens would be shipped to Calcutta every year. True it is, that the Cape breeders do not give any money to the Calcutta Race Fund, and a pity it is they do not, for they would derive much more benefit themselves from such a course than from the Produce Stakes they give in the Colony.

Being, however, with one exception, Africanders, nobody will ever persuade them of this, and the only plea for consideration which they can advance is the supply of a good article at a moderate price. The Produce Stakes referred to, is run for, annually in April by three year olds. It consists of a donation of

£30 from each of the chief breeders, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each H. F. The Purse is usually worth £300, and stamps the winner with a character worthy of Indian notice ; but when I tell your readers that I have often seen the Mofussil Boers, paying from £150 to £300 for the colts beaten in this race, and the former sum even for two year olds, they will perceive at once, that the Calcutta market as a speculation, affords to the Cape breeder at present no remuneration equal to this or at all adequate to the risk.

I know a yearling colt, (out of an English mare), for which when six months old, the owner was offered £150, but refused ; preferring to reserve him for the Produce, or to send him hereafter to India as a maiden. As regards India he was wrong, for there is no knowing how the cat may jump even in Calcutta next year, and in the Upper Provinces there appears to be no chance of an opening for Colonial horses.

In the Civilians' Cup at Meerut, Feb. 1847, the Capes and Walers are made to give the Arabs from 17lbs down to 15lbs; and one stone appears to be the general allowance to Arabs in the N. W. of India. What the object of this preference can be I cannot understand, or the reason either, unless the performances of Don Juan, ten years ago, are still a bugbear to the Arabs !

I have no wish to bore your readers with topics of this sort, and indeed I am induced to pen these remarks only because I understand that a Turf Club is to be established in Calcutta, and I wish to suggest to that body, the expediency of fixing certain races (where public money is given) for a term of years on permanent conditions, as regards the different classes of horses ; so that both the racing men and the Colonial breeders, and the various speculators in galloping cattle may have some sure guide-post for the future.

PILGRIM.

CAPE, April 1847.

P. S.—The Arabs have improved so much of late years that some enquiry into the reason of it would be interesting. Tattersall in his evidence before a Select Committee of the Lords on the laws respecting gaming (p. 104) is asked.

“ Are not thoro' bred horses and mares every year exported to nearly every part of the world, to improve the breed of horses in those countries ? ”

A.—“ To every part of the known world, excepting to China I have sent horses. I sent three lately to Ibrahim Pacha in Egypt for the first time. They were stallions and to improve the Arabian blood, which they will do very much, they (the Arabs) being small, but handsome, but not within two stone of our horses of the same age !”

If these are the first sent by Tattersall, they, by all accounts, are not by any means the first sent to Egypt and Arabia.

P.

## SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

### No. VII.

We had no sooner seated ourselves, and my friend had gathered the ribbons snug in his hand, than he resumed the conversation. “ I tell you what’s a werry strange like circumstance sir, said he, and that is how every man’s know’d by his look, I never yet see the man as I couldn’t tell everything about, whether he’s a curry-coloured Hinjian, or a master chimbley-sweep—they carries their purfessions in their faces sir, or in their walk and anybody with half a hye could make sure on ’em; for hinstance sir, a feller must be uncommon green if he don’t know a tailor by a look at him: everybody knows a tailor, but sir I’d back myself for a noo whip to tell a snob, a snip, a butcher or a baker, and all by jist looking at their faces. Now sir, said he, as a post chaise drew near us, jist take a bird’s hye view of that ’ere turn out, there’s a man a ridin that roan horse sir, as nobody could help knowin. Post boys is know’d everywhere, they never seem to get holder and they never gets younger—but jist appear to be pitch’d neck and crop into the world astride some old brass bound saddle, and there they sits all their life all their legs gets bow’d and their whole figure gets suited in

shape to their *perfection*. I've heer'd talk of mouldin a man's mind, but I'm blow'd if this aint mouldin the body and no mistake sir, for what with constant ridin, and having nobody to speak to, I'm a bluebottle if they don't get shook and bump'd, until they seem part of the osses furnitur! Now sir, that old feller as has jist passed is sixty if he's a day!—and yet I'll wager summat ansome, that the old buffer calls hisself (and believes hisself) a post boy! it would'nt exactly do for him to call hisself a post *man*, 'cos he ain't a man of letters, but I *do* think as how some of these here members of Parliament who have been a kicking up sich a bobbery about chimbley-sweeping, 'ud be doing more good, if they'd give these here old fellers a hint by hact o' parliament, not to be deceiving the world and theirselves no longer by fancying theirselves young and calling theirselves *boys*! There they are sir, with their light blue, short cut, round jackets, and long white shiny silk hats sticking on the back of their heads, looking as proud as Loocifer without never a bit of whisker among 'em!

I rec'lect at the Greyhound at Croydon sir, a fallin with a werry old post boy; by his own account he'd rid, for the Greyhound fifty year, and was jist as junevile in his own opinion as the day he was fust breech'd! Well sir, one day when I was a changin—I saw him a standin under the gateway, amusin hisself with chewin a bit o' parsley, and says I, well young 'un, when do you mean to make your will says I, and die off comfortable, like a good Christian says I? You're old enough says I, to be a thinkin of steppin into your grave says I instead of your sturrup, but I s'pose you're like the rest of your callin says I, a little the wuss for wanity, and fancies yourself quite a youngster still! Well sir, if you'll believe me, I'm blest if the old phantom didn't say, says he, a winkin like a dog star. Master coachman says he, you thinks yourself a unkimmon beany feller, says he, and moreover says he, I dare say you ain't never at a loss for chaff neither says he, but jist mark my words says he, when you're under the turf, says he, I shall be a polishin my osses shoes over it says he; your calling's what's call'd settintary says he ('cos you're always a settin); you eats your steak and bacon says he, or your slice of cheese and ingun says he, but you ain't got no relish for it says he; you take no hexercise says he, and you don't enjoy it, but if we enjoys our grub says he, it ain't becos we're more ungary says he, its becos we don't sit on a box all day like a graven himmage says he; we rides muster coachman, we hexercises our factultys as well as our osses, and when we're sixty year old, we're worth double the number of coachmen a risin thirty a piece! That's logic says he,

that's sense. I might ha' been as fat and podgy as you says he, but I perferred the pigskin says he, and I've got so used to it says he, and I likes it so much that when I goes to my long home says he, I mean to see if I can't perwail on 'em to let me ride to it in the old saddle says he; blest if I shouldn't have a bigger percession arter me, says he, nor the Dook of Vellinton a bein carried to the waults at Vindsur,—so put that in your next pint to take the chill off says he. Well sir, I thought as how there *was* a good deal of reason in what the old boy was a sayin of, but as none on us likes to own ourselves beat,—says I, well, you're a remarkable fine post boy of your age says I, and I dare say you're a perfect treasure to your master and missus, but you musn't go for to compare perfections my friend says I, if you do old Spur Rowell says I, you won't find many friends on the road, says I; as far as hexercise goes says I, you certainly has got the had-wantage on us, but says I you're always a kitching the hups and downs of life says I, while ourn is all smooth running, besides says I mayhap you *may* have heerd of gen'lmen coachmen, but I'm a Siamese twin, says I, if you ever heerd of a gen'lman post boy!—this was a clincher sir, and Posty felt it, for he never wentur'd upon the subject agin!"

I should think not said I—but these post boys and post masters, must be as much affected by the railroads as you coachmen; the only wonder to me is, what becomes of all the coachmen and people thrown out of work by the change.

"Wonder sir!" replied my friend, "there didn't ought to be no wonder at all,"—that's a k'vestion werry easy answer'd, that is. Some's turn'd homnibus drivers, some's turn'd cab-drivers, some's turned hearse and mournin-coach drivers, and wuss than all, some's been druv to drinkin and are now a drivin to the devil, as fast as they can. I know'd a werry nice feller as used to do the day work upon the Royal Blue from Hoxford to London; there wasn't a nattier feller on the road than Joe Pointer, he was the werry pink on us all, the flower of the flock, sir! and so you'd ha' said, if you'd ha' seen all the gals heads a bobbin in and out the winders on the road to town. Joe was the boy for birds-eye chokers and nobby shawls! and he always said as how he never spent a penny on hisself, but that somebody always guv him these here things in a present, and as he always winked when he said so, in course it wasn't the greatest difficulty in the world to know whether a man or a woman guv 'em to him. Well sir, when this here raillery begun Joe's drag went off the road with the rest on 'em, and poor Joe arter knockin about the old stables and low taps for six months found his tin ewaporat-ed, his tick done, like a Sam Slick as is run down, and hisself

werry ill with a fever, so away he went to the Middlesex hospital and that's the last I heerd or see of him 'till about a month ago—when I'm blest if I didn't see him perch'd a top of a hearse, a drivin four in hand to Gravesend. No, sir! from Graves end for he'd *been* to a funeral and was a drivin round to a public house to get rid of the feathers. I'm a Gipsy king if I didn't bust out a larfin when I seed his grave face and says I, give us a call at the Savage says I Joe will yer? Oh! yes Bill says he, I'll give yer a call, but jist stop till I've deposed of these here hostrich tails says he, and then I'll jine you at the Hangel says he. Well sir I went to the Hangel and arter a little time in came Joe and if he didn't tell me all about his troubles it's a pity! Ah! Bill says he—a blowin off the head of his fust pint—I'm differently sittiwated now says he than I was two year ago; this here's a werry grave business says he, I ain't got no objection to the trade says he, but I never *could* abide black toggerly; it ain't genteel and it ain't reg'lar says he, and as for the pacc, says he, its a killing me by inches. I've often had werry serious intentions says he of turning noo policeman, or night watchman, for I'm blest if I carn't sleep all day and drive too says he, its quite unpossible to get these here long tailed Anoveerians out of a walk says he, and all I've got to do, is jist to let 'em foller the feathers says he, and they can't go wrong: if they did'nt know every cementary and churchyard for ten miles round London says he, the mutes 'ud shew 'em; they can't make no mistake says he, they're all one colour, and the whole teem ain't got a caper among 'em says he. Times is wonderfully alter'd Bill says he and no mistake, I perferred this to homnibus or cab drivin says he, more on account of gettin a team reg'lar, of four in hand to drive, says he; but I didn't bargain for this pace says he; them 'ere osses is werry different affairs, to the team I used to tool along in the old coach Bill—howsomever I would'nt care so much for *that*, but the thing I most object to is the colour of the toggerly, and the being obligated to wear a black hatband constantly says he; that's werry comfusticatin says he, particularly when you don't know who you're a wearin it for, and p'raps arter all it turns out to be for some old buffer as inwented railroads! Howsomever, here I am says he, and here I must stop and make the most of it while it lasts, which won't be long, as I hear some of these here hagitators is a going to have steam husses says he, and then they'll run about town with the corpseses like so much cod and hysters. Sometimes, says he, when I gets rid of the mutes and feathers and all them sort of fellers says he, then, says he, I begins to fancy myself on the old system again for I can trot 'em out then and I dare say any-

body a lookin says he, 'ud ketch me every now and then a holdin up my finger and a hailin the passengers says he, people may talk as they like says he, about *would* 'nt do *this*, and *wouldn't* do *that*, but says he if anybody had buss'd the bible says he, and told me twelve months ago, that I should now be a tooling a huss, I'd a laid a complaint agin him for purjury and lyin says he, — Bill says he, them as is call'd capitalists, is the



THE CHAMBER MAID.

coves as makes railways and them is the coves as gives the orders to the march of hintellect, they old buffers has no end of sins to answer for—they little think of the misery they've been the workers of in this world, which 'ud be a tolerably jolly place without 'em; they never counts up the number of men they've throw'd out of work, nor the widders and horphans as have been made so by railroad haccidents and steam boat hexplosions—they never thinks of that Bill. *I'm* one of their wictims, you see me *now* a mere livin skelinton to what you can recollect me—and its all along of losin that sweet team and drag, Bill. Me and the coach was man and wife, Bill; I loved the old drag; there warn't a prettier blue in the uniwersal world than she had upon her, and I'd back her box seat agin the globe—mine's a werry hard case Bill, I often try to shy off the blinkers, but it ain't no go. I'm not no longer a coachman, I'm a *huss* driver and that's a settler! My dreams all go by contrairies and no mistake, for there's never a

night passes that I don't dream of sittin on my box as usual and drivin the Blue and there ain't never a day that I don't drive that 'ere low roofed buss with one inside to Gravesend, and the pace is so killing slow, that even with a team like this I'm obligated to be werry leary, or I'm blest if I should'nt fall fast asleep and in my dream, whip 'em into a gallop and run over the feathers!—Thats what's become of *one* coachman sir, and I dare say if you take the trouble to enquire about the coach stands, you'll find out what's become of a few more!"

Well! said I, it is just as well they can find employment, and you by your own argument think that there is room enough in the world for us all; so instead of murmuring at the improvement taking place daily all for your country's good, you ought to be content and make the best of it!

"Oh! yes sir, said he, that's all werry comfortable and werry refreshin to hear, but it ain't everybody as can act up to it; its astonishin how werry easy it is for a man to talk of makin the best of it, when he's got a box of money to go to; and its jist as astonishin how easy it is for people as is settled in life, to tell them as wants to settle, that they're too poor to marry and they must "make the best of it!" It ain't a difficult matter then sir—the best of everything being werry easy made when we've got the materials to work with, howsomever I *do* think sir, its jist as well to whistle at misfortune seein as how you'll only please her by cryin! but there's many a miserable man, sir, mistook for a werry happy, jolly, feller, 'cos he thinks as *I* do and dont let the frowns of fate make a wrinkle in *his* forehead! I don't know no place sir, where you can see more of life in one day than you can in a London coffee shop—and t'wixt you and me and the guard sir, if people in their everyday walks 'ud take the trouble to think over and take notice of everything they sees, they'd be much more satisfied with theirselves and their lot in life, instead of which a man walks into a London coffee shop and calls for his cup o'coffee and rasher of bacon. Well sir, he hasn't wasted five minutes a readin the *Mornin Herald* when in it comes all ready—and the same is served to p'raps a undred people an hour; he never thinks of how the mischief so many people can be supplied with wittles and drink and coffee and toast, kept hot all day and all night; he never thinks of the hard workin servant-gal, as must be fust up and last in bed, a workin away on her knees as if she'd grind 'em flat, like cherry stones for chains—a scrubbin and polishin and slavin at work as was never intended for women's soft hands; he never thinks of the shop boy, who has to take down the shutters and put 'em up, clean knives, boots and shoes, run of arrands and polish kivers and coffee pots, till it ain't no wonder he gets too much brass and becomes



himperent, and for all this has-nuffin but the grouts of life to feed upon. A lady drops a pin and would'nt domean herself by stoopin to pick it up again, but she never thinks as she calls for another, how many pairs of hands has slaved away at that pin, nor how many pairs of heyes has ached and wearied over it, a filin, a pointin, and a polishin, and all for a crust of bread, as she'd no more pick up than she'd pick up that pin !—I tell you what sir, if a man only thought more and grumbled less, he'd find all come right as a trivet in the end ; that's the fact sir ; people wont be contented ; when they're tolerably well off they wants to be better, and never thinks as how they might be wusser ! That's the log as is tied to everybody's leg sir, and it ain't easy to take it off. Flossiphy won't always do it !”

The coachman paused and I took advantage of the lull, to light a segar and take a look at the country ; it was very cold, and the keen bracing air was quite refreshing, the road was as hard as granite and a binding frost could make it, the trees and hedgerows were covered with a thick frosty rime, that sparkled in the sun and fell with each breath of wind like dropping diamonds, the fieldfares and blackbirds were busy “picking a bit,” at the hips and haws and the redwing perch'd upon the topmost branch of the highest elm twitted forth his winter call. At intervals we passed those quaint little old women in their scarlet cloaks and coal-skuttle bonnets (so characteristic of England), going to the next village or market town with their weekly store of “eggs and butter” packed under clean towels in baskets on their arms. Occasionally we met the heavy, tramping, clodhopping farm servant, stumping and plodding along, polishing the iron tips of his heavy boots, upon the frosted pathway, or driving a heavy cart horse in a light spring cart, whistling as if the expulsion of warm breath would take the chill off the air, and stopping occasionally to indulge in that truly English custom of beating the hands across upon either shoulder to warm them ; here and there a cottage chimney sent forth its little volume of green wood smoke, and in passing a glimpse through the casement shewed a bright fire burning cheerfully within, imagination easily filled up the wife and children's places around it, waiting for the husbands and father's return, and with that came thoughts of the days when *I* made one of a circle of smiling faces upon many of which alas ! no ray of morning sun, nor evening fire can ever light again ! Alas ! that the wanderer should brave the dangers of the deep, to burn beneath an eastern sky and return to his native land to look for traces of the past only upon the grave-stones. Such were my thoughts when I was started from my reverie by my companion on the box shouting—“Hold up, yer blundering old daisy cutter, will yer,” and at the same time giving what he called a towelling to the near wheel-

er. "This here's my wust team, sir!" said he addressing me, "and yet you don't hear me find fault with 'em except when they stumbles or makes a blunder. Many people's got a knack sir of runnin down everything; if they see a respectable drag, they'll find out as how the osses don't match, or the drags too low, or there's too much furnitur about the leather or summat else, they're regular grumblers; but there's others sir, as never grumbles without cause, and the finest tempered among us 'ull do that. Now for instance sir, I rail at these here rails, not only 'cos they've done so much agin coachin, but 'cos they're such monopolizin things. I'll just put it to you sir, whether or no Old England warn't much prettier afore these here rails run through the fields and across the roads; where's all the shady lanes and loviers walks gone to? the rails has boned 'em! where's the walled in parks? the rails runs thro' 'em; where's the roadside inns? the rails has put their pipes out! through walleys, over hills and across commons its all the same,—there's the great two pair of black lines a runnin along as straight as a arrow, as if these here railway contractors had determined upon levellin the land from north to south and wiser worser. Where there's a hill, they cuts slap through it and calls the hole a tunnel, and where there's a walley, blest if they don't go and build a bridge across it and calls it a wire duck, as if there was any meanin at all in that! I never went on a railway but once sir, and that was one as went along through Box Hill, and if there warn't a tunnel there it's a pity. I went through it out of curiosity and blest if ever I was in sich a funk in my life; it was pitch dark and yet I'm a Hissraelite if we didn't go at the same pace through it, as we did in the day light on the open road, and every minit I expected to go smash agin my hopposite neighbour, as I heer'd that was the custom in these carriages when they runs foul—howsomever at last we did get out on it, and if I warn't the best pleased I warn't the wust, you may depend upon *that* sir. There was a young ooman a settin hopposite me, and as we got summut near th' end and a flicker o'light come a struggling in like a wein of fat in a black puddin, I see her a makin faces all the time and a ketchin hold of the strap at the top of the carriage for fear she should fall—so I jist took the seat next to her, and I soon got into a werry confidential conversation with her about matrimony and weddins, and all that sort of stuff. She was a ooman of the world sir and reg'larly stump'd me with her himperent answers—and I found out arterwards that she'd just left her sittiwation for a hollerday and was a goin down to see her father and mother as she hadn't seen for better nor ten year—she told me as how she was chambermaid at the Green Dragon, Colchester, and was a goin to take a fortnight's fling

among the buttercups and daisies of her native willage. -And try and pick up some yokel of a husband says I. Werry likely says she Mister Himperence ! and if we marries by licence says she, it 'ull be more than you talk by. She got down at one of the stations with a werry high stage in front, I forget the name. These chambermaids is werry rum specimens sir—how they ever come to be chambermaids nobody never knows, howsomever they're reg'larly made for the place, and I never yet see one as didn't fit it exactly ; they're werry accomplished most on 'em 'cos they see so much different sorts of society and they're werry knowin for the same reason ; they're always remarkable for more bustle than bashfulness, and takes their shillins in the mornin with as much a matter-of-course a air—as we coachmen do sir ; they never hardly marries 'cos nobody never axes 'em, but they allow themselves to be joked and jerked, and jumbled about 'till their mouths is as hard as iron, and then the world wonders why they've always got a curl in the nostril, —the wear and tear of mind they sees aint know'd sir to many, and from the warming pan down to the chamber candlestick they aint got a thought for nobody.— Jack the postboy winks at 'em ; and Tom the ostler jokes with 'em, but it 'ud takerayther more than a joke nor a wink to move their feelins, particklery as the commercial travellers tips 'em both when they drives off in the morn-



THE HEARSE-DRIVER.

a joke nor a wink to move their feelins, particklery as the commercial travellers tips 'em both when they drives off in the morn-

in; they gets so used to compliments like the prize pigs, sir, that they don't mind 'em; they wears curb-ar, 'cos they improve their appearance, and if the colour of their cap ribbons is too gay, its just as much the fault of their masters and mistresses and the commercial travellers as it is thairn. Howsomever they're werry seldom reg'lar pretty, although I've know'd a sight on 'em and never saw 'em without first rate black or blue eyes which they know'd pretty perfectly how to make use 'on to the best advantage. A gent as druv down with me a fortnight ago, says to me, says he, what a hugly set of chambermaids you've got down this road says he. Well, sir, says I—I'm werry sorry to hear you say so, but as I hadn't the makin on 'em, I don't see what I've got to be blamed about; and I dare say if you'd ha' sent word you was a comin down this road, they'd ha' been changed for 'ansome ones, 'cos says I, whatever the chambermaids may be, the landlords is werry obligin says I—No, no, says he, I don't blame you, I merely made a cazzle remark says he, and says he, it makes a wonderful difference in my night's rest, says he, whether I has a hugly or a pretty chambermaid to light me to bed says he—my dreams says he, if I has any, is twenty per cent better, and if I hasn't, I likes to lay awake in the mornin says he, and see a pretty chambermaid a bringin in my shavin water and a sayin it's six o'clock, or seven, or eight or what not, and if she smiles says he, it braks my day as brightly as the mornin sun does, says he!—that's a sure sign that there's a good deal in the look of a chambermaid sir, and a knowin landlord will always pick out the prettiest, and not be the loser, mark my words sir,—howsomever pretty or hugly, its just the same all over the world—women's made up of pomp and vanity,—there's no mistake about it."

Well but, said I, your remarks are rather sweeping when you say all over the wor'd—that is a wide scope; and you cannot know much about what sort of women there are across the Atlantic. Come, I think I have you there Mr Coachman—

"No sir," replied he, "I don't think you've got me so fast as you think; all these American books gives us a insight into the way women carries on there, and in Hi-jee for all the talk about silver castles on elephants and that kind of thing—with lovely gals a sittin in 'em, I know more about that than here and there one. There was a brother of mine who went out to Calcutty in charge of some osses for a sportin gent there, and if all the rum stories he used to tell about that place was true, I'm blest if I could have stood it as long as he did, and that was only 'till the ship he went in got rid of her passengers and luggage, and filled up a fresh vay bill—he told me as how Calcutty is no more a City of Palaces, as they calls it, than Rag Fair is! but that the name was given by the ladies a livin there,

out of self defence, 'cos it used to be so remarkable for taller faced women, that it was called the City of Palefaces and they changed it to Palaces—he told me that all that about horiental lucksawry is all gammon; that the niggers is rips and talks English like smoke and that even the burnin of widders (which used to be called suttys and which he was werry anxious to see) is all done away with. Bill said he—its my opinion that the march of hintellect has got as far as Calcutty and the niggers is a joinin in it, and no wouder neither; for the fust thing I see when I got into the river, was a College where they teaches them ere blackies to read and write like the sons of gents—and the consekens is they're a precious sight more knowin than half the people as comes out to take 'em in! says he—Hinjee's a reglar sell says he—there's many a poor devil goes to Calcutty says he, expectin to pick up rupees like pebble stones, and if they don't find any to put their dignity in their pockets and take and marry the dimond hedition of some rich Nabob's wife, as has got her matrass and pillers stuffed with gold mores—but says he, its jist the same thing there as here, only rewersed says he, for there aint no more gold there nor there is here; it ain't the place to find money in, and it goes jist as fast and faster, when you do find it, as it does in England. Bill, says he, the nigger gals wears rings through their noses, and they don't care about 'em on their fingers, which is rayther ill conwenient I should think says he—and more like pigs than women, says he; there's a yaller set says he, as they call half caste, 'cos their father and mother warn't the same colour and they looks arter silver tea-pots and buggies, jist as sharp says he, as the gals in England looks arter good whiskers and mustachees; there's another set of gals called fresh rivals—but as they're sent out from home on purpose to get married, a poor man ain't got no chance with 'em; they're far wuss than England. Bill says he—a gal comes out to Calcutty in a big ship like a floatin o-tel, and long afore she's got over her sea-sick feelin, no end of curry-and-rice-coloured old tabbies as is passengers in the same ship, does what's call'd givin the benefit of their advice and experience, which, as they're werry old and werry envious, is jist the rewerse of what they did theirselves when they was the same age some forty year afore; the consekens is that long afore they arrives, they begins to look upon Calcutty as a sort of Smithfield for women, and accordingly they uses all their arts of tittywation, pints of milk of roses is consoomed, and k'varts of kally-dor to keep off the freckles and whats call'd the baneful effects of the sun's rays—which means tanned skins I suppose Bill says he! Young gals with fine flowing manes, says he, turns 'em up, and ties 'em at the back and uses no end of bandyleen says he, to keep the line up the front exactly straight in the

middle, says he; they've got no end of clothes on board and a reglar suit from satin shoes to a shally overall for landin in; they're told as how no end of young 'ansome soldier hossifers is dyin to be married, says he, and no end of old Hinjians as has been married and left widders is a dyin to be married agin. In course they rises twenty per cent. in their own opinions. Wisions of shovel glasses and four in hand b'rooches haunts their pillers; they can't sleep for dreamin of old yaller Nabobs with cashmere shawl veskets, a droppin on their knees afore them with the chink of a thousand gold mores in the haction says he. Their thoughts is upon nothin else but what they'll do when they gets married, which of their feller passengers they'll wisit says he, and how many hookabadars they'll keep to hook their dresses and lace their ~~says~~ says he, and that's the way they dreams on, 'till arter quarrellin with half their feller passengers and promisin werry large salaries to all the poor soldiers wives on board, they find the great day of landin arrived, says he, and they *do* land, and find theirselves in a werry hot city remarkable for nothin but white houses, black niggers, vultures and dust. The young hossifers is there sure enough a drivin about in gigs with oods to them, but they jist takes a look in passin and don't take no further notice; the rich old nabobs is all gammon, there ain't none on 'em left says he, so the young ladies is sold there, and arter kickin their heels at the Town Hall for a year and passin another among the hot winds and sand storms of what the niggers call the Muffussil—which means the country Bill—they find they can't kitch nobody with untellable tin and makes up their minds that Calcutty's a orrid place and they'll try England agin, and they're unkinmon lucky if some good Sumarytan of a hindigo boiler takes compassion on em and does what's called pops and marries 'em off-hand. So you see, sir, if my brother told the truth the young ladies in Hinjee knows how to make the most of what natur has done for 'em, and I'm pretty sure sir, from the thirty years hexperience I've had, that its a kind of disease as comes with their curls and aint even shook off when they're grey. There they are, always a doin somethin for hadmiration and that's the way their life passes—even the Quaker women ain't free of it sir, for there's werry often a pair of heyes under the plainest bonnet as makes it look as if it was skyblue satin lined with pink sarsnet; there they twinkles as bright and sparklin as brilliant diamonds, and whenever you see *that* sir, you may take your davy that the owner of 'em hasn't got a bad lookin glass, and if she's a drawer wouldn't be at no loss how to take her own pictur. I forget where it is, but I've read somewhere of a werry beautiful hangelic woman, a walkin in a garden and all at once a comin smack agin her own likeness; in course the young lady

was a little comfusticated, but she didn't faint, nor screek nor go into asterisks as many women would, but she was took ill and died a month arter. Some people, said as how it was her own ghost as she'd seen, but that's all gamnion sir; she'd been a hadnirin herself in the glass and got so clean a wision of herself in her eyes, that I'm blest if she could see anything else; howsomever she took to roominatin, and was a little startled when she see the reflection pop from under a laurel bush all at once upou her, and I take it sir, that a good many other ghostesses 'ud turn out jist as much real as her'n did, if people 'ud take the trouble to enquire,—it aint exactly the poor gals' faults that they're so deceivin sir, for they're trained to do it. Did you ever watch a ladies school out a walkin sir? it ain't everybody as takes notice as I does—but there's a good deal of human natur worth studyin in a ladies school sir; watch the team on 'em a walkin in pairs, the big 'uns fust and the little 'uns last. If its frosty weather like this, sir, you'll see their cheeks like roses and their noses like turnip reddishes with the cold—and no end of little feet with boots called snow-boots over their low quarterd kid shoes—watch 'em and see 'em a leerin round upou all the gents as pass 'em; look at the gowernesses, and you'll see them a doin a bit of bo-peep through their blue wails, as if they thought it the most horridest thing in life to look a man straight in the face; but woe betide the young gal as does so, and lets the gowerness see her; if she doesn't ketch six chapters in the Noo Testament to learn by art, and two hours with the dum bells she's a remarkable lucky gal, and yet this is called trainin of a child in the way she should go! And they sticks to it through life sir; they're taught to do everything on the sly, it makes 'em as deep as the Red Sea, and I look upou it that many a miserable husband owes his misery to these here sem'naries. Many a gal's a old ooman, as far as her mind's concerned long afore she's half through the spellin book, and what they learn arterwards is all by the force of hexample, which they'd be jist as well without; its all the same in country or town, everybody agrees that the softer sex has mischief born in 'em, and if so why don't their mother's try to get it out on 'em 'stead of sendin 'em to these here sem'naries where they learns more? Its jist this sir; if I've got a jibbin oss I wouldn't put another jibber against the pole with him, I'd put a good trained oss without no wice, and then I shouldn't be afeard of nuffin, but when you have the whole team put in a stable full of wicious osses when they're only colts and ready to pick up anything wicious, it ain't no wonder to me that they do kick over the pole, and play the verrry devil when they're paired!"

Here we pulled up to change again, and the coachman pulled up also, just as I was going to take up the gauntlet in favour of the ladies.

OUTSIDER.

SELECTIONS,

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.



## SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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# SELECTIONS,

AND

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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### LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, M.P.

We might perhaps find stronger proof for introducing the portrait of Lord George Bentinck than we shall rest content with in at present so doing. It is not as the new light blazing forth so suddenly in the political horizon; not as the able and worthy opponent of the great statesman of his time; not as the acknowledged leader of a powerful and respected party; not as the high-principled advocate or indefatigable patriot, that we here publish the excellent likeness we have obtained. It is not for any of these attributes—however noble and exalted they may really make their possessor—but rather as the most accomplished sportsman of the age, and as the very keenest turfite the annals of British racing ever produced; as the adventurous spirit who ordered posters on, to take Elis down to Doncaster to win the Leger; as the proposer of amendments that he himself was the first to put into practice; as the uncompromising enemy to every species of shuffling and rascality; and as the owner of race-horses who facilitated for the whole public those opportunities for enjoying the pastime that so chosen a few had hitherto alone expected. On these grounds is it that we pay our tribute of respect to Lord George Bentinck, confident that every sportsman will re-echo our opinion, while assured that none will question his right to the position he has gained, as few could equal the claims he has shown for it.

William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, more commonly known as Lord George Bentinck, was born at Welbeck, on the 27th of February, 1802, and is the second surviving son of that good man and true sportsman, his Grace the Duke of Portland, by Henrietta, eldest daughter and coheirress of the late Major-General Scott, and sister of the Dowager Viscountess Canning. The earlier part of his lordship's life was in no way indicative or preparatory to the public standing he was des-

tined hereafter to occupy; for up to his seventeenth year his studies were pursued altogether at home—a custom, though, far from general at that period. The profession to which his disposition would appear to have first inclined him was that of arms; and accordingly, we have him entering, somewhere about 1819, as a cornet, in the Tenth Hussars. By this time, however, the opportunity for the young soldier to distinguish himself was nearly gone; and what with two general reductions in four years, and those two following almost immediately after the commencement of his campaign, it was quite as much as Lord George, by various exchanges and purchases, could keep on active service. Indeed, in 1822 he would seem to have somewhat compromised the Dragoon by going into the Forty-first, with the after-intention of accompanying his uncle, the late Mr Canning, just appointed Governor-General, to India, in the capacity of military secretary. The melancholy decease of Lord Castlereagh, and the immediate call for Mr Canning as leader in the lower House, with the seals of the Foreign Office placed in his keeping, interrupted this course at the very last moment—so late even that the luggage of uncle and nephew had already been sent on board their frigate, the “Jupiter.” In this change the subject of our memoir so far participated as to continue with his illustrious relative as private in place of military secretary, but without any of the emolument appertaining to the office. Having ably fulfilled the duties of this honorary appointment for nearly three years, it was thought advisable for his lordship to resume his original pursuit; and in 1825 we have him exchanging once more from half-pay to the Second Life Guards, with whom, though, he did not remain much more than twelve months. The cause of his leaving was certainly rather characteristic. In riding one day off Newmarket Heath with the late Duke of York, perhaps even as great a lover of racing as Lord George himself, the Commander-in-Chief, with that gracious manner which so generally distinguished him, made his brother-turfit the presentation of an unattached majority then vacant. This was the last step and place Lord George took in the service; for only two years later he was elected member for Lynn, for which borough he still sits; and in 1835, seeing no hope of action or advancement, retired *in toto* from the army-list by selling out.

Having so far followed Lord George Bentinck as “an officer and a gentleman,” it now becomes our more especial duty to consider his character as a “gentleman sportsman.” The inclination for field and other eminently national sports, although only fully developed within these few years, had long and surely shown itself; the turf, however, at first not holding that ascendancy over other amusements which in after time it so signally obtained. Indeed, if any, in the opening days of Lord George’s career, could boast of a preference, it was the chase, for which for some considerable period his lordship evinced all that active energy in participation that he subsequently transferred to its more costly companion. For many seasons, we believe, he might have been reckoned something very like a six days a-week man, backed with the further recommendation that he rode to hounds, and not at men. In fact in all his pursuits, Lord George Bentinck has strictly confined himself to their purely legitimate

and proper use; and so in the field he figured only as a good—that is to say, a far-above-the-average—rider, when, had his aim been the lead, and not the hunting, he might no doubt have been classed with the brilliant. In shooting, again, he was always content with the fair-play performances of spaniels, pointers, and setters, in making up a moderate bag, rather than call in the aid of biped beaters and overstocked preserves to fill the carts and swell out the list. In boating, and other recreations of the kind, Lord George also played a good part; and in short, when a young man, arrived at no mean proficiency in most of those pursuits likely to interest and test one of his spirit and ability.

Still his lordship's great forte, and, as some good people until very lately were charitably inclined to think, his only grand point, was the turn for racing—a passion that worked equally to his own fame and the advantage of the sport he so warmly affected. As the son of a nobleman always fond of a little racing, it was but natural to find him following in the same steps; and at a comparatively early era in his life, Lord George, if we recollect right, indulged occasionally in courting the honours of the cap and jacket. At any rate, we mark him down in 1824 as riding a winning race over his favourite course, Goodwood, on Mr Poyntz's Olive: and a very terrible race it was, considering there were two dead heats between Olive and Swindon, and then a jealous "who shall?" for the third. When, moreover, we are told that the Honourable F. Berkeley was the beaten man on this occasion, it may be fairly computed that Lord George had become quite as good a horseman across the flat as he already had been proved over a country. His last appearance as an amateur race-rider was also enacted over Goodwood, in the year before last, but not with the like success; the blue-and-white colours of Captain Cook succumbing to Lord Maidstone on Larry McHale. In this, though, we are rather anticipating the order of events; and as it is our intention to give something like an outline of the Bentinck dynasty, we may as well commence it at once, ranging our glance from the time the turf-leviathan broke out as Mr John Day, to the day he gave up the high-mettled to the "no surrender."

Something, then, like ten or twelve years since, we see the fruits of a strong foundation rising up promisingly enough, with such horses to begin with as Venison the stout, The Drummer, Chapeau d'Espagne, and one or two more—well succeeded by the wild and wonderful project attempted, and so gloriously performed, with Lord Lichfield's nomination for the St. Leger. This was perhaps the first decisive step in Lord George's march of improvement, and, by the way of the world, proportionately condemned and ridiculed. Many of the unbelievers, however, had too convincing an argument of its practicability and convenience, and so the innovation of vanning race-horses was allowed to be good, and followed accordingly. The success of Elis on this occasion was but preliminary to the two-year-old triumphs of Grey Momus—a course of conquest that brought the Danebury stable more in fashion than ever. How Grey Momus just lost the Derby, but won the Ascot Cup; and how Crucifix, the very next year, did stamp her second season's form with the Epsom honours—are they not all things recorded in the minds of men?

„ From or with” these we run on to Capote, Sal Volatile, Mulberry Wine, Ratsbane, Dreadnought, Grey Milton, Naworth, Gobemouche and Pluto; and thence to about the acmé of his lordship’s strength, when in 1844 he had forty horses running in public, and somewhere near a hundred in all. Proof-Print, Topsail, Misdeal, Tripoli, Firebrand, Flytrap, the Yorkshire Lady, St. Jean d’Acre, and African are the picked ones who take us on to the time, when Gaper again disappointed us of that Derby which ought ere the close to have been added on to the Oaks of Crucifix, and Leger of Elis. Some good things, however, were still in waiting, for which the names of Miss Elis, Croton Oil, Best Bower, Bramble, Pug, Cowl, Clumsy, Princess Alice, Longitude, My Mary, and Old Discord—almost the only horse Lord George ever possessed that could run on—afford in themselves very strong evidence. The great fact, though, all along, whether in or away from Honest John’s hard labour, has been—the younger they be, the better they be; and so the curtain falls in excellent keeping on another strong next-year favourite, in Planet for the Derby, and the picked of all the fillies in Slander for the Oaks.

We would wish it to be understood that in giving this epitome of Lord George’s stud and their performances, we do not consider the effect as of any great import to our purpose; for it is not the good the turf did him, but rather the good his Lordship did the turf, that we look upon as the “better part.” Many a man, in fact, with a far shorter string, has played a more successful game; and if the mere sum total of prizes pocketed, or flyers produced be the argument, we must confess to knowing greater names than that of Lord George Bentinck. But, we repeat, it is not this; it is not a reputation that hangs on to a clipping filly, a fame that owns its origin in the thousands won, or an honour that is associated with a piece of plate. The memory of “the Great Reformer” of turf abuses and race-course monopoly will live as long as an Englishman has a taste for the amusement, or a sympathy and admiration for one who alone effected what a whole body allowed themselves unequal to attempt. In support of this, let us look to, or call over, in the first place, the comforts and information Lord George made it his great care to provide for the masses—a portion of the company that previously had little thought or attention bestowed to their wants. Who forced stewards, trainers, and jockey to come out punctual to that time they had never hitherto professed to keep? Who heralded, for the benefit of every spectator within sight, the names by number of the field preparing to start? And who, to perfect this part of his design, suggested that fine treat, and perhaps best part of the scene, the saddling, walking, and cantering the horses before the stands? Previous to these admirable arrangements, how many a man, wearied with waiting, has left ere the race he came to see was run; or thanks to an indifferent card, and one bird’s-eye view, without a glance at the horse he had pinned his faith to! We are quite certain, moreover, that no few, with a real inclination for the sport, have had to search their next day’s paper for the winner of the race they had seen.

If Lord George so far merited the thanks of the multitude, he accomplished quite as much for those who, more directly concerned, did very becomingly express their gratitude by the offer of a testimonial. His

stringent and 'admirably-drawn-up rules for the exclusion of defaulters from race-courses, and the spirit with which he supported the regulations he had made, would of themselves have been quite sufficient to warrant any public demonstration of the kind. When, however, we come to consider with them the other means he took for meeting the covert machinations of swindlers; the provision he made to prevent horses being drawn at the last minute, and, above all, his triumphant plan for suppressing that most rascally of all proceedings known as "false starts"—when we come to add these on to his other achievements, we feel much inclined to conclude that scarcely a sufficient return has been made for them. Still, by his own liberality and forethought, Lord George Bentinck has converted this very offering into the crowning deed of his dynasty;\* and so, at the happy moment, left to the public, masters and men, his favourite sport relieved from nearly all its evils, and restored to that character it never should have lost.

In concluding our sketch, we have only to add, that we have purposely avoided any allusion to those topics on which Lord George Bentinck has of late so signally distinguished himself. As a sportsman—and we beg to repeat, it is as a sportsman that we have published his portrait—not one of our subscribers, we are sure, will object to a word of what has been said. On the other hand, the very warmest of admirers as a turfite might be the bitterest of enemies as a statesman, and so we refrain from what, under the most favourable circumstances, could only be out of place here. If we did give an opinion on the success with which Lord George Bentinck has broken fresh ground, it would only be to the advantage of those pursuits we have the honour to represent. Let no Mawworm henceforth despise the argument of a man because he who offers it happens also to be a sportsman; let no assembly be less willing to learn from him who has had the heart and spirit to enjoy as well as to work; and, if possible, let no populace in future be led away by the force of mere pretension. There never was a grander mistake than the supposi-

\* The Bentinck Benevolent and Provident Fund, including the sum of £2,100 Consols, being stock purchased with money subscribed for a testimonial to Lord George Bentinck, now amounts to £2,400 Consols. The fund is established for the benefit of trainers and jockeys, their widows and children, under the provisional management of the Dukes of Beaufort, Bedford, and Rutland, Earls of Chesterfield and Eglintoun, and the Hon. G. S. Byng, each of whom has subscribed £25 to the fund, in addition to an annual subscription of £10. The subscription of a trainer or rider is limited to two guineas annually; and those who have contributed to the fund, and their widows and children, will have a preferable claim to relief; the committee, however, having the power of rejecting the donations and subscriptions of those who, in their opinion, are not worthy to become members of the society, and also of striking off the list any trainer or rider who may misconduct himself after becoming a subscriber. No grant will be made until after the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1847. Forty-seven trainers and jockeys have already subscribed, the majority for two guineas each. The fines imposed at York and Newmarket races, amounting to £51, have been added to the capital.

tion that a turn for rational recreation is incompatible with the achievement of greater things; and there never was a finer example of its fallacy than the career of Lord George Bentinck.

*Sporting Review for January.*

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## ON THE CERTIFICATES GIVEN BY VETERINARY SURGEONS TO THE PURCHASERS AND VENDERS OF HORSES.

*By W. GOODWIN, M.R.C.S., Veterinary Surgeon to the Queen.*

It is to be regretted that the members of the veterinary profession have not been taught to adopt some rules for rendering the certificates they are required to give upon examining horses as to soundness at least somewhat similar in the construction and expression of their opinions, so as to render them more intelligible to the persons who have to pay for them. I am quite aware of the impossibility in attempting to reduce professional opinions to one common standard, but I think that our leading practitioners might meet together, and agree upon some general principles for their guidance that would make their certificates less liable to the censure and ridicule they both merit and incur.

The occurrence is by no means uncommon for a buyer to send a horse to be examined by a veterinary surgeon, and not feeling satisfied with the opinion he obtains, to send him to another; and on comparing the certificates of the two, and finding them so diametrically opposite in their statements, he finally trusts himself to the warranty of the dealer, purchases the horse, and at the end of six months has had to congratulate himself upon the possession of a sound animal, and the escape he has had in avoiding two *unsound* certificates.

A few weeks ago, as I was travelling in a railway carriage, I heard one passenger who sat next me address another, his acquaintance, by asking him if he had found a horse to his liking in town. The reply was, "Oh, yes; I had bought a very nice one, indeed—one that I really think would have suited me very well; but, of course, I had him examined by my veterinary surgeon, and he sent me a certificate that the horse had some ailment—I forget what he called it—by some extraordinary name, however; but the man to whom the horse belonged prevailed upon me to have him examined again elsewhere, and I did so, and got a certificate of perfect soundness; but I am no judge in these matters, and should have always fancied something wrong, so I reluctantly left the horse, for I really believe he would have been just what I required." The con-

cluding remark of the listening passenger rather made me blush for the profession of which he little suspected me to be a member, when he said, "I imagine you can get any sort of opinion you desire from these men."

One of our most respectable metropolitan dealers in horse-flesh bought a horse last year, a grey gelding, in a country fair, at a great price, nearly 200 guineas, and sold him to a cavalry officer in town, who sent him to be examined, when he obtained the following certificate:—

"This is to certify, that I have this day examined a grey gelding sent here by ———, and am of opinion that the said grey gelding is lame of the off hind leg, which renders him unsound. He has an enlargement in the spavin place of the off hock. He is five years old.

"A. B."

At the instance of the dealer, another certificate was obtained, as follows:—

"I certify that I have examined a grey gelding for Mr———, and I find that he is lame of the near fore leg, and is consequently unsound. The frog of the foot is much broken down by the disease commonly termed thrush, which appears to have existed for a considerable time, and in all probability occasions the lameness, as I do not detect any marks of disease in any other part of the limb.

"B. C."

Not content with these opinions, the horse was examined a third time, to the following effect:—

"I hereby certify that I have this day examined a six-year old grey gelding for Mr———, and with the exception of a slight cold, I do not observe any thing to indicate unsoundness in him. He has slight thrushes in his fore feet.

"C. D."

In spite of these opinions the officer bought the horse, his regimental veterinary surgeon pronouncing him to be sound, as was proved in the end.

Some years ago, my late father bought a thorough-bred stallion for me from a nobleman. I soon found out the horse to be a roarer, and returned him as such. My father requested the noble lord to have the horse examined by a veterinary surgeon, for his own satisfaction; and the following day his lordship sent for my father, and putting the certificate into his hand, filling two sides of a whole sheet of paper, with a long description of the horse making a noise in his breathing in his slow paces, and making none at all when galloped, &c., he said, "Mr Goodwin, what does all this mean—can you tell me?" "Indeed I cannot," replied my father, "and I advise your lordship to send the horse to another practitioner, with a request to him to certify sound or unsound." This was done, and the nobleman took back the horse on a certificate as follows:—

"I certify I have examined a brown stallion sent here by Lord ———, and that he is unsound, being a roarer.

"D. E."

Ten years ago the following certificate was put before me, and I was requested by the gentleman who had paid for it to inform him whether it meant "sound or unsound."



"I hereby certify that I have this day examined a bay gelding sent here by Mr ———, and am not aware of any unsoundness about the said gelding, but observe that he has a scar on the inside of each coronet of the fore feet, occasioned by cutting—a blemish above the off knee—splents on the near fore leg—and prominent hocks in the spavin places: these do not, however, occasion inconvenience in his action. He is five years old.

"A. B."

I knew not what to answer, and, I think it would puzzle any practitioner in our profession, or in the legal one either, to define its meaning satisfactorily.

The following certificate, coming from such authority, about a horse in dispute, I cannot omit publishing, as it gives the opinion of our late Professor:—

Royal Veterinary College, April 22, 1836.

"Sir,—I am directed by Professor Coleman to say, that he never has and never will give a certificate of the soundness of a horse; but your's is not lame.

"I am, your's respectfully,

"W. J. T. MORTON.

If it were necessary, I could produce a great number of certificates that would only prove by their discrepancies the fact, that two veterinary surgeons are seldom to be found pronouncing the same opinion about the same horse: the only part of the certificate that is intelligible is too often, as I can prove, erroneous; I allude to the definite statement as to age, and those who really know the "horse's mouth" are aware of the liability to make mistakes on this point. This subject has really become one that occupies considerable discussion daily amongst horsemen, and for the credit of the profession I should much like to see a better understanding as to what is to be considered by us "sound or unsound." It certainly cannot enhance the character of our now corporate body to have A, B, and C, all varying in material points as to the soundness of the same horse examined by them on the same day.

The dealer is often placed in a very unenviable position: he can neither return nor sell his horse, and he is a loser both in pocket and reputation. I have often heard it stated, that there is no such thing to be found as a sound horse; but I contend that horsemen know perfectly well what is understood by the term soundness. As to the quibble, that every deviation from nature must be considered unsoundness, such as a splent for instance, (and where is the horse to be found that has not one?) that only indicates, if such were really the case, the absurdity of requiring a certificate for what does not exist. The acknowledged rules amongst horsemen as to what constitutes soundness are clear enough to the man who only requires that which is fair and right.

Is it not humiliating to every man in the veterinary profession to read the extraordinary nature of evidence adduced sometimes in a court of justice in a horse cause? Can such exhibitions be considered as creditable? On the contrary, they only serve to expose a weak point. In the

hope, then, that these few hasty remarks may induce others to take the subject into consideration, I have ventured to send you them for publication, trusting you will deem them worthy a place in the pages of your Journal.

I am, &c.

Queen's Mews, Pimlico,

January 1846.

*Veterinarian*, 1846.

## TURF CHARACTERS.

### No. I.

#### EDWARD BLENKHORN.

"Nature at times plays freaks, and then  
Makes strange anomalies of men;  
And here is one so very odd,  
On earth his fellow never trod;  
Or if she e'er made such another,  
I'd give a groat to see the other."

"DAINTY DROLLERIES"—OLD POEM—1678.

Quaint, oblivious, eccentric Edward Blenkhorn! Thou unique piece of humanity! Thou inimitable compound of common clay! Thou most incomprehensible of all mortal incomprehensibilities! How shall I describe thee? Thou art not a vessel of gold, or silver, or porcelain; but art thou not a jar of honey—though the honey may not be from Mount Hybla? But descending from the poetic into the prosaic regions, thou art truly, both in thy outer and thy inner man, an ORIGINAL.

Edward is located at Holywell with his brother John; and John is trainer to the Hon. E. L. Mostyn, a kind good master, a stanch supporter of greensward sports, an honour and example to the members of the British Turf; and John is as good a trainer as ever put on a muzzle. Edward is John's *helping hand*, his *Alpha* and *Omega*, his chief dependence, his mainstay and his trust. When the illustrious author of *Guy Mannering* drew the *prodigious* character of *Dominie Sampson*, he must certainly have had in his "mind's eye" the very prototype of Edward, if, in the language of our motto, he ever had one. The renowned *Dominie* was lanky, long, and learned; in all these respects Edward in no slight degree resembles him. If the *Dominie* had a gaunt figure, so has Edward: if the *Dominie* was erudite, so is Edward. But the parallel goes

further. All the good qualities ascribed to the fictitious character are embodied in the real one. Edward Blenkhorn possesses a truly honest, trustworthy, faithful, and feeling heart. He is, in fact, the most *naïve* and unsophisticated creature alive: he is still as simple, natural, and uncorrupted as when he first “paddled in the burn and pu’d the gowans fine;” or, what is more likely, plucked the blackberries from the neighbouring hedges. Yet the society in which he has mixed has not been of the selectest description; it has embraced every variety of species connected with the sporting circles. In verity, he is a singular individual specimen of the genus *homo*. But when I speak of his being erudite, let it not be understood that he is versed in Greek or Latin, or even a profound adept in Lindley Murray; but he is an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, and the god of his idolatry is WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. What is yet more extraordinary, he has added another to the host of critics and commentators on the works of the immortal bard; and, to wind up the climax, the shrewdness of his critical observations might put many more dignified pretenders to the blush.

It is difficult to determine whether Edward’s natural inclinations lead him to prefer the tragic or the comic muse; but certain it is, he is a votary of both. At one moment he will spout a passage from *Hamlet*, and in the next sing a humorous ditty. Often have I heard him, upon his bended knee, exclaim—“Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle!” and then turn round to “O ain’t I a beautiful boy?” Yet Edward has no idea of the burlesque: everything he does he does in right-down earnest; but it is time that he should be allowed to speak for himself. Quote but a sentence from the Bard of Avon, and his countenance becomes radiant with delight and admiration. Shakspeare he has at his fingers’ ends, and his illustrations of him are generally as correct as they are whimsical. He contends strongly against the opinion that *Macbeth* was a villain and a tyrant; and thus he argues:—“Call *Macbeth* a villain and a tyrant!—nowt a’t sort. He wor vary ambitious, but he wor neither a bad man nor a tyrant. Look what he had to feight agen. T’ witches wor always at him; so was t’ wife; one telling him what a great man he’d be, and t’other edging him on to kill t’ king; so what wi’ t’ one and t’ other, he is well nigh driven mad, and is in sitch a state that at last he can bide it no longer. Mark what he says then: he cries out

‘Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the longest day.’

‘Now, I call that vary bonnie, and there’s no *villainy* in it. Oh, Shakspeare, what a man thou wort! Now an’ you want to see one of Shakspeare’s *villains*, I’ll show you one. Look at *Iago* in *Othello*, an’ there’s an out-and-outer for you. After he has well nigh cut off poor Mr. *Roderigo*’s legs, off he goes into t’ house, then comes out again, wi’ a candle and a sword, shouting out ‘What! villainous robbers! kill men i’ the dark,’ an’ all time he’s sticking poor silly *Roderigo*, who is lying up’t floor beyint him. That’s what I call a villain.”

Many and various are the anecdotes related of Edward Blenkhorn, so many that a quire of foolscap would not contain them. Once upon a

time he was sent to fetch a brood mare and foal home. On his return he became deficient of money. But let Edward himself tell the story in his own words :—

“ It wor a vary hot and dusty day, and I’d nobot a penny left in all God’s earth; an’ I wor so vary dry; so on we travelled vary slow. T’ little foal had never been up t’ high road afore; and it jumped about at everything it come anent: well, at last we come to a public house, and there were two carters just drove up wi’ two loads of hay, and one said to t’ other, ‘ Sam, is that thee?’ and Sam said, ‘ Aye, all that’s left of me. What, we may ha’ a drink together?’ ‘ Sure!’ says Dick, ‘ we mun.’ Now thom words sounded vary bonnie in my ears, for I wor vary dry, an’ I had nobot a penny ill’t all’t world. So I gave a little lad t’ oud meare to hold, and into t’ public house I goes. There wor a quart o’ ale just filled wi’ sitch a cauliflower-head a’top. Oh, it looked bonnie, and I wor so vary dry. Sam wor just lifting it to his mouth, when a thought struck me, and I said, ‘ Stop a bit, young man.’ ‘ What am I to stop for?’ says he. ‘ Well,’ says I, ‘ I want to bet a wager wi’ you. You see,’ says I, ‘ as that’s a quart o’ ale full up t’ top; now, I’ll wager you this penny that at one draught I drink exactly half o’ that, and no more nor no less.’ ‘ You will,’ says he; ‘ well, done wi’ ye!’ So I lifted the quart up to my mouth, for I wor vary dry; and so I takes a long breath, and then a long pull. Oh, how it did go down! for I wor vary dry. A little drop were left it’ bottom. So Sam looked into t’ quart, and then at me. ‘ You’ve lost!’ says he. ‘ You’re right!’ says I. ‘ I’ve lost, and there’s my penny;’ and a vary capital penn’orth it wor for a thirsty man; so I took t’ ould meare and foal, and on we trudged together.”

I have already alluded to Edward’s absence of mind; and the following anecdote, related as briefly as possible, will illustrate, or rather give some faint idea, of his mental abstraction. On the first establishment of the races at Liverpool, over the new course to which place I was leisurely wending my way, I perceived Edward slowly approaching me on horse-back, evidently in a profound study. He was astride the *pigskin*; the reins were carelessly dangling on the neck of his quiet old hack; his nether lip had fallen nearly to his chin; his chin rested upon his breast-bone, and his eyes were fixed steadily on the pommel of his saddle. Stepping into the middle of the road, I stood before his *prad*, and, although he knew me perfectly well, I had thrice to explain to him—“ Edward!” before he became conscious of my presence; but, as soon as he did, he raised his head from its previously inclined position to a perpendicular one, his under lip joined fellowship with its upper partner, and they appeared to harmonize together. But his response was rich in the extreme, if I were capable of conveying to the minds of my readers his tones, accent, and gesture—that is impossible. Thus he spoke :—

“ God bless me! is it you? How d’yeado?”

I eagerly inquired whether the two-year-old race was over. The answer was in the affirmative.

“ You have got beat, I fear,” said I.

“ Beat! How could we be otherwise? only look at t’ pace.”

“ Too fast?” said I.

"No pace at all," said he. "T' pace! t' pace!"

"Well!" I rejoined, "I should have thought the slow pace would have favoured your young'un, as I understand she was scarcely up to the mark."

"Umph! as fast again as all the lot. We lost the *race* for want o' *pace*. God bless me! I'm making poetry without knowing it."

Thereupon we exchanged acknowledgments by a cordial shake of the hand; after which, on we toddled, muttering "T' pace! t' pace! t' pace! Oh, these *slows* are bad things for racers."

"Go thy way:" said I, "Edward! thou deservest to be immortal for the happiness which thou possessest in thyself, and the pleasure thou impartest to others."

And now, should any one out of the sporting circles inquire why all this space has been allotted to Edward Blenkhorn—for to those within that circle he is as well known as the sound of Bow-bell is to the residents of Cheapside—the answer is, because he *is* so universally known, and so universally respected, by the members of the turf: and it is for this reason, and this reason only, I consider him deserving to be placed in the first niche of our gallery of BRITISH TURF WORTHIES.

*Sporting Review for January.*

## WILD SPORTS OF THE EAST.

### THE HOG AT BAY.

It has already been stated, that the mode of hunting necessarily varies with the nature of the cover. The term "bringing to bay" must however be understood to imply the resistance made by the hog to his pursuers, the period of which is quite a matter of chance, being sometimes dependant on the disposition of the hog, and often on the superior speed of the horses. In cane covers, generally surrounded by *rhur*, &c. where the distances to be run are very short, and where the hog has it chiefly in view to gain an asylum, all depends on speed and precision; but in the ordinary course of grass hunting, the chases, though sometimes long, are less arduous, and the principal object of the hunter is to keep sight of the game. Hence when hogs fairly take out from cover, or assume open situations, their fate may be considered as decided; but even on such occasions the young sportsman will often find himself foiled. Too much zeal may impair the horse's wind; and an attack before the hog may have been sufficiently run, not unfrequently gives occasion to a most animated defence. This may afford much delight to such as prefer the extreme of the sport: as some fox-hunters rather seek than avoid dangerous leaps and precipices, by way of evincing what they consider a laudable spirit; but

the cool veteran, who in the end kills more game, and whose horse is saved from maims and blemishes, most assuredly is entitled to our decisive approbation. We may at all times make a fair allowance for a small party, or for a multiplicity of game; under either of which circumstances prompt measures are frequently indispensable. As an instance, I recollect being in company with two brother sportsmen, when we started a large drove of hogs from a grass cover; they took to a fine plain interspersed with villages, topes, and cultivation. Three large boars separated from the herd, and bent their course towards a point where, at the distance of about four miles, they might reach an extensive bund, or jungle of underwood. As they scampered nearly in a parallel direction with each other, we made a point of attacking the first of them that appeared most in flesh; and he was easily overpowered: one of my companions then kept an eye on the fleetest of the other two, leaving us to manage the second, which we did more at leisure. The third proved terribly obstinate: he was fleet, strong, and very sturdy. However, after a chase of about half an hour, in which we had various falls among *goanchies*, or knobs in the soil, we killed him within a quarter of a mile from an underwood jungle, in which had he once found shelter, thousands of men could not have dislodged him. This hog amused himself as he went over the fields, and through eight or ten villages which he took in his way, with ripping at the cattle and peasants: one unfortunate woman, who was drawing water from a well, he threw into it; she was however soon relieved by the other inhabitants, who seeing the danger past, flocked to her aid. It should be observed, that the exertion used in killing the two first mentioned hogs had much impaired our horses' speed, and that this hog having proceeded at his own pace, got into good wind, and gave an infinity of trouble, which would have been saved had we been able to force him to his speed at his outset.

I do not recollect any chase so arduous as the one just instanced; for our third victim yielded his breath in a tope where we often fixed our hunting camp, which was about seven miles from the grass cover whence the drove had bolted. The ground ran over, the greater part of which was during the last chase, could not be less than twelve miles. The smallest boar measured rather less than thirty-five inches, the second was upwards of thirty-six, and our troublesome friend was nearly thirty-nine from the heel to the withers.

We had occasion to return home that evening, and as is usual, beat the covers bordering the way. We started a porker, after which one of my comrades bent his course, but was unhappily soon stopt short by a fall. This unpleasant occurrence was occasioned by his horse's foot getting into the track of an elephant's foot-steps through a low piece of ground, which in the rains had been a deep mud, but was now baked hard as stone by the sun. My friend fell with his shoulder against the edge of another print of the elephant's foot; a fracture was the consequence. Though sportsmen do not always stop to pick up unfortunate brethren, we on this occasion pulled up, and the hog was left at full liberty to save his bacon.

It is not, as we have already remarked, easy to determine when a hog may be expected to bay. The intelligent sportsman will however form a tolerable judgment as to that point, from the face of the country, his own

local knowledge, the nature of the cover, and the ability of the horses. When, as in some instances, the country is level and open, and the grass jungle not more than three feet high, nothing more is required than to push the game hard at the outset, and to keep it from becoming careless or tardy. In such a case, nothing can answer so well as following close; that is to say, near enough to watch every turn narrowly, and to avoid an attack until the hog may become so jaded, as scarcely to be able to raise a good trot. If the grass be thick, the hunter will have a great advantage, as the height of his horse will enable him to have a full and commanding view, while from the lowness of the hog's head, he will rarely be able to distinguish the precise spot at which to charge. With regard to the mode of spearing hogs under such circumstances, the open attack, by riding up to the left side, is certainly the most decisive; but many horses will not, however urged, assume that situation, which experience proves to be the most dangerous. The safest, and perhaps as effectual a mode as any is, either to cross the hog's course at about a yard or more before him, or to cross obliquely behind him, delivering the spear in passing. When horses will not approach a hog on the left side, they frequently dash boldly up to the right, in which case the spear must be thrown over the left shoulder, as seen in the Plate. When the hog's course is crossed, he will often make a rapid charge; on such occasions good horses rise, and avoid the danger.

Let it not however be supposed that all these proceedings take place without some exertion and danger. In fact, the hunter must occasionally expect to start a boar; which, far from evading the contest, will absolutely seem to volunteer, and even to challenge an attack, which under such circumstances requires much management. Here the experienced hunter distinguishes himself; and here will such as have not hunted together for some time, so as to have formed a kind of system, resulting from pre-connection, and founded on a knowledge of each horse's temper and speed, as well as of the coolness and energy of the rider, be often foiled. I have on several occasions seen a boar of this character completely defeat two or three excellent hunters. Horses of all descriptions quickly distinguish a wild hog from a tame one; but such as have been at any time ript or bitten, become for the most part extremely timid, and approach a sullen hog with great caution. Some indeed will not go near a hog but when at speed.

When it is observed that a hog trots forth from the cover, bristled up, and with an eye full of fire, chopping with his mouth, and perhaps stopping occasionally to view the hunters, great precaution is indispensable. Rash attacks sometimes succeed; but, in general, though the hog may be wounded, or killed, the horse suffers very severely. It is more prudent, and indeed affords more sport, where the hog can be induced to pursue his course with speed. To effect this, the person who may be mounted on the fleetest horse should gallop across the hog's route, a few paces before him; which is usually the means of inducing him to charge, and as his vigour will enable him to keep pretty close to the horse, he may insensibly be led on from his cover; and the same device being repeated once or twice, never fails to urge the hog to keep up a good pace. The

result is, that he gradually becomes exhausted by exertion, and the fierce attack of his first effort is changed into panting and imbecile defence.

It will easily be perceived from this description, that much skill is required to hunt with effect; and that as it frequently happens the chases between two covers are not more than two or three hundred yards, the greatest activity is required in the rider, and much speed in the horse, to be successful in close countries. Where the hog has a cover in view, he will make a surprising effort. He does not then seem to regard his pursuers with resentment; he is impelled by fear, and by the prospect of safety; even if speared he does not stop to revenge the injury, but exerts his whole powers to reach an asylum, sensible that a horse cannot follow him either through canes or underwood.

In these short spurts it is pleasant to see with what regularity experienced hunters pursue their sport. The first who can get within a proper distance, throws his spear aiming at the hog's head, at the same moment giving spurs to his horse, and filing off to the left, to make room for the next, who does the same, and thus in succession as the several horsemen can come up. This is all done at full speed. If the hog be wounded in the spine he falls instantly, otherwise he must be struck to the heart ere he will be diverted from his object; unless indeed a horseman should be able to cross before him, when in all probability he will make a desperate charge, and may perhaps be diverted from his course. The hunter who ventures in this manner should be sure of his horse's temper, and that as the hog may arrive at his flank, the steed, as before noticed, will rise and deliberately vault over, so as to frustrate the intention to rip at his belly, flank, or shoulder. If indeed the hog be very much exhausted, so as only to be able to trot, a person possessing a strong hand may wait the charge, and stab or throw the spear in between the shoulder and ribs, or throw so as to strike in the forehead; by either of which methods the hog's course may usually be stopt. It sometimes happens that a hog will continue, in spite of such wounds, to push forward; in which case it behoves the rider to be careful of his horse, and if it be a sow he has to cope with, an eye to his toes will be necessary, lest, as often happens, he may feel her teeth; which, in the moment of pain and resentment, she uses with great force and freedom. With regard to dismounting for the purpose of spearing hogs apparently exhausted either with fatigue or loss of blood, it is an act of madness which many young sportsmen practise, but gives way either in deference to the severe admonitions of rips and bites, or to that cooler mode of acting resulting from experience.

It should be understood that a boar rips, and that a sow bites. The boar usually makes his first cut to the right, and the next to the left, with a very quick motion, seeming to wriggle his nose against the object of attack, and raising his head forcibly, sometimes even rising on his hind legs. It may be concluded that animals of such bulk do not always confine their ravages to the lower limbs; indeed instances have occurred of their placing their fore legs against a horse, and cutting most desperately at his neck and side. A favourite hunter, Sultan, belonging to Mr Mathew Day of Dacca, was attacked in this manner by a boar, and received a cut reaching from the insertion of the tail nearly to the tip of



the hipbone. This horse was about sixteen hands high ; consequently we may imagine the hazards of those hunters, by no means few in number or deficient in prowess, who adventure on horses sometimes but two or three hands higher than the hogs they pursue.

As all hogs raise their fore quarters in charging, and collect their whole force for the occasion, it requires some strength to receive their impulse. Caution is ever commendable ; for it sometimes happens, that, when a boar appears quite overcome, he makes a dying effort, and ruins or perhaps kills a horse outright ! When at bay, and surrounded by horsemen, hogs will either stand still, watching ; or trot on, keenly surveying the harassing troops, and thus endeavour to reach some cover, or even a bush, as a protection to their rear. Then whatever approaches must expect a furious attack ; which though invariably commenced at a trot, increases rapidly into a smart gallop, sometimes overwhelming horse and rider. Pregnant as this manly diversion is with danger, it is curious that so few gentlemen should have suffered from the tusks of a boar. Many have been bitten by sows, and among them myself ; having been once attacked by a small one that came trotting out of a jungle through which she had been driven by some colleagues ; as my horse turned his right shoulder to receive the charge, she made a snap at my foot. My spear entered before her shoulder as she rose, but she did not quit her hold. Luckily the bite extended only to my great toe, which I was fortunate enough to slip back, leaving the tip of my boot in her mouth, to the great amusement of my friends, who were so struck with the whimsical situation in which I was placed, as to lose the power of affording me that aid which I so much required, and for which I should have been very thankful. However, by withdrawing my spear, and sticking it into her forehead, I was speedily restored to liberty.

In this adventure I escaped on better terms than a friend, now in England, who about twenty-five years ago, when closely pursuing a large sow, was, by the stumbling of his horse, thrown fairly across her back. She conveyed him about fifty yards, but perhaps from feeling herself incommoded by his weight, tumbled him off, and punished his presumption with a smart bite in the loins, from which he was many months recovering.

It is very common to see a boar brought to bay in such an easy, passive manner, as would indicate the most perfect resignation to the will of his pursuers ; and some indeed, though of great bulk, suffer themselves to be killed without making resistance worthy of notice. I have, however, found that the major part of these quiet seeming gentry, when wounded, have assumed a most formidable character. Once in particular, an immense boar allowed me, after missing him, to gallop on by his side for a full mile, fairly cheek by jowl. A friend who was running a small hog came to my aid, and commenced his attack, which occasioned the hog to stand boldly to his defence. I had no spear, but that which I had thrown was picked up by a servant, who was fast approaching with it. My companion's spear was sticking in the ribs of the hog, which now put us both to flight. Mine was at length obtained, and after much trouble I got my horse, greatly frightened by the hog's rapid and sonorous charges, to approach near enough for me to throw it, which I did so as to

stick also in the ribs. We were now disarmed, but fortunately the hog resumed his course through some briars, which disengaged both our weapons. Had they been made with barbs, or shouldered, we might have taken our leave both of them and of the game. After at least an hour spent in sham and real attacks, in which we were not always on the best side of the question, my companion, with more zeal than prudence, for his horse was small, and by no means governable, dashed at the hog's head, but unfortunately was not borne so well by his steed as the spirit displayed in the enterprise merited. The hog was too quick for him, and absolutely bore down the horse by the violence with which he charged. My poor friend for many years felt the force with which the boar applied a tooth, in passing, to the end of his back bone. He however had the momentary gratification of seeing the hog drop, before he had proceeded fifty yards, owing to the severity of a third wound which his spear had inflicted in the ribs. The horse took to his heels and was with great difficulty caught that day. Such was the impression made by the overthrow he had experienced, that thenceforth nothing could induce him to approach even a tame hog; which, as before remarked, horses most instinctively distinguish at the first glimpse; consequently as a hunter he never afterwards was worth a farthing.

Hogs possess a great share of cunning, and are very sensible as to the state of their powers. When hard run and blown with exertion, they generally wind about, and endeavour to evade the contest; unless indeed cover be at hand, when, as already explained, it is not a little that will divert them from their course. A sportsman who either from a want of experience or of spirit, or eventually from being mounted on a shy horse fails to seize this moment of evasion to secure his prey, will generally find himself foiled in the end. After recovering his wind, or if allowed to take a lap of water, or to roll in the mud, though but for half a minute, a hog will regain his vigour in a surprising manner, and assume a tone of defiance which his previous state of lassitude and conduct would not indicate to be so easily effected. The animal now displays all the energy of despair, and in his turn assails with the utmost fury! This is the moment when the spirit of the steed and the coolness of the rider are put to the test; and a severe one it often proves. Many horses which during the chase proceeded with obvious pleasure, like well trained hunters after a pack of harriers, no sooner find the game exhibit symptoms of opposition, than they, in their turn, give unquestionable proofs of a reverse of deportment also. Alarmed by the bristling appearance and vehement gruntings of the indignant game, laying their ears back into their necks, and wheeling about rapidly on their hind legs, away they scour, perhaps for miles, in spite of the severe bits in general use. Others equally intimidated, but perhaps more under controul, turn their croups to the hog as he approaches, and inverting their tails, kick desperately. Many a hog is in this manner killed or disabled. The dread occasioned by a charge is generally such, that when once a horse commences kicking, he does not know when to leave off; and, not unfrequently, long after the danger may be over, one or two steeds may be seen exercising their heels in this manner, to the extreme annoyance

of their riders, who occasionally, as the wags term it, "quit the saddle to get a better seat," while those who have the good luck to be more securely situated, often find some incident sufficiently amusing to excite risibility at their unfortunate companion's expense. It generally happens that each in his turn becomes the creator of merriment.

The greatest danger arises from the propensity of horses to rear, especially after having received a wound; whether at that time, or during any former chase. And it is peculiar that many will rear in the most alarming manner on such an occasion only. It is however a vice extremely prevalent throughout India, and may be attributed to the universal use of *bhaug-dures*, or leading ropes. These are about an inch round, and from six to sixteen feet long, according to the character of the horse and the timidity of the *syce*, or groom. The *bhaug-dure* being fastened to the cheek of the bit, serves to restrain the horse whenever he may be frisky, and as throughout India geldings are rare, and the climate does not admit of exercising studs in proportion to their high feeding, a battle is on all occasions of approach to be expected. Wheeling quickly round, no time is lost in commencing a furious kicking, accompanied with every endeavour to destroy each other. The *syces* on such occasions retire to the extent of their *bhaug-dures*, rarely making any attempt to separate the combatants, except by tugging thereat. And this quarrelsome disposition sometimes proves extremely obnoxious in hunting; for though the generality of horses will during a chase, and perhaps while the hog is alive, remain perfectly at peace with each other, yet as soon as the interest created in them by the pursuit and resistance of the game is over, one or more throw out the signal for engaging; and it requires much caution and activity in their riders to prevent matters from proceeding to extremities. I have more than once seen horses, quite regardless of the hog at bay, engaged in a general action, occasioning their riders to dismount, and make the best escape they could from the double danger of kicks and rips.

It sometimes becomes an object of necessity to attack the hog, even at a very unfavourable moment, for the purpose of rescuing another of the party from danger. From the nature of the ground, which is often rotten and full of concealed holes and lumps, as well as from the vicious disposition of the horses in general, many falls take place. Of these the hog sometimes takes advantage, rushing instantly towards his prostrate enemy, and threatening him with cruel vengeance. A young gentleman, who was a novice at the sport, pushing too keenly through some very bad cover, was unhorsed very near to the hog, which was just coming to bay. Fortunately he fell on his back, and raising his body, saw the animal coming at a round pace towards him; he had no recourse but to his feet, which being well applied, kept off the hog until his attention was forcibly attracted by a spear from another of the party.

Young sportsmen not only expose themselves to danger, but involve others in difficulty; giving their horses too much head, they frequently shoot past their object, and in their haste to recover the lost advantage, abruptly rein up or turn, without attending to others who may be coming up behind them. Many are the instances that could be adduced of severe

falls occasioned by this want of precaution. It may be easily supposed that two or more horses at speed, coming together in a heap, will occasion a severe shock, and risk the lives of all. To avoid this, especially when a hog is at bay, only one of the party should act at a time, the others being ready to take advantage of any opportunity which may offer, of placing a spear with effect. Nothing is more subversive of success than slight wounds: they irritate the hog, and stimulate him to the most desperate resistance.

#### THE DEAD HOG.

The activity and coolness displayed by many horses are truly admirable. A gentleman of my acquaintance had a remarkable fine jungle tazeer, possessing uncommon speed and bottom; he would watch the hog's motions with a most judicious eye, and at the instant when an opportunity offered, would, without farther impulse from his rider, dart forward to enable him to throw the spear to advantage. This horse once, in my presence, lost his rider, yet followed with the highest glee, and amused himself with leaping over the hog, backwards and forwards, keeping him in a perpetual state of alarm, thereby impeding his progress, and giving time for the others possessing less speed to finish the chase.

It has already been remarked, that horses have a perfect knowledge of the wide difference between tame and wild hogs: they will gallop amid whole droves of the former, scattering them in every direction; but at sight of the latter, many horses will shrink altogether from the contest, or become so very cautious and shy as to prevent the spear from being delivered at any reasonable distance. Some, when first brought to the sport, have been wonderfully bold and impetuous, but being ripped once or twice, have never recovered sufficient spirit to risk a close attack. Others that have been timid at first, being frightened at the rustling in the cover, and at the rude motions and snorting of the game, have after a few successful chases, become excellent hunters. But several are to be found which invariably prove staunch, and seem to vie with their riders in courage and exertion. Some are nearly ungovernable when the game is up, and will push over the worst of ground to take the lead; it has even happened that some when near the hog have, though at full speed, dislocated their necks in the endeavour to seize with their teeth. This, however, is no commendable quality, being attended with some danger, and debarring the rider from delivering his spear with precision. I have, indeed, known a horse to seize a hog with his teeth; he had on a former occasion done the same, but lost an eye by the hog's resistance. He was called *Hyena*, in consequence of this propensity.

The speed, vigour, and bulk of the game, being properly understood, the reader will easily conceive, that however lightly many, and especially those accustomed to it, may consider hog-hunting as a diversion, yet that it is by no means deficient in toil and danger, requires not only good cattle, but excellent riders. A bad horseman will find it an excellent school, and must soon attain some skill in the saddle, otherwise it were better for him to quit the field. The generality of hog-hunters, though

not perhaps possessing the most graceful seats, sit close, and have an admirable firmness, such as enables them to master the abundant spirit, not to say the vice, characterizing the stallions of India. It is the same with regard to shooting: the vast quantities of game, the absence of those restrictions regarding its preservation, so rigid in England, and the want of other more social, and of all public amusements except at the Presidency itself, all contribute so much towards practice, that perhaps the gentlemen in Bengal might be matched against ten times their number of Sportsmen in England. It is by no means rare to see a bird fall for every shot. Some, indeed, have gained considerable wagers respecting that produce.

But to proceed. The generality of wild hogs, when full grown, are on an average from thirty to forty inches high at the shoulder. I have seen two killed, each of which was forty-two inches, but they were such as are rarely to be found. If game be in tolerable abundance, such as appear less than about twenty-six inches are rarely hunted. When scarce, of course all that start are followed. Small hogs generally do most mischief, being more active, and their teeth much sharper. In fact, the severest chases and most desperate defences may be expected from boars of about a yard high, or less.

The tusks of a boar are peculiarly formed; there are two on each side, viz., one in the upper and one in the under jaw. The former is quite a short stump, and appears to be of a softer substance than the latter, by which it generally is much worn, so that their curves being similar, at some little distance, when the mouth is closed, the two appear as but one tusk. The under one is generally pointed sharp, its form is almost a crescent, or segment of a circle, and it is nearly triangular all its length.

The length of the tusk is mostly proportioned to the size of the boar; though this is by no means a rule; for young hogs of no great size often possess numerous teeth. Generally speaking, a full grown boar, of perhaps a yard high, may have four or five inches clear of the jaw, and as much more inserted into it. I have killed a boar whose tooth being extracted, which is done by boiling for a long time, measured upwards of ten inches; and I have seen a tooth of full eleven. The possessor of the latter assured me that he was one of five who sat between the neck and tail of the boar from which it had been taken. The natives entertain an opinion that the wounds made by hogs' teeth are venomous; and indeed the general effects of them are often alarming. Those who keep their wounds clean, seldom fail to have them healed speedily; the extreme temperance of the natives renders their constitution peculiarly favourable on such occasions. I cannot say that I ever knew an instance of an unpleasant termination.

It is curious that in the same jungles great diversities with regard to the breeds of the wild hogs are often found. Some being like the China breed, remarkably round and compact, having short heads and legs; others long-sided, with hollow backs; some again with arched backs, long limbs, very stiff bristles the whole length of the spine, and perfectly distinct from the rest both in appearance and in gait. This does not relate

to individual hogs, but may be traced through particular litters produced annually in the same covers, or at all events found in their vicinity. This probably results from the habits of the wild boars, which may often be seen among tame herds, whence they debar the domesticated males; and we may again conclude with some shew of probability, that tame boars sometimes in their strayings through bunds or grass covers intermix with the wild sows. It is a remarkable fact, that the genuine breed of wild hogs, can be found only in heavy grass covers remote from population.

The characteristics of the wild species are as follow: a broad flat forehead, short pricked ears, rather round at their tips, and lying very close to the neck, the eye full, with much display of the cornea, or white, when in action, the head short, with a very deep jowl, thickly furnished with hair inclined to curl, a very muscular neck, a high shoulder, the back very nearly straight, the loins broad, the bristles thick on the neck and shoulders, and gradually falling in with the general coating of black hair as they approach the loins; the tail rather short, and, like the elephant's, near the tip armed with stiff lateral bristles, giving the resemblance of the wings on an arrow. This last point may be considered as the true test, and is probably the most marked distinction nature has anywhere displayed between the wild and tame breeds of the same genus. Farther; the haunch of a wild hog is peculiarly well turned, the legs are very strong and compact, the claws well proportioned, the barrel rather round, and the chest remarkably well formed and deep. All wild hogs are black, but as they become old, their whiskers, and indeed the tips of their hairs in general, turn grey. After a certain age their tusks begin to decay: and whether from choice, or that the younger males gain an ascendancy with the herd, old boars are generally found separate, and in excellent plight.

As soon as the villagers perceive a chase, they, in general, run to be in at the death; that is to say, after the death; for except here and there that a bold fellow may be found, who being armed with a spear, or a *tulivar* (or broad-sword), joins in the chase, the natives rather consider their safety and emolument than receive any pleasure from the pursuit. The tame hog is held in detestation among the Mussulmans, who will, however, lend a hand at times to destroy a wild one; indeed, though many casts, or sects, of Hindoos, eat pork, the generality hold it as much in abhorrence as the Mussulmans do. Some make a distinction between the wild and the tame: the former invariably are clean feeders, never touching carrion, or offal, which tame hogs delight in all over the world.

By this it will be understood that such natives as repair to the hunt, are induced either by the hope of reward, for their trouble in conveying the dead animal to the encampment, or by the wish to participate. *Harry-wallahs*, that is to say a sect usually considered as of the lowest order, and only employed in the most menial and filthy avocations, are mostly appointed to carry the animal, either on a bamboo, or pole, or on a bedstead brought from some neighbouring village. In either mode four persons generally suffice to bear the burthen, though I have seen a few large boars, which required more powers to support their biers. The gratuity assigned to such as contribute their aid on these occasions, is generally

very ample, and no doubt often creates a secret wish that all the game hunted may bend their course to that quarter.

A pleasant scene arises as the several *syces* (or grooms) and other attendants arrive at the place where the hog lies dead, and where the seated sportsmen commence their details and remarks. The interjectory *wau!!! wau!!!* signifying the highest degree of surprise and approbation, is ever pronounced most emphatically by each servant or villager, as he arrives panting, among the groupe. The gentlemen are complimented in the highest strains of hyperbole, such as would astonish persons unaccustomed to the fulsome panegyric of the East. During this, the fatal spear is drawn, sometimes requiring considerable force to extricate it. The streams of perspiration are absorbed, and the tired *syces*, having previously fastened their *bhaug-dures* to their horses' bits, refresh their fatigued limbs around the fallen prey. This is however an unsafe practice both on account of the great propensity before noticed in the horses to flight, and that great danger of the dry gripes is to be apprehended in India, if horses be suddenly cooled. The practices common in Europe, of watering, washing, and tying up heated cattle as soon as dismounted, would speedily thin regiments of cavalry pursuing such a course. It is often the case that, owing to negligence in this particular, valuable horses die very suddenly. European farriers, and others, rarely fail to kill such as they attempt to doctor on these occasions: their common recourse is to spirits and heating drugs; whereas experience has established that reliance can be placed only on anodyne medicines. If a horse be not too far gone, so as to debar deglutition, a small bolus of opium, about the size of a pigeon's egg, will in most instances effect a cure; and a few have occurred within my own knowledge, where clysters strongly impregnated with laudanum, have had an almost instantaneous effect, after the vital powers seemed at so low an ebb, as to leave little hope of restoration.

It is extremely common to see a party divide after various hogs, either started at the first from the same cover, or roused in the progress of chasing a single one. Where it is known that two or more are in the bund, cane, &c., which is beating, a portion of the horsemen follow the first that starts, leaving their comrades to manage the remainder. Nothing can exceed the interest created, when, as sometimes occurs, two or three parties are following each their respective game. Some may be seen spurring on with the utmost energy; others pulling hard to restrain their frightened or too impetuous steeds; perhaps one or more in the different stages of falling; others stopping to dismount and recover spears which had missed their object; and eventually a successful Nimrod triumphing over his fallen victim. Such as are seated on elephants often enjoy these diversified scenes. Amid such an active field, even the game itself is often perplexed, not knowing which way to avoid its many enemies scattered and galloping in various directions. Often its course is suddenly reversed, and the crowd of attendants, who making the best of their way after their masters, see the hog stretching towards them, in their turn take to flight. As has been formerly stated, hunted hogs, and indeed sometimes as a matter of caprice those not disturbed, will attack any

object they may chance to see, such as peasants, cattle, &c. ; they are greatly attracted thereto by any attempt which is made to escape from them. Such as trust to their speed are for the most part soon overtaken, and receive a cut of the tusk in each thigh ; the boar putting his nose between their knees, and giving them a violent toss !

I have already remarked, that where a sportsman takes after game, single handed, he must be extremely careful not to throw his spear unless certain of his aim, especially in covers, where, during the time occupied in dismounting to resume it, a hog might be so far a head, change his course, or even stop so short, as to be lost. On an open, or low grass plain, more may be ventured ; when, for instance, so near a heavy cover as to warrant any attempt, however improbable, to succeed ; or when another person on an elephant, &c. might be able to direct in recovering the game ; these are all matters that must be attended to, else there will be much galloping and little killing. When the spear cannot with propriety be thrown, it may be stabbed into a hog, provided the horse will approach. For this purpose the balance should be lost for the time, by sliding the hand up the shaft, so as to lengthen the lower part, and give greater command of reach ; and, indeed, if the spear be short, which is by no means eligible, the hand may be shifted up to its very end, where the thumb pressing, will add considerably to the force. The force with which the spear is often impelled is incredible ! Sticking it through a large hog is very common : and I have seen a spear, thrown by a remarkably strong man, at a hog moving at some yards distance in a parallel direction, dart through both shoulder blades, passing all but about eight inches of the shaft, out at the opposite side !

If in the course of the chase the hunter may have been led over ground which has been sown with *rhur*, he should on alighting, search his horse's feet and pasterns, lest he may have received a wound from the stumps left by the peasants, who in the months of March and April cut the *rhur* with a large strong sickle, in such manner as to leave the root parts pointing upwards. These are extremely sharp, and being numerous, teem with danger ; a fall among them would probably supersede all occasion for the surgeon.

The scenery described in the several Plates relating to the subject of hog hunting, will give a tolerable idea of the general face of the country, especially in Behar. The surface undulates but little, being for the most part nearly flat, or intersected with narrow vallies, in which small streams meander. These for the most part derive their source from some low flat spot, in which the waters collect during the rainy season, and produce immense crops of rice, which will not grow but in swamps. At this time these *nullahs* (or rivulets) run with great impetuosity, and at the numerous dams of earthen banks, which are built across to preserve water for the purpose of irrigation, at suitable distances, form agreeable cascades of perhaps from three to six or seven feet high. During the dry season, nothing but a chain of puddles is to be seen, from which however the natives, by bailing out the water, obtain large quantities of mud-fish and pig-nuts.

In a country where the principal food of the inhabitants depends on



an abundance of water, every precaution is taken for its preservation. The large *jeels* (or lakes) formed by the annual rains, are strongly embanked at their lowest sides, and innumerable channels are cut from all directions, into which, by some one of the methods in general use for raising water, all of them quite simple and efficacious, the whole of the flat country around is simply supplied. Many of these *jeels* are from half a mile to two or three miles in circumference. This alludes to artificial collections of water for the use of the cultivators, and by no means includes the *buckra*, and other *jeels*, in many parts of the country, which are of immense extent, and are furnished with numerous islands abounding with every species of game.

On the rising grounds the villages usually stand; ornamented, not with superb edifices, but with beautiful plantations of mango and other trees, which, exclusive of their shade, furnish to the inhabitants abundance of fruit, and wood for the few purposes in which it is used. Throughout great towns wood is the common fuel, and in them little else is used; but in the villages, besides decayed trees, fallen boughs and underwood, the peasant is in the habit of burning cow-dung, which is carefully picked up, and being beat into broad flat cakes, these are, while moist, dabbed up against the walls of houses, and thus completely dried by the sun. Where so little fire is wanted for at least eight months in the year, much of this commodity may be spared from the peasant's use, and is carried in large vats, either on the heads of men, on bullocks, or in hackeries (or carts) to the larger towns, where it never fails to fetch a good price.

With regard to the cocoa-nut tree, although in the Plate describing the beating canes for hogs, one is represented, yet few are to be seen except within the flowing of the tides. Beyond their extent, the *taul*, or toddy tree begins to abound, from which, as well as from the *cacca*, though less frequently from the latter, the toddy is drawn by means of an incision made with a sharp instrument, just under the part where the fruit clusters; in this incision a spike of wood is placed, and a pot being suspended, receives the toddy, which exudes and runs down the spike. When fresh drawn, toddy is pleasant and cooling; but in a few hours it becomes harsh, subacid, and extremely intoxicating; undergoing a vinous fermentation, and in the course of a week turning to a strong vinegar. When fresh it is used as yeast, for which it is an admirable substitute.

To the great shame of the police throughout India, shops for the sale of spirituous liquors are innumerable; one may ordinarily be found at each extremity of a village; and it is by no means rare to see the devotees of Mahomed, whose austere system prohibited the use of wines, or inebriating liquors, mingle not only with the sons of Bramah, who equally interdicted all liquids beyond milk and the pure element, but with the lowest sects; nay even with the native Portuguese and common European soldiery, both of whom are alike held by Mussulmen and Hindoos in the most severe contempt and abhorrence!

To shew the bad effects of these arrack shops, I will only remark, that if an unfortunate traveller addicted to drinking, should stop at that one which he may find as he enters the town, and, as is common, there pass the night, he may think himself lucky if, in his way forward, he be

not again tempted by that which is to be found at the other extremity. The natives tell a humorous story of a man who sat out on his journey every day for a year together, but unhappily in lieu of proceeding from the village each morning after his debauch and slumbers, he returned by mistake, or by the designing direction of the dealer, *through* it; and was thus made quite a property between the two distillers, who kept him until they had deprived him not only of his cash, but of the produce of his clothes and arms.

Many villages have markets on particular days, when not only fruits, grain, and the common necessities of life are sold, but occasionally manufactures of various descriptions. These markets are well known to all the neighbouring country, being on appointed days of the week, or of the lunar month; but to remind those who may be travelling of their vicinity to the means of supply, a *naugaurah*, or large kettle drum, is beat during the forenoon, and a small flag, usually of white linen, with some symbolic figure in colours, or with a coloured border, is hoisted on a very long bamboo, kept upright by means of ropes fastened to pins driven into the ground. The flags of Hindoo villages are generally square and plain; those of the Mussulmans towns are ordinarily triangular, and bear the type of their religion, viz., a double bladed scymiter.

Perhaps no people in the world are so careful in selecting spots for habitation as those of India. Their villages are ever to be found in choice situations, where the soil is dry, and the water wholesome; and it is as remarkable as it is certain, that although such spots may for a time be abandoned, yet they never fail of being at some future period restored to use; even when the old mud walls have nearly been obliterated by the force of heavy rains and tempests. And it may ever be considered as an axiom, that wherever a *moolauh*, or priest, resides to perform the regular ceremonies at some *dhurgaw*, or place of worship, or at the tomb of some rich person who may have left endowments for the purpose of praying his soul through purgatory, there will a village shortly be found. Let it not be supposed that the respect borne to the individual, or a superstitious principle operates in the least towards this event. The deceased would be forgot, his priest might starve, and religion might be annihilated before a native of India would erect his house, from choice, except the place were to his fancy. The truth is, that the clergy of Hindostan, like the monks of old and modern times, shew much taste in their selections for residence; and the *dhurgaws* may invariably be seen to occupy those scites pre-eminent for comfort and beauty. The Hindoos prefer spots near to running waters, their religion being so much connected with ablution. Their priests, the *brahmuns*, however, rarely omit taking full advantage of that circumstance, or of the influence they possess from their clerical character, which is hereditary, to assume to themselves not only such objects as delight the eye, but what may, within the bounds of their tenets, be grateful to the palate. I have elsewhere remarked that these holy gentry, who may be classed with the confessors of the Romish Church, not only give absolution, but, by their prayers, and other means of which they are possessed, cure barrenness, and remove every cause of disquietude. It is perhaps worthy of being noted among the *mirabilia*

of the age, that 'a very large portion of the Bengal army, perhaps not less than a fifth or sixth part is composed of *brahmuns*!' It has, however, been observed, that where corps have been detached on foreign service, the *brahmuns* have been remarkable for desertion; and indeed they always have been found to be the main, though secret, springs of every mutiny. Their ascendancy in regard to religious matters gives them great power over the minds of the superstitious Hindoos, who would think it the worst of crimes to betray their reverend advisers. Under such circumstances the reader will not be surprised at the intrigues of this crafty sect. Their authority, however, is happily fast on the decline; and though the period may be remote, yet we may consider it certain that this obnoxious order of wolves in sheep's cloathing will, like the Jesuits of Europe, be completely annihilated.

*Oriental Field Sports, by Capt. Thomas Williamson.*

## SPORTING SKETCHES.

MR JENKINS JONES.

"Who-hoop!"

"Who-hoop! that's a queer way of beginning a paper, Mr Scott!"

"So it is, Mr Reader, but you'll have a good many more of them before you are done."

Our last left the Stout-as-Steel hounds in the act of running into their fox on the far hill side, the field viewing the feat across the water. Not a soul appeared near them, but ere the "worry" was complete, old Enoch dropped as it were from the clouds, and dived into the middle of the pack. To be sure the latter part of his descent was visible enough in the shape of a red thing sitting as it were on the back of a rabbit sliding on its hind quarters down the mountain. Having reached the pack, up went the fox, and baying leaped the hounds, the group forming a lively speck on the wide expanse of mountain scenery.

Few people are willing to admit that a fox has been killed, unless they see him—at all events seeing him seems to add considerably to their satisfaction; and away Captain Cashbox cut, followed by the field for ocular demonstration. Through the water splashed the mules, over great boulder stones, enough to throw down an elephant, across the rushy, rugged bottom and now up the steep hill side—clatter, clatter, clatter, we went among the loose rumbling stones—blob, blob, blob, we floundered on the unsound ground beyond.

"Who-hoop!" each man exclaimed, on pulling up within "ware-horse" distance of the huge fox, now hanging his head before the pack in

all the terrors of grim death. "*Who-hoop!*" yelled little Cashbox, putting his finger in his ear, as though he were afraid of deafening himself with his own noise. "*Who-hoop!*" screamed he, still louder, throwing himself off his mule and rushing up to Tiphill for the fox. If the captain had gone on allfours, and hunted and killed the fox himself, he could not have been prouder or taken more credit to himself for the feat. The hounds might kill him, but who brought the hounds? Captain Cashbox—and therefore to Captain Cashbox belonged the honour and glory of the day. Having got the fox from Enoch, he held him up for some seconds above his head, in the manner of a "*Poses Plastique*" master, until his little arms tiring, he threw him on the ground.

"He's a terrible length from the snout to the stern," observed the nondescript little man, stooping and measuring the fox with his whip. Without announcing the longitude, he proceeded to divest him of his appendages. Off went the head. "There's the head of a traitor!" exclaimed the captain holding it up. Then came the pads, and lastly, that noblest trophy of them all—the brush!

"Allow me, sir," said he, strutting out in the most grotesque, puss-in-boots style, towards where I stood, "to present you, sir, with the brush of one of our mountain breed—sir, a real 'stunner,' sir, as my friend, Joe Banks, would say, sir. Sir, I'm extremely glad, sir, to see you out with *my* hounds, sir; hope, sir, I shall often have the pleasure, sir,—shall be most happy, sir, to present you with our button, sir."

Flattered by so much attention, especially from a man that I did not expect any from, I incontinently replied, on receiving the brush, that I would be most proud to receive the button, and wear it wherever I went. Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, than the Captain, having dived into the trunk of his fisherman's boots, produced a packet, from which, having blown the silver paper, he exhibited a complete set of large buttons, to which having added a pinch of small ones from his sealskin waistcoat pocket, he handed them over to me, observing, that "I might send him a Post office order for the four guineas when I got home, and that he would be most happy to have my name down as a subscriber also."

"*He's done you,*" whispered a gentleman, with a smile and a wink, as the little varmint waddled back to his mule, and proceeded to what he would call "hoist himself on deck," by the aid of a rusty, most disreputable-looking stirrup.

"I don't know that," replied I, with a grunt, thinking he might perhaps get the buttons back instead of the Post Office order.

"Well, we've had a very good run—at least, the hounds have," observed my friend, who had now brought his horse alongside. "Are you staying in this part of the country?"

"Why, yes—no—yes—not exactly," replied I; "The fact is, I was on this side of the country, and wishing to have a look at these hounds, lay at Sludgington last night."

"I pity you," exclaimed the gentleman; adding, "I wish you'd come to me. Where are you going to now?" inquired he.

"Don't know till I get back—perhaps stay there again."

"Come to me," rejoined he, "we shall be most happy to see you—you've plenty of time," added he, showing me his watch, which wanted a quarter to one.

"You are very kind," said I, feeling little disposed to undergo the persecution of Cake and the noise of the Goldtrap Arms again, though the cuckoo clock nuisance was abated—"I shall be very glad to avail myself of your offer."

"That's right!" said he, closing the bargain by a shake of the hand, "we dine at six, and there will be a stable ready for you." So saying he turned up a road the reverse of the one that he pointed out as mine, and tickling his horse with the spur was speedily out of sight.

One person in a hurry is very apt to put another person in a hurry, and I began to trot too, without having the slightest reason for doing so except that I had seen him.

"Gently old girl," at length said I, easing the old mare down into a walk, to enjoy the scenery, the winding mountain-road having brought us before a fresh range of hills. Just then it flashed across my mind that I didn't know who my friend was.

"Well that's the stupidest thing I ever did in my life," said I, dropping the rein, and giving my thigh a hearty slap. "He thought I knew him because he knew me, and I have no more idea who he is than the man in the moon." I then went back to the turn of the road to see if any of the field were behind, but they had all dispersed on their different routes—the horsemen by the roads, the foot people by the mountain tracks.

"Well, never mind," said I, turning short round again, "I can describe him—round-faced, ginger hair, rather stout, hunts, says he lives near Sludgington. Oh, Cake, or the saddler, or the postmaster, or the blacksmith, or any of the wise men of the place will be able to tell me who he is." So saying, I relapsed into enjoyment of the scenery, until the road at length opened upon the vale.

Sludgington formed a not unpleasing feature in the landscape now that I could regard it with an unprejudiced eye. Its church tower, its clump of trees, its white dovecote to the right, the now sun-glittering mill-pond on the left, even the very smoke and outline of the houses, made an agreeable break on the tame monotony of the flat vale beyond. The cold, black whinstone mud made me shudder, though, as I got into the street again; nor were my feelings soothed by having to ride on the rough M'Adam to make way for a long line of slate carts passing through with the produce of the neighbouring quarries.

"Who is it that lives near here, and hunts with the Stout-as-Steel hounds," asked I of the hostler, as I gave him the mare to be fed while I packed up my bags; "who is it that hunts and rides a clipped horse, and wears black boots, not fishermen's boots like Captain Cashbox's, but Bishop's boots coming up to the knee pan?" touching the whereabouts on my own leg.

"Who is it that hunts and rides Bishop's boots," drawled out the muzzy idler.

"No! No! rides in Bishop's boots, black jacks," retorted I; "rides a clipped horse, and lives somewhere about here."

"Why I should say that would be Mr Jenkins Jones," replied the man; "he has a clipped horse."

"But can't you be *sure*? a gentleman with gingery hair. Has Mr Jenkins Jones gingery hair?"

"Why y-e-a-s; I should say he has," replied he, "and rides a clipped horse."

"Where does he live?" asked I.

"At Down House, about six miles from here," replied the man.

"Aye, that's him," said we, leaving the stable, and running into the house. "Jenkins Jones, of Down House, is the man;" indeed, I fancied I heard somebody call him Jones out hunting.

What with the bother of packing, waiting for the bill, and then for the horse, the limited allowance of a winter's day, began to give indications of declining. Here I got sufficiently near his residence to gain any decided information from the few country people and mountaineers I met as to its precise distance and locality. To be sure country people in many parts are amazingly clever at not knowing anything. One would wonder what they did with their heads. One man told me it was three miles, another that it was two; and an old woman that I overtook, driving a flock of geese, and who said she had lived in the country all her life, didn't know where it was at all—had never heard of Down House before, or Mr Jenkins Jones either—had heard of a Mr Thomas Jones, but he lived at Freingford, at the back of the hills, but he had been dead many years, and "of course," she said, "it couldn't be him." A woodman, however, that I next met, was better informed, and after running the words "Jenkins Jones, Jones Jenkins, Jenkins Jones," backwards and forwards on his tongue, as a lady runs up and down the notes of a piano, he directed me through a pass at the low end of the mountain range.

Having trotted through that just as night began to close in, I came upon a wild, undulating down country—open, spacious, and far-stretching. Here and there dark patches, occasionally indicated by the fitful gleam of a passing light, denoted human habitations, but the extreme distance was completely lost in the clouds. To heighten the confusion of the scene, the road, as I had been warned by the woodman, resolved itself into a mere race course sort of track, whose line was marked by little chalk heap mounds thrown up on the turf. The springy down, so tempting under ordinary circumstances for a canter, was now traversed slowly for fear of losing the thread of the heaps, and having to pass the night on the wide dreary waste. "It must be a primitive place, indeed," thought I, riding close inside the line of chalk heaps, "where a track like this serves alike for carriage and bridle road. No fear of having one's rest disturbed by the rumbling of carts, the yells of drivers, or the caterwauling of cats as it was last night."

A bigger wave of land that the mountain throe had rolled further inwards, obtruded just as the fast-falling shades of the night began to make me wish to be at my journey's end; on reaching the top of which undulation the lights from a house ensconced among trees appeared within a couple of hundred yards, and the quick eye of the mare presently caused her to halt at a light iron gate, dividing the lawn from the downs. The

clatter the gate made in swinging to and fro, caused an outburst of barking and yelling from the kennel, while the raising and hurried dropping of the curtain of a low windowed room on the ground floor showed that the inmates were aroused, and ere I dismounted at the sash door, a shirt-sleeved groom had rushed round from the back of the house to take my horse.

A sash door, while it is pleasant and cheerful in summer, has the advantage in winter of letting a guest see who is coming, and the bright-burning oil lamp discovered mine host, now attired in a comfortable suit of plaid instead of the cloth and leather of the fox hunter. How I pity people who lived before "tweeds" and railways were invented!

The gentleman shaded his eyes with his hand and shut them as some people do who want to have a good look at you; but a momentary glance produced an "Oh, Mr Scott, is it you? I'm glad to see you," confirmed by a cordial shake of the hand.

I then proceeded to "hang up my hat."

You've brought your nightcap, I hope, observed he as he helped me off with my paletot.

While this was going on in the passage I overheard the following nursery dialogue in the parlour:—

"Little Jack Horner  
Sat in the ——?"

"Where did little Jack sit, my pet?"

"Pie," lisped the child.

"No, my darling, *not in the pie*," responded the questioner.

"Let me introduce my friend Mr Scott, my dear," interrupted my host, throwing open the door of a cheerful-looking room, and disclosing a beautiful dark-eyed lady, with a lovely little child half on her lap, half on the table, studying the interesting career of the gentleman aforesaid.

An attempted rise, with a sweet smile mingling with a half suppressed laugh at Jack Horner's novel position, made me feel quite at home, and I readily accepted my host's offer of an arm chair by the brightly burning fire. As I looked at him I thought it was lucky I had been able to give some other account of him beyond a mere description of his person, for hunting things make such a difference in men's appearance that it is not always easy to recognise them in others. He speedily touched on that grand ice-breaker of conversation "the run of the morning," and his wife having gathered up the child's toys, consisting of a jumping mouse, a bottle, a tin kettle, a tatter'd doll, and an illuminated copy of "Jack Horner," departed with her treasure in her arms.

I soon found I was in capital quarters. Indeed I recollected to have heard from some of our hunt who had strayed so far out of the world, as we consider the hill country, that there were some "capital fellows" in it, which, in current sporting phraseology, means, men who are glad to see their friends without any fuss; or, as in my case, "men who are glad to see fox-hunters without any fuss."

There certainly is a wonderful freemasonry among fox hunters. There is no letter of introduction equal to the few words. "This man's

a sportsman." It is far superior to any formal application to be allowed to recommend one's particular friend Mr Augustus Fitznoodle, eldest son of Sir Augustus and Lady Fitznoodle, who was a daughter of Hugh, fifth Earl of Bigacres, to their attention in the way of a "ticket for soup," as these unfortunate documents are sometimes termed. But we are getting off the line, and our diminishing paper warns us that we ought to be running into our subject. We had a capital dinner, and that you may know what to give me the first time the hounds run a fox into the Strand, I'll tell you what it consisted of: we had some famous mutton broth, with meat in it, thick and strong; a well-crimped piece of cod with oyster sauce, a leg of dark-gravied four-year old Welsh mutton, followed by a woodcock and a dish of hot mince pies, assisted by sherry and iced champagne at dinner, and a bottle of fine old port, and a deviled biscuit after.

The next morning, as we sat at an equally good breakfast, I saw a fustian-clad groom arrive on a horse at exercise, and presently a note was brought in, which my host, after persuing, presented to me with a smile, saying "This refers to you." Thus it ran:—

"Dear Jones: Have you seen anything of Mr Scott of Hawbuck Grange. He promised to come to me yesterday, and has never cast up. —Yours truly Jones Jenkins."

"Good God, aint I at Mr Jones Jenkins' now?" exclaimed I.

"Why, no," replied he, laughing, "my name is Jenkins Jones, his is Jones Jenkins. I saw you had made the common mistake last night when you came, but was not going to deprive myself of the pleasure of your society by telling you."

"You are extremely kind, I'm sure," replied I, "I *did* think when I saw you, that your hair had got darker, but I attributed it to the shade of the lamp, or to not having seen you with your hat off.

"Oh, I assure you, it's nothing uncommon," replied, my friend, "nothing uncommon at all; we get each other's letters and parcels, and papers, and all sorts of things. A Frenchman brought a bill for a musical clock here the other day, and insisted upon my paying it. It was directed to a Monsieur Jones Jenkins. In vain I protested that my name was Jenkins Jones."

"Vel, sare," said he, "it shall be all de same—dey have jost put de Jones before de Jenkins; you are de man."

"Nonsense," said I, sporting the old joke, "there's just as much difference between Mr Jenkins Jones and Mr Jones Jenkins, as there is between a chestnut horse and a horse chestnut."

P. S. The occasional changing from the "I" to the "we" in these papers having been objected to, and attributed to carelessness, the writer begs to say that he does it to avoid the monotony of constant "I"-ing. Authors are allowed to adopt the plural; but as a constant use of it in sporting writing would frequently have the effect of putting two men on one horse, the writer is obliged to vary his terms as best he can. Respect for his readers makes him anxious to say that it does not arise from "carelessness."

*Bell's Life in London.*



## ENGLISH SPORTS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

## SHOOTING.

" Delightful task. . . .  
And teach the young idea to *shoot*."

Next to hunting I should place shooting, which is not only a most delightful and exciting recreation, but one which tends greatly to keep the body free from those "ills that human flesh is heir to." I could quote a hundred authorities, ancient and modern, to bear me out in my assertion; but as all my sporting readers will, I have no doubt, feel the truth of what I have stated, I shall at once proceed to my task of entering upon a subject that has so often and so ably been written upon—the "noble science" of the gun.

September is now ushered in, and the "gunner" prepares for the field. His "Manton" is got ready; and, like an anxious schoolboy, he counts the hours until the first of the month arrives, when he may commence his all-absorbing sport.

With regard to game, it may always be remarked that when the season is dry in May and June there will be an abundance of birds; while, on the contrary, heavy rain during the period of laying will addle or chill their eggs. If the weather keeps fine until about ten days after incubation, the chick becomes formed, and is not so easily annihilated. The same observations may also apply to the pheasant. The propagation of the hare, to a certain extent, is not affected by the weather as with winged game. With regard to the fox, there can be no doubt that were it not for the game *preservers*—who, unfortunately, too often may be termed "vulpicides"—there would always be a plentiful supply of this gallant animal; for taking an average of sixty brace of foxes killed by each pack throughout England, it would only require a dozen vixens to keep up the breed. Less than four cubs are seldom produced, sometimes more. With a good understanding, however, between the foxhunter and the pheasant-shooter, each may indulge in his respective sports; and I sincerely hope that every feeling of jealousy will give way in both their breasts, and that but one sentiment will remain there—that of a wish to promote sport in all its branches. But to our immediate subject, which I shall commence with a few practical hints.

Every man has a peculiar way of bringing his gun up to his shoulder, and of taking aim; and each follows his own fancy with regard to the length of his stock. I shall therefore pass over this part of the subject, and proceed to lay down certain principles for shooting, which do not depend upon the whim of the sportsman. Those who are well experienced in the field, know that it is more usual to shoot below the mark than above it; great care, therefore, must be taken in elevating the muz-

zle to a proper height, so as to cover well the bird ; and in a cross shot whether it be flying or running, you must take aim before the object, or you will inevitably miss it if on the wing ; and if a rabbit or hare, you will probably only graze its buttocks. Due allowance, however, must be made for the distance of the object at the time of firing ; for instance, should a pheasant, partridge, quail, woodcock, or wild duck fly across at some thirty or five-and-thirty paces, it will be sufficient to take aim at the head ; whereas should the game be some fifty or sixty paces distant, at least half a foot a head is necessary. The same system should be adopted in shooting at a hare or rabbit when running in a cross direction, due allowance being made for the distance and pace. If a hare runs in a straight line, you should take your aim between the ears, or you may hardly reckon upon *killing clean*, and always bear in mind that *that* ought to be the first object of a true sportsman. If you fire at random, breaking the wing of a partridge or the thigh of a hare, be assured that you will not only be denounced as a thorough-bred cockney, a regular “muff,” but will probably never again be invited to shoot over your friend’s preserves. Many will spin you wonderful yarns of the number of paces at which they have shot game, and I do not deny that I have seen hares and birds killed at almost incredible distances ; but, remember, they are the exceptions to the rules ; and it will be generally found that some chance shot has struck a vital part, while the charge itself has been scattered to the winds.

In order to acquire the art of shooting flying, many tyros commence with practising at swallows, and perhaps it assists the young beginner in getting his gun up handy to his eye. Still the flight of these birds is so irregular and so unlike that of game, that I should almost advise pigeons or sparrows from traps in preference. With the latter it will be as well to affix a small piece of white paper round their necks, which will not only cause them to fly less rapid and more regular, but will also give a better aim to the aspiring gunner. Let some four or five of these birds be put into traps, and let the budding sportsman walk up to them not knowing from which his *game* is to rise, and it will teach him not only to be quick, but to get *his hand and eye in*. After a few lessons of this sort, a quiet morning with a steady gamekeeper, at actual game, is necessary, for nothing but practice can get over the flurry which the beginner invariably experiences at the rising of a covey, or the whirring noise of the pheasant. Then let him bring all his theory to bear ; which added to constant practice, will soon make the learner an accomplished shot. When he is sufficiently advanced to shoot in company, let him remember the following golden rules :—Never take a shot from your neighbour ; although, should he be a bungler, be always prepared with a barrel to give the *coup de grace*. Never walk with the muzzle of your gun pointed except towards the ground or to the sky. Always uncock your weapon in crossing a ditch, or getting through a fence, or over a gate. After firing one barrel, never fail to ram down the other, as the charge may have got loose. Never load one barrel with the other cocked, or the ramrod down it. In cover shooting be particularly careful to ascertain where your companions, beaters, and dogs are, so as not to mistake them for game. Always unload your own gun, or see it done yourself. Keep

your powder and copper caps dry. Never put your hand or arm over the muzzle of a gun, or lean over it. Never blow into the barrel of a gun; and always treat it as if it was loaded, for no sooner does an accident take place than the first exclamation is, "I had no idea it was loaded." Never take a loaded gun into a house: I remember hearing of one of Lord Anglesey's brothers walking across the hall, at Goodwood, with both barrels loaded, and the cocks down; in a second, without any apparant reason, both went off, and might have caused considerable havock; fortunately no one was in the hall at the time. Be particularly careful where you keep your powder, for housemaids and children will poke their noses into cupboards and drawers with lighted candles. Never fire near a hayrick or any out-buildings. Whenever you come to a difficult pass, such as a large ditch, stiff fence, high gate, stone wall, or very thick cover, take off your copper caps. In the event of your ramrod sticking fast in your gun, do not allow a *clod* to try to extract it with his teeth, but having removed the cap, force the ramrod home by knocking the end of it against a tree. To these I will add two maxims, the one from Hawker, the other from Daniel. The Colonel thus writes:—"Never suffer a gun at any time to be held for a moment so as to be likely to come in the direction of either man or beast." And the author of "Field Sports" gives the following excellent advice:—"In shooting with a stranger, who perhaps keeps his gun cocked, and muzzles usually pointed to the left, plead for the right hand station, and urge that you cannot hit a bird flying to the left: with a gamekeeper take the right hand without ceremony."

In an *open* country give me the pointer; in a *covert* one the setter would best answer my views; and were I confined to one class, I should select the latter as being generally the most useful "dogs of all work." In using the setter it must always be borne in mind, that there must be plenty of water in the country, for without that he will scarcely get through a good day's work. With regard to your gun, there are so many good makers in the present day that I scarcely know to whom to yield the palm. Manton, Egg, Moore, Lancaster, Nork, Purdy, and last, not least in my estimation, Westley Richards, are all first-rate workmen. If money was of no object, perhaps I should be disposed to patronize the first of the names I have given; whereas if economy was the order of the day, then give me the latter, who, through his agent, Mr Bishop, of Bond-street, will turn out as good a weapon as sportsman ever handled.

Having now slightly touched upon dogs, guns, and the best manner of handling the latter, I shall proceed to offer a few remarks upon the different sorts of shooting that can be enjoyed in our sea-girt island.

Letter A, No. 1, then, is woodcock shooting, which has been most aptly called the fox-hunting of the trigger; and certainly there are few more exciting sports than a day with the long "bills." The eagerness of your pursuit after this migratory bird, the exhilarating cry of "mark a cock!" the hope that if you chance to miss, he may be marked down again, the babbling of the spaniels when again upon his haunt, the care with which you take your second shot, and your triumph in bagging your trophy, are most gratifying to the heart of a true sportsman, and remind

him not a little of a good day with the hounds. There is a similarity of feeling in the anxiety with which you listen for a find, the joyous cry of "gone away!" the hope that when you come to a check the hounds will shortly again get on the scent, the tuneful cry of "tally-ho!" and last, not least, your triumph in being in at the death. In open weather, then, give me a stud of twelve good hunters in the Warwickshire country or Vale of Berkeley, and when "icicles hang by the wall" let me *migrate* to Benudersert, Staffordshire, the hospitable seat of the truly noble and gallant Anglesey; where can be had the very finest woodcock shooting in England, with the additional advantage of having moors, and preserves full of black game, pheasants, and hares.

The woodcock usually arrives in England about the latter end of October. The time, however, in different seasons is more or less advanced or retarded, according to the wind and weather at the beginning of the autumn. East and north-east winds, especially when accompanied by fogs, bring these birds of passage over in the greatest numbers. At their arrival in this country, on the first flight, they drop anywhere, as well under high-trees as in hedge-rows, coppices, heath, and brambles; afterwards they take up their abode in coppices of nine or ten years' growth, and sometimes in those little shaws which, having been cut, are left to grow for timber. It is seldom that a woodcock is found in a young plantation. By taking up their abode, I must not be understood to mean that they remain in the same wood during the winter, for they seldom continue more than twelve or fourteen days in one place. Woodcocks stay here generally until the middle of March, although their departure, like their arrival, depends much upon the state of the weather. This bird rises heavily from the ground, and makes a considerable noise with his wings. When he is found in a hedge-row, or at the skirts of a wood, he frequently only skims the ground, and then his flight not being rapid, he is easily shot; but when he is sprung in a large wood, where he must clear the tops of the trees before he can take a horizontal flight, he sometimes rises very high, and with great rapidity: in this case he is a difficult bird to get at, from the turnings and twistings which he is obliged to make in order to pass between the trees.

There is a species of spaniel which is used in this sport, which gives tongue when the cock springs, or when he gets upon his haunt. These dogs are of a middling size, short legs, and very strong. They must be hardy, able to bear strong work, disposed to go into cover freely, to hunt briskly, and yet go very slow when upon scent. Two or three brace of spaniels, well broken, may be used together—and they will find ample work in a large wood on thick cover. In this sport, it is essential to have a good marker: with his assistance, if the wood is small, it will be difficult for a cock to escape; for it is a well-known fact, that he will frequently allow himself to be sprung, and even shot at, four or five times before he will leave the wood to go to an adjoining one or to a hedge-row. During the daytime the woodcock remains in those parts of the wood where there are void spaces or glades, picking up earthworms and grubs from the fallen leaves; in the evening he goes to drink and wash his bill at the pools and springs, returning at break of day to his "sylvan retreat."

In the narrow passes and openings that, by their direction, lead from the woods to the waters, nets are spread to take the woodcocks in their morning and evening flights. The best time for making a bag is early in the morning, after a bright moonlight night.

Grouse are found in some parts of the northern counties of England, and also in parts of Wales, but they are not now very numerous in either of these countries. In Scotland they are "plentiful as blackberries," and a tolerably good shot may bag from twenty or thirty brace a day during the first three weeks of the season. The size of the grouse exceeds that of the partridge, and the weight is about nineteen ounces. These birds feed principally upon the black and red wortleberries, but they also eat the common heath-berries. The grouse inhabit those mountains and moors which are covered with heather, seldom descending to the lower grounds. They usually fly in packs of four or five brace, and generally frequent mossy places, especially in the middle of the day, when the weather is warm. The old cock is known by the *chocking* noise he makes; and when the dogs point at a brood, he is generally the first on the wing; but, as grouse-shooting is similar in all its operations to that of partridge-shooting, it is unnecessary to enter more fully upon the subject: suffice it to say, it is one of the finest amusements the keen sportsman can enjoy. One word upon packing grouse; for it too often happens that "a present from the Highlands" is a rather *mortifying* affair. The moment the bird is shot, he ought to be wiped perfectly dry before he is put in the game-bag; upon reaching home he ought to be placed for a few moments before a small fire, thus to complete the work of drying; he ought then to be wrapped up in a piece of coarse brown paper or heather, and be immediately despatched in his deal box for the south.

Snipes visit this country in the autumn, and remain until the spring. It is generally believed that they return into Germany and Switzerland to breed; a great number, however, remain in "merrie old England" during the summer, and breed in the marshes. Snipes always fly against the wind, and, to the inexperienced sportsman, are difficult to kill, on account of their numerous turnings and twistings; but if the "gunner" does not get flurried, and takes his time, he will find that these birds are easy to bag, as they will fall with the slightest portion of the charge of shot. When the frost sets in, snipes are to be found in great plenty in those places where the water lies open: from the nature of their bills they cannot feed in hard and strong ground, and therefore always select soft and muddy spots.

Perhaps, after woodcock and snipe-shooting, there is no "gunning," as the yankees call it, to be compared to that of wild-fowl. The great difficulty of getting at your birds constituted the pleasure to the true English sportsman of the olden time, I allude not to the one of the present day, who, since the introduction of the *battue* system, has his game driven up to him, and destroys them very much after the fashion of shooting tame barn-door fowl. Give me the walk through the stubble after the partridge, or through the gorse or closely-wooded cover after the pheasant, or the ankle-deep in the marshes after the snipe and wild-duck. A few hours of such labour sweetens the pleasures; and I

leave the idle, pampered sportsman to enjoy the gratification of shooting for *book*, often blowing to pieces every hare and pheasant that comes within a few yards of *one* of his numerous murderous weapons, regardless of everything so long as the diary records the *quantity*, not the quality, of his day's sport. But, to the wild duck, windy weather—a north-easter—is always most favourable for shooting them, as the noise made by the rustling of the trees and movements of the reeds and rushes prevents your approach being heard. Your dog should be a first-rate water-spaniel, one who knows his duty well, and who takes to the liquid element kindly, as winged teal and ducks are difficult to retrieve, owing to their diving.

Wild-ducks are birds of passage, and arrive here in great flights from the northern countries in the beginning of winter. Many of them, however, remain in our marshes and fens during the whole year, and breed there. They pair in spring, and lay from ten to fifteen eggs. The duck usually constructs her nest at the edge of the water, upon an elevated tuft of rushes, and begins to lay in March and April; her incubation is about a month, so that the young ones are generally hatched in May. Their wings grow so slowly that it takes three months before they can use them with proper effect. In the beginning of autumn the pools are frequented by teams of wild-ducks, and the best method of shooting them is from a boat. The sportsman must be careful to make as little noise as possible, for the ducks will often, having flown up, merely make a circle, return in a little time, and again alight upon the pool. In winter, during the frosty weather, you may watch them in the dusk of the evening, at the margins of the water where they come to feed, and when the pools are frozen over you must select a spot where the ice is broken, and you will be certain to fall in with no inconsiderable quantity of this web-footed race.

The proper site for a decoy is a large piece of water, surrounded with wood, and beyond which a marshy and uncultivated country; for if it is not thus protected, the wildfowl will soon be driven from their quiet haunt during the day by the noise and tumult of the busy country world. As soon as the evening sets in, the decoy rises, and the birds feed through the night. The decoy ducks are fed with hempseed, which is thrown over the skreens in small quantities, to bring them forward into the pipes or canals, and to tempt the wildfowl to follow, as the seed is light enough to float. There are several *pipes*, as they are called, which lead up a narrow ditch, that terminates with a funnel net. Over these pipes, which grow narrower from their first entrance, is a continued arch of netting, suspended on hoops. It is necessary to have a pipe for almost every wind that can blow, as upon this depends which one the wildfowl will take to; and the decoy man must always keep to the leeward, for fear the fine nostril of the bird should scent him out. Along each pipe are placed, at certain intervals, skreens made of reeds, which are so situated that it is impossible the wildfowls should see the decoy man before they have passed towards the end of the pipe, where the net is placed. The inducement to the wildfowl to go up one of these pipes is, because the decoy ducks thus trained lead the way: no sooner do they approach the net than the aquatic *Fagan*, that king of artful dodgers, dives under water, leaving his

victim to be easily caught. It often, however, happens that the wildfowl will not follow the decoy ducks in "taking their pipe;" and then use is made of a well-trained dog, who passes backwards and forwards between the red-screens, in which are small poles, for the decoy man to see and the dog to pass through; this attracts the eye of the wildfowl, who advance to drive the contemptible-looking quadruped away. The dog, in the meantime, draws nearer and nearer to the net, when the decoy man, showing himself in rear of the wildfowl, leaves them no alternative but to rush into the meshes spread for them. Sometimes the dog will not attract their attention without having a gaudy red Bandana thrown round his throat. The season for catching fowl in decoys is from the latter end of October until February. The Lincolnshire decoys principally supply the London markets; there is a splendid one near Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire, the property of Earl Fitzhardinge, and the ducks caught there are very superior to any others taken in England.

### COURSING.

"Thy greyhounds are as swift as breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roc."—*Introduction to TAMING OF THE SHREW.*

Among the dogs which attended our ancestors to the chase, none seem to have been so highly prized as the greyhounds. They were, indeed, the favourite species during the middle ages. When a nobleman travelled he never went without these dogs: the hawk he bore upon his hand, and the greyhounds, which ran before him, were certain testimonies of his rank; and, in ancient rolls, payments appear to have been often made in these valuable animals. They were chiefly useful in the pursuits of the hart, stag, and roebuck. Dr. Caius, the able assistant of Buffon, tells us the leporarius, or greyhound, takes its name *quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes*, the first in rank among dogs. And that it was formerly esteemed so, appears from the forest laws of King Canute, enacted, that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a greyhound. And still more strongly from an old Welsh saying, "*Weth ei Waleh ei Earch a'i adwaener Bowbeddig*," which, for the benefit of English country gentlemen, we translate: "You may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound." Froissart tells an anecdote which does not reflect much credit upon the fidelity of this dog; for when Richard the Second was taken in Flint Castle, his favourite greyhound deserted him, and fawned on his rival, Bolingbroke. The greyhound, according to an ancient authority (Wynkyn de Werde, 1496) ought to answer the following description:—

"Headed like a snake,  
And neckyd like a drake,  
Footyd like a cat,  
Tayled like a ratte,  
Syded like a teme,  
And chyned like a breene."

The greyhound is mentioned at a very early period in our history, and no country gentleman in the time of the courtier-snubbing Dane, Canute, was ever seen abroad without his hawk on his hand and his greyhound by his side. Henry the Second, John, the three Edwards, Queen Elizabeth (in whose reign the laws of coursing were established by the Duke of Norfolk), and Charles the First, were all devoted to greyhounds. The Isle of Dogs, now converted to purposes of commerce, derived its name from being the place where the spaniels and greyhounds of Edward the Third were kept: and this locality was selected as being contiguous to Waltham and other Royal forests in Essex, where his Majesty proceeded to from his sporting and hunting quarters at Greenwich, in pursuit of woodcock shooting and red deer coursing.

The story of the faithful Gélert, the favourite greyhound of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, is well known to most of my readers. What a graphic description the writer of the ballad (William Spencer) gives of the "hound smeared with gore," of the "frantic father plunging his vengeful sword in Gélert's side," then his remorse after finding his "cherub boy" unhurt by the side of a great wolf "tremendous still in death"—

" Ah ! what was then Llewellyn's pain !

For now the truth was clear :

The gallant hound the wolf had slain

To save Llewellyn's heir."

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the virgin Queen was not herself disposed to take an active part in the pleasures of the chase, she usually stationed herself at the window to see the deer coursed with greyhounds. At Cowdray, Sussex, the present seat of Lord Egmon, formerly the property of Lord Montecute, the Queen witnessed from a turret "sixteen bucks, all having fayre lawe, pulled down with greyhounds."

In ancient times the coursing of deer was divided into two parts—the paddock, and forest. For the former a brace of greyhounds only were used, with a mongrel, whose business it was to drive the deer, before the greyhounds were slipped. The paddock was usually a piece of ground paved in within a park, about a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth. At the farther end the spectators took up their station, while at the starting-post were houses for the dogs, and pens for the deer. The course was duly marked, and posts were placed at certain distances—the first, called the "Law Post," was one hundred and sixty yards from home—at the quarter, and half mile came the "Pinching Post," and then the "Ditch," made to receive the deer, and save them from their pursuers. The articles of coursing were as follow:—"The dogs who are to run the match will be led into the dog-house, and be delivered to the keepers, who are to see them fairly slipt. The owners will draw lots for places. The dog-house door will then be shut, and the deer will be turned out; after about twenty yards' law, the mongrel will be let loose to hunt the deer forward, who when he passed the law-post, the greyhounds will be slipped. If the deer swerves before he gets to the pinching-post, so that his head is judged to be nearer the dog-house than the ditch, the match will



be off, and will be run again three days after. But if there is no such swerve, and the deer runs straight beyond the pinching-post, then the dog which is nearest the deer (should he swerve) gains the contest; if no swerve happens, then the dog which first leaps the ditch shall be the victor. In coursing deer in the forest two ways were adopted: the one from cover to cover, and the other upon the open green sward. In the first, some hounds were used to make the deer break cover, while the greyhounds were slipped when he got out on the open. A relay of greyhounds were often used when the deer broke cover at too great a distance for one brace; while, on the other hand, if the "poor sequestered stag" was not of a proper age or size, he was allowed to escape scot free, or rather was permitted to live, so that he might be hunted upon another day. In coursing upon the green sward, the keeper selected a deer, which he lodged for that purpose: and the distance given the greyhounds depended mainly upon the merits and demerits of the respective animals.

The English greyhound of the present day differs greatly from the wolf-dog of former times. He no longer possesses the ferocity of that race, but has become gentle and passive. Still he comes up to that description given by the great Magician of the North:—

"Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?

O'erholt or hill there never flew,

From leash or slip there never sprang,

More fleet of foot or sure of fang."

Some years ago the Earl of Orford, who looked upon the present breed of greyhounds as deficient in game and perseverance, crossed one of his favourite bitches with a bull-dog. The female whelps were then put to some of his fleetest greyhounds; the result was, that after a certain number of generations all trace of the bull-dog was lost except his courage. This cross is now universally adopted; and although the noble lord was not a little *bull-ied* at the time, for what was then considered a most irregular cross, he lived to see his plan adopted by all his coursing brethren. An ancestor of the noble lord's established the Swaffham Coursing Society in the year 1776, confining the numbers of members to the numbers of letters in the alphabet; and when any member died, or retired, his place was filled up by ballot. On the decease of the worthy founder, the members of the society unanimously agreed to purchase a silver cup, to be run for annually; and it was then intended to pass on from one to another, like the whip at Newmarket. This, however, was given up; and it was agreed that an annual cup should be purchased by the society to be run for in November.

For many years the pedigrees of the most celebrated greyhounds have been recorded with as much care as the best bred horses upon the turf. This originated with an ancestor of the present Lord Oxford's (the late Colonel Thornton), and Major Topham. Czarina, Jupiter, Claret, Snowball, Miller, Schoolboy, and Major were the property of the two last-mentioned sportsmen, and are entitled to some little notice. Czarina, bred by Lord Orford, and purchased after his lordship's decease by Colonel Thornton, with a view of improving the breed at Thornville Royal,

completely answered the purpose. She was the dam of Claret and young Czarina, both of whom challenged all Yorkshire, and won their matches. This bitch showed no signs of having any progeny until she had completed her thirteenth year, when she produced eight whelps by Jupiter, all of whom lived, and turned out most worthy scions of a dam who had won forty-seven matches, without ever having been beaten. Snowball and Major, two own brothers, by Claret out of a favourite bitch of Major Topham's, proved themselves superior dogs; Snowball won four cups (couples), and upwards of thirty matches, at Malton and upon the Yorkshire Wolds. He also beat the Scotch champion, Schoolboy, bred by Sir Charles Bunbury, and won a great number of matches at Newmarket. The Miller, who at nine months old was so heavy, clumsy, and unpromising, that no thoughts were entertained of ever bringing him into the field, proved the truth of the old adage, "that a bad beginning often makes a good ending," for he won seventy-four successive matches without having been once beaten. But we have not time or space to enumerate the prowess of the greyhounds of the present period or by gone days; suffice it to say that the breed has not degenerated, and that coursing is now as popular as it ever was; and sincerely do we hope to see the time when every farmer, freed from the fetters that now encumber him by the withdrawal of that protection which he had a right to expect would be continued to native industry, will be enabled to keep his greyhounds and "his bit of blood," and devote his leisure hours to that manly and exhilarating sport—second alone to hunting—coursing. If hares are looked upon as enemies to the former, let the latter have at least the amusement and satisfaction of hunting them down.

Among the most distinguished patrons of coursing may be mentioned the names of the late Duke of Gordon, Lords Orford, Craven, and Rivers, Sir H. P. Dudley, the present Lord Stradbroke, the late Colonel Thornton, and Major Topham. Lord Orford may literally be said to have possessed "the ruling passion strong in death," for on the morning that his lordship's favourite bitch, Czarina, who had started forty-seven times and had always proved victorious, was matched in a heavy stake, the noble patient eluded the care of his medical adviser, and appeared on the course. The greyhounds were in the slips, the owner of Czarina was all anxiety: again was she successful; but at the moment that this fresh honour was heaped upon her, her kind, though eccentric master, fell from his pony, and, pitching upon his head, was killed. The late Lord Rivers's kennels at Strathfieldsaye were the finest in England, and at one time his lordship carried off every prize: but breeding too much in-and-in, and looking for speed more than stoutness during the latter years of the noble lord's life, his greyhounds often suffered defeat.

There is an old saying, that handsome children seldom grow up beauties; and this remark may be applied to greyhounds, for the raw-boned, lean, loose-made, and unseemly whelps in every joint, usually turn out the best-shaped dogs; whereas those that after three or four months appear round and well-proportioned, are not worth bringing up, as they seldom were either useful or ornamental, swift or comely. It is also generally believed that the female turns out more speedy than the male. At two

years old the greyhound is full-grown, and ought to possess the following points: a fine skin, thin hair, long lean head, sharp nose, a full, clear eye, large eyelids, small ears, a long neck, broad breast, body not too long, back straight and square, with a rising in the middle, little belly, broad shoulders, round ribs, strong stern, a round foot with large clefts, and his fore-legs straighter and shorter than his hinder. This prose description will be found quite to come up to the old poetical lines we have quoted at the commencement of this paper, and which proves that sportsmen have, in every age, agreed as to the quality of the dog we have thus briefly alluded to.

Coursing is one of the earliest of field sports in which we were initiated—we still keep up the editorial *we*—and never shall we forget the day when, mounted upon my pony “King Pepin,” we accompanied farmer H——, a great lover of the leash, over the Southdown-hills to enjoy a day with his greyhounds. It was during the holidays that this, at least to me, important event took place; need I say that I hardly closed my eyes during the previous night? At daylight I started from my bed, looked out to see whether the morning was fair or frosty. Then with what haste did I deck myself out in my new corduroy breeches, my well-cleaned top-boots, my velvet shooting-jacket! and, after eating a hasty meal, ran down to the stable to see that my pony was well. There, to my great delight, I found the worthy farmer in attendance with Hero, Hector, Hebe, and Hellespont, and two or three other brace of as fine greyhounds as ever were seen.

“Good morning,” said the kind-hearted tiller of the soil. “I’m happy to see you are not an idle, lazy lie-in-bed. We shall have glorious sport to-day.”

After running this kind greeting, I led “King Pepin” out, mounted him, and proceeded to the South Downs. With what delight did I witness the *first* course. Never shall I forget the excitement—the gallop down the hills I now scarcely dare crawl along; the fences I flew over, and which now I should crane at! Even now I can conjure up to my mind’s eye that day: I see Hellespont and Hector dashing gallantly through brakes and bushes; with what fire and resoluteness does the latter take a smuse after the timid hare! See how poor puss turns and doubles, and evades her swift pursuer. Now Hellespont gives the Trojan the go-by, and draws the flock from the hare. A thicket is in view; the hunted animal shortens her stride, and is about to make a sudden spring, when Hector strikes at her, and in a second he has secured his prey.

Strange it is, that while all the ingenuity of man has been exercised in bringing the breed of greyhounds to the greatest perfection, so as to acquire speed, courage, and resolution, and every experiment has been tried to train and break-in the dogs, the hare, left to nature, continues to beat the greyhound single-handed. There are exceptions to every rule, and I well recollect upon one occasion the following circumstance taking place not far from Stoke, Sussex, the property of the Duke of Richmond, the present residence of Sir Horace Seymour: a brace of hares were started by the finder exactly at the same moment, one taking to the right and the other to the left of the valley underneath Bow-hill. The grey-

hounds happened to be a little wide of each other, and in consequence each dog only saw one hare. Away they went gallantly after their respective game, and the field of sportsmen separated, following their favourite dogs. After a beautiful course, or, strictly speaking, two courses, the hares running very strong, both Luath and Loyal succeeded in killing their hares.

Although deer stalking ought properly to have a place to itself, yet as the dogs used in this sport of sports differ but little from the Irish or Scotch greyhounds, we shall briefly allude to it in this chapter. Deer-stalking in the Highlands has been so admirably described by Scrope, that I shall merely say it requires the greatest caution, patience, and perseverance; "a quick heye and a good hobsevation," as the thimble-riggers were wont to say, before the late Secretary of State for the Home Department annihilated their body; add to these a first-rate "Purdy" rifle, and a couple of Grampian deer-hounds, an intelligent forester, and in the forests of Athol, Marr, Ben Ornin, Gaullock, Glenfiddich, and Corrichbah, you may have as fine and exciting a day's amusement as is possible to be enjoyed by mortal man. It may here not be uninteresting to the novice to give a slight insight into the sport by laying before them a sketch of "a day with the deer" in the noble forest of Glen.

It was early in the morning of a bright October day that I was summoned by Duncan McAlister, to accompany him to a spot near the above-mentioned and far-famed forest. After some little delay a stag, attended by some does, was discovered by the aid of a glass at about a mile and a half distant; and the trusty forester, crawling upon all fours, made me a sign to follow him. For a good half hour did I, in breathless silence, creep after my guide, until I approached within one hundred yards of the noble animal. With what anxiety did I look along my rifle-barrel! with what a trepidating pulse did I pull the trigger! and with what stillness did I await the result of my shot! Until Duncan, jumping up, unslipped two splendid deer-hounds, and laid them on the spot, exclaiming, in the broadest Scotch dialect, that he never would cross the foaming torrent, that dashed from an eminence some little distance from where I stood. And true were the words of the forester: after a gallant run the wounded monarch of the woods fell a victim to the game and good training of Fang and Lutra; and after being broke, was borne off in triumph upon lusty shoulders of McAlister, and my gillie, Geordie Cameron.

The following account, which we lately fell in with in the "Inverness Courier," will point out the "wide awake" propensities of the red deer. These animals, says our authority, are uncommonly sagacious, and seem to employ the whole of their sagacity in inventing and adopting plans of self-preservation. Wherever a red deer is found, if his seat be carefully examined it will appear that it possesses a more commanding view than any other part of the surrounding scenery. If a deer travels in snow to his form, he gazes at and watches his own track with the greatest anxiety. If the wind blows from the direction of his pursuers, he will smell them at several miles' distance. If any of them are in a state of perspiration—no unlikely an event in a hot day in September—he will

detect them much further. It must have been frequently observed that almost every herd of red deer carries a young one along with it. The young one is the sentinel. He is placed on an eminence to watch, while the others browse beneath; and if he attempts to quit his post, the stags pursue and butt him with their horns until he resumes his watch. When the leading stag is perplexed with baffling winds, he works up the herd to a pitch of terror in a peculiar manner. He leaps from his form as if in extreme fright, scampers off, but soon returns, followed by the others. After a little, when no danger is apparent, they begin to browse, and the stag suddenly repeats his *ruse*. In this manner he convinces the herd that some danger threatens, and they all become watchful as so many lynxes. They also adopt this system in instructing their young. There is a perpendicular rock above the village Shieldaig, on the summit of which a stag selected his form. He lay with his flank towards the precipice, and commanded a view of the surrounding country, and did not seem in the least degree alarmed at the approach of the shepherd or his boy, or even the cutter-men; but if the gamekeeper entered the ground, he bounded away directly.

*Sporting Review.*

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## HORSE CAUSES.

*Ne quid falsi dicere audent, ne quid veri non audent.*—CICERO.

While gentlemen of the law with good reason denounce "horse causes" for their notorious disregard of truth and confiction of evidence, veterinary surgeons are not without reason for feeling dissatisfied at the lack of knowledge counsel are apt to betray on horse concerns in general. It is quite proverbial how little "doctors, parsons, and lawyers, know about horses;" on occasions, however, where actions at law come to be brought involving points altogether veterinary in their character, and dependent upon their issue mainly upon the shewing of advocates whose business it is to sift and explain these points, we do think that the functionaries of the law are in duty bound to enter court prepared for their work. It is all very well jokingly to talk about "the glorious uncertainty of the law;" but to a man who is impelled into its meshes through a conviction of the soundness and justice of his cause, what can be more galling than to find himself vanquished, not so much by the audacious and profligate character of the evidence opposed to him—for that is very apt to over-ride and defeat its own object—as by the lamentable want of knowledge of the true bearings of the case manifested by his legal representatives? Disappointed and vexed at the result, he leaves the court of law

muttering to himself—"I had gained more had I pleaded my own cause than by committing it to hands so superficially informed, so one-sidedly prepared on the subject.

The foregoing observations, suggested to us by the perusal of former horse-causes, have been revived in our mind by the one of *Collins v. Rodway*, an account of which appears in our Number for the present month—a trial involving decision upon a point of vast importance to the veterinary world, and one of which, for that reason, we have been at some pains to get the particulars. Nothing could be more masterly, a more clever and complete exposition of the law of the case, than Mr Jervis's "apprehension" that his Lordship (the Judge) would tell the jury, the question for their consideration was "Did Mr Rodway, in performing his duty as a farrier, bring to the performance of that duty, not by himself, for he is not the working hand who did it, but by the man who did the business for him—did he bring to bear *competent skill and reasonable care* in the performance of that duty?" Having done this, however, and made the most of his strong point of the law of the case, how little afterwards was he prepared to make of the veterinary part of the case!—"If he did," continues Mr Jervis, "from the mere accident which may arise from the *necessary liability* of a nail to turn, from, perhaps, *the uneasy way of a horse standing*, which may cause the accident, or other circumstances"—if he did, "from mere accident," prick the horse's foot, "for that Mr Rodway is not liable." Now this "mere accident" Mr Jervis might have proceeded to inform the jury was, from a variety of circumstances over which the smith had no control, *so liable to happen*, that the wonder was horses were not pricked a great deal oftener than they are; and further, that if veterinary surgeons or farriers are to be made liable for the consequences every time a horse is pricked, the sooner they shut up their forges the better. In cases of thin, weak, brittle, or defective crusts, of fleshiness of foot, of splitting of the point of the nail or aversion of it from its course by unnatural toughness or hardness of horn, of bending of the nail in the driving or while it is being clinched up, or else of some sudden start from fright or other cause the horse gives while being shod—we repeat, the cases in which failure may happen, *in the hands of the best and most careful workman*, being so various and many, the only wonder is that the accident of pricking is not a great deal more frequent than we find it to be. And if, we repeat, shoers of horses are to have actions at law brought against them every time an accident of the kind happens, the sooner veterinary surgeons and farriers form themselves into "societies protective" against such persecution the better. No proprietor of a forge can see a horse pricked by his men without feelings of vexation at the occurrence, hardly less in amount than any annoyance or disappointment the owner of the horse may experience; added to which, no doubt, he would feel every inclination to amend the grievance: at the same time, neither he nor his man can or ought to have *blame* imputed to him, seeing that the accident is one which no skill or foresight would have prevented.

Since the above was written we have received the following remarks on the case in question—of *Collins v. Rodway*—from a gentleman who

was present in court during the whole of the proceedings; and, excellent as they are, we gladly insert them as a corollary to our own comments:

In remarking on the trial of *Collins v. Rodway*, it is not a professional province to inquire into the equity or correctness of the points of law, nor of the soundness of the views of the Judge in the summing up, touching the mere law view of the case; but it certainly is within professional province to remark upon any circumstance which may bear directly on professional points; and in the course of the trial it was elicited that the veterinary surgeon, as such, does not stand very high either as to respectability or scientific knowledge, in the estimation of the gentlemen learned in the law. It is certainly not a subject for gratulation when scientific knowledge, which belongs to, and can only be given by, the veterinary surgeon, is sought to be obtained from mere shoeing smiths\*, or their apprentices: but even this is better than pursuing the same course with men of other trades or pursuits, altogether dissimilar. It may be urged that gentlemen at the bar are only pursuing the course for which they are employed; but this only palliates the impropriety; it does not remove it. What would be said if, in an action which involved injury to the foot of a man, and which arose from a presumed unfitness of a shoe or boot, we were endeavouring to ascertain the nature of the injury, its kind, duration, or symptoms, from a mere handicraft shoemaker or tailor? Would not such a course be scouted as the grossest impropriety? Yet, such was the course followed throughout this trial, and, indeed, is but too generally followed in what are called "*horse causes*." This, bad enough from the bar, was, in the present instance, made worse by the palpable manner in which the Judge, in the summing up, laid great stress upon the evidence of such men; and it was only by the more correct view which the Jury took of the real merits of the case which prevented the establishment of a precedent of the utmost importance to all those who may have shoeing establishments; for, let it but once appear that the shoeing of a horse may be made a pretext for an attempt to gain a sum in the form of damages—or what is more likely to occur, and which did occur in an instance but a short time since, of *extorting* a sum in the shape of compromise—and there will arise plenty of attorneys ready to undertake such causes for the sake of the costs, however unclean they may be, and plenty of sharpers ready to try the game in the form of intimidation: for, how few men are there who have inclination, even if they have the means, of standing litigation, which must assuredly, in the event of successful defence, entail very serious loss, not only of money, but of still more valua-

\* Mr ——— sworn and examined by Mr Humfrey.

Q. You are a veterinary surgeon?

A. I do practice, but I am not a member of the College.

Q. You are none the worse for that. You are a farrier?

A. Yes.

Q. You know how to shoe a horse, I suppose?

A. Yes, I expect I do.

ble time; to say nothing of the injury it would do to the individual's business generally by the slur thus cast upon his capability.

Whatever may be the cause which has produced this feeling against the scientific acquirements and respectability of the veterinary surgeon, its truth as affecting the body generally is but too often shewn, and it seems as if a fatality was hanging over the veterinary art; for no sooner has a step been gained towards placing it in a better position, than a series of discords spring up, marring any good previously gained. The dissensions which have of late been so rife can only have a tendency towards its increase: how, or by what means, the unfortunate position in which the profession now stands is to be raised to a better, need not be entered upon; but the first step, and without it all attempts will be in vain, is that of union and good fellowship amongst its members; and it certainly would be an important step if a Mutual Protection Association could be brought to bear.

How much soever Mr Rodway may be considered to be defending his own intention by carrying this action into court, still great praise is due to him for the manner in which it has been so successfully defended; and we must also thank a Jury who could take so fair a view of the real merits of the question, as to give a verdict in opposition to the tendency of the summing up of the Judge.

*Veterinarian.*

## COURT OF EXCHEQUER, GUILDHALL.

*Monday, December 15, 1845,*

BEFORE LORD CHIEF BARON POLLOCK AND A COMMON JURY.

COLLINS *v.* RODWAY.

Mr Humfrey, Q. C., and Mr James for the plaintiff; Mr Jervis, Q. C., and Mr Merewether conducted the defence.

This was an action brought to recover compensation in damages against the defendant, for negligence and unskilfulness in the shoeing two horses.

The plaintiff, who is an articulated lawyer's clerk kept or pretended to keep two ponies, which were sent to a forge carried on by the defendant for the purpose of shoeing horses with a shoe for which he has taken out a patent. From the evidence on the plaintiff's side it appears that the facts of the case were as follows:—

A grey pony-mare was sent to be shod on the 16th July, in the evening, after working hours, and was shod by the particular desire of the



plaintiff's father; that on the 17th she was driven in gig with two men in it to Barnet; and it was with great reluctance admitted that for *three miles* she went sound. Nothing was said about her lameness to the parties who had shod her until the 21st. On the 20th, however, the shoes were taken off by an apprentice-boy to a man named Beck, a rival farrier. After the feet had been cut about and poulticed, the pony was re-shod by Beck on the 26th, and afterwards worked. It appeared that subsequently she had been turned out for nine weeks, and was said to have been lame during the whole of this time; but no evidence was produced sufficient to prove this.

The other, a black entire pony, was sent to be shod on the 18th, the day after the grey was stated to have been found so injured by the shoeing. On the 21st the shoes were taken off by the farrier, Beck, and blood was said to follow the withdrawal of two of the nails. It was admitted that this pony's feet were very thin and bad, and that the action was very high. What was done to this pony did not appear, only that he had been under the care of Mr Field, but for what cause was not shewn, that gentleman not being called on to prove the nature of the malady for which, or at what period, he was placed under his care; and that he was sold for a small sum at Alridge's Repository some time in October.

It also appeared, that on the 21st July the plaintiff wrote to the defendant, stating that the ponies had both been lamed by the carelessness of the workmen in his employ, and that he should send them to be sold by auction immediately, and enter an action against (the-defendant) for the difference of value; but at the same time dropping a hint that a compromise might be better than exposure in a court of law: this not being acceded to, a writ of action was issued on the 27th, just ten days after the first pony had been shod.

A large number of witnesses were called in support of these charges, but amongst them not one veterinary surgeon or any one competent to give any proper information as to the nature of the injury or of the parts injured.

The allegation that the patent shoe was one likely to produce lameness by its application was, during the course of the trial, withdrawn by the plaintiff's counsel.

For the defence, it was contended that the ponies were not lamed by unskilful shoeing; that one was lame before it was shod, and the other was not lamed by the shoeing, but the lameness arose from other causes.

Mr Jervis, in the course of a very able speech (for the defence), put the real question in a very plain manner:—

“Now, gentlemen, in that state of things, I apprehend his lordship will tell you that there are two questions which will arise; in fact, one question only before we come to another part of the case, in the event of your deciding that against me, and that is this—Did Mr Rodway, in performing this duty as a farrier, bring to the performance of that duty—not by himself, for he is not the working hand who did it, but by the man who did the business for him—did he bring to bear *competent skill* and *reasonable care* in the performance of that duty? If he did from the mere accident which may arise from the necessary liability of a nail to

turn, from, perhaps, the uneasy way of a horse standing, which may cause the accident, or other circumstances—for that Mr Rodway is not liable; I say, he is bound to bring competent skill and reasonable care to bear, and that in the discharge of his duty, if he brings competent skill and reasonable care in proportion, the accident not being occasioned by his ignorance nor neglect, I apprehend that if that be so, the defendant will be entitled to your verdict.

“Now, gentlemen, first of all the question will be, Is there in the peculiar formation of this shoe any thing which would have caused an injury for which Mr Rodway would have been answerable? My answer to that is this, that the plaintiff knowingly took the horse to a shoer who used the patent shoe; he went to have the patent shoe applied; that patent shoe was at his selection to be used, and therefore that alone would dispose of that part of the objection.

“In trying this case, gentlemen, it is not a case against Mr Rodway only—it is not a case against every farrier only throughout the whole kingdom, if by accident a horse is picked—but it is an action against every tradesman who carried on business requiring skill; for, if applying reasonable skill you are to be liable in such a matter as this, I should like to see the position of a man who charges four shillings for shoeing a horse. Is he to be liable for the whole value of the horse, and fixed of the value of the horse? Really this is carrying the proposition too far—a proposition which, I trust, you will not adopt. But if you should adopt it, I do hope and trust you will think that very small damages will be a satisfaction; but I believe that you will be of opinion that there was no want of skill in the matter, and that the defendant is entitled to your verdict.”

Witnesses were then called in support of the defence.

And the Lord Chief Baron, in a long and critical summing up, made some remarks on the points of law affecting the matter in dispute:—

“This is an action brought against the defendant, who is a farrier, for unskillfulness in the shoeing of one and the other of these animals. Now, there are two counts in the declaration, and we have been trying, in fact, two causes, for each of those is a separate cause; and when you come to give your verdict, you will have to separate the one from the other, unless you should find a verdict altogether for the plaintiff upon all the counts, or altogether for the defendant.

“Now, gentlemen, the only rule of law that I feel it necessary to lay down upon the subject of right of action in this case is this,—that, if this operation has been performed unskillfully and improperly, no doubt the defendant is liable to the plaintiff for any mischief that may have resulted from such unskillfulness; but he is liable only to the extent to which mischief has been produced.

“Gentlemen, the rule I take to be this—that a person employed for any purpose must bring to the subject matter a reasonable skill and fitness, and he must exercise that reasonable skill and fitness with due and proper care. If he be deficient in the requisite skill

fulness, and in consequence of that the operation is performed in a bad and bungling manner, or if, having the requisite skilfulness, he fails it to bring it to act, he is liable for any mischief that results from that ; but I need hardly tell you that, an operation of this sort cannot be considered in the light of an insurance. If you apply to a surgeon or a medical man to cure you of any disorder, he is liable if there is any want of skill or proper care ; and I observed, that one of you, gentlemen, asked whether pricking a horse was a frequent accident. I think the answer to that immediate question was, that it was not, at all events, very unfrequent ; still that it may happen without any great degree of unskilfulness attaching to it. The operation must resemble that of shaving. If a man undertakes to shave another, he would not be responsible for every abrasion of the skin that the barber might make : it requires a degree of skilfulness and care, and it might be hardly possible to operate upon a certain person without something of that sort taking place ; and although an accident may happen, such as in this case, it may be that the foot\* of a horse was in such a state that it would be difficult to perform the operation of shoeing. Whenever that is the case, you would naturally expect some information given that there were those defects and difficulties, so that the farrier might be made acquainted of the risk he was exposing himself to. You will, therefore, have to judge whether you think there was any want of skill in the operation of shoeing these horses. I own it appears to me that I think it is impossible to doubt as to the fact that there was an actual pricking.

"With respect to the man's skill, he may have done it on this occasion, they coming upon him at night to insist upon the job being done at an irregular hour, he may have done it badly—that was partly suggested at one time. Gentlemen, I must say it appears to me, as a question of law, that that is no excuse. If you go to any place, and call in a surgeon or a farrier, or any person to perform any operation—if the time is inconvenient, and if the light be not sufficient, and if the occasion be not suitable—he is bound to say, 'I will not do it.' If he does it, unless, indeed, he distinctly and explicitly says, 'I do it at your urgent request, but I will not be responsible for the consequences.' Nothing of that sort appears to have come from him. On the contrary, though there may have been a remonstrance that the man came too late, yet it was done. It appears to me, in point of law, that if a person called upon at an unseasonable time, if he undertakes to do it without declaring he would not be responsible, he undertakes to do it with the same responsibility as he would do at any proper time.

"Now, with respect to the evidence that the mischief could not have continued down to the month of November, I do not think that that affects the question of the verdict, unless you think it shews that no pricking at all had done any mischief. The tendency of that evidence is to shew that the cause of the lameness, from July to November, was either from some other cause totally different, or that there was some other mismanagement."

Verdict for the defendant on both counts.

## EXCHEQUER.

*Monday, January 12, 1846 (Sittings in Banco.)*

[From "The Sun."]

COLLINS *v.* RODWAY.

This was an action on the case brought by the plaintiff, who was an attorney's clerk, to recover damages from the defendant for injuries done to a couple of horses while they were entrusted to the defendant for being shod. The case was tried before the Lord Chief Baron at the recent sittings, when evidence was adduced on the part of the plaintiff to prove that defendant had been guilty of gross negligence in shoeing two valuable horses\* of the plaintiff, and that considerable injury was inflicted upon the horses by such want of care and attention. Nevertheless, the Jury found a verdict for the defendant, and Mr Humfrey now moved for a rule *nisi* to shew cause why the verdict being against evidence should not be set aside, and a new trial had. Their lordships, however, all concurred in the opinion that the verdict was not at variance with the evidence, in so far as some of the witnesses protested that the injuries did not arise from a want of care and attention in the shoeing, but rather from a disease of long standing, from which they had been suffering before they came into the possession of the defendant.

The rule was therefore refused.

*Veterinarian.*

## THE RACING SEASON.

BY CRAVEN.

The winter of '46 and '47—unless the latter portion of it shall bring better things than we have any right to hope for—will have furnished as unsatisfactory results in all our hunting districts as the annals of the modern chase can parallel. The sport has every where as yet been short, and very generally undecisive. To be sure there have been some clippers here and there; but a few swallows don't make summer, neither a few bursts a hunting winter. There have, indeed, been a great many "brilliant runs" in the newspapers; but that's "another pair of shoes." It may be asked, what has this peroration to do with the thesis of my paper; and I should find it difficult to give any reason, save that perhaps the

\* These "valuable horses" were shewn in the course of the trial to be two ponies worth together less than £20, one costing £8 or £9, and the other was offered for sale for £10.

household logic was "in my mind's eye" which lays the "flattering unction" to our souls—"The worse luck now, the better next time." This other time, there are grounds for believing, may be the three latter quarters of this year of grace; its luck, the fruits of the turf. A considerable proportion of the influential stakes and races close their nominations on new-year's day annually. On their last anniversary one of the most goodly catalogues was published that has yet seen the light, on a similar subject. Moreover, the public money given as additions to several of the great cups and handicaps is of an amount hitherto unknown. The prosperity of racing, in short—if that noble national pastime be judiciously dealt with—is upon a footing to which it never previously has attained.

The subjoined remarks I wrote upon the appearance of the first calendar for the year; and they may appropriately be introduced here. The date was the commencement of the third week in January.

"The great increase in the funds applicable to the purposes of racing will bring about these practical results—independent of a vast amount of miscellaneous accessories—we shall have more meetings, and more horses to run at them. Now, as the season is already pretty well engaged, and extends to the remotest limits of the autumn, all that remains for it will be to begin earlier. Indeed, it does so already; and the manner in which the forces take the field at the commencement of the campaign is worth a slight notice at the present moment. Is the system of training the race-horse for the work now required of him convenient or consistent? This is a question that all who venture their money in backing animals should carefully consider. Should the condition of an animal on whose form large sums are depending be wholly contingent upon such a piece of pure chance-medley as an open winter in a climate like this? Last year three-fourths of the stock named for the stakes which closed on new-year's day were fit to run at the time of their nomination: in what state are the most precocious of the training stables just now? I only know one establishment of the kind in which provision is made for keeping horses in work independent of the weather, and that is at Lord Exeter's Lodge, at Newmarket, where there is a very picturesque covered ride, but of too limited space to be of any practical utility. One of Lord Exeter's trainers, indeed, told me it did his horses more harm than good; for, from its shape—a long oval, it taught them to shorten their stride. I understand that Isaac Day has something of the same sort, but still more confined, at North-leach. This will, no doubt, be speedily reformed. It will soon be discovered that a covered ride will pay as well as a covered rope-walk: demand, in this country, is certain to ensure supply. But here the premium for the backers of fields will not stop. Every day affords extended facilities for moving horses by railway, which enables trainers to bring them to the place of action, at the last moment, and fit to strip for their engagements, in lieu of taking their work for several days exposed to public canvass, not to say many a worse contingency. To a great degree this is the present position of those who make the moves in the great game of the turf. It is now competent for them to pop upon 'a blot,' as a hawk stoops upon a pigeon. Horses were, last season, summoned from their quarters by electric telegraph, when it was known, at the eleventh

hour, that the fields opposed to them would be weak. But our public cannot guard against such chances as these: what, then, must be their course?

"We are now getting fast on towards the first month of spring, and hardly a race-horse in Great Britain, probably, has gone farther than a walk on his straw bed would allow. There was, indeed, a little week or so verging into open weather, in which some of the *ultra*-industrious may have stolen a march, or a canter; but all was soon closed again to their hopes. We cannot, therefore, expect to see horses at the post for their early engagements in any advanced state of preparation. Some stable will be more generally fit than others, because they may be better situated and better managed; but, as a rule, horses will be brought out short of work. Now, then, experience and science must be the resources of the betting man who would have a pull of his neighbour. He will be very careful how he allows aged animals, gross feeders, or naturally inclined to make flesh fast, to be losers for him. These require no end of sweating and quick work, and not only that, but a long course of it. These cannot, this year—at least early in it—come out on terms with animals of light frames and delicate constitutions. The effect of form upon a race-horse's performances it cannot be necessary here to dilate upon. The contrivances for preparing it are not so generally understood. Two seasons back, it will be remembered how invincible the Goodwood stable was at the early meetings—Northampton, Croxton Park, and Bath were the arenas of its glory. It was frosty to a very late period in the winter of 1845. In consequence of a portion of his exercise-ground lying very favourably, Kent was enabled to keep his 'string' going when every other trainer had his 'tied up.' To keep his ground in perfect order, he used to cover it over with straw at night, and remove the layer when his horses were galloped in the morning. In this he was greatly assisted by the effect of the strong sunshine which prevailed during the day, while the freezing was confined to the night. This year it has been *vice versâ*, and it is 'no go' at Goodwood. Your ploughed gallop is 'a weak invention:' they say it enabled the Queen of 'Trumps to win the St. Leger; but I have little doubt it has helped many another good nag to throw away a chance."

CASTING forward to the summer sport, the first *point d'appui* is the Derby—such a Derby as regards its probable *matériel* as we have not yet had experience of. A positive multitude of horses may be said to be in training for it; at least they are appointed to their respective quarters, and will be applicable, should it be expedient to use them. So far the betting on that most popular of all schemes for speculation has not been of much account: the traffic at Tattersall's has found its way into new channels. There are now the Great Metropolitan Stakes, the Chester Cup, and several other races at the opening of the season, to divide the capital with the Great Surrey venture. The whole economy and market of the turf, in fact, is vastly extended. The Book Calendar for every year will henceforth be in two volumes; and, as the proprietors announce, "the Sheet Calendar will be published throughout the year more frequently than hitherto." Newmarket will, perhaps, remain, as refers to position, *in statu quo*—that is to say, where it is and has been for some sea-

sons. More racing there is not desirable: it would tend to enfeeble other meetings, and to crowd its own inconveniently. At the regal course, Ascot, we may anticipate a more brilliant tryst than that of '46. There sport, however, is certainly not the first consideration; for, except the Cup, it is not the fashion to bet much on any of its issues. And what of gallant Goodwood? So far as the calendar may be a criterion, its days of glory are far from numbered. For some more seasons, at all events, its great stakes are appropriately filled; and, come the worst, the progress of the popularity of racing will ensure it no small *éclat*. York is just returning to its pristine estate, and promises to be at least a generous rival of Doncaster, if not a dangerous one. And Doncaster—it must go on and prosper. The Leger is the best got-up betting race, for the time it is in the market, of any turf contrivance extant. It picks your pocket with all the adroitness and gentlemanly tact of a Barrington. You feel you must be done, because the Leger is almost universally a foregone conclusion, as far as relates to the betting lots. But nevertheless you wager: you go to the rooms, and are satisfied there is an out-and-out piece of sharp practice on the carpet; but you call your main. You *may* have luck, as they have sometimes who throw at hazard, but the *après* will beat Fortune; and in racing, particularly in the north country, the tables stand in place of the tables. Thus it will be seen, the subject of this our notice will apparently not be deficient in zest. There will be excitement enough for the most fastidious; this, too, independent, in a great degree, of that new racing *sauce piquante*—the handicap. I have not alluded to the places of sport made famous by that *modern* inventions of the enemy. The favour this system has acquired is, however, by no means of the ministered to in a proper fashion. And here, on the threshold of the season, I beseech the consideration of all the true friends of the turf to the method of its administration. Why is it anonymously got up? Why is it—past all peradventure—wretchedly got up, if not more infamously? I have not space or inclination to go into the details of the handicap, the weights for which have lately made their appearance. That they are “quite athwart all decorum,” any body with an eye to read, or an ear to hear the way the penalties are dealt out, must perceive. The time has come when the character and prosperity of the turf require that among its other efficient functionaries it should be supplied with public handicappers of known experience and integrity.

*Sporting Review for February.*

## GAMES OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

“Sacra recognoscas Annalibus erôta priscis ;  
 Et quo sit merito quæque notata dies.  
 Invenies illic et festa domestica vobis,  
 Sæpe tibi pater est sæpe legendus avus.”

*Ovid. Fast. lib. i. v. 7.*

During the republic it was the practice of the Roman magistrates and rulers to court the suffrages of the citizens by the frequent exhibition of shows ; it was the interest of the emperors to pacify and keep in subjection, by the same means, a people avowedly desiring nothing but bread and the public spectacles. The wealth of a conquered world enabled the imperial depots to gratify this propensity on the most magnificent scale ; and their subjects, therefore, had probably in exchange for their loss of liberty a greater share of festivals, exhibitions, and holidays, than any nation that ever existed. Truly they had sold their birth-right for a mess of pottage. They wanted, indeed, the regular sabbath of the Hebrews, but that deficiency had been supplied even from the times of Numa, by the division of their year, as noted upon the calendar, into days termed *fasti* and *nefasti*, in which the destination of each, either to labour or to the performance of religious sacrifices and solemnities, was permanently appointed. Additions to this list were constantly made by the pontiffs, in whose custody was deposited the sacred calendar, and who derived an important authority from the power thus vested in them ; since, by declaring a day to be lucky or unlucky they became, in some sort, the directors of public affairs, and arbiters of the Roman destiny. Such was the superstitution of the people, and so strictly was the observance of these pontifical decrees enjoined, that, besides a considerable fine, an expiatory sacrifice was imposed upon those who even through inattention had worked upon a holiday. To do so designedly and contumaciously was an irre-missible offence.

It is worthy of remark, as illustrating the general nature of human beings in a social and civilized state, that so far from their evincing any tendency to idleness and inactivity, their inclinations, under the influence of covetousness, ambition, or the more laudable impulses of inherent industry, dispose them to such unremitting exertions, that all legislators and founders of religion have been forced to establish regular holidays, and to compel their observance, not only by the sanctions of devotion, but by visiting their infraction with severe pains and penalties. To adjust the fitting balance between the days of labour and repose is no easy matter, since it must depend not only on the nature and extent of the toil to which the people are habitually subjected, but on climate, degrees of civilization, and other collateral circumstances : so that the regulations fit for one country may be very improper for another. From the books that remain to us of Ovid's *Fasti*, as well as from other sources, we shall have no difficulty in deciding that the holidays prescribed in the Roman



calendar were by far too numerous, and must have been detrimental to the best interests of the state. Their own religion was by no means deficient in festivals: in adopting the deities of the conquered nations they imported a new series of holidays. Reverence for their ancestors prompted them to observe many private commemorations, in which all pursuits of business were suspended: superstition prevented them from engaging in any undertaking on those days, which, being marked black in the calendar, were deemed unlucky; in time of war a twelvemonth rarely elapsed without a public triumph, which was always a period of public idleness; and thus a considerable portion of every year was consumed in religious ceremonies, or general and domestic festivals—a suspension of the people's labours, which was probably of little advantage to their morals, and must have been unquestionably injurious to their interests.

At a very early period we find the games of the Romans regulated with great order and method. Under the republic the consuls and pretors presided over the Circensian, Apollinarian, and Secular Games; the plebeian ediles, had the direction of the Plebeian Games; the curule ediles, or the pretor, superintended the festivals dedicated to Jupiter, Ceres, Apollo, Cybele, and the other chief gods. These latter celebrations, which continued during three days, were originally termed *Ludi Magni*; but upon the term being extended to four days by a decree of the senate, they took the name of *Ludi Maximi*. Games were instituted by the Romans, not only in honour of the celestial deities of all nations, but even to propitiate those who presided over the infernal regions; while the *Feralia* was a festival established in honour of deceased mortals. Thus were heaven, Tartarus, and the grave, all laid under contribution for holidays, by a religion which may be literally termed jovial, whether in the ancient or modern acceptance of that word. The *Feralia* continued for eleven days, during which the presents were carried to the graves of the dead, whose *manes*, it was universally believed, came and hovered, over their tombs, and feasted upon the provisions which had been placed there by the hand of piety and affection. It was also believed that during this period they enjoyed rest and liberty, and a suspension from their punishment in the infernal regions.

The Scenic Games adopted from those of Greece, consisted of tragedies, comedies, and satires, represented at the theatre in honour of Bacchus, Venus, and Apollo. To render these exhibitions more attractive to the common people, they were accompanied by rope-dancing, tumbling, and similar performances. Afterwards were introduced the pantomimes and buffoons, to which the Romans, like the degenerate Greeks, became so passionately attached, when the public taste and manners had become equally corrupt, that they superseded the more regular drama. There was no fixed time for these exhibitions, any more than for those amphitheatrical shows which were given by the consuls and emperors to acquire popularity, and which consisted in the combats of men and animals. So numerous, however, were the games of stated occurrence, that we can do no more than briefly recapitulate the names of the most celebrated.

The Actian Games, consecrated to Apollo in commemoration of the victory of Augustus over Mark Antony at Actium, were held every third or fifth year with great pomp in the Roman stadium, and consisted of gymnastic sports, musical competitions, and horse-racing. In the reign of Tiberius were established the *Ludi Augustales*, in honour of Augustus, the first representation of which was disturbed by the breaking out of the quarrel between the comedians and the buffoons, were rival factions so often subsequently embroiled the theatrical representations. Livia established, in honour of the same emperor, the Palatine Games, to which the Romans were perhaps more indebted than to any other, since their celebration afforded an opportunity for the destruction of the monster Caligula. The *Certamina Neronia* were literary competitions established by the tyrant from whom they were named, who affected to be a patron as well as an adept in all the liberal arts. Among other prizes there was one for music, by which we are to understand poetry, since we are expressly told by Suetonius that Nero himself won the crown of poetry and eloquence, none of his antagonists, probably, choosing to surpass so formidable an antagonist. Games upon various models were also founded in commemoration of Commodus, Adrian, Antoninus, and many other illustrious and infamous individuals; while all the leading and many of the subordinate deities in the mythological army of the pagans were honoured, at stated periods, by festivals and sacrifices so that one almost wonders how the people could snatch sufficient time from the great business of pleasure and the public shows, to attend to the diurnal cares and pursuits of life.

Besides these numerous festivities—for, though many of them professed to be religious ceremonies, they were essentially merry-makings and revels—there were the Secular Games, revived by Augustus, and celebrated only once in a hundred years. Every thing appertaining to these games was calculated to impress the superstitious mind with deep and solemn reverence. From the long interval between the celebrations, none could have seen them before, none could ever hope to behold them again. Slaves and strangers were excluded from any participation in this great national festival; the mystic sacrifices to Pluto and Proserpine, to the Fates and to the earth, were performed at night on the banks of the Tiber; the *Campus Martius*, which was illuminated with innumerable lamps and torches, resounded with music and dancing, and the temples with the choral hymns of youths and virgins imploring the gods to preserve the virtue, felicity, and the empire of the Roman people.\* While these supplications were tendered, the statues of the deities were placed on cushions, when they were served with the most exquisite dainties. During the three days of the festival three different pieces of music were performed, the scene being changed as well as the form of the entertainment. On the first the people assembled in the *Campus Martius*; on the second in the Capitol; the third upon Mount Palatine. A full and beau-

\* When the popish jubilees, the copy of the secular games, were invented by Boniface VIII., the crafty Pope pretended that he only revived an ancient institution.—See *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, Vol. i. chap. 7.

tiful description of these games is furnished by the *Carmen Sæculare* of Horace, who was appointed the laureate to celebrate their revival by Augustus, and whose Ode, like those of Pindar upon the Olympic Games, is all that now remains to us of the great and gorgeous spectacle that it commemorates.

When the Romans became masters of the world they accorded the right of stated public shows to such cities as required it; the names of which places are preserved in the Arundel marbles, and other ancient inscriptions. Games of all sorts—floral, funeral, Compitalian, and many others, as well as the numerous festivals in honour of deities, heroes, and men, were held in most of the provincial towns as well as in Rome itself; but as these closely resembled the religious ceremonies of the Greeks, from whom indeed they were chiefly borrowed; and as none of them equalled in celebrity or magnificence the Olympic Games, of which we have already given a description, we shall only now notice the amphitheatrical combats, which were exclusively practised by the Romans.

As superstition and cruelty seem to be inseparable, we find the ignorance of early paganism, and perhaps of all religions, except the Jewish and Christian, stained with the blood of human sacrifices, more especially in the funeral rites. Allusion has been made to the twelve noble Trojans thus slaughtered by Achilles, as recorded in Homer; in Virgil also, the pious Eneas sends his prisoners to Evander that they may be immolated upon the funeral pile of his son Pallas. The Greeks, however, becoming more humanized as civilization advanced, not only discarded these barbarous practices, but even in their public games gradually suffered all such as well of a cruel and perilous nature to fall into desuetude; thus exemplifying the dictum of Ovid, that the cultivation of the polite arts “*emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*” The Spartans, indeed, who retained the ferocious sport of the *cæstus*, after it had been interdicted by the other states, seem to have been in all ages the same heroical savages; not does it appear that time and comparative civilization ever extirpated, or even softened the blood-thirsty disposition, and utter disregard of human life that were inherent in the Roman character. At a very early period of their annals, we find them, in compliance with a Sibylline prediction, “that Gauls and Greeks should possess the city,” burying alive within the walls of Rome four persons, a man and a woman of each nation, in order that thus the prophecy might be fulfilled.\* Similar, or greater atrocities are of frequent occurrence, in the history of those sanguinary tormentors and butchers of the world, who appear to have been never happy unless they were shedding human blood in war, or slaughtering whole herds of animals as sacrifices to their gore-loving Gods. So invincible was this propensity, that when there was no foreign enemy on whom to wreck their brutal ferocity, they could even delight in civil war, and in witnessing the destruction of their fellow-citizens, of which a horrible example was afforded towards the commencement of the empire. The soldiers of Vespasian and those of Vitellius fought a murderous battle in the *Campus Martius*, and the people who beheld the

\* Plutarch, in vit. Marcell.

spectacle, alternately applauding the success of each party, gave themselves up to the extravagance of a barbarous joy.\*

That such a nation should be fierce and ruthless, even in their sports, was naturally to be expected; to the Romans accordingly belongs the disgrace, if not of inventing, at least of adopting, enlarging, and continuing, the gladiatorial and animal combats of the Amphitheatre. A superstitious conceit that the souls of deceased warriors delighted in human sacrifices, as if they were slain to satisfy their revenge, originated and gave a sort of religious sanction to this cruel custom, which often proved fatal to prisoners of war. But as the inhumanity of such massacres became recognised, combats of captives and slaves were substituted at the funeral games, a practice which led the way to the subsequent introduction of regular gladiators, exhibited not to appease the dead, but to amuse the living. Whether or not the Romans derived these cruel games from the ancient Etrurians, as some have maintained, they eagerly seized every opportunity for their exhibition, even upon occasions when such hideous spectacles would have been peculiarly repugnant to the feelings of any other people upon earth. "The gladiatory shows," says an old historian,† "were exhibited by the Romans, not only at their public meetings, and on their theatres, but they used them at their feasts also."—The first public spectacle of the sort has been assigned to the Varronian year, 490, when the two Bruti caused three couples of gladiators to combat together in the ox-market, in honour of their deceased father; from which period the multitude became so passionately attached to the sport, that the magistrates and others who were desirous of advancement in the state, began to have them celebrated at their own charge, often promising them beforehand as donatives for their election. In the earliest times these combats generally took place before the sepulchres; latterly they were celebrated in the squares or open places of the cities, in the surrounding porticoes of which the intercolumniations were purposely made larger, that the view of the spectators might be the less obstructed. In the time of Polybius, towards the sixth age of Rome, the gladiatory employment was reduced to a regular art, admitting great variety of arms and combatants, as well as different modes of engaging.

Combats of wild beasts were first exhibited in the 568th year of Rome, when Marcus Fulvius treated the people with a hunting of lions and panthers; but as luxury and riches increased, and the conquest of Africa and the East facilitated the supply of exotic animals, it soon became a contest with the ediles and others, who should evince the greatest magnificence in the Circensian games, and construct the most sumptuous amphitheatres for their display. Cæsar, however, surpassed all his predecessors in the funeral shows which he celebrated in memory of his father, for, not content with supplying the vases and all the apparatus of the theatre with silver, he caused the arena to be paved with silver plates; "so that," says Pliny, "wild beasts were for the first time seen walking

\* Tacitus, Hist. lib. iii. cap. 83.

† Nicholaus Damascenus. Others, however, maintain that upon the latter occasions the weapons were guarded, and the fights simulated, not real.

and fighting upon this precious metal." This excessive expense, on the part of Cæsar, was only commensurate with his ambition. Preceding ediles had simply sought the consulate; Cæsar aspired to empire, and was resolved, therefore, to eclipse all his competitors. Pompey the Great, on dedicating his theatre, produced, besides a rhinoceros and other strange beasts from Ethiopia, 500 lions, 410 tigers, and a number of elephants, who were attacked by African men, the hunting being continued during five days. Cæsar, after the termination of the civil wars, divided his hunting-games into five days also; in the first of which the camelopard was shown; at least 500 men on foot, and 300 on horseback were made to fight, together with twenty elephants, and an equal number more with turrets on their backs, defended by sixty men. As to the number of gladiators, he surpassed every thing that had been seen before, having produced, when edile, as Plutarch tells us, no less than 320 couples of human combatants.

*Smith's Festivals, Games, &c., Ancient and Modern.*

## THE DISEASES AND ACCIDENTS TO WHICH DOGS ARE LIABLE, AND THEIR CURES.

BY TROUNCER.

It may be remarked, that not one of the various improvements upon which modern sportsmen can congratulate themselves, has rendered greater benefit to the cause in general than the rapid advancement which veterinary surgery has made during the nineteenth century.

The horse, however, has almost entirely engrossed the whole of the attention of the profession, until within a short time; but during the last few years that most useful, interesting, and companionable animal, the dog, has gradually been creeping up into the notice of those professional men who practise in the metropolis; and if we may judge of what we read in the sporting periodicals, the rising generation of veterinary surgeons seem anxious, not only to make the diseases of the horse their study, but also to extend their exertions and inquiries to those maladies and accidents to which not only the canine race, but also all other domesticated animals are liable.

Amongst those men who profess to set up as dog doctors, we must admit that some are very successful, or as we might more properly term it, lucky, in their treatment of some of the diseases with which dogs are afflicted; but the generality are ignorant and uneducated men, who, by an indiscriminate and injudicious application, often ruin the credit of medicines

and processes, which in good hands might otherwise have succeeded to the utmost wishes of the most sanguine.

When a dog recovers from any dangerous disease or accident, it is generally attributed to the efficacy of the remedy, and to the great skill with which the medicine or application has been used; but nine times in ten the poor animal, if he could reflect within himself, and speak the real and stubborn truth, would tell us that it was his tough and invincible constitution, with which nature has gifted him, which has borne him through not only the trying effects of the disease, but also the still more dangerous consequences of cruelly misapplied nostrums and operations.

When compared with the horse, the dog is subject but to few maladies; this is, in a great measure, owing to the coldness of his temperament, the hardness of his constitution, and the great strength of his digestive powers. He is seldom attacked with inflammation although cases of inflammation of the bowels are sometimes to be met with. Inflammation of the eyes is the most common although not so frequent as one might expect, from the continual and laborious occupation which dogs of many descriptions are doomed to undergo when working in cover, and is seldom of so formidable a character as when that member meets with severe injury in the horse; till it is attended with much danger, and the total loss of the organ is sometimes the consequence of a puncture from a thorn, or a misaimed blow from the lash of a whip.

#### THE DISTEMPER,

which is the first disease to which dogs are generally subject, is in the opinion of all men, the most fatal that has ever discovered itself in the canine race. Thousands are annually swept off by this dreadful plague; and as it breaks out in so many various forms, the possibility of finding remedies to counteract it is far more difficult.

In the report of the Veterinary Medical Association for March, 1838, Mr Simonds, in expressing his congratulations at the prospect of the diseases of dogs becoming the subject of inquiry amongst the veterinarians of the present day, goes on to say that "distemper is primarily an affection of the schneiderian member; thence it is, in certain constitutions, transmitted to the lungs, and we have pncumonia in one of its various forms; sometimes to the intestines, and we have diarrhœa and dysentery; and sometimes by simple proximity, or through the medium of the ethmoidal processes, it attacks the brain, and we have epilepsy;" and very justly adds, "that it is clear that we have no specific for such a disease." There certainly is no specific for the distemper, and not unfrequently the very medicine which is given to one dog that recovers, when administered to another will cause instant death. I have tried numbers of remedies upon dogs of all ages and constitutions; many I have cured, or rather fancy I have cured, and hundreds I have seen sink under the disease, even when they have been attended with the strictest care and attention. Vaccination was considered, a few years since, as a preventive; but I have been credibly informed that the disciples of this foolish doctrine are daily on the decrease. The only trial I have ever given this remedy failed, as the puppies upon which I operated all sickened soon.

after and died. They were a litter of four spaniels, and were vaccinated under the flaps of the ear; the incisions inflamed and crusted over, but whether they were good and genuine cowpock pustules I was unable to determine. Numerous other sportsmen with whom I am acquainted have given vaccination a fair trial, but the results have been by no means satisfactory. When *very young* puppies are attacked with distemper, the only remedy is to administer gentle doses of castor oil, keep them *very clean*, and *moderately cool* and nature must do the rest. When puppies are grown to a larger size, other attempts may be made to effect a cure, but although I have tried many recipes which have been given to me with partial success, the only and best system to pursue is the following:—Be beforehand with the disease if you can; and upon the first symptoms, which is a dry cough or husk, attended with loss of appetite and great lassitude, bleed freely; but not after any discharge from the nose has shown itself. Then administer the following pills, each pill containing three grains of calomel; four grains of compound powder of antimony; half a drachm of camphor. This quantity is for a middling sized dog, but it must be either increased or diminished according to the size or age of the puppy suffering from the disease. Give one pill at night, and work it off in the morning with a mild dose of castor oil, omitting one day, and repeating the dose until cured. If the dog refuse to eat, he *must be fed* (or he will die from exhaustion) with a spoon upon good nourishing food, composed of soup made from shins of beef or lean mutton, with a little white bread crumbled into it. This should be carefully attended to five or six times a day or even oftener, giving him only a little at a time. There is no danger of loading his stomach, as the constant administering opening medicine will prevent it. Let the patient be kept dry, *cool*, and clean, particularly about the nose and eyes. If the eyes are much affected, a seton should be put into the back of the neck, behind the ears. If he continues to get worse, persevere in the above treatment till the crisis takes place, and nurse him with great care, as it is more than half the secret. When a puppy has been at the last extremity, I have known him completely cured by administering barin, in doses of from one ounce to two, according to his size. This remedy has been much used in cases of putrid fever with human beings. Many young dogs die from absolute exhaustion after the worst stages of the disease are past, brought on by the cruel neglect and idleness of their owners, when a little attention to merely giving them nutritious food, and if required some strengthening medicine, might undoubtedly have saved their lives. The following pills, given to puppies when recovering from the distemper, and also to older dogs which have been debilitated in their constitutions, I have frequently found to have the best effect. Take of quinine, 24 grains; gentian powder, half an ounce; bark powder, half an ounce; cinnamon powder, one drachm and a half; sulphuric acid, eight drops. To be made into eight balls with syrup, and one given every morning, *fasting*. If the dog is afflicted with a severe purging, he should also be fed on flour porridge or arrow-root.

This disease was supposed to have been first introduced into this country from France, where it was designated by the term of "*La*

*Maladie.*" It may now, however, be considered to have become naturalised amongst the whole of the canine race in this island, and not only are some kinds of dogs more subject to it than others, but the higher bred kinds, such as hounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, spaniels, bulldogs, and the delicate bred spaniels seem to suffer ten times more than the common low-bred curs do. Mr Blaine's remarks upon the subject are so excellent that I must beg to be allowed to insert a short extract from them. "The Distemper has become so naturalised amongst our dogs that very few escape the disease altogether. The predisposition itself in some breeds seems sufficient to produce it, and such have it frequently very soon after birth; but the predisposition is more frequently acted on by some occasional cause, of which there are many. Contagion may be regarded as the principal of these; few dogs who have not passed through the disease escape it when exposed to the effluvia or the contact of the morbid secretions received on a mucous or an ulcerated surface. Yet inoculation with distemper virus frequently fails to produce it, and the predisposition to receive the contagion is likewise not always in equal force, but it appears stronger and weaker at various periods in the same animal, and is perhaps under the control of the accidental changes in the healthfulness of habit, &c. Cold applied in any noxious manner to the system, is a very common origin of the complaint; throwing into water, washing and not diving the animal after, unusual exposure during the night, &c., are frequently the causes of distemper in young and tender dogs. I have also seen it produced by a sudden change from a full to a low diet; and in fact any great or sudden derangement of the system is sufficient to call the predisposition into action. The usual period of the attack is puberty, or when the dog attains his full growth; in some it is even protracted to two, three, or even many years old, and but a very few indeed escape it altogether. They having once passed through the disease is not a certain preventive from attack. It occasionally appears a second time, and an instance fell under my notice of a third recurrence with the intervention of two years between each attack." The greatest and surest sign of a dog going to fall with the distemper, is his appearing to have a cold, a dry husk or cough, and to look dull. In the midst of the disease they are frequently attacked by fits, which commence by their running round in circles, and their falling in the greatest spasmodic agony; this must not alarm the owner, nor prevent him pursuing the plan of cure laid down. If, however, a nervous affection of the head or limbs should remain, after the disease has entirely disappeared, the most humane thing to do will be to destroy him at once, as a recovery from that never takes place.

#### JAUNDICE OR YELLOWS.

This disease, which exhibits itself in many quadrupeds, in very much the same form as it does in the human frame, is thus described by Dr. Thornton, in his "Philosophy of Medicine":—"If, after bile is secreted, its free admission into the duodenum be impeded, so that an accumulation of it takes place in the excretory ducts of the liver, it either regurgitates into the habit of the hepatic veins, or is absorbed by the lymphatic system;



in either case it produces the disease called jaundice." I have frequently known this to be generated by too high feeding, without a sufficient quantity of exercise. Lying in damp places will also produce it. It is exceedingly dangerous when it attacks puppies, which may be also suffering from distemper, and it almost invariably proves fatal; at least I never knew an instance of recovery. The method which I have always pursued has generally proved successful, that is when taken at the commencement of the attack. It is as follows: first bleed to exhaustion, and then give the following pills, one every other morning, till a recovery takes place:—Ten grains of calomel, two drachms of Othiops mineral, three drachms of rhubarb, half an ounce of aloes, half an ounce of castile soap. Mix this into six balls with some honey. The dog must be kept warm, and fed with broth and other light food, as with the distemper, and well nursed and looked after.

#### WORMS.

Strange as it may appear, I scarcely ever knew a dog of any description which was not in the habit of voiding occasionally these troublesome insects. Many remedies have been prescribed, but few have any effect in completely eradicating the disease. Puppies are exceedingly subject to them, and in the case of young dogs a few doses of sulphur and good high feeding will very frequently remove them; but in some instances they appear so firmly rooted in their stomachs as to defy every medicine which may be administered for their expulsion. Calomel, in doses of from four to eight grains, given every third morning, is a good medicine, but it must be worked off with salts or castor oil, feeding very high, as it generally proceeds from weakness of the stomach and digestive organs. But the following remedy beats everything I have ever tried. Give the dog, according to his size and age, from half an ounce to an ounce of best castor oil, and one or two teaspoonsful of turpentine, well shaken together to soften the pungent qualities of the latter; repeat this dose twice a week for a short time, and I have no hesitation in saying it will entirely remove the complaint. Dogs are frequently afflicted with divers sorts of worms, but the tape worm is most common to be met with. Each link is a separate worm, but the only one capable of reproducing others is the one which is attached to the intestines, which multiplies after the same ratio as the queen bees do in a hive. All kinds of animals, cows, sheep, birds, and even fish seem to suffer at times from this kind of worm, and those which come away are frequently of a very great length. I have discovered a string of worms lying in a field, which had recently been voided by a sheep, of the length of six yards, and I have read accounts of others which were much longer.

#### MANGE, AND DRESSING OR ANOINTING.

This disease arises not only from inoculation or contagion but may be engendered by low bad keep, and allowing the animal to be kept in a filthy bed, without exercise; also from too high feeding, especially with horse-flesh, and not giving the dog either medicine occasionally, nor even sufficient exercise to keep in a healthy condition.

**FOR THE COMMON MANGE.**—Train oil, or linseed oil of either half a pint; soft soap, a quarter of a pound; to be well boiled together, and then add, oil, half a pint, in which has been well mixed by hand, sulphur, half a pound; turpentine, two ounces; spirit of tar, one drachm; to be well mixed together, and rubbed in with the hand. This is enough for two common-sized dogs.

**THE RED MANGE.**—Some salivate for this disease with the common mercurial ointment, and it is a certain cure, but also nearly certain to spoil your dog, who will never recover from the effects of this powerful medicine. The following is also as certain a cure, and, if properly applied, will do no injury to him. It is, however, a most violent remedy, and should only be used as a last resource, when the black brimstone has failed:—Corrosive sublimate, half a drachm; powdered white hellebore, two drachms; mix this in one pint of boiling water, with plenty of bitter aloes in powder to prevent the dog licking it, as it is a rank poison. A secure muzzle should also be placed on him. After the wash has been applied about five or six hours, wash him clean with soft soap and soda; and if not cured in two days repeat the dressing. Mind and keep him dry, and warm after the washing.

The above dressings are, as shown by experience, excellent and certain cures, if the dog is well physicked before they are applied. A mangy dog is always foul in his inside, and you should commence by giving him an emetic of two or three grains of tartar emetic; after that physic him well with salts, or what is better castor oil—of the former one ounce, of the latter from half an ounce to an ounce-and-a-half, according to his size and age. The dog should be well fed on a milk diet for a week, and exercised and kept very clean.

#### WOUNDS, STRAINS, AND OTHER ACCIDENTS.

Many are the accidents to which all dogs are liable, such as cuts, bruises, strains and punctures from thorns, as well as from deep and severe bites from their comrades. The tongue of a dog has generally been considered the best remedy for a wound, but I should say, from mine own experience, that, in nine cases out of ten, the remedy only increases the grief, by keeping the place open till it becomes morbid; and, from want of sufficient inflammation to heal it, an obstinate cancerous sore is not unfrequently the consequence. After cleansing the wound well from dirt, and well fomenting it in hot water, the following applications will be found infallible in all simple cases:—

**FOR A STRAIN OR BITE IN THE KNEE.**—Spirits of wine, one ounce; sweet nitre, one ounce; spirit of opodeldoc, one ounce; spirit of salamonia, one ounce. To be well rubbed in.

**FOR A BITE OR CUT.**—Balm drops, two ounces; tincture of myrrh, two ounces; nitrous acid, half an ounce—to be rubbed on the wound.

**AN EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR BRUISES OR CUTS.**—Oil of salts, one ounce; oil of bays, two ounces; oil of spike, two ounces; oil of petre, two ounces; oil of vitriol, sixty drops—to be well rubbed in.

**RED OILS FOR BITES OR BLOWS.**—Four drachms of rectified oil of amber; one ounce of spirit of lavender; one ounce of spirit of turpentine; three ounces of white wine vinegar—to be rubbed in.

**FOR SORE FEET OR STRIPPING.**—Apply Friar's balsam alone, or a stiptic tincture made of oil of vitriol five drops, and tincture of myrrh one ounce, which is a very good remedy. The following is also an excellent, even better, application:—Blue vitriol, three ounces; rock alum, three ounces; vinegar, one and a half pint—to be mixed together, and kept warm in a bottle either near the fire, or in a heap of stable manure, for two months. The older it is the better, and more astringent it becomes.

*Bell's Life in London, January 31.*

## A DAY IN ALBANIA.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE QUEEN'S BAYS.

It was in the autumn of the year 184—, that I sailed from the harbour at Cowes, in the R. Y. S. schooner O——, of 130 tons, one of a party of three, including her owner (an old and valued friend, in whose company I have pulled many a trigger, and thrown many a fly, in regions far from the spot where I am now writing); bound on an expedition chiefly against a race which, until latterly, have generally been permitted to pass their lives undisturbed: I allude to the woodcocks on the continent of Greece; I say latterly, as some short time since, a party in another yacht, also belonging to the R. Y. S., committed havoc amongst them, such as they never dreamt of in their wildest “flights” and whose report in great measure contributed to urge us on a similar undertaking.

After various adventures, which I shall now pass over, including a few days' snipe shooting in the marshes at Syracuse, which, owing unfortunately to continued drought for some months previous, turned out a failure, or nearly so, we reached the port of Zante; when, after manifold inquiries as to the various places where we were most likely to be successful, Petala, a small harbour on the coast of Albania, was fixed upon as the opening scene of our drama. Every one, however, seemed to agree in informing us that, in consequence of the mildness of the season, but few flights of cocks had hitherto made their appearance, which the snowy aspect of the mountains in the Morea seemed somewhat to belie; though, indeed, it proved an unusually mild winter throughout Greece, the extreme beauty of the weather amply making up, in most places, for a rather smaller destruction of game than had been anticipated.

A slight breeze having sprung up, we stood out of the harbour, and entered the bay of Petala early the following morning, under a sky gull-

less of a cloud. Of course it was not long before we assembled upon deck, to determine the mode in which the day should be employed. On one side of us was to be seen a lagoon, perfectly covered with every variety of wild fowl, intermixed with gigantic pelicans and a few white storks; on another were numberless small inlets, where the wild ducks were quietly enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*, basking in the sun with their heads under their wings; astern of us lay a most tempting looking snipe-marsh, whilst a-head of the vessel extended a tract of country dotted with thickets, small covers and ravines, where, if woodcocks were in the country at all, they must have taken up their abode. After manifold arguments it was at last carried that the latter should be the first day's pursuit, though a good deal was said, and not without reason, on the sport to be had with the countless wild fowl. We accordingly landed on the bank of a river that empties itself into the sea, near the mouth of the harbour. We sallied forth from the "gig," followed by a tribe of dogs, more to be valued for their numbers than for much else, if I except the retrievers (to which all honour and respect be paid where it is due). We had picked up the majority of the spaniels in a great hurry in London, and were consequently not to be depended on, as the issue proved. Our first attack was upon the end of the forementioned snipe-marsh, which, for some reason I cannot now account for, we drew blank, though finer ground for that species of game I never remember to have seen. In the course of my beat, by the way, I had to pass through the midst of a herd of buffaloes, the appearance of whom, I am free to confess, I did not at first much approve of, as with their gigantic horns, and very peculiar way of throwing the head back, whilst every eye is steadily fixed on the intruder, they present to a stranger a somewhat formidable aspect: I found afterwards, however, than any danger to be apprehended existed in my own mind only, as in reality they are the tamest and quietest of animals; their milk forming one of the chief means of sustenance amongst the few inhabitants that are to be met with; in fact, the ordinary cattle in Greece—which are very small, and strongly resembling those bred in the highlands of Scotland—are far more prone to force themselves upon one's acquaintance; one of my fellow-sportsmen having, on a former occasion, been under the necessity of shooting one through the head to save his own life.

We reached at last a small thicket; and, indeed, no place I ever beheld more fully comes under that denomination, than those in this part of Albania; as, independent of the closeness of the cover, the trees are bound to one another by a species of woodbine, which renders it almost an impossibility for any human being to penetrate far into it, to say nothing of a kind of thorns, bearing a stronger resemblance to fish-hooks than to any other known thing; which, even if he should succeed in forcing his way in, show their sense of the compliment by making such efforts to retain him, that it is only by leaving part of his garments in their embrace that, Joseph-like, he can make his escape from their clutches, some few honouring him with their company for the remainder of the day at the least. Our spaniels, however, dashed gallantly in, and, at the first rush, much to our

delight, up sprung a leash of cocks, thus affording us good grounds for supposing that our toil would not prove in vain; and, indeed, I may be permitted to say that our hopes were not disappointed, as, though the cover was not many hundred yards in extent, we brought to bag seven couple of woodcocks, the chief difficulty being in getting the birds when killed, as, in the event of one falling in the woods, the interlacing of the branches was such as very often to leave the bird suspended in mid-air, far out of the reach of the retrievers, who, poor beasts, frequently incurred blame for what they could find no remedy for. Our course then lay over an extensive plain, interspersed with bushes and reeds, making splendid holding ground for any description of game. Here we met with a good sprinkling of birds; when, just as I was in the act of loading after a successful double shot at quail, I was startled by a violent crashing of the bushes close to me, which I imagined at first to be my old faithful black Newfoundland, but, to my utter astonishment, at a distance of about twenty yards, out rushed an immense wild boar, who testified by his violent grunting his extreme displeasure at our invasion of his domains, but much, to my satisfaction, did not honour me with more than a passing look, but galloped off at his best pace. It was forthwith resolved amongst us to drop a ball into each of the left barrels, for the chance of a repetition of a similar occurrence; and it turned out fortunate that we did so, as, about a couple of hours afterwards, whilst engaged in beating a well-wooded ravine, just as we had reached the end of it, and whilst T—— and myself were arranging our next movements, my former friend, or at all events a very near relation, judging from the strong family likeness, suddenly made his appearance at the extremity of a small glade, but a few paces distant from the spot where we were then standing, the foam flying from his tushes, and pursued by every dog in our possession, both large and small, all giving tongue to the best of their ability. I fired instantly, but apparently without effect, as, with the exception of a trifling check, his pace continued unabated. The report of T——'s gun followed without loss of time, when, to our infinite delight, the boar rolled over and over on the green-sward, and was, of course, immediately run into by the whole of his canine adversaries; then indeed, the row may be said to have begun, as, though his hind quarters seemed to be completely paralyzed, he amply made up for the deficiency by the vigour with which he exerted those powers over which he still possessed controul, turning round and round with a velocity truly surprising, and upsetting the dogs in every direction; the whole affair being accompanied by a chorus of grunting, squeaking, barking, and howling, in every variety of key. We were naturally apprehensive that some serious damage would ensue before we could reach the spot (having to get over the trunk of a fallen birch-tree); the tushes of an enraged wild boar not being things to be encountered with impunity (in support of which I have but to refer the reader to the very entertaining pages of the "Sportsman in France," by that amusing writer and thorough sportsman—Captain Tolfrey). On reaching the scene of action, however, after every endeavour in our power to get the dogs off, but without success, I found that the only alternative was to bring the matter to a speedy conclusion by putting the muzzle of my gun.

to his ear, and sending a charge of No. 6 through his head. The desired effect being produced, the "whoo-hoop" was then sounded, and on inspection of the carcass, we discovered three bullet holes; mine having passed completely through the body just in front of the hip bone, whilst T——'s had fractured the spine, not far from the same spot. The legs were forthwith tied together, and slinging the defunct across a pole, hastily cut from the adjoining wood, he was conveyed on our shoulders to the edge of the river, which fortunately was not far distant, and where one of our boats had very *apropos* been sent with luncheon, and immediately dispatched on board. We then proceeded on our expedition, finding in most places an excellent average of birds, and in general lying well, and having been treated to the sight, but alas! the sight only—of two beautiful wild fallow-deer, which, on our rising the crest of a hill, we perceived cantering quietly up the ascent on the opposite side, but far out of reach of our weapons. The sun by this time having nearly run through his daily course, we wound up the sport by a small wood and lake, which produced eight couple of cocks. We turned our steps homewards, steering as well as we could from recollection, as both vessel and harbour were far out of sight, and of course taking our chance of any thing that might be sprung *en passant*. On reaching a small lake surrounded with rushes, I fired at a snipe that rose near me, when to my horror at a about seventy yards, exactly in my line of fire, up jumped a Greek armed up to the teeth, with pistol and yataghan in his belt, and a gun of the most preposterous length on his shoulder, and shouting at the top of his voice. It appeared that he had been lying concealed for the purpose of shooting ducks and though he had seen me coming, never bargained for his luck bringing him within the scope of a barrel. I was at first very much distressed, as I feared he must be seriously hurt; but fortunately the Grego, without which no Albanian ever moves, had turned most of the shot, so that beyond a trifling graze of one leg, no harm was done, and the gift of a few charges of English powder (the infallible road to the good graces of a Greek) soon settled the matter. We became great allies, carrying on a long conversation on affairs relating to shooting, as well as men can converse when neither of them understand a single word of the other's language; but, what between signs and nods, we got on *à ravir*, until at parting he insisted on my taking a couple of his ducks, for which he would accept of no remuneration. What seemed the most to strike him with astonishment was, my detonating gun (a steel primer of my friend the Bishop of Bond-street), and I did my best to convey to him some idea of the principle, which, as might be expected, ended in his being as wise as he was at first. After this, with the exception of picking up a few cocks amongst the bushes as we passed, we reached the bank of the before-mentioned lagoon, through which, by the way, we were under the necessity of wading to arrive at the shores of the harbour. Without any occurrence worthy of mention, if I except the laughable mistake made by one of our party, whose spaniel, a little yelping cur, had gone in pursuit of an innocent water-wagtail, and turned a deaf ear to all his master's calls, when wishing to administer a little wholesome correction, he brought his gun to his shoulder and fired at a respectable distance, but in

the hurry of the moment pulled the wrong trigger, and dispatched the leaden messenger which had been kept in reserve for the chance of another boar or deer, when, with one short squeak, the offending animal rolled over on its back, gave one or two kicks, and then lay as dead as Julius Cæsar; to restrain one's laughter was out of the question, from the look of amazement exhibited in the owner's countenance, though the loss of the dog was not perhaps much to be regretted.

On reaching the ship we found our bag consisted of forty couple of woodcocks, six of wild fowl, a few snipe and quail, and one hare, not forgetting our old acquaintance, the boar; so that, taking into consideration that we were totally ignorant of the face of the country and without guides, we had every reason to be satisfied with the day's work.

And now, gentle reader, if the preceding pages have contributed to while away a few idle moments, or have tended to excite your sporting propensities sufficiently to induce you to attempt an excursion to the same climes, my purpose will have been fully answered, and with hearty good wishes for your success,

I remain, truly yours,

VICTOR.

*Sporting Review for February.*

## SPORTSMEN AND SPORTING MEN.\*

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

With what different sensations do we commence different undertakings! How irresistibly the mind is swayed by the object it has in view, or by the subject that calls forth its energies, be they of the highest or the most mediocre cast!

How cheerfully the traveller pursues his way (wearied though it be) whose promised goal is the hearth of his childhood, whose anticipated rewards are the smiles and welcome of those so loved and so well remembered! What if he feel a temporary fatigue, his buoyant spirits enable him to throw aside its effects; he feels his star in its ascendant; every trifling incident of the road assumes an unwonted interest to beguile his way; and Hope, that blessed attribute of the mind, sustains his step elastic as when he first set out.

How different the feelings of the unwilling wayfarer, who has no such guerdon for the object of his journey! With measured, heavy tread

\* Continued from No. IX.

he plods his solitary way, each step the more hateful as it carries him from scenes on which his heart dwells in fond remembrance, to mix in those from which his mind recoils: so far from wishing to cheat time or distance of their reality, he hails with pleasure every incident that delays his journey.

Something like these feelings actuate the writer, in accordance with the subject he takes up; and he enters on his task with more or less pleasurable feelings, in the same ratio as that subject brings pleasing or unpleasing scenes and images to his mind.

"Ne cede malis, sed contra valentior ito," is all very well in theory, but somewhat hard to practice; if its author found no difficulty in acting up to it, he must have possessed (and I make no doubt but he did) a much stronger mind than mine, or even than that of the generality of mankind.

The actor on the stage, if he possesses a knowledge of his profession, will certainly play a part that he *feels* much better than one that he does *not* feel; but still, should he not thus *feel* it, his tact enables him to judge of the intent of his author, and practice enables him to pourtray sensations he may not participate in: he may *imitate* a laugh so naturally as to produce real, joyous, and uncontrollable laughter in his audience; and often here, as on the world's wide stage, the actor laughs mechanically when the heart is breaking, while in real or mimic scenes of life I fear the look and tone of anguish and despair are but too often the true portrayal of the feelings. "All the world's a stage;" and I fear, as that world is constituted, he who plays his part so as to put himself beyond the fear of its powers, whether by justifiable means or the reverse, is the one who will be most praised, most applauded, and most followed—nay, can always command "a full house," and that composed of many of the aristocracy of the kingdom. He need not call up the mimic features of mirth. No: *his* may-be the ringing, joyous laugh of success; and often with such a mind, the derisive one of conscious wealth, arrogance, and perhaps vulgarity.

Such characters are not confined to one or more classes of society; they are found to pervade all; they are found among the low-born petty tradesman, fined for his false weights and measures, accumulating his ill-gotten wealth from depredations on a starving poor; among those still more iniquitous depredators, the speculators and monopolists, who use the wealth wrung probably from that poor, to still further add to their misery and destitution. They are found among certain men who dignify their calling as professional, and, under the guise of a higher and nobler avocation, get a firmer hold of their victim, till, like the watchful and insatiate spider, they entangle him in their cursed meshes, from which no struggles will ever extricate him, but death, which affixes the seal that makes them masters of another's right. Then comes the inward demoniac chuckle, or the louder laugh at their own success, and at the weak and ill-placed confidence of their dupe.

Among such, and many more, is found this "laughing devil" in their sneer; but among no men is it found more frequent, nor does it



ever assume a more demoniac form, than when it emanates from that pest of society, that antithesis of the sportsman—

### THE SPORTING MAN.

Much has been written, and much more said, of the laxity of morals of some foreign nations. Much has been said of, and much animadversion and abuse lavished on, those Pandemoniums of vice and robbery openly carried on in their metropolises; nor is the abuse undeserved. True, such temptations to ruin and degradation are not countenanced here; and it speaks well of the moral legislature of a country, that hunts such harpies from their dens of infamy and plunder; but before this was as effectually done as it is now, let me ask, Who was the founder of that levitation establishment in our own metropolis, that lured within its portals many—nay thousands—of the first and best of our nobility and aristocracy? Who? why one of our leading *sporting men*.

Who brought more despair and desolation to the hearths of hundreds of our best and most virtuous families, than perhaps any other man living?—This same *sporting man*.

Who, from the ruin of fortune (as a commencement), has by its effects, and consequent necessity, warped the minds of hundreds, nay thousands, from the feelings of the gentleman and man of honour, and bent them to the level of the gambler and professed leg, but this same king of gaming-houses, bettor, and sporting man?

Here nothing in the appearance or manners of its inmates or frequenters was seen, that could alarm or give a warning voice to the fated victim was permitted. Whoever entered this gorgeous temple of luxury and despair, polished manners and profound duplicity, was obliged at least to observe the manners of a gentleman; and so long as the victim had money to lose, property to raise money on, or expectancies to warrant money being lent, so long was he welcomed by its master; so long was any familiarity on the part of the guest considered, or rather pretended to be considered, as a condescension; the present seeming humility to be amply paid for at a future period by insulting pity or derisive contempt.

The pumpered and well-taught myrmidons who once flew at the slightest signal, or hovered round in seeming (nay real) alacrity, but feigned respect, so soon as the tone and manner of their leader gave them the cue, began to relax in their attentions; and the command, that before was waited for, was then carelessly complied with, after they had attended to others who, in their turn, would eventually be equally neglected.

But humiliation and utter ruin had not as yet got to its climax; the last loan had not been negotiated at the rate of cent. per cent. to give the chance of *redeeming all*—fatal dreadful infatuation! Charity forbids us carrying our animosities beyond the grave; but so far as this life is concerned, if any one class of mortals more than another deserve the execration of their fellow-men, it is *he* who first affords the incentive to the vice of gaming; and no man holds out so great a lure to this by *all* his pursuits, or contributes so much towards it in *every way*, as the sporting man.

But the last few hundreds have yet to be disposed of. Well, as each *employé* in such an establishment knows how its intricate but gigantic machinery is worked, the very sight of coin in such places (and, sooth, in most others) commands an almost involuntary respect for its possessor for the time being. A few lucky throws perhaps induces the victim to hope fortune has been tired of persecuting him, and visions of losses regained float in his imagination. The temporary change produces a temporary exhilaration of spirits, and champagne adds to their influence. Ill-starred wretch! the brightness of thy dream will only cause the sad reality of waking life to appear more dark, more lonely, and more hideous. The dearly-bought and useless horde, raised with the delusive hope of again swimming on the surface of life's bright current, gradually but *certainly* disappears. It is gone; and with horror in his looks, and despair in his heart, the once possessor of a fortune descends the brilliantly lit staircase; hastily passes others mounting the fatal ascent; shudders at their hilarious laugh now, too well knowing the time will come when they, like him, will stand before the same portals ruined and alone.

What now is his resource? Although in the eyes of his former coteremporaries a ruined man, he has perhaps still an income left that is in amount as much as many cheerfully toil for, and are content. Happy for our victim could he be so: but no! competency to one is misery to another, and the never-to-be-subdued hope of the gamester ever holds its votaries, like the basilisk, within its fatal fascination; and whether the stake be pence or principalities, its influence is the same.

It is not to be supposed that the mammoth establishment alluded to, though in magnitude it stood alone, stood without its adjuncts. No, there are in this vast metropolis dens of infamy, where the stake to be played for is made to accommodate the means of the player. Our victim, we will suppose, cannot descend to the *lowest* of these. He stops short in his career. It is thought his connections may be of service. He gets hemmed in with a coalition of scoundrels that his heart at first loathes; but constant association will have its effect in bringing the mind by imperceptible degrees either to the higher or the baser purpose. Our victim has just been ruined as a man of fortune, then degraded as a gentleman, finally become depraved in principle, and is now precisely, in all his attributes, qualified to become a *sporting man*.

Although I have here given an imaginary instance of what a man of family may be brought to, it need not be supposed that such characters exist but in imagination; there have been, now are, and doubtless will hereafter be, many such. But on the other hand, I by no means wish it to be thought that such form the majority of sporting men—quite the contrary. This is a bright star in the hemisphere of this fraternity, a pretty fair proportion of which spring from the very dregs of society; but (and I regret to say it) being permitted occasional intercourse with those who would only be acting up to their position by spurning these interlopers from them, a certain initiative gentlemanly address is acquired. This enables them to so far get into society as will answer their purpose, namely, to get their pigeon within plucking distance; and then an attractive mistress of the house, a well-lit fashionable room, the choicest wines, and

only three or four in company, settle the thing in a quiet *private* way, to as great a *certainly* as if it took place in the great Pandemonium—probably to a greater certainty, for in such society not the *ghost* of a chance is given; and whether the play be a little chicken-hazard with the *select* party, écarté with the host, backgammon with the lady, or a bet on a race with any of them, the pigeon will find he can be robbed in the polite quarter of May-Fair, or the still more fashionable neighbourhood of Belgrave Square, with as much facility as if he ventured into the suspicious precincts of Field Lane, where it is by no means improbable some former friends of his host occasionally resort when they find a silk pocket-handkerchief has by some means strayed into their hands.

This is a kind of private robbery, carried to a pretty considerable extent in London, and one that is, and ever must be, carried on with impunity. In comparison to this the open gaming-house is the less dangerous; and when (as abroad) it is allowed, it shows its broad front to the open day: it speaks in plain language to the man of sense—"Here I am; the world knows my object; it is to get, if possible, the money of those who chose to enter." Here is, at last, no deception as to its intent: if you like to brave the chance, it is your own fault: it is a hell, and most properly so called—a scene of vice and fraud, we know; and if gambling could be stopped by levelling it to the ground, the prayer for an earthquake might not, perhaps, be sinful, if we could ensure its swallowing up every vestige of that and every such fabric. But is that house less a hell where, under the guise of private invitation, the wealthy and unwary are decoyed, for the express purpose of plunder? or is that plunder felt the less because it is lost to perhaps some titled roué, and shared with the giver of the feast, instead of being raked into a receptacle for it, made for such a purpose in an *acknowledged* table for play? True, the man of birth or the titled roué has been fleeced by the same means as are put in force to pillage the *fresh* man; and they secretly despise the harpy with whom necessity now compels them to associate—and why? because they want the moral courage to break the charm that holds them spell-bound in the circle of fashionable, though, perhaps, by no means respectable society; for there is as much difference between *mere fashionable* society, and moving among persons of fashion, as there is between sportsmen and *sporting men*.

In giving a written sketch of one of any particular class of men or things, all that ought to be expected of the writer is, that he should give that which on the whole affords the most general characteristic of the man, or other subject. I have given such a sketch of the inhabitants, frequenters, and promoters of the house of a sporting man, as *I have seen*. The changes are, of course, rung to suit circumstances and persons; the style varies commensurate with the means, appurtenances, and ideas of the host and his guests; but whether it be a champagne and a game dinner on silver, with a title (by courtesy), an Honourable, and a Colonel, as baits, or merely a bit of fish and a beef-steak, to introduce you to two or three *excellent fellows* the host knows you would like, and who are anxious to make *your* acquaintance, the object of the thing is the same. If the invitation is to the house of what I mean by a

sporting man, that object is *robbery*. If I see a young one leaning on the window of the carriage of the wife, or *soi-disant* wife of one of this genus, I pretty well guess his fate if her smiles are more frequent or more fascinating than usual. His fate is *certain*. It tells me where there is money *now*, and to pretty nearly as great a certainty where a goodly proportion of it very shortly will *be*.

Thus far we see the sporting man "*en prince*," enacting the part of a fashionable man, and probably by some also considered that of a man of fashion. We have as yet only seen his show company: probably about two o'clock a brougham, a cabriolet, or saddle-horses at the door, bespeak lunch and aristocracy within. But there are other hours of the day or night when audience is given to a different class—boxers, bullies, bettors, jockeys, trainers, touters, markers at billiards, croupiers, decoys, match-makers against time, pedestrians, and panders to any and everything where money can be "*got on*," and consequently money got in, such is the category of his chief *confidants* and *agents*. What if in private they *are* somewhat more familiar in *such moments* (for they know their cue, and *time* to be so), possibly they in time may arrive at equal *eminence*, or he by some *contre-temps*, some unlooked-for *discovery*, may be thrown back among them, there to wait till something *comes off*, to again put him *in feather*. Besides, he well knows any attempt at the high and mighty would not do with those *in the secret*, for should they "squeak" it might raise a cry that might produce unpleasant results to the whole *ménage*, and solve the somewhat mysterious fact of who and what Mr So-and-So is.

At such little coteries, such little cabinet-councils, are digested the deeply-laid and well-organized plans for selling the public or dearest friends, unless their co-operation should be more advantageous; and whether it is a fight, a walking-match, a trotting-match, or a Leger, here how the thing *shall* come off is from time to time discussed *pro* and *con* among such men. All the news of current sporting events is brought and carried with telegraphic dispatch. Such a man as Lord Albemarle, who, it is well known, no powers or persecution could induce to countenance an act where there was the shadow of a doubt of its strict honour, would perhaps get intelligence if his horse was amiss in fair and reasonable time. He, among his higher attributes, is a sportsman; but things are carried on differently by the sporting men. The same intelligence would be known by them and their friends in London before that destined for such an owner of horses as I have mentioned would have got as far on its road as Bournbridge; and "I want to lay the odds against (Nameless):" "How much?" "18 to 1, ponies?" "I take it"—is settled, and booked, long before the owner knows that his horse pulled up dead lame, or had thrown a bad curb, if he gets the information at all; for such things can be, and are, at times turned to account by secrecy, if the horse can be patched up so as to go on with his work, get forced up in the betting, start, of course lose, and probably break down.

It may be supposed that if a man has his horse engaged, and sees a trial of him, that he ought to be able to form as correct an idea of his chance for the race as any one. I have no doubt but there are persons

who may think he could do so. Those who would think thus, know little of how the strings are pulled in racing matters, or who pulls them. There are owners who could and would take the measure of their horse by such a trial; but not such an owner as Lord Albemarle or Sir Gilbert Heathcote. They might *see* it, and how it ended; but the sporting men are those who would know the *truth* of it. What is the use of such owners to the sporting men? None. They will not coalesce with or join their party. They persevere in going on what now-a-days is the losing plan, that is the *winning* one—when *they are permitted* to win. True, every honourable man is elated when they do. The very exercise boys throw up their caps; but the sporting men “set their caps” at and with a very different class. These are the men to whom (as Chifney called them) the “good things” are intended to go; and, in truth, to such the good things do go—not, certainly, always the stakes, for their respective value wholly depends on circumstances, and are very often a minor consideration. The good things were meant by Chifney to imply the stakes; and probably when he first began riding they were so; but we have become wonderfully enlightened and enlarged in our minds since the days of Escape: things are ordered differently: the good thing depends on the *books*—not the *stakes*; and unfortunately, both, as far as lies in their power, depend on the sporting men. They *sometimes* get put into the pot, or at least get a short harvest, by an outsider winning; but then, like other rascals in grain, they turn their temporary loss into the big loaf, and do the public that way. The outsider is made the big loaf or great pot; and as he or she put them into it by losing before, so they put the public in by the pot now losing. So they do not get *all* the worst of it.

A little occurrence of this kind took place not a hundred years since, respecting the Oaks. Why did the stakes go where they did? Merely because the winner had not attracted the attention of the sporting men. If she had done so, she would no more have won than she would have flown. Her owner, it is pretty well known, had nothing on the race. Probably after winning he at *that time* regretted he had not. I dare *say* he is now quite satisfied that was one of the circumstances that put the stakes in his pocket; for had his filly been in the betting, and had he backed her heavily, he would have been allowed just the same fair chance of winning it, as if he had run for it on his own legs—in which case I should say weight would tell rather strongly against him.

This did all very well for *once*; but the filly got exposed—known to the sporting men: it would not do *again*. She was sold—very judiciously so; for it just brought about this difference: by the sale her owner “made her safe.” Had he kept her she would always have been made safe for him. Far be it from me to say the Oaks was won by the best filly that started in the race; we must ask the sporting men that question. But it was won by the one that was *permitted* to be the best *at the time* of running. She ran honestly and won honestly—as it is but justice to her owner to say he always wished his horses to do. That is a crying *sin* with the sporting men. It is thought so; and this

compliment I must pay to their morals. It is one that (if they own a horse) *they* seldom perpetrate.

The Leger is certainly a tempting bait. We will say the average nominations are 150; in fine chance, therefore, it is 149 to 1 against any *particular nomination* at the *time* it is made—rather long odds this; but I will venture to state a case where the odds will be longer still: let any man who is known as running to win nominate a colt; let him *expose* him as a two and three-years-old; let him, in consequence, get to be first favourite: if he wins *I will eat him*. I will make up a stronger case, and say that independent of this favourite, there are three others, second, third, and fourth in the betting. How would it be then? It would come off something in this way:—if either of these belonged to *the clique*, some report would be made to drive him back in the betting; and as I will answer for it neither of the other favourites (on the day) *could* win, the other would, if he could be made to do it. If they all belonged to straight-forward men, none of them would win: they would be all *safe* as pigeons in a pie.

If such a man as I describe as owning the favourite, letting his merits be known, and running him on those merits, expects to have a chance given him of winning, he is at the time most decidedly in a state of monomania. It cannot be done, though the owner will be—and that will always be the case while gentlemen and sportsmen will bet heavily with sporting men on great events. It is true the latter are safe men to bet with, for they will *pay*, and God knows so they may when they *do* lose to gentlemen. Racing at the best of times was precarious; iniquities crept in; downright rascality followed, and was frequently more or less practised; but now no man, who knows a distance-post is passed before the ending one, contemplates such a thing as a race being altogether fairly run for; the thing is become so notorious, that the question, as regards the horse that ought to win, and it is known could win, is—“I wonder what (So-and-So) means;” or, “I wonder whether they *mean* winning with (such a one).” Some one may say, and, indeed, every one ought to say, this is monstrous. I know it is: and very monstrous is the conduct of those who bring it about. So is burglary and picking pockets in the streets; the public found it so, and the police have nearly stopped the former altogether, and put a check on the latter, I could direct the attention of the same force to other persons quite worthy such courtesy; but they do not come within the scope of legal jurisdiction. It would be a pity that they should, for though bridewell and the treadmill are quite proper situations for the man who takes a handkerchief, it would be very indecorous to condemn *him* to such a degradation who is seen in company with a nobleman, because he *only* instigated hocussing a horse, and beggaring his owner.

It may be asked whether, after the bare suspicion of being concerned in such a transaction, it would not be enough to make any one shy of trusting such a man. Perhaps it would make some persons shun him; but the man must know very little of the world who is not aware that many men are invited to very *fashionable* tables, and in turn dined with, who, it is perfectly known, would rob a church if they could do so with

impunity, though they would punctually pay a bet lost. Such men as I allude to dare not, of course, show their face in good society, and would very soon be turned out if they did. This is no drawback to them; they do not want to go there; they get quite as much elegance of furniture, refinement, or luxury at the dinner table, beauty in women, and very likely, elegance of manner in the men—nay, perhaps more than they might see among the ancient and truly aristocratic quarter of Grosvenor Square. They therefore never feel they are virtually in a degraded position in society, for the society with which they mix does not make them feel it; and where morals are not of the highest order, there often the greatest fascination is to be found.

It is true Lord George Bentinck did a great deal to make racing more on the square than it had been for many years; but this regarded regulations. Much good it has done; but Lord George is not the arbiter of the private conduct, or the keeper of the morals of men. It remains with society at large, or that portion of it that feels an interest in the turf, to put a check to its abuses. This can never be done while the great perpetrators of them, and of abuses in every pursuit they follow are countenanced. Jockeys do wrong: trainers do wrong: who tempts them to do so?—why, the sporting men, to whom a thousand or two is nothing to bring off an event, to suit their book. Who induce these to make that book?—men of fortune who bet with them.

It was thought that duelling never could be put a stop to. Our ancestors would have decided it as impossible: it would have been said that it was the only thing that kept society in order; but the legislature took it up, and now we find no necessity for it. Before this was done it was rare to find a gentleman who would offer the slightest insult to a clergyman. He could not resent it, so it was held cowardly, brutal, and all but infamous to affront a man so situated. Duelling being stopped, if now a man is in the habit of descending to ungentlemanly conduct or language, he gets shunned and avoided. This is a far heavier penalty than standing a shot. So men are now far more careful of their conduct and language than when a meeting in the morning set all to rights. Now the stigma remains, and the offence is punished by society taking it up. So, if the punishment for being seen with professed legs, who are pleased to call their pursuits sporting, was the being shunned by good society, no man, who was not a leg himself, would be seen with them; for though certain men may descend from their station by such association, they do not bargain for being shunned in their proper sphere. But such is the penalty that ought to await mixing with such characters; and it is the only means by which temptation to rascality can be put a stop to.

Deadly as is my hatred to *professional* bettors and blacklegs in all and every way, I do not mean that such a thing does not exist as a man who bets professionally, and is still a respectable man, and one to be trusted: that such men exist there is no doubt; so does Tom Thumb, and other dwarfs of minor—or perhaps, more properly speaking, major note. So we had a Gully—a man that even the breath of slander never touched. His good luck went hand-in-hand with his consummate judgment for many years; but the fickle goddess at one time turned on him.

We see men—and young ones too—for a time give the “go-by” in the ring to the oldest sinners; but there are sure to be those waiting on the road, who will sooner or later put the skid on their wheel of fortune, and finally put a stopper on their triumphal car, the moment they find a bit of ground fitted for the purpose.

No man can live by the chances of fair gaming. He may sometimes live, and sometimes starve so as to exist; but if he lives and always lives, and lives as many of these sporting men do live, it is not by the fair chances of the die by backing horses on their *merits*, or by good luck, or by getting the worst of those he plays or bets with.

We know that a man by beginning early to make his book, betting round, and watching the odds, may generally eventually stand to win largely (*quoad* his book) and risk little; he may do more—he may stand to be certain to win something or much; but if he does, large sums must be paid and received, to eventually leave a comparatively small balance; and if he has not more luck than any man has a right to expect, if he only bets on fair chance he will be beat. The *après* beat you at rouge-et-noir in the long run; the *après* will beat you here, by sometimes not getting paid *après* you have won. This will beat judgment; and further, if a man is now mad enough to back his judgment on the merits of horses, that will beat him to a greater certainty still.

Is there then no way, if a man is fond of a little excitement, in which he may bet with a fair chance? yes! plenty of ways—play whist—hazard, if you please—with gentlemen, and your equals or superiors: bet on races as long as you please (in your own or their parks): back your greyhounds, or anything else you like, with the same sort of men. Surely here is latitude enough for any one; and ill luck may ruin you here, if you play high or bet high enough; but you have a fair chance. But is there no chance in backing horses on their public running, or in betting with sporting men? Yes, there is: and the chance is about the same as going to sleep, with your purse in your pocket, in company with those whose trade it is to pick it.

I have hitherto only mentioned the sporting man in a certain equivocal position in society, that enables him, with a portion of mankind, to rank in that equally equivocal character of a gentleman; not that with the well-born, well-bred, and right thinking, there really is anything equivocal in the attributes that truly constitute that character, or that there is any real difference in those essentials as regards the gentleman of 1646, or the one of the present era; but taking the world (or at least the population of our country) *en masse*, that a considerable difference between the opinions of the population existing at these distant periods does exist, I conceive to be quite palpable. Formerly birth, education, a constant devotion to honourable conduct, and constant association with gentlemen, were necessary preliminaries to ranking in that class; and this feeling pervaded all orders of society. But now we go a quicker way to work, and find a shorter cut to aristocracy. Who would now go through the dull routine of education? What younger son will, in future, cut his way to fame and fortune by his sword, when sharing in the cutting of a railroad can, with talismanic effect, bring him, in the world's eye, to a position once



thought the prerogative of a chosen few? Who will urge their weary steps, with toil and danger, up the hill of fame, when he can tunnel through it, and thus render the transit from plebeianism to all the advantages (if not the reality) of aristocracy as sudden as the transit from London to Blackwall? albeit the traveller, on commencing his journey, might be one whose pristine ideas never soared beyond the luxury of a penny-a-miler.

Nor are railroads now the only roads to sudden fortune, and consequently as sudden elevation to its concomitant advantages. Who will, in future, seek the bubble, reputation, "at the cannon's mouth," or hazard life and limb to support the dignity of himself or family, when a little *hazard* at his own house can raise him to all the dignity now necessary to his comfort? None but the insane.

Our old acquaintance, famed La Manchaz' knight, was a man of sane and steady purpose, if compared to the man of our days who would contemplate leading a life of honest industry, and fighting the good fight to honourable independence, when by being concerned in "selling a fight," he can jump to such a conclusion at once; and, from the moment the sponge is thrown up, he may throw up his cap, and say "Io triumphe!" He may pocket his gains; and if an affront may perchance be offered him, in good truth he can well pocket that, too.

Some may be still found who would be hypercritical enough to cavil at the mode by which such money was secured. What matter? he secures the money. Should the world be uncourteous enough to broadly hint or say rascality had been at work, he stares the world in the face, and coolly says "What's that to you?" Or should it still further hint or say they consider him in person a component part of that rascality, he as coolly replies "What's that to me?" Truly very little, as things now go.

We will now consider the character of the sporting man in its lower phase; and so far as regards its influence on the morals, habits, and prospects of the lower orders of society, it will be found still more baneful in its effect on this grade than on the more enlightened and independent; for so much less as one mind is capable of reasoning upon and properly appreciating causes and effects and their probable results than another, so much more will that mind be led away by false appearances, specious argument, or bad example.

We will not here discuss the somewhat disputed fact as to whether the infant offspring of the peer and the peasant do or not inherit the same susceptibility of mind, or whether any different inherent qualities are born with them. Sufficient for my purpose is the fact that stability of mind and purpose, and strict moral principle, are necessary to withstand temptation, when that temptation is held out under the guise of interest or pleasure.

The housebreaker may, without any detriment to the success of his practices, be as great a ruffian in manner and outward appearance as he is in mind and habits; but to tempt the ordinary run of men to their own ruin, or to join in concerting that of others, requires a certain specious mode of persuasion and pleasantry of manner that is an indispensable part

of the education of the man who intends to live by his own wits and by the want of them in his intended dupes.

There are many worldly considerations that cause numbers of men to be much sought for in society, in whom the vein of pleasantry holds but a very languid course. Many praiseworthy or admirable qualities of mind and intellect render others equally desirable as companions and friends, who may neither set the table in a roar by their broad humour nor excite our surprise by the flashes of their wit; but the confirmed scamp and low leg, or any leg, ought to be a pleasant fellow, and in both senses of the word; that is, in its true and metaphorical senses, *very pleasant* fellows they are generally found.

Indispensable as pleasant and persuasive manners are to the leg, *alias* sporting man, it must be quite evident that there are many other requisites necessary to form an accomplished artist of this genus. Perhaps the most useful and necessary are a total absence of feeling; a most stoical indifference to every thing that does not affect his immediate pecuniary interest; a perfect remorselessness as to sacrificing friends, the moment he finds it his interest to do so; resolution and courage to face enemies, when necessary, with patience and command of temper; to cringe to insult, when it comes from those it is his interest to be on terms with. He must possess another kind of resolution: no personal pleasures or gratification must have any influence on him when *business* is to be carried on. He must be able to personate the hilarious companion—the liberal, open-hearted spendthrift; propose the bumper toast and exciting song, but contrive to be, in point of abstemiousness in himself, a perfect anchorite; and should it be necessary or judicious to assume the roisterer in his cups, his eye, like that of the basilisk, must never take its watchful glance from his victim.

The leg, though in point of morality, and indeed effect, robs as much as the bare-faced footpad, depends on his cunning—not his courage—for success. His is not the open attack of the lion; but, like the cowardly tiger, he creeps, with stealthy pace, up to his prey, and makes his spring at the favourable moment. If foiled, for a time he quits the quarry; but if a rich one, he has a watchful eye on his whereabouts; and the prey, once marked, rarely escapes the joint machinations of himself and his confederates—*friends* he has none; for no friendship can exist in a clique where each knows he would be sacrificed the moment interest indicated the fitting time.

Reader, I shall congratulate you, if on estimating such a character as I have represented, your habits of life may have been such as to induce you to think the picture too highly coloured, and the description overcharged; but I am aware there are but too many who can with regret recall such characters to their remembrance. There are, of course, various shades in every character, and various degrees of vice, as forming its whole; but take him all in all, more or less, what I have sketched is about a fair average portraiture of the sporting man. That the manners and pursuits of such men vary in accordance with the class of society in which they carry on their avocations, and, in sooth, depredations also, is doubtless the case; but, whether the arena be the drawing-rooms of St. James's

or the smoke-dried parlour of the pugilist in the purlieu of Smithfield or Whitechapel, the game is played with the same intent, attended with similar results: the animus of the man will be found the same; and "*mutatis mutandis*," the system of operation and the rascality the same also.

It can be no matter of surprise, if a man in the low grades of society is induced to play cards or any other game with a man and his coadjutors, who can deceive even the quick-sighted by slipping a pea from under a thimble, that he is sure to get up pillaged to the last shilling; and the only pity such unfortunate wight would get would be, "What business had you in such company?" But do our scions of nobility and aristocracy never lay themselves open to have a similar remark made on some of *their* associations? Knowledge of the world, mixture with its varied scenes, and candour, must cause us to respond in the affirmative to such a question. Yet a moderate knowledge of the ways of the world ought to make such men *au fait* of the fact, that if the unwashed hand of the thimble-rigger can slip a card and palm a die, the delicate finger on which the brilliant sparkles is equally adroit in the same species of legerdemain; and both are equally robbers by trade, and villains at heart; for whether the plain farmer is pillaged by the low leg, or the man of family by the fashionable or perhaps titled one, the catastrophe is brought on from the same cause, namely, associating with men whose characteristic ought to tell us to avoid them as banes to society at large, instead of daring our fate and the opinion of the world where ruin and disgrace will be the eventual and certain penalty.

Let us hope there are few minds possessing so little philanthropy as to wish to curtail the amusements of the lower—or perhaps it would be better to say the poorer—classes of society; but the term poor is a relative, and often a very misapplied one. There are numbers who are really poor, and whose cup of bitterness is filled to its very brim. Cold must be the heart that would not rejoice to see an occasional gleam of sunshine, in the shape of amusement, glad the dark horizon of their fate. But we must not consider men as our poorer brethren because a fustian jacket and an apron show he lives by his labour. Thousands of this class partake of more amusement than those for whom they labour. A pint of porter, a song, and meeting their friends in a pothouse, are as great enjoyment to them, as the opera or the *soirée* is to those of more elevated mind and taste. The former can indulge much more frequently than the latter. Not but that the amusement of both may, *quoad* their incomes, bear a similar proportion; but the man of family has a certain *appearance* to keep up—to hold this standing in the world's eye. The other lives as he likes; consequently such persons can and do get a far greater share of amusement in proportion to their means, than those nominally more wealthy.

I fear it is a fact that, of all civilized nations, the inhabitants of Great Britain are the least to be trusted amid scenes of pleasure. Dancing on the green, where youths and maidens trip it on the light fantastic toe, while the elders chat, and feel a parent's pride in witnessing the harmless mirth and beaming countenances of their children, sounds well and pastoral; but such images of the fancy are now only realized in the ideas of

the poet or the painter, so far as our country is concerned. On the continent such are daily seen; but here the bull bait, dog fight, or any fight, the fair (or rather the drinking booth at the fair), and the village alehouse, are the *beau idéal* of the countryman's enjoyment. The gin palace, the pigeon or dog-fancier's crib, gaming, the betting tap or parlour, are the several arcadias of the low Londoner's idea. Should he contemplate a treat to the shilling gallery, it is fixed for a night when it is hoped something will occur that may give opportunity to perpetrate a row; where sticks, cat-calls, and every description of yells are produced, to illustrate that blessed prerogative—his independence; to the humiliation of performers whose talents ought to shield them from his low and beastly ribaldry, and to the utter disgust of those who are thus prevented enjoying an intellectual entertainment.

It may sound philanthropic and patriotic to wish to see the peer and the artizan each participating in the same enjoyment. Such things ought to be, we know; but, constituted as the minds of the generality of the lower orders of our country are, such things cannot be, if decorum is worthy consideration. If the bear possessed the qualities of disposition and the habits of the Newfoundland dog, he might be an equally welcome occasional companion; but he does not, nor has he grace enough to assume the habits of one if placed in the same situation. It may be said that constant association would, in time, make him do this. May be so: I could make no objection to any one making the experiment; but if I were to be one of the party while the tutelage was going on, I should most earnestly beg the muzzle might be kept on till the reformation was completed; for if bruin is English bred, he will be very likely, if among his superiors, to bring forward all his bearish habits, for the express purpose of showing that he dare do it, and has as great a right to howl as any lord in society. Doubtless he has: the only thing is, lords or gentlemen do *not* howl in society. If they did, they would be fit companions for bears; but while they are not, bears are not fit companions for them at present. What time may effect I in no way pretend to predict.

In alluding to sportsmen I have expressed a conviction that sporting, when pursued with its legitimate aim—namely, amusement and healthful exercise—is beneficial to all those engaged in it, and also to the immediate neighbourhood in which it is carried on: but the perversion of its intent does and must lead to demoralization and ruin, with high and low. If the artizan could afford the time or the money to join in field sports, *as sport*, his health would be benefited by it, and his morals and habits improved, as it would be the means of weaning him from vicious companions and vicious propensities; but when his predilection (if he has it) for what he calls sport leads him to more than waste his time in the haunts of the dregs of the ring, cock, bear, or dog pit; then his ruin is sealed, and he becomes a vagabond for life; for such pursuits are those of the low sporting man, though the sportsman holds them in detestation.

Among other things likely to lead a weak, somewhat idly-disposed, but perhaps in other ways respectable, member of the lower grades to such scenes, I consider the sweeps now so much in vogue *stand pre-eminent*. I care not whether the sweep be five shillings or five pounds:

their baneful effects daily, and will continue to (?), prevail, whether it be a Derby, Oaks, Leger, Cesarewich, Cambridgeshire, or any other sweep. The only difference as to the effect is—the lower the stake, the lower will be its members; and the lower the members, the easier will they be led to vice in its most hideous form.

Supposing an artizan, earning his two or three pounds a week, is, in his general habits a steady, sober, well-conducted man: the risking five shillings on a sweep may not be a serious affair to him; and, so far as the mere losing such a sum goes, it certainly would not really injure him or his family: in fact, losing it would be the most fortunate thing that could befall him. But what is the consequence of engaging in such speculations? True, the five shillings, as regards its probable loss, may not much interest his mind; but the hope of possible gain does. He thus becomes anxious to learn whether his horse is receding or getting up in the betting. In either case, some offer is made to buy his chance. This leads to the calculation of chances; and this is the foundation stone on which the leg, high or low, takes his first stand. The hope and chances of gain without labour begin to flit before his eyes. And where are the chances for and against such a consummation to be learnt? Of course in the house—or other houses of a similar description—where these sweeps are carried on. The associates he meets there cannot meet without drink. Drink and betting are strong stimulants: his mind and body become accustomed to both: habit renders them necessary to him. He may still love his home and family; but his excited mind cannot now do without excitement. The quiet of his home becomes irksome; the presence and details of his family uninteresting: he is in heart a leg. But the consequences of such a man's first step in gambling does not end here; for the class of persons who have become his associates are not merely members of a sweep, but are patrons of all the lowest order of sport, and bettors on such events. These hold out greater allurements, no doubt, than the dull routine of handicraft; and the industrious mechanic shortly becomes a regular leg and sporting man: the fustian jacket is exchanged for the Newmarket and Taglioni, the paper cap for the white tile, the cotton neck-handkerchief for the blue bird's-eye, and with a white bull-bitch—the pet of the fancy—with her black patent leather collar, as his companion, instead of *wailing* on the Honourable Mr — to take his orders for a chair to be bought, he now *calls* on him to give the office of a fight to be sold, a horse or a pedestrian to be hounded. The Honourable pays for the information something in money, but more in promises over a bottle of wine; aye, reader: the pint of porter is now only occasionally sought; but on occasions of diplomacy the chrystal is brought forth. Why not? True, he and the Honourable are in different grades of life; but such pursuits as I allude to level all distinctions: they are both sporting men.

It is often—but very improperly—said by many persons, that the turf levels all distinctions. This is absolute nonsense. Will any one attempt to say that a man of Lord Albemarle's unsullied honour in all his turf transactions is on a level with old Mutton, because both keep race-horses? Lord Albemarle is a sportsman in its true sense. Show me

the *sporting man* who would dare propose anything tricky to him. If he did, and it happened to be in a room at the top of the house, the gentleman might congratulate himself if he had wings; otherwise he would risk getting a somewhat ugly descent.

Among the pursuits of the sporting man, the prize ring holds a pre-eminent place; not, of course, from any idea or wish to encourage a manly encounter, a display of British courage, or from feeling any gratification in witnessing the science and attitudes of the most accomplished of our artists in gymnastic feats. No; such a man as Tom Crib in his palmy days would have been his aversion; for had he hinted at the selling a fight to Tom, his voice and fist would have given such a thundering "No" on the gentleman's ear, as would have made the very name of Panton Street ring there for a week to come; and the elegant Belcher would have given him proof of his usual assertion that "Velocity is force." No: the pets of the sporting man are the sneaks who have brought the prize ring to that state of degradation, that those who would patronize true courage where it is found worthy of patronage, now fear to back even a Phenomenon; not only from fearing the intentions of their man, but from knowing that the machinations of the sporting men and their emissaries may, in some way or other, render the chance of their man hopeless, *before* he enters the ring; or, failing in this, their gang of hired ruffians will effect it when he is there.

Pugilism, like most truly British sport, has its beneficial effects when fairly carried on. It does most unquestionably produce the manly feeling that it is cowardly to assail a man with unequal weapons, and creates a love of fair play. "A clear stage and no favour" should be the Briton's motto: it is one on whose terms the British soldier would confidently face his enemy. The prize-ring produced the motto; and, in my humble opinion, it also mainly contributed to the courage to act up to it.

Of course, among pugilists, as among all the lower grades, numbers of ruffians are to be found. It is not being pugilists that makes them so; for among them I could mention many men of the kindest and most benevolent feelings, and many acts of pugilists that would do honour to the highest in our realms: in fact, I am quite certain that in the ordinary occurrences of life, more true courage, more good temper, and more forbearance, will be found among pugilists than among the generality of men in this grade of society.

The man who fights for his own money, or who is insured fifty or a hundred pounds if he wins his fight, would, if left to himself, win if he could. He loses: the outcry is against him or his trainer. Perhaps both deserve all the censure bestowed on them; but in all such cases, ten times more execration should be heaped on those who more deserve it; and those are the sporting men. Samson of old could not keep his pet lock from the meddling hands of his lady; and a pretty rumpus he made about it. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if Sampson of more recent days lost the lock of his integrity by the interference of the sporting man: and a pretty rumpus was made on that occasion. We will not mention occurrences of later date; but the same gentry have not been idle since that time.

Matches against time—particularly if the principal is one of a sort ready to sell himself and the match—are strongly patronized by the sporting man, as much as they are detested by the true sportsman. They are, as carried on here, the most useless, cruel, and despicable prostitutions of the energies of a noble animal that ever were permitted to take place. The American matches of two, three, or even four miles, have some beneficial effect: they encourage a breed of trotters. But matches against time—such as seventeen miles within the hour—rather tend to diminish the speed of the really fast one, than otherwise, as a racing trotter; and training him to do occasionally seventeen miles in fifty-six minutes will not make him an animal that can at all times do it for us in his ordinary work: in fact, not one word can be said in justification of such trials of endurance on the part of the animal, or such means of perpetrating cruelty and robbery. If the horse matched to do seventeen miles could—if put to the extent of his powers—do twenty-five, I would go to see such a wonderful animal perform, with much pleasure. But if such an animal did exist, though the extent of his powers would be husbanded for a time to gull the public, he would be matched on and on till the strain of every fibre of his body would be called forth, and every energy got out of him by some seemingly impossible performance; and the projectors of this, most assuredly, would be sporting men. Would such a sportsman as Lord Lonsdale join in such a thing? I should be sorry to be the man to ask him the question.

Cock fighting I regret to say I must, in candour, acknowledge was formerly patronized and supported by some really good sportsmen, and, as a matter of course, by nearly every blackguard, black-leg, and sporting man in the kingdom. To the credit of the former and chagrin of the latter class, this has got out of vogue; so we need say no more than that the public may congratulate themselves there is one mode of robbery the less, and a cruel and totally useless sport “in the deep bosom of” oblivion “buried.”

We now come to pedestrianism. This is not, in a general way, so much patronized by the sportsman as by the sporting man, for this simple reason: the former only patronizes such things as are sport, and interesting to him in their pursuit; the latter, those that afford the opportunity of betting, and, if possible, robbing, as a matter of course. I have not, nor ever had, the distinguished honour of meeting one *professed* leg riding constantly to hounds; I never knew one a practised shot, except at a pigeon, or at some man who had sense and nerve enough to refuse to pay when he knew he had been plundered. Coursing does not suit them; for the bets are not often heavy, and greyhounds do not carry jockeys. If bets on coursing *were* heavy, greyhounds would, to a certainty, be hounded, as well as men and horses. Fishing does not suit them, except a little dipping for *gudgeons*; and then, catching one good one satisfies them: in fact, it is to them generally a pretty fair day's sport. “*Mais à nos moutons.*”

Pedestrianism is a sport—or rather a pursuit—perfectly unobjectionable in its intent, and produces emulation in a healthy, manly, and useful exertion. Among the various clubs in vogue, I have not heard of a

regularly organized pedestrian club ; yet a number of such, I feel certain, would prove highly beneficial. I would patronise (that is, if my patronage were worth having) pedestrianism in all its forms, and performance, from the flyer of a hundred yards in ten seconds to the ten-mile-an-hour man of steel. So would thousands ; but here that pest, the sporting man, steps in again : and who will back a man when, with or without his consent, the chances are he gets hoccussed, and could scarce follow a funeral ?

Objecting as I do to matches against time with horses, some might say "Why not object to such killing exertion on the part of man?" Such a remark, if made, is easily answered :—Men can stop when they like. True, their wish for gain and their game does sometimes lead them to make exertion most painful and distressing : but the unfortunate horse cannot tell how far *he* suffers ; and the whip and spur will stimulate to much more lengthened exertion than emulation, or even avarice ; for without fear of contradiction, I assert that (supposing so unnatural a thing would be allowed) when the gamest man gives in, if a cat-o'-nine-tails was applied to him, he would still make exertion that, without the stimulant of such torture, would be impossible to him, however willing or desirous he might be to make it. Such unnatural exertion, from such unnatural barbarity, is often got out of the horse ; and for this reason, as a general practice, I execrate matches against time with horses ; though, with men, I cordially uphold them. Nor do I do so without knowing all the exertions required in their performance, having, in my own person, been engaged in many, both at short and long distances.

Billiards is certainly not a sport ; but we shall rarely find a sporting man who cannot handle his cue ; and, i' faith, he is quick enough in taking it if a "green one" enters the room. Should such a man be induced to play, and bet with a sporting man and two or three *gentlemen* who *happen* to be there, if he had ten pounds in his pocket, and gave the marker nine to show him the way out, he would, at all events, be a pound richer than if he staid. What universal knowledge, then, sporting men do possess ! Their ubiquity is equally admirable.

Bull baiting, badger and bear baiting and dog fighting, are most favourite pursuits of all the lower grades of sporting men. I believe, no man who borders on the respectable will be hardy enough to defend any of these. Bull-dogs, of all animals of the dog kind, are the most useless. They are dangerous among cattle at all times ; bad watch-dogs ; and as to fighting, though their game will allow them to stay to be torn to pieces, a savage greyhound, pointer, or fox-hound, will punish more in ten minutes than a bull-dog can in an hour. It ought to be a fine to keep one. I would not own a dog that was not a game one of his sort. We all hate cowards in anything that could be expected to fight. If I had a terrier that refused to face rat, cat, fox, badger, or dog, I would get rid of him the next minute. I hate anything bad of its kind. If a man gets a turn up anywhere, let him take his part, and set to work like a trump. So would I have my dog do ; but I should not derive any pleasure in seeing him torn about for an hour in a pit, and should be very much ashamed to pocket five pounds of his earning there.



It is not many years since a white bull-dog was considered as necessary an appendage to a sporting tandem as the leader's harness. This was all vitiated and very bad taste. A man with a bull-dog by his side may very fairly be set down as having a bit of the ruffian about him, or as a man whose weak head induces him to think that he derives *éclat* from being thought a sporting man. No uncommon error this.

As I shall enumerate what I consider fair sporting, there are two things I must make an observation about; viz. steeple racing and matches against time. I make no objection to a steeple chase if it was one among the members of different hunts riding their own horses, or putting professional riders on them, over a fair line of their hunting country. Here the sporting man would have little influence. But I do most certainly object to them, as I would to anything else, if, or when made and carried on—as has occasionally been the fact—*merely* to make money, rob the public, benefit the betting fraternity, and butcher the best of horses.

I have no objection to offer to a match against time, trotting or galloping, when speed is the thing required. This is no more cruel than a race, and is an interesting and exciting affair. I only object to them when goodness and game are taxed to all but, or perhaps to death, to fill the pockets of a set of miscreants, which the projectors and bettors on them often are.

I think I can contrive to fill up the time of the sportsman pretty fairly, and still to let all his pursuits be gentlemanly and justifiable; viz. hunting in all its different ways, and all animals fit for the chase, racing, coursing, shooting, and fishing. As addenda, a steeple-chase, yachting, pedestrianism; and if a good and game man wants a backer, I shall always consider such a man deserves encouragement. Surely here is sport enough for any one.

If, in addition to this, he uses his own energies, and enlists those of others to baffle the interference—and indeed, of late, the influence—of the sporting man, he will well deserve the thanks and good wishes of all lovers of British sports, to which the sporting man is the bane, and, unless checked, will be their ultimate ruin.

I have heard people sophists enough to say that legs and sporting men support the turf. On the contrary, they have brought its credit to the lowest ebb. There is one mode by which they could be made to support it, and heartily would I join in bringing it about:—*Put them all under it.*

*Sporting Review for March.*

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## WATER WAIFS.

## No. I.

—“Still must I on, for I am as a reed.”—BYRON.

What rubbish writers conjure into their noddles, and then cause it to be exposed and circulated in print! What a pretty “reed” my Lord Byron was at the time he called himself one! He was leaving voluntarily, and in a pet, his country, and his wife, and his child, with plenty of money at his banker’s, and consequently letters of credit *galore* on Paris, Geneva, Milan, Genoa, Naples, Florence, Venice, Rome, &c.; he had just written a portion of one poem, and several whole ones, that had rendered him, in the course of a few weeks, the heart-idol of all the impurely intellectual of t’other sex from St. James’s to St. Denys and St. Mark’s—he was going to enjoy the triumphs of poetic pre-eminence amongst a people whose melodious language makes them

“Speak in numbers, and e’en lisp in song.”

He was going, surrounded by all that wealth and by all that the most fascinating sort of fame—the poetic—can procure, to reside in a land that suited his fine, wayward, voluptuous, varying temperament, where Winter never reigns—where there are but three seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn—he was going amongst the originals that Giorgione drew—amongst the murmurers of that bastard Latin, of one of whom he said—

“So sweet a language from so soft a mouth,  
Ah, to what effort would it not persuade!”

Poor fellow, banished to the Gulf of Venice, and not to Botany Bay, he was indeed a pitiable reed to see. Stuff and nonsense, and twaddle and affectation! A melancholy broken reed it was to be sure that piped away the lascivious stanzas of “Don Juan” on the Brenta and elsewhere.

I adopt the poet’s words, telling you that “Still must I on, for I am as a reed;” but I am not one broken and blown about by any dismal, inevitable, fancied, or palpable hurricane. I am a yielding, happy reed, vibrating to the warm breath and pleased wishes of many, many friends, those kind angling followers and supporters—who say “Still must you on, for you are as a reed, a piscatorial Panpipe, whose notes we cannot as yet well spare from the water-side.”

Very well, pupils and partisans, my halieutic idyls this season shall be called “Water Waifs”—stray things—touching fresh water and all the good things that are inherited by (*cum grano sulis*) that best of all excelling elements.

It is a singular fact—no, there is nothing singular in the world, *nil admirari*—that almost every angler thinks himself possessed of some angling amulet that makes him a wizard of the waters. There is not an angling locality in the empire that has not its land otter. We have so-and-so, otter of the Dove; another, otter of the Thames; a third, otter

of the Tweed ; a fourth, otter of the Teme ; a fifth, otter of the Trent—in fact every river has its two-legged otter. Each is the great oracle of his own place. This is stupid balderdash—not so very stupid either, for cunning quackery lies at the bottom of it. These angling amulets want their minds stretched a bit. They want to be taught that angling is an art based on general principles, and that he who understands and can carry them into practice, will prove himself a land otter wherever he goes. It matters very little to him whether he has to try his hand at Stockbridge or on the Severn. A salmon is a salmon, a trout a trout, a grayling a grayling, all the world over, and a latitudinarian student knows when what is food for one shall be food for the other, and when one fish's meat is another fish's poison. Mr Salmo Salur is in love with large, gaudy, flaunting flies in some rivers, whilst in others he likes them plain, quakerly-dressed little things. Is the local angler alone to be aware of this? Fiddle-de-dee! We, located in London, laugh at such a notion. We should be very sorry indeed if we were only able to kill fish in the Thames, the Lea, the Wandle, or the Colne; and we should be sorrier still to say that the Pict, the Celt, or the Briton could not compete with the Saxon in angling in any of Anglia's waters. Were our Beechers, Powells, Olivers, Masons, Ververses, confined to Newport Pagnel, Leamington, or Liverpool? Would they quail before the fences of Chantilly, or crane at the stone walls of Cork? Once an accomplished horseman, ever the same, without barring clime or country, double ditch, stone wall, brook, bar-gate, or bullfinch. Once an accomplished angler, ever and for aye one, whether in the highlands or the lowlands, in the backwoods of the new world, or in the steppes of the old. The local angler, with his local knowledge, may foil the universal angler for a race or two; but when the latter has gone over the ground once or twice, it will soon be seen how easily the general man will come up with the local man.

People fancy that it is a very difficult thing to become a good angler. There is nothing difficult under the sun—no way impassable to him that has a will to pass on. *Industria vincit omnia*. London is the greatest angling academy in the world, and sends forth its graduates to profess and practice the piscatorial art wherever water runs, fish live, and flies fly. In the metropolis the means of obtaining angling information are infinite. Books, teachers, materials, tackle-makers, clubs, and museums abound. Means to test theory are not wanted, and companions from every part of the globe congregate to communicate their special and diversified knowledge. You there meet the salmon fisher from Ballyshannon, the trout fisher from the Bann, ditto from the Tweed and the Tay, the pike fisher from the Norfolk meres; you may come in contact with a living Walton-waif that has been straying to Norway or Nova Scotia, with a Thames or Trent barbel fisher, a roach or perch fisher of Broxbourne or Hoddesden renown, a grayling angler from the Teme, Lugg, Dove, or Wye; or you may catch a Taffy from the Dovey that can tell you how to catch anything, from a running down last spring to a running up half-hundred gentlemen, whether poised in his scales or in your own. Some silly, conceited Spaniard has said, "He who has not seen Seville has nothing

seen." Now I may say, particularly in reference to sporting matters, that he who has not mixed with Londoners, whether born, or bred, or finally educated in that compound of cities, and boroughs, and counties, has mixed in no sporting society at all. Between Tattersall's and the Mile-end Gate how many steps can you take without running against a turfite, a fox-hunter, steeple chaser, or man of the moors, marshes, woods or stubble; an aquatic man, whether with oar, sail, or fishing-rod; a cricketer, pedestrian, or some other of the lesser sporting deer? Every rood of London maintains its sporting man. May I say sportsman? I should not be far out if I did; nor if I added, of the most genuine species also.

My London readers, never be frightened at what you hear certain mentally constipated country folks say. These brain-bound buffers ever and anon appear in the parlours of our sporting houses, and seeing there an assemblage of black coats and white shirts, and French Wellingtons, and fancying that their wearers are wood-pavement sportsmen, they talk of local prowess performed with locally manufactured sporting gear. Nothing good for success in wood or water craft can come from Cockney-land. Search the provinces, *they* tell you, and there 't will be found in killing perfection. On all that pertains to angling they are more positive than on that respecting any other field sport. London fishing rods, lines, and flies are made only, *they* say, to be laughed at in the country, and to act as a relief to the deadly weapons fashioned at every remote angling station. Innumerable are the tales of the poor local angler with his hazel rod and his horse-hair lines, and his rude flies, all, all home-made, filling dozens of dishes, each as large as the charger that bore John Baptist's head, with fine trout and grayling, whilst the gentleman from London, with his costly city gear, cannot cause a single fish to rise. These are tales that may be swallowed by the marines of his Holiness the Pope. The narrators of them are mules, begat of clods and stones, and scarcely know a tom-tit from a tou-cat. Not one in ten of them knows a badger from a fox, a trout from a mackerel, a May-fly from a blue-bottle. They little fancy how many country-Londoners there are, born and bred amongst mountains and valleys, who were sportsmen as soon as they were in their teens, and who are so still, despite the labours of the shop, the counting-house, the hospital, or the bar. "*On n'oublie jamais ce qu'on a une fois aimé.*" The minds of sojourners in London bear about more sporting information, theoretical, practical, general, than twenty times their number of any other classes of men in any other part of the empire. Intelligent provincials feel this—why the best of us at present Londoners were provincials—and do not make fools of themselves like the deaf adders above alluded to, who come to town to hiss, and will not be charmed. I have seen in our public places here during the winter droves of these simpletons. Will their friends in the country be kind enough to keep them at home for the future, in order that if they will play the fool, they may act the part in their own houses only. Let no countryman despise the cockney, and no cockney sneer at the countryman. Above all men, anglers should not run down one another. Izaak Walton had a shop in Fleet-street, and Charles Cotton a *chateau* in Dove Dale.

The latter called the former his father, and the patriarch of the Lea was proud of his son of the Dove. Let us from these great men, who are our angling ancestors, learn a pleasant, profitable lesson. Angling ability is confined to no place. There are Waltons in London, and Cottons in the country, and *vice versa*. No angler should be vain of his acquirements, extol them above those of others, or fear to communicate his knowledge lest his doing so might raise up to him a formidable rival. For my own part, I should like to see every angler a successful one, and would rather meet with one that was my master in the art, than one who was not. Anglers in town and country should esteem and help one another, inter-communicate information, reciprocally interrogate each other, and remember that they are doubly brethren—by nature and by art. Let them cast the bread of peace and friendship upon the water, and they will find it out before many days.

For perhaps half a month—at any rate for a week—I shall not be able to find another “wait” for my readers. I must make this one useful to them for that space of time, during which I would advise them to let trout alone, and busy themselves chiefly about the capture of grayling and pike, those two aquatic antipodes, the one all grace, and gentleness, and beauty, the other a regular brutal, gluttonous, might-is-right, “ugly mug.” Oh, how the latter will perpetrate wholesale slaughter even amongst his own tribe, as soon as snow and ice cease to render the water nauseous to its people! How for the first month of fine weather he will make up for the fast-days of winter! The coming Lent will be to him a carnival, and he will prefer a plump rat to a lean trout for breakfast on Ash Wednesday, and a couple of fowls to a dish of gudgeons for dinner on Good Friday.

The two seasons for pike-fishing are autumn and early spring. Many pike certainly are caught with the angle during the winter months, but they must be unseasonably fine, and not like those frosty and snowy ones we have had recently for the purpose, may it please Providence, of cauterizing out and for ever that vegetation cancer that has produced and is still causing so much famine and pestilence amongst the usually fortunate inhabitants of the temperate zones. Autumn is the pleasantest season for angling for pike, on account of the cheerful weather that oft prevails them, and the solacing appearance of the landscape, but I doubt if it be the most successful season. Pike, after having spawned in March and April, have had a whole summer to recruit themselves, during which, speaking principally of rivers, they have had abundance of food in the shape of small fish and certain amphibious animals. You must not expect, therefore, to find pike famishing in autumn, and when in the latter part of that season they retire into the deeps for shelter and warmth, they there find victims in the shape of gudgeons, dace, and roach, who have sought a similar retreat for similar purposes, and who would have found and enjoyed it had it not been for the greedy usurper who has made his lair amongst the rotting weeds, and treats all comers as intruders. In autumn the pike is full of full-belly tricks, and you cannot catch him so easily as you can in spring when his stomach is often empty, and he is prowling for prey wherewith to fill it. A pike may be a finer fish on All Saint's

than on St. David's Day, but he is very rarely so hungry, and I therefore calculate that you would be more likely to catch him with leeks and cheese on the 1st of March, than with cakes and ale on the 1st of November.

In autumn-angling for pike I would recommend the snap-baits, and for this reason, that the moment the fish seizes them you strike without waiting for the process of pouching. When pike have plenty of living food in their neighbourhood, they are often dainty, and cruelly playful, like cats, seizing their prey, tossing it about with their mouths, and if they feel anything unnatural about it, such as a gorge-hook, they will soon completely reject it. The only remedy is quick striking, and that you are able to do with the snap-hooks. Besides, with this tackle you can fish amongst weeds, rushes, and other obstructions, in and about which pike shelter themselves in autumn. I have many times recommended an artificial fly for pike fishing. I every day learn that some of my readers have tried my recommendation, and found it good. It has proved successful last autumn on fine, overcast, gusty days, particularly on lakes, ponds, and the broad, deep waters of our larger rivers. The London tackle-makers, always on the alert, have prepared, I understand, during the winter, several sorts, of pike flies, which may kill in spring-tide, but will positively do so in autumn. Let any clever artist dress on a light wired double hook an artificial swallow or sand martin, and I will guarantee that such a bait will prove attractive to pike in March. However, trolling is the surest way of capturing pike during the spring months. You may troll with the live bait, single or double hook, and large cork float, or with the dead gorge-bait. You may spin for pike at this season, and it is the pleasantest way, as it obliges you to be on the move, and to keep a sharp look out. In spinning, you strike directly you have a run, get rid of the suspense attendant on allowing your bait to be pouch'd, and come without delay to the "scratch" with your aquatic antagonist. In trolling with the live or dead bait, you must give your fish the average law of seven minutes to pouch or gorge the bait before you strike. In spinning, strike promptly to the right or left with a smart backward twitch of the wrist. In trolling, as you do not strike until your bait is in the pike's maw, you can hardly fail of hooking him firmly if you strike firmly, but not violently, and the only way you can lose your fish then is by some casualty during the process of playing, brought about generally by your own fault. At any rate, if you do lose a fish whilst playing him, you have had some fun for your pains. If your snap-hooks are well made, you will very rarely fail in hooking your fish, but as you may not hook him by any means so solidly as with the gorge-hook—with the former you hook in the mouth, with the latter lower down in the throat or thorax—you must be more cautious in playing your fish. A very celebrated river Lea pike-fisher generally uses the paternoster-line, baited with two or three sorts of live fish, minnows, gudgeons, dace. He sinks his line by means of a heavy leaden plummet, and watches for a run as patiently and as knowingly as one of the renowned Shackell's "detectives" squints for the hand-dip of a pickpocket in a crowd. The practice is tedious, but detective.

Ah, me! I wish it were autumn, for some kind friends, though we have never met, Mr Frederick Allies and Mr Henry George, of Worcester, promise me then their society and some *ne plus ultra* grayling fishing in the Teme and Lugg. Autumn, no doubt, is the period for harvesting for grayling. Nevertheless, these lovely fish may be reaped into your granary with fishing-hook in spring, though I confess the month of their maturity is October or thereabouts. I am opposed, tooth and nail, to killing fish out of season; for instance, to killing trout now and grayling in April, May, or during the summer months. Still I do not think there is much harm in catching grayling in March, although I know the very interesting condition they are in then. If they will allow themselves to be captured, the fault be upon their own heads. They will do so, heavily *enceintes* as they are, and I have caught more grayling in spring than at any other time of the year, with less trouble than in autumn, with coarser tackle and larger flies—indeed when I was not fishing for them, but specially seeking after trout. I think, without any breach of fair angling etiquette, I may recommend grayling fishing for six weeks to come. Anglers will find the following flies the best they can use:—

*Red Fly*.—Upper wings, landrail's wing feather; under wings, starling's wing feather, both to lie flat; body, hog's down, dyed a claret colour; legs, dark red cock's hackle; tail and horns of dark red hairs; hook, No 6, 7, and 8. Mr Lascelles dresses it differently, and says, "The body is to be of copper-coloured hog's fur from near the tail; and the wings either of a dark mottled red feather of a mallard, and the same coloured hackle for legs, or a dark grizzle cock's hackle, simply over the whole, on a hook No 6. The wings lie close on the back, and this fly, from twelve to one o'clock, will show good sport upon rapid streams." Mr Ronalds remarks of this fly: "That in a forward spring it comes out about the middle of February, and is in season until the end of March, and may be used on fine but rather windy days until the blue dun and other flies come in. I have taken very large grayling with it." Dress it thus:—Body, red part of squirrel's fur, mixed with an equal quantity of claret-coloured mohair, showing most of the claret colour near the tail of the fly. This dubbing is to be spun on, and worked with brown silk thread. Wings from a ginger covert feather of the mallard's wing. The pea-hen has also feathers of the exact tint. Legs of a claret-coloured stained hackle. I have given this fly dressed differently three ways. Try them all at the same time, and stick to the best.

The following fly is a great favourite of mine. Mr Ronalds calls it the cock-wing. I call it the "hare's ear and yellow." I deem it a general spring fly. Mr Ronalds dresses it well thus:—Body, fur of a hares's ear or face, spun on yellow silk. When warped on, some of the longest part of the dubbing is left standing for legs; tail, two small whisker hairs of a rabbit; wings, from a feather of the starling's wing, slightly stained in onion dye.

I recommend as good early flies, full-dressed ones, the dubbing being of hog's wool dyed an olive colour; wings, starling's feathers; tail, two fibres of the mallard's mottled feather, and tipped with silver twist.

*The Dark Dun*.—Wings, starling or hen blackbird, to stand erect;

body, dark mole or dark rabbit fur, or in default of these, that of the water rat may be substituted: in which latter case a little deep-coloured mohair will be required to produce the proper hue, but in the former mix a little reddish brown mohair, with either of the furs used; legs, a small, dark, grizzled hackle; tail, two small tapering hairs of a deep brown colour; hook, No. 8 or 9.

*The Blue Dun.*—Wings, from the blue titmouse, starling or the blue part under the male widgeon's wing to stand erect; body, blue fur from the water rat or squirrel. Blue mohair or hog's down may be substituted for fur; legs, a very fine hackle, as near the colour of the body as possible; tail, two blue hairs; hook, No. 9 and 10.

I would likewise try the following palmer-hackles:—

*Brown Palmer-hackle.*—Body, brown fur, or mohair of a deep amber, or otherwise a rich brown fibre of ostrich feather, ribbed alternately with gold and silver twist; hackle of the red cock, worked with orange coloured silk; hook, No. 5 or 6.

*The Red Palmer-hackle.*—Body, dark red coloured mohair, with a little rich-tinted red fur intermixed, to be ribbed with gold or silver twist, and occasionally with bright yellow and green silk twist together; legs, blood-red hackle, worked with red silk, and sometimes with bright yellow silk; hook, No 5 or 6.

*Peacock Palmer-hackle.*—Body, a rich full fibre of peacock harl, ribbed with silver plating. Make a head of scarlet mohair; legs, a dark, grizzled hackle worked with red silk; hook, No. 5 or 6.

This last palmer is a good bait for large grayling on mild days, when the water is full and a little discoloured. The other palmers are good for trout under similar states of weather and water.

If you add to the above flies a few dun hackles, tied on bodies of green, olive, purple, yellow, and orange floss silk, and dressed small for low, clear water, you will have a list that will kill trout and grayling gallantly for the next four or five weeks, or may be longer.

Some may imagine that I begin my angling papers prematurely. I can tell them that on Sunday, the 7th inst., notwithstanding its snow and cold, several anglers from Cockney-land filled their creels with jack and perch, and that one of them, Mr Alfred Gould, belonging to the Amicable Angling Society, held at the Black Horse, High-street, Marylebone, and who is in the employ of Mr Cheek, tackle-maker, Golden Perch, 132, Oxford-street, caught on the above day, whilst spinning for pike in the waters of the Rye House, Hoddesden, on the Lea, a trout weighing 7½ lb.\* The bait was a dace weighing nearly 3oz. I am not consequently premature, but on the *qui vive*, and I advise all my friends to be equally on the look out, and try to have some of the first pulls at the angling season's forelock.

With my next "waif," which shall go a wandering early in March,

\* I do not cite this as a good example to follow, but merely to show that if trout which are out of season will take a bait in the midst of frost and snow, other fish which are in season may be successfully and honourably angled for at this present time, and particularly as we are just getting some glimpses of spring.



I shall send as companions a few selections from my "Hand-book of Angling," which will be out upon the waters by that time. I invite young anglers to ride in the same boat with me, to examine samples of my freight, and if they find them good, to rely on the equal goodness of the whole cargo, and by it up with the avidity of monopolists, but use it like free-traders.

*Feb. 10.*

**EPIHEMERA.**

## NO. II.

"I have been a great follower of fishing myself, and in its cheerful solitude have passed some of the happiest hours of a sufficiently happy life."—PALEY.

That is the motto to my "Handbook of Angling," just published by Longman and Co. The good and usefully learned doctor's sentence asserts four things: that I have been a great follower of fishing, that its solitude is cheerful, and that in it I have passed some very happy hours of an existence I deem sufficiently happy. The assertions are true, but none truer than that stating my life to be a sufficiently happy one. Others may not think so; but when I compare my condition with that of older and better men, I not only consider myself sufficiently happy, but far more fortunate than I deserve. To Providence and the world I am truly thankful. May I prove that I am so by humble devoted gratitude to the one, and by active exertions to improve some of the lowliest by-ways of the other.

During several of the past winter's evenings, my angling friends, I have been fighting on paper with the only weapons a man of mind ought to use—pen and ink—my angling battles over again. I have compressed their varied plans and descriptions, causing some scores of the most useful of them to be sketched by the pencil and cut by the graver, and the Messrs Longman—men, I can assure you, not likely to buy a pig in a poke—have laid hands upon them, and caused them to be preserved in upwards of 360 pages of letter-press, over about one-sixth part of which are scattered divers illustrations of fishing tackle, flies, and fish. The cost of each page is about one farthing—a trifle more—and the value of each line may be calculated at the 1-29th of that large coin. Of the quality I shall not say one single tittle, but shall proceed to give my readers a few samples, that they may judge for themselves.

In this "Handbook of Angling," fly-fishing is thus described:

"Other field sports may be more exciting but there is not one requiring more skill, or calling into exercise more intelligence and adroitness of mind and body. A quick eye, and ready and delicate hand, an apprehensive brain, and delicacy in the senses of touch and hearing, activity of limb, physical endurance, preserving control over impatience, vigilant watchfulness, are qualifications necessary to form the fly-fisher. His amusing struggles, teeming with varying excitement, are with the strongest, the most active, the most courageous, the most beautiful and valuable of river fish, and his instruments of victory are formed of materials so slight,

and some of them so frail, that all the delicacy and cunning resources of art are requisite to enable feebleness to overcome force. The large vigorous, nervous salmon, of amazing strength and wonderful agility—the rapid trout of darting velocity, hardy, active, untiring, whose dying flurry shows almost indomitable resistance, are hooked, held in, wearied out, by the skilful and delicate management of tackle that would, if rudely handled, be bent and strained by the strength and weight of the minnow. 'Tis wonderful to see hooks of Lilliputian largeness, yet finer than hair, and a rod, some of whose wooden joints are little thicker than a crow's quill, employed in the capture of the very strongest of river fish. The marvel lies in the triumph of art over brute force. If the sporting gear of the fly-fisher were not managed with art—on the mathematical principle of leverage—he could not by its means lift from the ground more than a minute fraction of the dead weight of that living, bounding, rushing fish he tires unto death, nay, drowns in its own element. The overcoming of difficulties by the *enaviler in modo* forms one of the greatest charms of fly-fishing, and to my fancy is the pleasantest element of success that can be used in any pursuit. Persuade, but never drive.

“The baits of the pure fly-fisher are imitations of insects in one or other of their forms. He fishes with imitations of the fly, the beetle, the grub, the caterpillar, and moth. These imitations are made of divers materials, the chief whereof are feathers, fur, mohair, wool, and silk. They are affixed round hooks of various sizes, and by a process requiring the most skilful and delicate manipulation. The fly-dresser is a modeller of no mean attributes. He has to represent, by means of the most delicate substances of varied tissue and colour, insects, often complete atomies, and of changeable shapes and hues. Extreme neatness characterises all the paraphernalia of the fly-fisher. His sport requires the handling of nothing that will soil the best-bred hand. The composition of his bait extracts pain from no living thing, not even from the worm you tread upon. To know that his baits are good, he must to a certain extent be a naturalist. He must be acquainted with the outward appearances of several sorts of insects; he must know the divisions of the seasons in which they live and cease to be; he must know the climates and localities peculiar or otherwise to each species; he must know their names, and be able to classify them, if not scientifically, at least piscatorially: he must know those that prove the most attractive food for each kind of fish he angles for; in fact, he must possess a fund of knowledge that will cause him to be considered an accomplished man by the members of every rational society.

“To render the pleasures attendant on his pursuit complete, he is invited, if he seeks for superlative success, to practise it amongst the most picturesque panorama devised by nature. The brook that runs along the hill's side, the swift stream that dashes through the valley, the mountain waterfall, the currents foaming between moss-grown rocks, or brawling over a pebbly bottom, are the scenes of the fly-fisher's triumphs. The salmon and salmonidæ, the most frequent prizes of the fly-fisher's skill, are not to be found in the sluggish, turbid waters that flow through flats and fens, but breed in and inhabit, in due season, those delightful

streams that play over table lands. Their food is not the offal of slime or mud, but the insects that disport on the surface of clear water; and there the bounding salmon tribe seek them, and in that search they encounter the fatal artificial insect of the fly-fisher, and all the deadly resources of his craft. The shape, the colour, the flavour of the fly-fisher's fish do not misbeseem the beauties that surround salmon, trout, and grayling streams. The plain, nutritious sheep thrives well upon Leicester pasturage land. In their waters breed prolifically the heavy carp, chub, and tench. The heather of the Highlands is the haunt of the dainty doe and wild stag; the crystal waters of their inland cliffs produce the aristocracy of the finny race. The concordances of life, society, nature are admirable, unerring, and tally in delightful diversity. The smooth waters of lowland rivers and ponds afford the placid bottom-fisher his sport. The mountain torrents and lakes hold the quarry the active fly-fisher is ambitious of capturing. The broad, straight, even thoroughfares of the world afford comfort and competence, acquired bit by bit by efforts slightly, but sufficiently stimulating to fresh and repeated exertion. The narrow, precipitous paths of life lead to fame, high honours, and high rank, and the ascent rendered enchanting by the allurements of ambitious hope, is gained by daring activity, which never flags but for breath, to bound onward more and more bravely. The accessible streams that meander soothingly through soil for the sickle and scythe, yield to the industrious bottom-fisher a full pannier, by a slowly and pleasantly accumulating process. The fly-fisher, with haply a few casts of his artificial baits, surcharges his creel with salmon or trout, whose retreat in waters rushing by crag and fell he has attained by paths which none save the sportsman intent on high game would choose to tread."

The sample of the work just given is descriptive. Here is another of a purely elementary nature, teaching how one of the most difficult operations—throwing the line and flies—is performed:—

"You are a beginner, I presume, and have never handled a rod before? Let the rod for your novitiate be eleven feet long; its play inclining rather to faulty stiffness than to over pliancy. Put the joints or pieces together, the rings standing in a straight line the one to the other, that your line may run evenly between them without any tortuous impediment. Put on your winch or reel with its handle towards the right side, and draw out your line through the rings, until there be about four yards of it out from beyond the last ring of the top joint. You have now quite sufficient line out to commence the practice of casting with it. Let your winch and the rings of your rod be on the under side of it when you practice casting.

"You are now ready to begin. Grasp your rod, not tightly, in your right hand, your hold being a little above the reel. Your hand must not close upon your rod with the thumb turned over your knuckles, as if you were about to strike a blow. Your fingers round the rod must simply entwine it, not squeeze it, and your thumb must lie straight with your arm on the upper part of the butt, the first joint being very slightly bent, and the fleshy or flat forepart of the thumb pressing on the rod. Hold your rod up nearly perpendicular, and pointing rather to the left side.

Take the tip of the line between the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand. Poise your rod loosely and easily, and see that it balances freely in your right hand. Be devoid of that fear which begets awkwardness. What injury can you do? You are not going to explode a mine. You are merely going to throw a thin line with a thin limber rod upon the water. What if you shiver them to pieces in the attempt? The damage can be remedied.

"I suppose you now on a bank above some river's surface, all ready for your first cast. Move your right wrist and fore-arm round to the right, letting go, just as it begins to get taut, the tip of the line in your left fingers, and bring round from left to right over your right shoulder the upper part of your rod, describing with the point of it an irregular—a horse-shoe—circle, and then cast forward with a flinging motion of the wrist and fore-arm. The motion of the wrist must predominate over that of the fore-arm and elbow joint. If you follow the above motions exactly and with freedom, from four to five feet of your line, supposing you to have between three and four yards of it out, should fall lightly upon the water. If that length do not you are wrong, and you must go on casting and casting, practising and practising, until you are right.

"At first you will find, unless you are very handy and a very apt scholar indeed, that nearly all your line will fall upon the water, and that the top of your rod will come in contact with the surface of it. These are the greatest draw-backs to throwing a line well, and if not overcome the learner must never expect to become an expert fly-fisher. With might and main he must struggle to vanquish them. They are caused by letting the fore-arm fall too low whilst casting and bending the body forward with the downward motion of the arm.

"Here is the remedy. When you have made your casting movement—brought round your rod and line over the head, and propelled them forwards, the wrist must be gradually checked the instant the line is straightening itself in its onward course. The body must be upright, the chest held rather back, and your bust must not assume the slightest forward or stooping position. You will find, if you hold your rod properly, that the end of it nearest to you, the part between your hand and the spike, will come in contact with the under part of your fore-arm just as your line is approaching the water. This contact will prevent the point of your rod following the line so low as to cause a great part of the latter to roll on to the water. Stand with your left foot a little forward, and flat on the ground, with a firm purchase, the right foot a little behind, the toes turned out, and the ball of the foot touching the ground with a slight, springy pressure. Your left upper-arm must hang loosely by your side; the forepart, curved from the elbow joint, will bring your left hand over and opposite to the outer ends of the right lower ribs. Your position, the limbs, &c., arranged in the above way, will be easy and graceful, allowing free play to all the muscles required to be brought into action.

"I deem you now sufficiently skilled by practice to throw four or five yards of line well, and with satisfactory ease. Double, then, the length of your line out. The right arm motion must be no longer limited to the wrist, fore-arm, and elbow joint, but must extend to the upper and

shoulder joint. The *os humeri* and deltoid muscle must be called into requisition with fine free vigour, but not with so much of the latter as if you were about to strike a knock-down blow. The whole of the arm must be brought round to the right with an easy, large sweep, and the line thrown forward well from the shoulder. There must be no coachman-like jerk with the wrist backwards, as the front portion of the line is descending to the water, but the hand must follow the rod, and stop by a well-timed degree of suddenness, so that the line will fall on the water with a somewhat quick, rather than a lazy floating motion.

"As soon as you can throw from eight to ten yards of your reel-line with the power of making not more than a yard or two of the front portion of it fall lightly on the water, and in whatsoever direction you may choose, add to it, what is called the 'foot' or 'casting-line' of moderately thick silkworm gut, in length about two yards. You will now have ten yards of line, more or less, to throw with, and you must practise until you can cause the gut-line to fall upon the water before any part of the reel-line touches it. Do not be in a hurry to put on flies and fish. When you have succeeded in throwing your gut-line with freedom, with the ability of making it alight first upon the water—when you can prevent the top of your rod from descending too low—when you can prevent any part of your reel-line from making a more rapid descent than that of your casting-line—you may begin to throw from left to right, with a backward twist or sweep, of the wrist and arm. Hitherto you have been throwing from right to left, and that is the proper and most common way. But circumstances will arise, caused by the direction of the wind, your position with regard to the water, and obstructions on and in it, in the shape of trees, roots, rocks, &c., that will force you to cast from left to right, and sometimes underhand, as it were."

The book then minutely explains the mode of throwing the line from left to right, and adds:—

"All you now want is to throw with precision. Let there be a mark in the water, and first try to throw a little above it, and in the next cast a little below it. Then throw right upon it, over it, beyond it, and on your side of it. Having succeeded in throwing with accuracy where there are no obstructions, seek spots of the river where they exist—where there are overhanging branches of trees, weeds, rocks, or the ends of piles appearing above the surface of the water. Practise in these difficult spots until you think you can surmount the obstructions, and are able to avoid getting entangled amongst them.

"You have been all this while learning to cast with reel-line and casting-line without any flies on the latter. Commence with a single fly of rather large size, dressed on a full length of gut, and looped to the end of your casting-line. That fly is your tail-fly, or 'stretcher.' You will soon be informed of your proficiency in throwing this fly. The information will be conveyed to you in the very pleasantest way; viz. by the fish rising at your fly. When large ones do so it is a proof that you have thrown your fly properly on the water, and you may now add a second fly, which will be your first dropper. It should be a size smaller than your stretcher, and fastened on a yard higher up from it at one of the joinings of your

casting line. During your first season I advise you not to fish with more than two flies on your line at the same time. You may lengthen your casting-line from two yards to three, and the latter will be found the best average length for fly-fishing with a single-handed rod. In your second year use three flies, placing them from eighteen inches to two feet apart. The length of gut to each dropper need not exceed two inches. The usual way of attaching flies is by looping them on. The only fly I loop is the stretcher to the loop at the fine end of the casting-line. My droppers having a knot at the end of the gut, I fasten in between the sliding knots by which I attach the links of gut that form the casting-line. I prefer these sliding knots to the whipped ones, because they are lighter, and enable me to attach and detach my knotted droppers more quickly than if they were looped. The knots will be found quite strong enough if you make them double; or even single, provided you do not cut off the gut too closely to them. I cannot clearly explain in writing how these sliding knots are made, but any fishing-tackle maker will show you how."

The chapter from which these latter passages are taken goes on to describe "Humouring Flies," "Fishing a Stream," "Striking, Hooking, Playing, and Landing a Fish." I shall, for the present, jump over a chapter "On Artificial Flies," and one illustrated with thirteen cuts "On Fly Dressing," and come to that containing "A monthly list of flies for the season," from which I shall select the best flies recommended for the present month. Here they are:—

"*March-brown*.—Body, orange-coloured silk, or deep straw colour, on which wind for dubbing the fox-coloured fur taken from a hare's poll; legs, a honey dun hackle; wings, to stand erect, of the top of the light or inner fibres of the feather of the hen pheasant's wing; tail, two fibres of the same feather. Rib with gold twist for your tail-fly, and let your dropper be without any twist. When the natural fly is out well upon the water, and fish are voraciously taking it, angle with three flies on your foot-line, varying them slightly in size and colour.

"*The Alder Fly*.—Body, any dark claret-coloured fur, as that which a brindled cow yields, and that of a copperish hue, from a dark brindled pig or a brown-red spaniel's ears; upper wings, red fibres of the landrail's wing, or red tail-feather of the partridge; lower wings of the starling's wing-feather; legs, dark red hackle; horns and tail of fibres the colour of the legs, the horns or *antennæ* to be shorter than the body of the fly, but the tail a little longer. This is an excellent general fly.

"*The Furnace Fly*.—Body, orange-coloured silk; wings, a field-fare's feather; legs, a cock's furnace-hackle. A good general fly. The feather called the furnace hackle is rather a rare one. Its outside fibres are a beautiful dark red; that portion of them next to the stem being black. It is got from a cock's neck.

"*The Cowdung Fly*.—Body, yellow lamb's wool mixed with little brown mohair; legs, ginger-coloured hackle; wings, from the wing feather of a landrail, to lie flat on the body, and be longer than it. To be dressed with orange silk. A general spring fly, but seldom killing except on windy days.

**"Hofland's Fancy.**—Body, reddish dark brown silk; wings, woodcock's wing; legs, red hackle; tail two strands of a red hackle. Hook, No 10. This is a good general fly for trout and dace, particularly in the rivers near London.

**"Red Fly.**—Body, dark red dubbing of cow's hair found in tan yards; dark red cock's hackle for legs; wings, a starling's feather, or the dun covert feather of a mallard's wing. To be dressed with orange-coloured silk. This fly will kill well until May.

**"Dark Fly.**—Body of dark water spaniel's fur, or black rabbit's, intermixed with a little claret-coloured mohair, to give the body a tinge when held up to the light; wings, from the back of the fieldfare or hen blackbird; legs, a dusky black hackle.

**"Golden Ostrich Palmer.**—Body, black ostrich hair, ribbed with gold twist; legs, dark red cock's hackle; to be dressed with orange or puce silk. Hook, No 3, Kendal.

"The following are three good dun flies for cold weather:—

**"Esterhazy Dun.**—Body, bright Esterhazy-coloured silk; legs, blue-dun hackle; wings, from the feather of a fieldfare's wing.

**"Dark Dun.**—Body of dark plum-coloured silk; legs, a blue dun hackle feather; wings, the same as those of the preceding fly.

**"Another Blue Dun.**—Body, a very small portion of the water rat's fur spun round yellow silk; legs, a blue dun hackle; wings, starling's wing feather.

**"The Water Cricket.**—Body, orange floss silk, tied on with black silk; legs, of a feather from the green plover's (pewet's) top-knot. A good early fly when the water is low.

**"An Excellent Dark Dun.**—Body, mole's or dark rabbit's fur, or water rat's mixed with dark mohair of a brown hue; legs, a small dark grizzled hackle; tail whisks two brown hairs. To be dressed on a No 8 or 9 hook, with orange silk."

These are specimens of some of the flies pointed out in the "Hand-book," as fit for March. They will kill depend upon it.

I have seen since the commencement of the month a great many trout, in passable condition, considering all things. Besides, I have received the most favourable accounts of the trout streams in the provinces. The moment the wind chops round to the west or south, I shall be off for the fields, and if the *res augusta domi* permit, April and May shall find me amongst the trout and salmon, "playing backgammon" by the Castle Hydes of more counties than one of Erin-go-Bragh.

*March 11.*

EPHEMERA.

## No. III.

"I have been a great follower of fishing myself, and in its cheerful solitude have passed some of the happiest hours of a sufficiently happy life."—PALEY.

## SALMON FISHING.

In my last paper I quoted largely from my "Handbook of Angling." I did so with timidity, for the public had not as yet pronounced an opinion on it. In the interval, however, public opinions have been passed, and of such a character as to make me almost fancy that I have written that very rare thing—a good book. I shall in consequence quote from it with more boldness. Faith is a fine possession. The studious reader can scarcely have a more valuable one. When convinced that he is studying an author *fidei dignus*, his mind becomes unincumbered, and he has no thought but of retaining what he reads. I wish my readers to have faith in me, and that they may have, I will cite what some of the directors of public opinion and taste have just written about me. I do not deserve it, but it will be satisfactory to the readers of this paper to learn that "Ephemera" is no ninny. The Spectator, a journal most cautiously written, says, "The Handbook is full of practical information; it is at the same time a digest of angling rules, and an original treatise, written in an agreeable style, just as if the writer was speaking to his reader." The Weekly Dispatch says, "It is the best work extant in all that pertains to angling." The Morning Chronicle says, "There is no book with which we are acquainted, professing to be 'a plain, practical, sensible book' on the subject, so well entitled to that praise as the work before us. It is not a poetical disquisition, nor a rhapsody of clouds and streams, Glenlivet, and songs, and salmon, with which the servile and unsuccessful imitators of Kit North have made us so painfully familiar. It contains directions approved by long usage, or recommended by modern authorities of eminence, to catch fish in all lawful ways, and selections from the works of those professors who have studied that art with the greatest care and reputation. The author, who is so well known to the sporting world under his present name in the columns of *Bell's Life*, has adopted a very excellent method in the arrangement of his work, and has so classified it, that the fly-fisher, the troller, and the bottom fisher, can each find out his own branch of the art without trouble. We can conscientiously recommend to it any young angler, and especially to the embryo troller, who will find his particular branch of the art very fully and carefully treated." The Morning Advertiser, in an article remarkable for its neat, terse, lucid style says, "This is truly designated the 'Hand Book of Angling.' It is remarkably full, complete, instructive, and entertaining. It is no servile imitation of old Izaak Walton: the work does not, like its memorable predecessor, occasionally transfer the reader from the river's banks to the fields of poesy; its business is to teach the art, mystery, and cunning of fly-fishing, trolling, bottom-fishing, and salmon-fishing, and the natural history of river fish, and the best modes of catch-



ing them; and this business is pursued with details that constantly interest, and a minuteness so agreeably managed as never to tire. Anglers will delight in as well as profit by this book. It is pleasing to be able to add, that the composition is singularly clear, pure, and unaffected. It is most creditable to the author's patience and acquirements, and we doubt not that so readable a publication will have, as it well deserves to experience, most liberal patronage. *The Observer*, in a very able article, evidently the production of a skilful and experienced angler, amongst other things says, "The first thing that strikes the reader on the perusal of this work is the liberal spirit in which it is written. The author has his own peculiar views on different subjects; but, far from obtruding them to the exclusion of the opinions of others, he at all times lays down side by side with his own, the opinions of Blaine, Ronalds, Blacker, Colonel Hawker, and other high authorities, leaving the reader to judge by experience which is the best. This is more particularly the case in that most important part of the work, which treats of the dressing of artificial flies. Fly-fishing is by far the most difficult, and at the same time the most aristocratic, branch of angling. If we may use the phrase, it is the poetry of the art—the rest is the prose. 'Ephemera,' we can plainly see, is more devoted to that than any other mode of killing fish; he has evidently studied it more, and accordingly has (most properly we think) devoted nearly one half of the volume to the explanation of his subject in all its branches; and we must say the rules laid down are excellent. With this work," then, for his study, and a good trout stream for practice, we have no hesitation in saying that the beginner may very soon be a proficient in the art." *The Sunday Times*, in a notice breathing friendly feeling, says, "The author of this work has, in the true spirit of a sportsman, given to his brethren of the angle the results of his many years' experience in the gentle craft. Every description of angling, the haunts of each fish, the best baits and means of taking them, are set forth and described with a clearness and precision seldom found in works of this sort. The young sportsman also owes him no small thanks for the pains he has evidently taken to explain the construction and use of various sets of tackle, and which had hitherto presented almost insurmountable difficulties to the novice, from the complication of hooks, traces, swivels, &c., with which they are encumbered, and which can now be dispensed with. Nor must the old angler fancy he can learn nothing from this useful little volume; on the contrary, he will find much that is useful, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, much that is new to him." That valuable periodical, "*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*," says of the "*Hand-book of Angling*," "The author of this interesting volume has for many years been a favourite with the disciples of Izaak Walton, who have profited by his instructions and amusing contributions to *Bell's Life in London*; and we have long thought that a reprint of those sparkling articles would have found a favourable acceptance with the sporting world. The present publication is a regular treatise on the art of catching the finny tribe, in which every possible device is explained to the juvenile lover of the rod and line; nor will the veteran adept rise from its perusal without having received many valuable hints in his pur-

suit of the gentle craft. The method of making artificial flies, and attaching them to the hook, is clearly pointed out and illustrated by diagrams, and a monthly list of these artificial insects for the whole season is appended to the instructions. Profound and varied is the author's erudition in the mystery of rods, lines, tackle, and baits, and cunning skill of spinning a minnow. A chapter 'on Piscatorial Physiology' is contributed by Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. As we ourselves have some proficiency in this rural recreation, we feel the more confidence in cordially recommending this 'Hand-book of Angling,' to fishermen of all degrees of skill." I repeat, that nothing of mine can deserve this sweeping, strong praise. I see that strange critics, as well as old and new friends, judge too kindly of me. I am not vain of it. I am grateful, and will try to do better. Now to salmon-fishing.

From "The Handbook of Angling" the following is taken:—

"The natural history of this splendid fish, the pride and profit of the great rivers of the British Isles, was not known until about ten years ago. The greatest natural historians, from the French Lacépède down to our own observant Yarrel, were ignorant of some of the main features of its existence. We were nearly all until the period alluded to in error with respect to its growth, and we thought the parr a distinct species. We have now ascertained its growth, and know positively that the parr is a young salmon of the first year—a fact the knowledge of which is of vast importance with respect to the preservation of the fish. The day may come when the killing of parr will be made universally a penal offence. We also know that up to its second year the growth of salmon is exceedingly slow; that afterwards it is wonderfully rapid, but in salt water only. Once a gilse or a salmon, fresh water is fatal to its growth.

"I shall before I enter into detail give in a very few words the salient points of the salmon's natural history. The female salmon; viz. the fish with what is commonly called the 'hard roe,' deposits its eggs, spawn, or ova in gravel beds, in the winter months, sometimes earlier, sometimes later. Simultaneously with being deposited the ova are impregnated by the spawn (the milt) of the male fish, or 'soft roe,' being exuded over them. That is the active process of procreation. The deposited eggs or ova are hatched on an average in from ninety to one hundred and twenty days; duration of time depending on the temperature of the water. The warmer the water the more rapid is the work of incubation. In a few days after expulsion from the ova the incubated matter assumes the fish shape. This embryo salmon grows slowly, and remains for the first and second year the diminutive parr or fingerling. On completing its second year it changes its coat and indeed its shape. The parr or samlet marks and spots disappear, and it becomes the silver-grey smolt, salmon fry, or lastspring. Its second year or thereabouts being completed, it migrates for the first time to the sea, and in one, two, or three months or more returns to its parent river a gilse or grilse, having increased a pound more or less during every month it has tarried in sea water. At the end of its third year or the beginning of its fourth (I am speaking of the female fish, for the puerile parr will breed *horresco referens*, with its great granddam) it breeds, and soon

after migrates for the second time to the sea. A sojourn there of a few weeks changes its name, size, and shape, and immigrating again into its native stream it becomes a salmon. To deserve that name it must have made two voyages to sea, and entered the fourth year of its existence. Afterwards, as long as it lives, it visits the sea annually, and annually revisits the streams of its birth, in which it gives birth to thousands of its tribe. Become an adult, the longer it remains at sea the more rapid is its growth. In fresh water it no longer thrives, and seems to seek the pure element for no other purpose than the important one of propagating its species. I have now in a very few lines traced the grand outlines of salmon life. I shall now confine myself to some minute details, omitting those that I do not think it necessary for the mere angler to know.

*"Growth of the Parr or Salmon Fry.*—At two months old they are one inch and a quarter long, at four months two inches and a half, at six months three inches and a quarter. At eighteen months old the fry measures six inches in length, and the milt of the male is matured, and can be made to flow from the body by the slightest pressure; but the females of a similar age do not exhibit a corresponding appearance as to the maturity of the roe. The male is at this time in the autumn of his second year, and lies about and in the spawning beds of the large salmon, where he impregnates the ova. The following spring he is about seven inches and a half long, when beautiful silver scales grow over the spots and bars which have characterised him up to this period; and the majority of the breed then congregate, and go to sea with the first floods in May. The following table shows the growth of gilse into salmon :

| When marked. |    | When retaken. |    | Weight of<br>Gilse. | Weight of<br>Salmon. |
|--------------|----|---------------|----|---------------------|----------------------|
|              |    |               |    | lbs.                | lbs.                 |
| February     | 18 | June          | 23 | 4                   | 9                    |
|              | 18 |               | 25 | 4                   | 11                   |
|              | 18 |               | 25 | 4                   | 9                    |
|              | 18 |               | 25 | 4                   | 10                   |
|              | 18 |               | 27 | 4                   | 13                   |
|              | 18 |               | 28 | 4                   | 10                   |
| March        | 4  | July          | 1  | 4                   | 12                   |
|              | 4  |               | 1  | 4                   | 14                   |
|              | 4  |               | 10 | 12                  | 18                   |
|              | 4  |               | 27 | 4                   | 12                   |

"Mr Scrope says, 'The above disparity of growth is easily accounted for, since it is not probable that these fish, which were caught, marked, and returned to the river in February, went down to the sea before March, if, indeed, so early; of course, they would not increase in growth in fresh water, though they would mend somewhat in weight, after their weak spawning state. Setting, these, therefore, aside, it appears that the growth of the last four fish averaged two pounds each per month when they were at sea; and if they remained in the river after the 4th of March, as it is reasonable to suppose they did, then their growth must have been proportionably greater.'

"Historians used to gravely tell us that salmon, in order to jump high, were in the habit of placing their tails in their mouths, and then bending themselves like a bow, bound out of the water, to a considerable distance, from twelve to twenty feet. Mr Scrope calculates that six feet in height is more than the average spring of salmon, though he conceives that very large fish, in deep water, could leap much higher. He says 'Large fish can spring much higher than small ones; but their powers are limited or augmented according to the depth of water they spring from; in shallow water they have little power of ascension; in deep they have the most considerable. They rise rapidly from the very bottom to the surface of the water by means of rowing and sculling, as it were with their fins and tail; and this powerful impetus bears them upwards in the air, on the same principle that a few tugs of the oar make a boat shoot onwards after one has ceased to row.'

"The spawning process is thus accurately described by Mr Scrope:—  
 'Salmon are led by instinct to select such places for depositing their spawn as are the least likely to be affected by the floods. These are the broad parts of the river, where the water runs swift and shallow, and has a free passage over an even bed. Here they either select an old spawning place, a sort of trough left in the channel, or form a fresh one. The spawning bed is made by the female. Some have fancied that the elongation of the lower jaw in the male, which is somewhat in the form of a crook, is designed by nature to enable him to excavate the spawning trough. Certainly it is difficult to divine what may be the true use of this very ugly excrescence; but observation has proved that this idea is a fallacy, and that the male never assists in making the spawning-place; and, indeed, if he did so, he would not possibly make use of the elongation in question for that purpose, which springs from the lower jaw, and bends inwards towards the throat. When the female first commences making her spawning-bed, she generally comes after sunset, and goes off in the morning; she works up the gravel with her snout, her head pointing against the stream, and she arranges the position of the loose gravel with her tail. When this is done, the male makes his appearance in the evenings, according to the usage of the female; he then remains close by her, on the side on which the water is deepest. When the female is in the act of emitting her ova, she turns upon her side, with her face to the male, who never moves. The female runs her snout into the gravel, and forces herself under it as much as she possibly can, when an attentive observer may see the red spawn coming from her. The male in his turn lets his milt go over the spawn; and this process goes on for some days, more or less, according to the size of the fish and consequent quantity of the eggs. During this time trout and other fish will collect below to devour the spawn that floats down the river.'

"Salmon enter rivers from the sea as early as February or March, for the sole purpose, it is supposed, of spawning, but it must have some other object in view as well, since at the earliest the spawning process does not commence until September. It cannot be for nourishment, because it is well known that salmon lose in weight and condition every day they remain in fresh water. Mr Scrope remarks, some think it is to get

rid of the sea louse ; but this supposition must be set aside, when it is known that this insect adheres only to some of the newly run fish, which are the best in condition. I think it more probable that they are driven from the coasts, near the river, by the numerous enemies they encounter there, such as porpoises and nets, which alarm them in great quantities. However this may be, they remain in the fresh water till the spawning months commence. On the first arrival of the spring salmon from the sea, they are apt to take up their seats in the rear of a scull of kelts, and at this early period they are brown in the back, fat, and in high condition. In the cold months they lie in the deep and easy water ; and as the season advances they draw into the principal rough streams, always lying in places where they can be least easily discovered. They are very fond of a stream above a deep pool, into which they can fall back in case of disturbance. They prefer lying upon even rock, or behind large blocks of stone, particularly such as are of a colour approaching that of themselves. At every swell of the river, unless it is a very trifling one, the fish move upwards nearer the spawning places ; so that no one can reckon upon preserving his particular part of the river, which is the chief reason of the universal destruction of these valuable animals. Previous to a flood, the fish frequently leap out of the water, either for the purpose of filling their air-bladders to make them more buoyant for travelling, or from excitement, or, perhaps, to exercise their powers of ascending heights and cataracts in the course of their journey upwards.

“ In angling for salmon, Mr Scrope, than whom no better authority can be found, as he has constantly salmon-fished for upwards of twenty years, recommends a salmon-rod of eighteen or twenty feet long, according to the width of the river you fish in. The longer the rod, the greater command you will have over your fish ; for being enabled to keep the line more perpendicular, you can lead him with more ease and security amongst rocks and eddies ; whereas with a short rod you cannot keep enough of your line clear of the water to prevent danger in such places. Your reel-line should be thick in the middle, and taper towards each end, and should be from 100 to 120 yards long. Your casting line should be of single gut, clear and round. The colour of your casting line should depend on the state of the river. If the water be moss-stained, your gut may be very faintly tinged of the same colour, very faintly indeed, as all dyes are over-done, but if the river be clear, do not, on any account, stain your gut at all. Whatever you do, have nothing to say to multiplying reels ; they are apt to betray you in the hour of need. A large London made plain stop reel, with a thick winding cylinder, is the best.”

“ With respect to salmon flies, Mr Scrope truly says,—‘ Now, as there is no month in the year when salmon flies are made by nature, so no distinction of species need be observed. My rule has been to adapt my fly, both as to colour and size, to the state of the water ; a large fly, with sober colours, for deep and clear water, and a smaller one, equally unassuming, where it is shallower ; in the throat of the cast (head of the stream) and as long as it continues rough, a large fly also ; at the tail of it, where the water runs more quietly and evenly, a smaller fly serves the purpose best. Thus you should change your fly in every stream once or

twice. A large and rather gaudy fly is preferable when the river is full and discoloured, that the salmon, which lie at great depths, may see it; but I never had any great success with my gaudy flies, either in the Tweed or elsewhere, in clear and low waters.' Although gaudy flies are in great request in Ireland, Norway, and Canada, I am confident that they only suit deep and somewhat turbid waters, and I am certain that Mr Scrope's rules for the size and colour of salmon flies will be found practically general ones for every salmon river in the world.

"Mr Scrope says,—'I do not mean to assert that all flies are equally successful, for there must obviously be a preference, however slight; but I mean merely to say, that a failure oftener occurs from atmospheric variations than from the colour of the fly. Yet an occasional change is always advisable, particularly if you had any offers (rises); since the fish in so rising, having, perhaps, discovered the deception, will not be solicitous to renew their acquaintance with a detected scamp. After all, the great thing is to give the appearance and motion of a living animal. If your fish misses the fly in making his offer, wait a while before you throw a second time; and if he receives it at all he will come more eagerly for this delay; but if you keep lashing away at him immediately, as I have seen many fishermen do—and practical hands too—he will probably treat you with contempt, and will have no intercourse with your gay deluders for the rest of the day.'

"'*Castig the fly* is a knack,' says Mr Scrope, 'and cannot well be taught but by experience. The spring of the rod should do the chief work, and not the labour of your arm. To effect this, you should lay the stress as near the hand as possible, and make the wood undulate from that point, which is done by keeping your elbow in advance, and doing something with your wrist, which is not very easy to explain. Thus the exertion should be chiefly from the elbows and wrists, and not from the shoulders. You should throw clear beyond the spot where the salmon lie, so that they may not see the fly light upon the water; then you should bring the said fly round the stream, describing the segment of a circle, taking one step in advance at every throw. In this manner the fish see your fly only, and not the line. It is customary to give short jerks with the fly as you bring it round, something in the manner of minnow-spinning, but in a more gentle and easy way; and I think this manner is the most seducing you can adopt; it sets the wings in a state of alternate expansion and contraction that is extremely captivating.'

"*How you are to fish a stream.*—Salmon will often take your fly on one side of the river when they will not touch it on the other. In high water, the channel side, as a general rule, is the best, and at the cheek of the current; and you should not be in a hurry to pull your fly into the more bare and still parts of the channel, where the fish will come more cautiously and lazily. In low water it is best to throw over the channel from the rocky side, drawing at first rather quickly, that your fish may take your fly in the current, which is material. In very low water, indeed, where the fish may be said to give over rising, you may try your luck in the rapids by hanging your fly on them; indeed, you should always let your fly dwell on this sort of water, or the fish will either lose sight of it or not choose to follow where you may wish him.

"In hooking a rising fish, Mr Scrope properly observes: 'It is best to strike a little sideways, that the hook may fasten in the fleshy part of the mouth; whereas, if you pull straight up, you are apt to encounter the upper or bony part; or if the fish has not closed his jaws, and fairly turned off, you may pull the fly away from him too soon, to the disappointment of both parties. Sometimes, however, when a salmon is clean run, and in high glee, you can scarcely miss him, strike which way you will. In low water you must be somewhat dilatory in striking; you often see the heave of the water and a break before the fish has actually seized your fly. Give him time to turn his head in his way back to his seat, to which a salmon always returns after rising at the fly.'

"Salmon never take well when the weather is about to change; it is, therefore, useless to go out when the mercury remains at the changeable point. When it first sets in for a continuance or dry weather, the fish will rise about your hook, and only break the surface of the water; but before a flood they will spring clear out of it, for the purpose, perhaps, of filling their air-bladders before travelling. Salmon do not rise well during a fresh, and when the water is turbid after a flood you must not fish in strong streams, but in milder running ones near the bank, and at the tails of easy streams. When the horizon is charged with large, lazy, fleecy clouds, you will kill very few salmon."

'This tremendous long "Waif" is worthy of being attentively studied by the young salmon fisher, and, indeed, by every one who takes the slightest interest in a fish the appearance and flavour of which so many know, but whose history and habits are a mystery to nine-tenths even of the angling community. In my next paper I shall give a genuine list of salmon flies, as well as a list of trout flies for April and May.

My fifth "Waif" shall be dated from the banks of some Irish river. I shall write but one more before I leave good, sensible, sterling old England for a month or two. I have more objects than one in paying a visit to the land of my birth, which I have not seen since my boyhood, seven-and-twenty years ago. I hope to be able to communicate to the public press of this country information on the condition-of-Ireland question that may be useful to the people of both countries. I shall seek for it in the high-ways and by-ways, from humble but truthful sources, and convey it to the imperial community through a great morning metropolitan channel of universal information, whose consistent, manly, liberal-minded conductors are far too wise to visit, in the smallest degree, the famine and fever doubly decimating, I fear, a people, on the fancied inherent vices of the Celtic race. "Aliens in blood, language, and religion" was not one whit worse than the stupid, malignant iterations, for the purpose of laying down a most injurious line of demarcation, of the words "Saxon and Celt." Oh, the bad folly of taunting a nation with a misfortune of providential creation! Set about obviating it, remedying it, removing it, supplying the defect by your superior civilization, and then *non Angli, sed angeli eritis*. Let all whom the accident of birth, clime, education, fortune has favoured, become fishers of men, and then—no one can tell what will follow.

March 31.

Bell's Life in London.

EPHEMERA.

## SCENES IN THE WILDS OF MEXICO.\*

## CAYETANO THE CONTRABANDISTA.

## CHAPTER I.

The sea-coast of Mexico has at all times been infested with smugglers. This mode of obtaining a livelihood is not there, as in Europe, monopolised by a few audacious adventurers. According to the more or less impoverished state of the finances, every government officer is more or less busied in indemnifying himself at the expense of the state, because the state does not pay him. The soldiers loudly demand their pay, the civilians join the soldiers. The state, as may be supposed, turns a deaf ear, and each then endeavours to find some resource. The administrator of the Customs gives full power to the *searchers* (*vistas*), the searchers to the custom-house officers, these to the porters of the administration, and the latter are assisted by all who can lift a weight, manage a boat, or, in case of necessity, use a dagger. Then, according to the humour of the President of the Republic, or the severity of the laws promulgated, smuggling goes on either in the open day or under cover of the night, in the sea-ports or on the isolated coasts; but, whether far or near, every one lends a helping hand. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that in the dull season of the pearl and tortoiseshell fishery, the divers and harpooners who follow those trades form valuable auxiliaries to the smugglers. As a natural consequence of the poverty of the treasury, whilst the government officers smuggle, soldiers—even officers—join the highway robbers. Robbery is not the sole profession of these highwaymen (*saltador de camino*). They are fathers of families, often protected by the alcade of their village, and blessed by their priest; men who disdain to set forth unless their spies have announced some rich prey. After having pitilessly massacred a traveller who attempted to resist, or treated with exquisite urbanity one who quietly allowed himself to be despoiled, they regain their village; not forgetting, in the division of the booty, the inn-keeper who sent them mysterious advice, the alcade who signed their permission to carry arms, and the priest who gave them absolution. Such is the singular toleration of opinion, that robbers and smugglers do not in Mexico live apart from society, or form a distinct caste possessing its own peculiar customs and regulations. Whoever does not see them at work, is ignorant of what is distinctive in their modes of life.

\* Mexico has at all times been an interesting country to the European; at the present time people are naturally still more curious to learn all they can about its inhabitants and their manners. In the graphic *Souvenirs des Côtes de l'Océan Pacifique* of M. Gabriel Ferry, there are some deeply interesting pictures of the modes of existence of this wild people. Without waiting for their entire publication, we propose to offer our readers an abridgement of one of these striking passages of Mexican life, and should it be relished, to follow it up with two or three more.—O. Y.



I hardly expected, I must confess, ever to find myself in the position necessary to complete my remarks on the subject, when a chance meeting at Hermosillo procured me the opportunity of closely witnessing this new species of smuggling. I had reached Hermosillo some time before the festivities of Christmas, and had spent a week in the city without being able to send out all the letters with which I had been loaded at Guyamas. One evening, on examining them for the next day's distribution, the direction of one of them struck me. They were not sufficiently numerous to prevent my perfectly remembering those who had entrusted me with them: and yet that one, I own, completely baffled my memory: there was on it but these words: "Al Señor Don Cayetano." I called up my host, whom I had chosen because he was a Chinese, knowing the reputation of his countrymen as barbers and cooks; from him I hoped to obtain some information respecting this Don Cayetano.

"I only know him," said the Chinese to me, "from often buying of him caymans' eggs and sharks' fins, of which I am very fond, and which you shall eat some day, if Don Cayetano takes a fancy to a turn on our lagoons, or a row out to sea; but if you desire it, señor, I will take upon myself to get this letter delivered to him."

I accepted with pleasure.

"And you know no more concerning him?"

"Nothing," said the Chinese, "except a peculiarity I have heard spoken of. People maintain that Don Cayetano cannot hear unmoved the sound of the Cerro de la Campana (the Hill of the Bell);\* this sound irritates him, and when he is irritated he is—he is very fiery! This is all I know, señor."

The Chinese uttered these last words like a man determined to say no more, and I dismissed him. Some days afterwards, chance brought me into the company of the individual in question, and under the following circumstances. The town of Pitic possesses nothing in the way of natural curiosities but the Cerro de la Campana, of which the Chinese had spoken to me. I had been to visit the Cerro; I had aroused some sleeping echoes, but soon found this pleasure rather wearisome, and again looked towards the city. The day was closing, and the hills, with which the town is surrounded, were gradually losing their azure tint. It was the hour at which the freshness of evening succeeds the burning heat of the day. When I ascended the height the streets were deserted, and the dried-up bed of the Rio San Miguel was silent. At the moment I am now speaking of, Hermosillo was beginning to get animated; the preparations for the Christmas festivities were commencing. Fuses described fiery circles in the air, the reddish glow of the resinous wood burning on iron tripods already lighted up some parts of the river, the cries of the venders of infusions of rosewater and tamarinds were heard, mingled with the hum

\* The Cerro de la Campana is a somewhat steep hill, situated at the extremity of the city, and towering above the houses, behind which it rears itself. The summit of the Cerro is crowned with enormous blocks of stone, which emit, at the slightest shock, a clear and metallic sound like that of an ordinary bell, the vibrations of which can be heard a great distance off, according to the direction of the wind.

of the crowd, the clash of the castanets, and the tinkle of the mandolins. The city was emerging from the lethargic torpor in which it had been plunged since morning.

As I descended the Cerro, in passing through a neighbouring street, a sound of money proceeding from a low small house led me to suspect that I was probably near some gambling-house. I was able to distinguish, between the bars of wood which protected the windows, a green cloth, and gamblers seated silently round an oval table. Resolved to kill the time before supper, I entered the house. All the gamblers were occupied by a *coup*, which appeared highly interesting; no one remarked my arrival; I was, therefore, able to observe at my ease. Two candles, each burning under a glass shade, and round which fluttered myriads of night-moths, threw their unsteady light on about thirty people assembled in the room which I had entered. Every physiognomy presented the same expression of impossibility. Spectators and gamblers smoked with equal calmness, I should say almost equal dignity. There was between them but one difference,—that of costume. There were representatives of every class of Mexican society; the gallery was crowded with individuals who wrapped their pieces of coarse calico around them with an air of great majesty, although their chests and arms were bare; most of them had long and crooked scars, received in duels with the knife; and presenting from under unkempt, uncultivated locks of dark hair, countenances to make any honest man shudder to look at.

At the moment I entered, the attention of the gallery was concentrated on two gamblers. One was thin and sickly-looking and wore a straw hat and a jacket of unbleached linen; the other, tall and muscular, built like an athlete, was covered, in spite of the heat, with a cloak trimmed with the wide gold lace; his head was wrapped in a checked handkerchief, the ends of which, hanging from under a hat of Spanish wool, fell over his shoulders like the Andalusian *resilla*. The former turned his back to me, and I could not see his physiognomy; the latter, seated opposite the door, had tolerably regular features, disfigured by a scar, which reached from the brow over the cheek down to the chin.

"Allow me, señor senator," said the scarred gamester, stretching out his hand to add a pile of piasters to those he had put on a card; "with your permission, I will deal myself."

"With pleasure, my son," said the individual I could not see; "I am convinced that you will bring me luck."

And so saying, he put the pack of cards which he held into his adversary's hand. The latter solemnly shuffled the cards; but though his countenance was impassible, his hands appeared to shake.

"You surely are not afraid?" asked the senator.

At the word afraid, a smile of incredulity lighted up the sinister faces in the gallery.

"Not I," replied the athlete, seeking in vain to conceal his emotion; "but some one was amusing himself a little while ago by striking the Cerro, and my nerves are horribly irritated every time I hear that infernal music!"

This declaration appeared to produce a certain sensation upon the

whole assembly, for there was soon an empty space round the gambler, who gazed about him with a look of defiance, and soon sunk again into his apparent calmness. I felt that this man could be no other than the purveyor of the caymans' eggs and sharks' fins which the Chinese had promised me; in a word Cayetano himself. As to this delicacy of nerves in a man of herculean build and strength, it could only be, I thought, either a ridiculous affectation, or something really awful, like the homicidal influence of the sirocco or levante in certain parts of Andalusia.

"Here is the ace of clubs for you, señor senator—I have lost," said Cayetano; and he took up again the cigarette which he had laid down on the green cloth, with as much coolness as if he had been perfectly indifferent to the loss. He was about to rise, when the senator passed over to him a handful of piasters without counting them, saying,—

"Here is something to try for better luck with; don't make yourself uneasy, but go on."

Cayetano counted the piasters with the most scrupulous attention.

"My dear fellow," said the other, "don't stop to count!"

"I beg your pardon, señor senator; it interests me more than you are aware."

Cayetano appeared to be reflecting deeply, though counting all the time.

"Ah, true! you are thinking how you shall discharge the debt," added the senator.

"I have calculated, señor senator, that I brought with me fifteen piasters; that here are twenty-two which you have just given me; and that by paying you nothing I have now seven piasters."

At these words a laugh of approbation echoed through the room, the senator partaking of the general hilarity in a very forced manner. Cayetano quietly got up, put the piasters in the pockets of his velvet *calzoneras*, and went out very well satisfied with his evening. The senator, for he was one, as he followed him with a mystified air, turned his face towards me, and I then remembered to have seen him at Mexico in the exercise of his functions. It is well known that every federal state has its own congress and senate, and that it is the delegates of these two houses who compose, in the capital of the republic, what is called the sovereign congress.

Don Urbano (I shall call him so) blushed on perceiving me, for he was not without some acquaintance with our ideas of European dignity. He arose quickly, and advanced towards me.

"These are my electors," said he, as a sort of excuse, after the usual compliments had passed between us.

"Ah, these are your electors!" said I, looking round with astonishment at the gallow's faces surrounding us: "they look very respectable!"

"No doubt, for they are the most numerous," replied Don Urbano.

"Which does not prevent you from winning their money?"

"What would you have?" said the senator; "one must do something for one's constituents. Perhaps you do not know that a formidable rival disputes with me the honour of representing the state at the sovereign congress?"

He talked to me some little time longer about his political prospects ; then having, with Mexican courtesy, placed himself at my disposal, he proposed a walk about the town, and we went out. . The esplanade above the Rio San Miguel, and the dried-up bed of the river itself, presented a very animated scene. I have already mentioned that the Christmas festivities were about to begin. Cabins of foliage were erected at short distances, the fires burning on iron tripods flickered to and fro, lighting up pyramids of fruits and scaffoldings of refreshing drinks of every colour. A crowd, in singular costumes brightened by the red flame of the resinous wood, flocked on all sides. In one place Creoles danced licentious fandangos to the sound of castanets and mandolins. Further on, some Indians executed their lugubrious dances to the sound of calabashes full of pebbles, and the melancholy cadences of their singers, abruptly broken by their various war-cries ; in the midst of the joyous tumult of the Creole dancers, this funeral melody seemed like the lament of the vanquished, and the war-cries the accents of rebellion extorted by the spirit of revenge which never dies in the hearts of these primitive nations. I communicated these reflections to Don Urbano.

"The melancholy remains that you see," he replied, "of nations once formidable, have no thoughts of reconquering an independence of which even their fathers have no remembrance. You could form no idea of the Indian, in all the pride of his savage existence, unless you saw the Papagos Indians ; unfortunately, they are also celebrating their Christmas festival, and have not left their rejoicings for ours."

"What !" said I, "are they, then, Christians ?"

"No ; but, by a singular coincidence, their creed places the birth of the sun on the same day as we do the birth of our Saviour. I am about to be present at their festival with a foreigner, and if you like to join us, I will present him to you ; he will be delighted to make your acquaintance. I have obtained a safe conduct from a Papago chief, and we shall have a guide whom we can trust."

This invitation excited my curiosity, and I accepted with delight. It was, therefore, settled that the senator and his companion should come and fetch me the next day, the 21st of December. We then separated, and I returned home.

The next day at sunrise I was ready to mount, when three horsemen stopped at my door. The first was the senator ; the second, the stranger whom he presented as an Englishman ; and in the third, I recognised the scarred gambler of the previous day. This was the guide who was to conduct us. One peculiarity struck me in the stranger ; that he should speak French very badly, and murder Spanish in an incredible manner, I thought perfectly natural. There never was any thing more diverting than the mistakes he made, and at which he was the first to laugh most heartily. What had surprised me were his dark complexion and southern manners, which announced a long residence in countries, the language of which the Englishman appeared completely ignorant.

We took the road to the lagoons. Firmly seated on a fine horse of almost unparalleled vigour, which champied its bit and scattered flakes of foam to the wind, our guide walked on a little way before us.

"Did you know this man before?" I asked the senator.

"The whole country knows him," replied Don Urbano; "he is by trade a turtle-fisher, and has acquaintances every where, for it is through him that I obtained the safe conduct, or rather the permission to be present at the ceremony which we shall this night witness among the Papagos, with whom we are at peace. I should have too hard a task if I were to enumerate all his accomplishments," mysteriously added the senator; "and, moreover, he is an influential elector!"

This was all in all to Don Urbano, and I no longer wondered at the docility with which the ambitious senator had, on the previous day, complied with the cavalier exactions of his adversary.

The road from Hermosillo to the Isle of Tiburon lies along the banks of the Rio San Miguel. This river varies according to the season, and is either a small streamlet of water, which flows almost unperceived in its vast bed, or an impetuous sea which this bed, can no longer contain, and which disgorge its slimy waters into vast lagoons before feeding a lake which it meets in its course. Amongst these lagoons, some are like a crystal mirror, others are concealed by tall reeds, others again covered with a thick coating of green weeds, which gives a deceptive appearance of solidity to their movable surface. A canopy of vapour always floats over these marshes above those reeds, which are for ever trembling, either from the breath of the moist air or from the efforts of the caymans, who take their profligious sport in the mud. Whilst day light lasts, all is silent and deserted; but when the sun begins to sink, when the low hills which surround these stagnant waters gradually become hidden in the mist which rises from their bosom, a few animals appear from time to time; a wild horse bounds amid the shrubs; a jaguar advances crouching to seize its prey; a stag, driven by thirst, timidly ventures to the brink of these drowned savannahs, scenting the musk-like odour of the alligators, then, with watchful eye and out-stretched ear, quenches its thirst, letting fall from its mouth at the least noise drops of water which sparkle in the oblique rays of the sun. Flights of screeching birds as yet alone disturb the silence of these solitudes; but, at the fall of night, strange shapes appear on the surface of these limpid waters, or rise and break the thick coating of these slimy lakes; fearful sounds issue from these green reed jungles: these sounds, sometimes similar to the cries of new-born infants, at others, like the bellowing of furious bulls, according as the caymans express their loves, their sorrows, or their rage, are mingled with the horrible rattling of these hideous reptiles' jaws, as they answer or defy one another. On advancing still further, an imposing voice drowns these strange concerts—it is the voice of the ocean breaking against the rocky shore.

We were traversing a natural road at some height above these drowned lands, and Cayetano continued to precede us at some little distance, without taking any part in the conversation; suddenly I saw him spur his horse, and rapidly descend the steep bank of the road.

"What is he going to do?" I asked the senator.

Don Urbano first looked attentively at the lagoons, then answered,—

"Do you see out there, at some distance from the furthest lagoon, a little field of reeds? These reeds move; and if I am not mistaken, it

is not the wind that shakes them, but some alligator who lies concealed there, and Cayetano wishes to give him chase."

The road Cayetano followed at first appeared to contradict this assertion, for instead of taking the direction of the reeds, he took the diagonally opposite road; suddenly he turned sharp off to the left, and galloped in a direct line towards the spot pointed out by the senator. To the cry which he at the same moment uttered, the reply was a grunt of rage, and an enormous cayman hastened, as quickly as his unwieldy structure would permit, towards the lagoon, of which his enemy wanted to intercept the road. The scaly and blackish back of the reptile was almost entirely covered with thick mud, interspersed here and there with marsh weeds. In its flight it passed within a dozen feet of Cayetano's horse; the noble animal reared with terror, and endeavoured to throw himself on one side; but he had to deal with a rough rider: the spur turned him into the right road, and at the same instance the lasso of plaited leather, which Cayetano whirled in the air, fell on the cayman. The alligator opened an immense jaw, which seemed armed with stakes rather than teeth, and his frightful roar made our horses start; the pressure of the slip-knot violently closed the open jaw, and stifled the roar in his throat with a gurgling sound. For an instant the hideous reptile hesitated whether he should rush upon his enemy or pull towards the water. Fear counselled the latter plan; but Cayetano had secured the end of his lasso three times round the high pommel of his saddle, and the force of the horse balanced that of the cayman. For a few minutes the two animals made prodigious efforts in contrary ways. The alligator furiously dug his claws into the soft ground which the horse's hoofs rutted by long slides. There was a moment of silence, during which we heard nothing but the sonorous noise of the iron spurs against the horse's sides, and the clash of scales on the cayman's tail, with which it lashed and crushed the surrounding reeds. Twice an irresistible pull dragged the former on his two hind feet, and twice in his turn the cayman, violently drawn back, shewed his belly, which terror and rage made a dark violet. At last a third and more furious effort lifted up the horse a third time, and he was about to fall over his rider, when the belly-band gave way with a loud noise. There was an end of Cayetano, whom his enemy was about to drag away with the saddle, without our being able to lend him any assistance. The senator turned pale at the sight of the danger his influential elector ran: I cried out; but as the saddle was slipping from under him, Cayetano seized the mane of the horse, lifted himself on his wrists, like the riders of our amphitheatres, and by a prodigy of vigour and equestrian instinct, the intrepid cavalier remained on the back of his unsaddled horse!

"Bravo, my lad!" cried the senator, enthusiastically throwing his hat up in the air.

The alligator believing his enemy to be thrown down, turned round heavily to spring on him, after disengaging himself from the slip-knot which strangled him; but the horse in a few bounds was out of his reach, and bellowing with joy at the contact of the air which now freely entered his lungs, the monster was not long before he plunged under the water,

which bubbled up on his passage. Cayetano shook his fist towards the lagoon; then quietly getting off his horse, fastened his broken straps as well as he could, and remounted.

"*Caramba!*" said the senator, "what were you thinking of, my lad?"

"I was irritated," replied Cayetano.

The senator admitted this as a sufficient reason; and we continued our journey for about half an hour longer.

"You see those huts in the distance, and that forest which looks like a dark line on the horizon," said Cayetano to me: "that is the object of our journey; and we shall reach it exactly at the right hour to miss none of the ceremony, that is, at sunset."

In the centre of a vast plain, bounded on one side by a chain of small hills and on the other by a large forest, is situated one of the principal villages of the Papagos. It is composed of a hundred flat-roofed huts, built on the brink of a rivulet, which divides it into two almost parallel lines. At the moment we entered, this village appeared to be completely deserted. The sun was setting amid the dense mists of the distant lagoons, and shed but a dim light over this collection of huts, closed by buffalo skins, which the evening wind swayed to and fro with a doleful moan. It seemed as if from time to time the wind brought with it strange sounds, which issued from the depths of the neighbouring forest. I questioned Cayetano as to the cause of these sounds.

"You will know it presently," he replied. "We can advance as far as the outskirts of the forest, where we will dismount and encamp; but I think curiosity will keep you awake the best part of the night."

We proceeded to the spot he pointed out. There the noises became more distinct, and a strange concert of most discordant tones greeted our ears. The roar of the lion, the mew of the jaguar, the growl of the bear, the bellow of the bull, and a thousand confused noises, issued from the lower part of the forest, whilst from the topmost branches ascended at once the screams of the bird of prey, the plaintive sighs of the night-bird, and occasionally the more joyous modulations of the mocking-bird, repeating these cries one after another. Suddenly two abrupt loud tones, which seemed to proceed from the vast lungs of the African lion, resounded above the tumult, and at these harsh accents of the king of beasts all was quiet; then, amidst the universal silence, a voice, but a human voice, uttered some words which we could not understand. Whilst we dismounted, our guide said to us,—

"I will go and shew myself at the outposts; do not stir until I return; and whatever you may see, make no noise; there is no danger: all the animals you will find here are but worthy Papagos."

So saying, Cayetano glided into the forest, where we lost sight of him. Meanwhile night had set in, and we could as yet distinguish nothing, when numerous fires, simultaneously lighted as if by magic, at short intervals, suddenly cleared away the darkness and illuminated strange scenes, resembling the realisation of a feverish dream. In the midst of trunks of trees growing close together, and which by the fire light were transformed into columns of red hot iron, and under a canopy

of smoke which escaped through every interstice of the leafy roof, strange groups of animals wandered in every direction. You might have fancied yourself carried back to the first days of creation, before war had broken out among the various races of animals. By the uncertain red glimmering of the fire it looked like a vast pandemonium, the decoration of an infernal theatre. To those ignorant of the perfection to which the Indians carry the art of disguise and imitations of animals, the illusion would have been fearful. Only as the flames blazed and crackled upwards, they revealed among the branches the forms of birds too gigantic to belong to reality. As the Englishman and myself were gazing with astonishment at this scene, our guide again joined us.

"All is well," said he. "You will now be present at the evening repast, for which," he added, "the Indian women have previously deposited the necessary provisions by the side of each fire."

Our guide was still speaking, when the voice which had commanded silence was again heard.

"What says that voice?" I asked Cayetano.

"The children of the forest," he replied, "must return thanks to the Great Spirit, each one in his own language, for the nourishment he sends them. They are hungry, let them eat! they are thirsty, let them drink!"

As Cayetano ended this translation, the most frightful *benedicite* that ever fell upon human ear suddenly burst forth in howlings, whistlings, squeakings, in cries of all sorts; in a word, in every accent nature has bestowed on the animal creation. Then all sprung upon their food, faithfully observing the habits of the beasts they represented, whilst the birds which had been perching on the branches slid down the trees. The repast ended, all the Indians stretched themselves round the fires, including even the birds, whom the chilly night would have frozen on the tops of the trees, and we followed their example.

Some time before dawn our guide awoke us. Existence seemed to have relapsed into its habitual course in this silent forest. Indistinct forms came and went; the Indians rose one after the other, and guided by the voice of the chief, left that portion of the forest in which they had spent the night.

"Up, señori!" said Cayetano, "and let us follow at a distance; there are some curious things yet for us to see."

The first grey dawn of morning already lighted up the vistas of the forest, when the tribe reached the outskirts of a small glade bounded on all sides by prickly trees; above the brushwood stood, looking like pillars, the trunks of trees, which iron had deprived of their branches and fire had scorched the extremities. The brushwood which surrounded the glade presented to us a convenient post of observation, whence we could see and hear without being seen. It was there we alighted.

Poles supported a tent of woven cotton, which covered the whole glade like a semi-transparent cloud. The tribe stopped beneath this canopy, each one having preserved the singular disguise of the preceding night. This pell-mell of fur and feathers, seen through the faint glimmer of twilight, looked fearful. The morning breeze trembled among the



leaves, and waved about the floating curtain which covered all the actors of this extraordinary scene. The first gleams of dawn streaked the east behind the mountains which reared themselves round the forest, the dark tints of which were gradually disappearing in the morning mist. Amidst the silence of nature arose in slow cadence a religious hymn of great sweetness; then the voices approached, without even the dry leaves crackling beneath the footsteps of the singers, which confirmed me in the thought that none but feminine voices could produce such accents. Soon the women, with that timid and elastic step peculiar to Indian women, came and placed themselves opposite the men, and remained immovable, without ceasing their chant. A veil of cotton-stuff covered their faces, and fell in folds below their waists. A few only among them carried on their heads baskets of reeds filled with flowers.

The chief of the tribe, clad in a lion's skin, made a sign, and in a few moments silence succeeded the chanting. The chief took a lighted torch from the hands of a gigantic monkey, then walking to one extremity of the glade, he turned to the east, and remained motionless, his eyes fixed on the hill tops. The part of the heavens nearest the summit soon became of a bright rose colour, which gradually deepened into purple. At this moment the lion raised the torch to the curtain of ~~span~~ cotton which floated above his head. The spongy tissue caught fire; and now, when the last shades of night were not yet dissipated, the fire threw out an extraordinary brilliancy. In a few minutes the vast canopy was consumed, and covered the turf with black ashes. During this interval the sun had risen, and as the last sparks died out, it threw its dazzling light over every thing.

The chief then casting off the lion's skin, shewed the assembly his calm and haughty countenance; then extending his hand towards the remains of the tent, in a solemn voice he made a speech which Cayetano translated to us nearly as follow:—

“ Which of us can say how many years have elapsed since the Great Spirit created the sun? Our fathers could not number them; but, as this fire has just consumed this cotton, the sun dissipated the darkness which covered the earth, its warmth gave life to what was dead, its light perfected what was alive: thanks to it, brutes have become men!”

Following the example of their chief, all the Indians hastened to throw off their disguise; the animals once more became human beings,\* and songs of joy burst in male accents from these savage throats; the softer voices of the women alternated with those of the men, whilst they threw up in the air the flowers from their baskets.

The religious ceremony was ended, but I was to witness a scene still more imposing. On a sign of the chief all the Indians embraced one another: an air of frankness and loyalty shone on every countenance. Two men alone interchanged a glance of hatred. This glance did not escape the chief, who, knitting his brow, addressed a short exhortation to the two Indians. These replied by murmurs. Then the chief, turning his right side towards the south, and his left towards the north, extended his arms

\* Curious symbol of a rude religious idea!

in a solemn attitude, and added in that imposing voice which I had first heard commanding silence on the preceding night, a few words, of which this is the translation:—

“ Our fathers have said, two enemies must not live in the same village ; the Indian at variance with his brethren becomes the slave of the white men : hatred between two Papagos is exile.”

The mutual hatred of these two savages must have been very intense, for neither of them gave the least sign of repentance. The chief continued :—

“ The village of the western Papagos cannot contain the huts of two enemies ; it is too small. Both must quit it. Our northern brethren will receive one, our southern brethren the other. They will walk until these mountains, until these forests are between their hatred. What our fathers have done is well done. Go !”

A profound silence followed these words, which the echoes of the forest repeated. The two enemies bowed their heads to this irrevocable decision of Indian justice ; they had foreseen that banishment would be pronounced upon them, according to the custom of the tribe. Neither lifted up his voice in self-defence ; but repressed sobs were heard in the ranks of the women, for two among them were also about to leave their native village. The execution quickly followed the sentence. An Indian brought the horses of the two enemies ; he gave them their arrows, bow, and *macana* (tomahawk). Moreover, they each received from the hand of the chief an arrow curiously painted, which was to serve as a passport and introduction into the tribe of which they were henceforth to form a part ; the chief then made a sign with his hand, and brought the folds of his blanket over his face, in token of mourning. The two Papagos mounted their horses, without their countenances betraying the feelings that agitated them. They turned their backs to one another and rode slowly off, whilst their sad and meek wives painfully commenced on foot, in the heat of the sun, the road of exile, always so long and so wearisome when it leads an Indian far from the hut of his fathers, and the spot where their bones rest. The silence which reigned at this time among the consternated Indians was such that the smallest sounds of the forest indicative of the awakening of nature could be heard. Every thing contributed to add to the majesty of this strange scene. This justice without pomp, an ancestral inheritance, which gave its decrees in the face of heaven, shewed me an aspect of Indian life which I should have regretted not to have known, and of which the masquerade of the preceding night had given me no idea.

## CHAPTER II.

Business soon made me forget Cayetano, notwithstanding the curiosity which this singular man had awakened in me—a curiosity which the mysterious words of the senator had rendered still more keen. One idle day I resolved to extend my daily morning ride as far as Cayetano's cabin. The fierce cayman-fisher had suddenly entered my thoughts again, but completely divested of his sombre grandeur. During the last fortnight, the diversions of actual life had sufficed to restore the calmness of

my imagination, Cayetano's cabin was the object of a ride, and nothing more; it was five leagues off, and with the horses of the country five leagues formed a two hours' ride. I therefore took that direction. It was not long before I arrived where two roads met, at the spot where Cayetano had parted from us. In a few minutes' ride from thence I perceived the turtle-fisher's cabin. His door was open, and I approached the threshold without alighting, and announced my presence by the usual formula:—

"*Ave Maria purissima!*"

"*Sin peccato concibida!*" replied a voice which I recognised as Cayetano's. At the same time our horses saluted one another by joyful neighings. I dismounted and entered the cabin. In one angle of the principal room a few brands were burning. Some cakes of wheaten flour were baking, or rather turning to cinders, on the pieces, of lighted wood, in company with some pieces of dried meat, which hissed at the contact with the fire. A few feet off, Cayetano, seated on a bamboo stool, was polishing a harpoon.

"Ah! it is you, señor," said he, without interrupting his occupation. "You are welcome to my poor cabin. You find me busied with my breakfast. Will you do me the honour of doing penance with me?"

I refused this polite offer, which did not appear very tempting, by saying that I had already breakfasted.

"I had only a poor repast to offer," said he, "but I offered it willingly; with your permission I will, therefore, eat it alone."

The interior of the cabin was wretched and bare. Among nets similar to those used by pearl-fishers, and the harpoons and other utensils hanging to the walls, one object of problematical form attracted my attention. This was a sort of strap, or rather of waistcoat, with braces, in which were made three enormous pockets at equal distances.

"You will excuse the curiosity of a traveller," said I, after a short silence, "if I ask you what is the use of that kind of stay?"

"I will tell you," replied Cayetano. "Formerly we used to embark ingots of silver in open day, at any hour, with the help of the custom-house officers themselves, notwithstanding the laws which prohibited their exportation; but now the custom-house officers are more particular, and one must manage without them. This is what that waistcoat helps me to do. By placing an ingot in each of those pockets, with my cloak over my shoulders, I can enter my canoe under the nose of the custom-house officers, shake hands with them in token of friendship, and not appear inconvenienced by a weight which would bend double a man of ordinary strength. In this way, ten voyages suffice me to carry on board a ship thirty thousand piasters, without sharing my profits with any one."

So saying, he kicked on one side the remains of his anchorite's breakfast, and hung up the harpoon which lay near him by the side of the utensils which covered the wall. I then noticed, for the first time, amidst the nets, a pair of blue satin shoes which by their size did honour to the feet of the woman who had worn them. Their lustre was destroyed by rust-coloured spots, which formed a large stain on one shoe and small drops on the other. As I was looking at these vestiges of some tender

and bloody remembrance, I heard the tramp of horses along the road leading from the city, and a few minutes later, two men dismounted at the door of the hut. The two men entered: one was a stranger to me; the other, wearing an eight-days' beard, very dusty clothes, and having a long straight sword by his side, was my mysterious Englishman. At sight of the stranger, Cayetano's countenance changed, and a nervous trembling shook his body, as if he had heard the sound of the Cerro. He soon recovered himself. The Englishman saluted me cordially, without appearing surprised to see me; and turning to Cayetano, said,—

"It is to-day that the cutter will be off the Isle of Tiburon; I have funds to embark, and I want you, for I have reason to suspect that a denunciation has been brought against me, and, perhaps, we shall have to deal with the custom-house officers."

"So much the better," said Cayetano, stretching out his robust limbs; "I want to shake myself."

He then took down the waistcoat with braces, as well as the harpoon, and went out to saddle his horse.

"If you have nothing better to do," said the Englishman to me, "you would be very kind to come with us; you might, without compromising yourself in the least, see a place which is not known to you, and be useful to me: I have with me the ransom of a viceroy."

I had heard too much of these wonderful feats of smuggling not to accept this proposal with eagerness, and we mounted our horses and set forth. It was about five in the afternoon when we reached our place of destination. Cayetano unloaded the mules, depositing on the ground a large silver ingot, which must have weighed about seventy pounds, and a number of little skin bags containing gold dust of about equal weight: he divided this precious burden into the pockets of the waistcoat which I have mentioned.

"Are we in any danger?" asked the Englishman, who did not witness this excess of precautions without trepidation.

Cayetano shrugged his shoulders in token of uncertainty, and said, briefly,—

"It is better to be prepared for every thing. P  p   will put on this waistcoat when we are down below, and I will take care of the rest."

As he uttered these last words with an ironical smile, Cayetano slipped into his pocket a long and stout cord, at one end of which was fastened a piece of cork about the size of a hand. The smuggler and his companion then descended the steep rock on which we stood, in search of a flat-bottomed boat, which in general remained concealed in a cavity of the rock. I admired the vigour and dexterity with which Cayetano, not bending in the least under his enormous burden, made this long and dangerous passage. The Englishman and myself placed ourselves comfortably on the crest of the rock, our legs dangling over, and our faces turned towards the ocean, ready to lose no detail of the scene of which we were about to become spectators.

Meanwhile, Cayetano and P  p   continued their perilous descent towards the sea.

"Do you not fear," said I to the Englishman, "that these peo-

ple may be tempted to appropriate what you so carelessly entrust to them?"

"No," he replied; "the human heart is so formed, that a man who would rob his father and mother would not dare to spill a drop of blood; whilst another, to whom a man's life is as nothing, would be scrupulous as to robbery. Are not sums ten times larger entrusted to strange muleteers, with only a bill-of-lading as security? And besides," added my companion, pointing to Cayetano, "I know that man's story, and I know with what fanaticism the unhappy wretch defends what he calls the honour of his name."

"Do you, indeed, know his history, and would you venture to tell it me?" said I, mentioning the mysterious hints of the Chinese and of the senator.

"Why should I not? He did not confide it to me, and I am not the only one who knows it, although he does not suspect it. This story is as bloody as it is short."

"Let me hear it," said I.

"Not a year ago," he continued, "Cayetano was married to a woman whom he passionately loved, and who deceived him. The house he lived in at Hermosillo was close to the Cerro de la Campana, the singular property of which you know. A trusty friend of his wife's lover, placed as a sentinel on the Cerro, watched for Cayetano's return, and warned the guilty pair; by three blows struck in a peculiar way. At this signal the man escaped by a back-door. An officious friend informed Cayetano of what was going on. One evening (I heard this from the friend myself), the Cerro resounded in so strange, so doleful a manner, that the two lovers shuddered with horror at the cry of agony which accompanied it. It was the confidant, whose head Cayetano was crushing upon the sonorous stones. Cayetano quietly returned home: above all, his honour was to be untarnished. A month afterwards he returned with the frightful scar which you see, but his wife's lover was no more. A few days later it was reported that she had been found with her throat cut among the ruins of his house. Cayetano was put in prison and appeared before the judge; but instead of endeavouring to excuse himself by revealing the adultery of which the murder was the punishment, he maintained, at the risk of the *garrotte*, that he had no motive for killing his wife, and only confessed that he felt himself prodigiously irritated at the time. The judge thought it a bad business, as you may suppose."

"For Cayetano? That is easily conceived."

"No, for himself," replied the Englishman. "You know the impunity enjoyed by the poor in this country. Cayetano was not rich, and whether he was condemned or acquitted, no ransom could be expected of him. The judge was, therefore, very severe; told him in a most furious voice that nothing less than such an excuse could have absolved him; and dismissed him, not without admonishing him that it would not be admitted a second time. Since then, all those who have heard of the murder, and the motives which urged on the assassin, feel a certain uneasiness when they see him irritated, which always happens when he thinks of the woman who deceived him; I have therefore good reason to

suppose that he often thinks of her. As to the sound of the Cerro, he always looks upon it as a melancholy remembrance, or an unpardonable offence. In order to efface the traces of the past, Cayetano burned his cabin with his own hands."

"And his officious friend?" I asked.

"I do not know," replied the Englishman, smiling, "whether the firm conduct of the judge with regard to Cayetano intimidated him, or if he is waiting an opportunity to settle his account; the fact is that he is still alive: and yet Cayetano being such as I know him to be — Cayetano, gnawed by the fatal secret which he thinks drowned in blood — Cayetano, tolerating the existence of a man who shares this secret is to me an inexplicable enigma."

The narrator was silent, and I looked again at the sea to observe attentively, and as if I saw him for the first time, the hero of this bloody tragedy. I perceived him almost at our feet, managing the frail boat on a swelling sea with unequalled strength and dexterity. Lighted up by the sun about to sink beneath the horizon that cast a red mist over the water, he appeared as if in a vapour of blood. Suddenly my companion uttered an exclamation, and gave so shrill a whistle that I started in spite of myself. Then forming a speaking-trumpet of his two hands, as Cayetano turned round at the signal, he called out, in the purest Castilian dialect, but with an Andalusian accent, to round the northern extremity of the Isle of Tiburon, as a suspicious-looking boat was coming round the southern extremity. I could not help admiring the Englishman's sudden progress in Spanish. It was a fresh mystery to me. Cayetano replied to the Englishman's signal by a similar whistle, and stopped an instant to reconnoitre the danger. From the extremity of the island which Cayetano sought to turn, a boat containing five men, four rowing and one steering, advanced rapidly towards him. From the three-coloured flag—green, white, and red—it was easy to recognise the national colours of the custom-house, an isolated station of which was at some distance. As the Englishman had feared, information alone could have put them on the alert. As the swell raised Cayetano's canoe, he was unable to see the suspicious boat. Making a sign of contempt, he brandished over his head the harpoon he had just picked up; then bending down over his oars he gave so strong an impetus to the canoe that it slid over the waves with the rapidity of the flying fish as it skims along the surface of the water. Cayetano had taken a different direction. The custom-house boat, notwithstanding the increased efforts of its rowers, far from gaining on him, had much trouble to maintain its previous distance; this sight cleared the darkened brow of the Englishman. But his security was not complete until he saw a third boat, which shooting suddenly out from behind the Isle of Tiburon, followed in the same direction as the custom-house boat. It was a long, black, narrow whaler, which flew along the sea impelled by the efforts of four rowers.

"Ah! there are my faithful men," exclaimed the Englishman, rubbing his hands; "they have seen my signals, and my ingots are in safety."

I availed myself of his joy to ask him what miracle had so suddenly endowed him with the gift of the Spanish language.

"Listen," said he; "I have betrayed myself, but I think that with you my carelessness will have no bad results. I exercise a dangerous trade," he added; "not because I smuggle, but because this smuggling enables me to sell my merchandise cheaper than others of my confraternity, who would already have had me assassinated out of jealousy if they suspected I was a Spaniard. The quality of stranger, of Englishman, is my safeguard. I am part proprietor with Don Urbano of the cutter which is near here; and thanks to the artifice I employ, and which the senator confirms to any one who will listen to it, the *ex-toreador*, the *ex-primer-espado* of the bull-fights at Seville, whom you see in my person, is on the highroad to fortune and prosperity."

On these remote coasts, the Mexican custom-house officers profess the deepest respect for armed smugglers. At sight of the reinforcement coming to Cayetano's assistance, they thought they had given the treasury a sufficient proof of devotion, and tacked with admirable coolness. After this unforeseen manœuvre, Cayetano's proceedings became inexplicable. He continued to row towards a spot which the maddest courage, the wildest temerity could not hope to pass. A seal alone could have done it. Cayetano advanced in that direction with a rapidity which dazzled me, and without any necessity, since the enemy had retreated. Nothing could equal the anguish of the unhappy Spaniard. A minute more and his fortune would be swallowed up.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands, "fool that I am! I ought to have foreseen this result—I ought to have expected it; that man is implacable."

"But what interest can he have in this singular manœuvre?" I asked, with astonishment.

"What interest!" exclaimed the Andalusian; "the man who accompanies the wretch is his friend!"

So saying, he fell back on the grass. I seized the telescope which fell from his hand. Fascinated by this fearful sight, I could not look away from it. Still at some distance from the breakers, in the midst of the fire-coloured mist of the setting sun, Cayetano's bark bounded from wave to wave like a deer taking its aim before leaping a precipice. Of the two men in it, one stood up, then seemed to kneel and pray; the other, it was Cayetano, made a threatening gesture, and at this gesture the man sunk down, still supplicating, and raising his hands to Heaven. A cloud of foam hid the rest of the scene from me for a minute, but a cry of fearful anguish mingled with the terrific concert of the billows against the breakers. All this passed as quick as thought. The bark, lifted up by a wave, seemed to spring perpendicularly out of the water bounded forward, and oscillated an instant, balanced between two rocks. I saw Cayetano stretch out one arm, a body was thrown over the breakers, and all disappeared. Some minutes afterwards, amidst the foam which the setting sun no longer coloured with its bloody hue, the remains of a boat whirled merrily about like bits of straw on the passage of a water-spout; but among these remains no human form could be distinguished.

In the tropics, night comes on without twilight: darkness had replaced daylight, and the sky was full of innumerable stars; but neither

the Spaniard nor myself had moved a step. Yet in the former, fury had succeeded dejection, and he muttered the most terrible threats against Cayetano. Suddenly I heard a noise; stones seemed to break away beneath the footsteps of some one ascending the rock, then a head shewed itself near us, the water streaming from its hair. I recognised Cayetano: he was whistling Riego's march as calmly as he had done half-an-hour before.

In the hands of the Spaniard, who bounded up, I heard the snap of a Catalonian knife.

"Hush!" said I to him, "let him first explain himself."

"Make yourself easy," exclaimed Cayetano, putting his foot on firm ground: "your gold is in safety."

"Where? Where?" exclaimed the Spaniard, in the ecstasy of his delight.

"Pépé, to whom I entrusted it, is taking care of it."

"But where?" again exclaimed the Spaniard.

"*Eh! Caramba!* at the bottom of the sea."

The Spaniard uttered a sort of roar. Cayetano continued, without appearing to notice the fury of the ancient toreador,—

"I thought it necessary, I tell you; and besides, I have more than once been past the breakers which surround the Promontory of Souls. If this time the boat went to pieces it was Pépé's fault, although in falling he also cleared the fatal promontory. Go round the breakers, and where the water is calm you will see the mark I put in order to find the body of this *dear friend*."

"Then," said the Spaniard, "my ingots are in safety?"

"Did I ever deceive you?" replied Cayetano, with an air of wounded dignity. "But you must make haste; your rowers are waiting down below, and there is no time to be lost, if you do not wish the sharks to prevent poor Pépé from rendering you this last service. I did what was necessary, and I am going to mount my horse and ride home. Good night, señor!, we shall meet again! Ah! I had forgotten one important matter; all my cigars have got wet in the bath I have been taking, and I am dying to smoke."

Cayetano, already mounted, stretched out his hand to the Spaniard, and began again to whistle his favourite air, but with an appearance of gloomy pre-occupation, which contradicted his affected indifference. He soon rode off, striking from his steel sparks which shone like distant lightning.

We hastened to descend to the shore, where the Spaniard found his men assembled. We entered the canoe. As the fisherman had told us, we found the sea black and still behind the breakers on which the boat had struck. We sought some time without finding the mark mentioned, and the Spaniard began to fear that he had been cheated by the smuggler. But the waves which broke on the opposite side of the rocks fell over upon ours in cascades of fire; by the phosphorescent light which they emitted, a man perceived something black floating on the water. It was the piece of cork which I had remarked in Cayetano's hands. This indication revealed every thing. The Spaniard shrieked with delight;



the ingots were there. Following the direction of the string which held the cork, the pointed boathooks seemed to sink into the mud ; but they soon met with resistance, and, and after many efforts, the four sailors, by the aid of ropes, brought the corpse of P  p   to the surface. The string fastened to the float was tied to the handle of a harpoon, and the point of the harpoon traversed the body cloth in the fatal waistcoat. The Spaniard avidly felt the strange and mournful buoy ; nothing was missing. After being stripped of its precious deposit, the body, abandoned with cool indifference by these pitiless men, fell heavily back, throwing up a bright foam on the black surface of the sea. Rays of fire, which suddenly converged under the transparent water towards the spot where the body had disappeared, indicated that the sharks were about to make it their evening meal.

“ Cayetano has accomplished his last vengeance like an honest fellow,” said the Spaniard, counting his skin bags ; “ and what is more, like a clever fellow. I owe him honourable satisfaction, and will be hung if the judge can convict him of having been *irritated* this time.”

The gold and ingots were transported to the cutter, and we once more mounted our horses. The country was silent all round the cabin. The caymans of the lake slept on the mud ; the reeds alone mingled their sighs with the rustle of the leaves. The footsteps of our horses re-echoed in the distance. As we passed at some distance from the cabin, I saw Cayetano come to the door, attracted by the noise. He recognised us, and exclaimed,—

“ Well, se  or, is any thing missing ?”

“ No,” replied the Spaniard ; “ and I expect you to settle our accounts.”

“ Ha !” returned Cayetano, “ you owe me at least an Easter taper ; your gold has had a narrow escape. Good night ! and remember, that smuggling, like war, has cruel necessities.”

I shall never forget the sneering tone of that voice in the midst of the darkness. There was something still more terrible in the cool irony of the murderer than in the outbreaks of his anger. I spurred my horse, and soon lost sight of that cabin which in the morning I had found so smiling and picturesque, and which now, in the darkness and silence, appeared to me fearful and sinister like an accursed spot.

## THE MEXICAN HORSE-TAMER.

## CHAPTER I.

## THIRST IN THE DESERT.

It was on a magnificent morning that I set out for the presidency of Tubac. The multiplied directions I had received left me without misgivings as to the route I was to follow, and I marched resolutely forward. My horse—thanks to the power of resisting thirst possessed by these animals in Mexico—could travel over the day's journey which separated us from a small river. My skin bottle was half full. It was scarcely eight in the morning, and I had still ten hours of sunlight before me; but the sun which gave me light scorched the desert. As it gradually rose above the horizon, its burning reflexion ascended from the earth to me; rays of fire compelled me to bend my head, and tightened the leather of my shoes round my swollen feet. The south wind parched my mouth; my lungs inhaled fire, not air. Around me the seared wood crackled as if in the neighbourhood of a furnace. I had been on the road about two hours, when a sudden feeling of uncomfot seized me; a shiver ran through my body, and I shook with cold amidst this ocean of fire. In vain I wrapped myself up in my cloak. It was the return of a fit of one of those intermittent fevers which I had caught at San Blas. After struggling a short time against the pains which racked my limbs, I alighted, and laid down on the ground. I was in a path winding through a dense wood, and hoped to warm myself in the burning sand. An intense heat soon succeeded the chill, and in the excitement of fever, regardless of the future, I drank off all the water I possessed. The sun, meanwhile, rose higher and higher in the heavens. The suffocating wind, as it murmured sadly among the leaves, renewed my thirst; but I was in one of those moments in which physical discomfort triumphs over reason. I listened to the rustling of the leaves, which sounded to me like the ripple of water; and this illusion momentarily appeased my thirst. The fit even appeared to diminish in intensity, and I soon felt nothing more than extreme lassitude. I then endeavoured to mount my horse, but weary and discouraged, I fell back on the sand of the path. At the same time thirst returned keener than ever. Drained of its last drop, my waterskin lay at my side, already shrivelled by the drought. All fresh attempts to continue my road served only to convince me still more clearly of my powerlessness. I ended by falling into a somnolent languor, which was about to deepen into sleep, when I heard a distant noise, resembling that caused by the clashing of a scabbard against iron spurs. A well-armed and well-mounted horseman soon stopped before me. I unclosed my eyes.

"Hullo, friend!" said he, in a rough voice, "what are you about there?"

My long beard, my ragged and dusty clothes, might to a certain

degree excuse this imperious and familiar apostrophe; I was not the less offended by it, however, and at first answered my interlocutor sharply,—

“You see I am busy—dying with thirst.”

The stranger smiled. A plump water-skin hung at his saddle-bow. At this sight my thirst increased and my pride vanished. I spoke again to ask the stranger humbly if he would hand me the precious skin.

“God forbid I should refuse it you!” said he, then in a milder tone.

I avidly stretched out my hand, but the horseman, seeing me inclined not to leave a drop of water in the leather bottle, filled a calabash, which he held out to me and which I emptied in a moment. When I was a little restored, my comforter asked me what road I was following, and where I was going.

“To the presidency of Tubac,” said I.

“To the presidency of Tubac!” he replied, with amazement; “why you have turned your back upon it.”

In the agitation of fever, I had forgotten my directions and mistaken my road; the road I was following led westward, as I then saw by the position of the sun.

“Listen to me,” said the stranger, giving me some water to drink, but as sparingly as before; “you can reach the Hacienda de la Noria by sunset. Following my advice, go to the hacienda; you will be well received there.”

I spoke of my excessive weakness. The stranger reflected a moment, then continued.

“I cannot wait to conduct you there; imperious reasons oblige me to be far from here by nightfall. No less powerful motives ought, perhaps, to forbid my entrance to the hacienda; but as my road takes me close to it, I will call there and send you a fresh horse and some water; for, worn out as you and your horse appear, you would not arrive to-day by yourself: and in these solitudes, without water, under a sun like this, if you do not arrive to-day, you do not arrive to-morrow. Try, however, to muster strength and advance a little; by following step by step the traces of my lasso, which I will drag along on the sand, you will not be exposed to losing your way again.”

I thanked him heartily for his kindness.

“One last counsel,” added he, “do not forget to say that chance alone led you to the hacienda.”

So saying, the horseman unrolled his bundle of plaited leather, and disappeared at a quick trot, leaving behind him a slight furrow in the sand. The hope of soon reaching an inhabited spot, and the water which had a little refreshed me, gave me some strength. For the first time my position appeared to me in its true light, and I again mounted my horse, which I had fastened by the bridle; but the poor animal had not like me found water to quench his thirst, and with outstretched neck, drooping ears, and glazed eyes, he rather dragged himself along than walked, notwithstanding the reiterated application of the spur. In vain the iron rowels tortured his bleeding sides, no effort could induce him to quicken his step. I stopped from time to time, trying to distinguish the scarcely

visible traces of the lasso on the sand, and hoping to hear the voices of those I expected, but all was silent. Puffs of hot air, the burning breath of the desert, alone passed lightly over the ground with unequal sighs. I then began once more my painful march, repeating mechanically this phrase,—“If you do not arrive to-day, you do not arrive to-morrow.” Already the shadow of the iron-wood trees lengthened on the sand, which, heated by the sun, exhaled a scorching effluvium, clouds of gnats, fore-runners of twilight, buzzed in the distance all the signs of approaching night came out one by one, yet nobody appeared. Physical pain was added to mental agony; I felt my tongue swell and my throat inflame. Suddenly my horse neighed, and, as if some mysterious knowledge had reached him on the wings of the wind, his pace became almost rapid. At the moment when the sun's disc was sinking behind the outskirts of the forest on the horizon, I fancied I heard, the distant low of cattle. No doubt I was near some *ranch*. Half-an-hour sufficed me to reach those trees behind which the sun had set. An immense plain there lay before me, and my eyes beheld the most radiant spectacle—a spectacle of which I wish I could describe the charm and majesty, but which those only can picture to themselves who have endured the tortures of thirst in the midst of burning deserts, the extent of which was unknown to them.

A large carpet of green turf, worn into tortuous paths by the feet of man and beasts, covered the surface of this plain. Numerous gum-trees, growing close together, and interlaced at their summits, thus repairing their deficiency of foliage, overshadowed this turf. The fresh and moist air which played on my face, as I issued from the scorching forest behind me told me that water must flow every where at very little depth beneath the surface and fertilise this delicious oasis. In the midst of this green turf, and under the shade of beautiful ash-trees, a plentiful spring filled a large cistern. An immense wheel, put in movement by four pair of mules, alternately emptied and filled the hundred leathern buckets fastened to its circumference, and poured torrents of pure and limpid water, which sparkled gloriously in the rays of the setting sun, into gignatic hollow trunks of trees. A thousand stream-lets glittering like rubies, flowed round the foot of the gum-trees, moistening their roots, and imparting reviving freshness to their topmost branches. Myriads of cattle drank from these wooden troughs, unable to exhaust the abundant spring which supplied them. Further off, in the midst of a golden dust raised by their resounding gallop, bounded an immense troop of horses, with distended nostrils, and manes flowing in the wind in all the savage impetuosity of their natures. The sound of hoofs striking against the ground re-echoed like distant thunder. The horse neigh of the stallions, the bellowing of the bulls, were heard from time to time above this formidable and joyous tumult. Sometimes a large squadron of horses rushed with fiery eyes to the common drinking-place. The sheep bounded away, whilst the bulls lifting up their damp, black noses, prepared to repulse the invaders with their horns. Jackals and other nocturnal rovers, also driven by thirst, heedless of the sun being still high, and that man was near, shewed afar off their slender muzzles and brilliant eyes, unable to await the return of darkness before

taking their share of the *noria*,\* which like the providence of the desert, bestows the treasure of its waters upon all without distinction. Such must have been the cisterns of biblical times, near which the patriarchs pitched their tents and gave hospitality to travelling angels.

At the same instant both horse and rider began to drink, as if we wished to exhaust the *noria*. It was, however, necessary to stop and take breath, and I then fancied I heard voices near me. I listened, and heard the following dialogue, through a group of ash-trees which concealed me from the speakers:—

“Come Juan, I think it is time for me to set out, for in the course of the last four hours, during which I have been giving you your revenge, the traveller whom I was sent to seek has had plenty of time to die of thirst.

“You are in a hurry because you have won, Benito; and are only humane just now because you fear a change of luck. By this time your traveller has ceased to live, and you will find him fast enough.”

“You are unreasonable, Juan. I stop here one moment to fill the gourd with which I am sent to a poor devil found half dead on the road, you wish to shew me an infallible martingale, and in consequence you have done nothing but lose for the last four hours: this must come to an end. Great gain, indeed for me to win your dolman, and for it to let a man die of thirst!”

Almost at the same time I saw the gamblers issue from the sort of arbour in which they had been sitting. I recognised the loser by the dolman which he held in his hand, as if to tempt the cupidity of his antagonist, and decide him to give another chance. The other gambler led a horse by the bridle; he asked me if I had not met a traveller lying senseless on the highroad.

“If you mean me,” said I, “you may win that vagabond’s dolman; for thank God! I did not wait for you.”

“Ha! how rejoiced I am!” exclaimed the unlucky gambler. “Benito, my friend, you cannot now refuse my stake.”

An expression of annoyance came over Benito’s face; he was evidently vexed that I had not died from thirst, and that my resurrection deprived him of a pretext for not risking his winnings any longer. On the other hand Juan was radiant with happiness. I instinctively felt that, by a sudden revulsion of ideas, I had a friend in the man who wanted to sacrifice me to the hope of a revenge, and an enemy in him who only a few minutes before so humanely pleaded my cause. I left the two gamblers to continue their game, and followed by my horse, took the road to the hacienda. I was still at some distance from the farm, and twilight almost hid the landscape from my view, when I noticed vast enclosures of stakes (*toriles*) on either side of the road. One was empty; in the other, dust was flying about in clouds. A few smothered roars were to be heard. On approaching the enclosure, I perceived through the stakes a bull struggling, with one man mounted on his back, and armed with a knife,

\* *Noria*.—The *hydraulic chaplet* serving to raise the water of a well or cistern is so called, and from thence the well or cistern itself.

whilst another man tied the feet of the animal with cords, and thus weakened his struggles. The man with the knife seemed to be sharpening the horns of the beast, who struggled in vain under his rough grasp. The bull at last standing motionless, the rider carefully dipped into a calabash a sort of bung, which he rubbed several times over the animal's horns, as if to cover them over with some liquid preparation. This operation ended, the bull was freed of its bonds, and before he sprang furiously up, the two men had reached and barricaded with strong palisades of wood an opening of the toril opposite to where I now stood, and hastened away. I recognised in the man mounted on the bull the rider whose water-gourd and information had been so useful to me some hours before. What motive could have kept this man at the hacienda, who seemed to fear appearing there I afterwards learned the terrible secret, and the vengeance of which this operation on the bull's horns was the instrument. Another meeting still more unforeseen than the former, soon occurred to give my thoughts a different turn. The height and figure of a horseman who passed me at full gallop recalled to me a man, the memory of whom was mixed up with a terrible scene which an interval of six months had been unable to efface: I mean the smuggler, Cayetano.

It was not without difficulty that I overcame the painful impression caused by this apparition, endeavouring to convince myself that I was the dupe of some strange resemblance. Thus pre-occupied I arrived before the door of the hacienda, and entered the yard, which, to my great astonishment, I found empty.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE VAQUERO.

Every year a *recogida*, or *battue*, takes place throughout the hacienda, when thousands of horses, mules, and bulls are driven into the toriles. The colts and young bulls which the preceding year has added to the riches of the owner, are thrown down by the *vaqueros*\* with their lasso, and marked with the distinguishing sign of the hacienda. The five-year old colts are tamed, that is mounted two or three times (*quebrantados*); after which novillos, heifers, and colts endeavour to forget in their *querencias*† the shame which the saddle has inflicted on their sides, or the sign of servitude which red-hot iron has imprinted on their still reeking flesh. They await thus the moment when a final sale will take them from their wilds and bring them to the towns in the interior. There to the imminent peril of their possessors and the passengers, the horses become accustomed to the sight of houses, to the roll of carriages, and even to the presence of man. Under the rough Mexican riders, and the pricking of the iron spurs in use among them—spurs of which the rowels are sometimes six inches in diameter—this second education is as soon completed as the first. The epithet of *quebrantados*

\* Horsemen; literally, cowherds.

† The places which the herds generally frequent.

(broken in) applied to horses thus tamed, is of undoubted justice. Often after three years of absolute independence, during which time the presence of man has never recalled to them the affront they have endured, these animals have not forgotten the terrible vaqueros who have pressed their loins and crushed their pride.

From infancy the vaquero is trained to horsemanship; his legs can no sooner cross a horse than his father fastens him with a handkerchief to the back of the saddle and rides over hill and valley with him. He grows up thus. A day comes when his legs are bowed along the sides of the horse, and his whole body made supple by its uneven pace. The vaquero then learns in his wanderings to throw the lasso, to know the ground (*saber la tierra*), that is, to join the reasoning of man to the instinct of the horse, which discerns at a distance of twenty leagues the odour of the plants he is accustomed to tread, the emanations of the trees which shade him nightly, and takes a direct course over plains, mountains, or torrents, towards the querencia he likes best. Amidst the solitudes in which he spends his life, without regular roads, unacquainted with the spots where a keen pursuit may lead him, the vaquero never hesitates as to the road he ought to follow. The moss on the trees, the course of the rivers or of rivulets, the position of the sun, the leaning of the grasses, the sighs of the wind, are so many signs which the desert seems to multiply under his steps to indicate his road. To this singular keenness of perception the vaquero adds unusual moderation. Scraps of *torli las*,\* a bit of dried meat, a pomegranate, a pimento, a cigarette of maize straw, sustain him a whole day; puddles of reddish water, forgotten by the sun in some print of a bull's or horse's hoof, refresh him; he is equally insensible to the chilly nights and scorching days. Once in pursuit of some animal, nothing stops his career; neither ravines, torrents, nor forests. Clothed in leather from head to foot, he gallops intrepidly through the forests as if in the middle of plains. Sometimes bent to the right or left over his steed as if his body were without bones, sometimes his torso bent over the fore part of his saddle, or with his head thrown back over the horse's croup so as to avoid contact with the large branches, which would otherwise dash out his brains, he never slackens the impetuosity of his course. When his inevitable lasso has caught the animal he is in pursuit of to tame, intrepidity shews itself united to suppleness and vigour. Then the business of the vaquero becomes perilous; but, at the end of a two hours' struggle, the horse returns docile, his body covered with foam, his eyes sunken—broken in, in short. Sometimes he brings back lifeless the horsemen whom he has dashed against a rock, but the vaquero died as he ought—on his horse!

In my journeys through Mexico I had frequently met some of these lonely vaqueros, and had been delighted with the *vaif* recital of their wild exploits, but I had never seen them at work. I arrived at the Hacienda de la Noria under the most favourable circumstances for enjoying a spectacle I had long been desirous of witnessing.

\* Cakes of maize baked on an iron plate, which almost every where take the place of bread.

## CHAPTER III.

## A MEXICAN INTERIOR.

I had traversed the empty yard, and was approaching a portico which protected the principal entrance to the building, when I heard a voice repeating, in a monotonous tone, prayers, to which a chorus of other voices murmured responses. It was a Saturday evening, and the inhabitants of the hacienda, to close the week, recited the rosary together according to the ancient Spanish custom. I fastened my horse to a post and entered the room. A large number of persons, master and servants, were devoutly kneeling. The voice I had heard was that of the chaplain of the hacienda. A man of about fifty, who appeared to be the master, gravely bowed to me on my entrance, which did not interrupt the pious occupation of the assembly; he made a sign to me to take a place, and I knelt like the rest, whilst examining, with stealthy curiosity, those who surrounded me.

The feeble light which one candle threw over the room, left in a kind of twilight the bronzed and energetic physiognomies of the hardy race which settles fearlessly on the Indian frontiers; but what particularly attracted my attention was a group of two kneeling women. Unfortunately, *rebozos*\* of blue and white silk covered them from the head to the waist so closely, as to allow nothing to be seen but the eyes. These, like the eyes of all Mexican women, were large and black. A voice, which appeared to me supereminently harmonious and sweet, even in a land where all women are gifted with seductive voices, told me that one at least of the strangers was young. As I was examining them, two men entered the room on tiptoe, and I recognised the gamblers I had left playing. The cards had, doubtless, been favourable to Juan, for he still wore his dolman, ornamented with bell-shaped buttons. He made me a graceful bow on entering; whilst his companion Benito, who still bore me ill-will, did not even condescend to look at me: it is true that, from the moment of his entrance, his eyes had been incessantly fixed on the younger of the two women. These remarks once made, I felt only an intense wish for the conclusion of this interminable rosary; and it was with extreme delight that I heard the last *Ora pro nobis*, and saw the congregation rise from their knees.

The servants lighted the candles under the glass shades, and by their light I was able to distinguish the graceful figure of one of the veiled women, as she, in her turn, arose; I also saw a little white hand coquettishly arrange the folds of the silken veil, but that was all: for the two women—mother and daughter, doubtless—instantly disappeared. I was then forced to bestow my attention on the curious assembly in the midst of which chance had thrown me. Every object which met my eyes since my entrance in the hacienda had, I must confess, not only a certain cha-

\* Scarfs of silk or cotton woven in the country, used to veil the face and shoulders.



racter of rustic feudality and patriarchal simplicity, but also a flavour of mystery very much to my taste. The supper which\* I was invited to partake was consistent with these first appearances. A long table, so narrow that every guest might eat out of his opposite neighbour's plate, was covered with every dish which Mexican cookery can inflict on an European palate. The upper end of the table was filled by the master, named Don Ramon, the chaplain of the hacienda, and myself. The two women I had noticed during the recital of the rosary did not appear at supper. A crowd of servants of both sexes, whom Mexican customs admit at the master's table, were seated at the lower end. Excepting a fine piece of venison, the numerous dishes, spread in profusion, could excite little else than astonishment and disgust. There were fowls cut up in pieces and swimming in an ocean of red pimento sauce, which a novice would have mistaken for tomatas; or else buried under a mountain of rice, which exhaled a terrible odour-of saffron, and through which peeped long green pimentos. Further on, a cock displayed the frightful mixture of rancid olives, dry raisins, roots, and onions, with which it was stuffed. A dish of green ears of wheat, smothered in white sauce, stood opposite to one full of roasted corn-cobs. Sweet pumpkins, garbanzos, purslain, and other vegetables, as nameless as colourless, flanked enormous pieces of half-cold beef. The appetite of Don Ramon's messmates, nevertheless, delighted in the aspect of such delicacies. The absence of all liquids was a remarkable fact amidst this abundance of eatables. In Mexico, no one drinks till after the repast.

I replied to the questions my host asked me respecting Arispe by some information which his ignorance, the inevitable consequence of his isolated mode of life, rendered valuable to him. Having thus satisfied his curiosity, I ventured to question him in return. I was anxious to know if it was really Cayetano whom I had met near the door of the hacienda; but the smuggler's name appeared unknown to my host, as well as to his messmates.

When the numerous guests had satisfied their appetites, one of the domestics rose, and bringing in two enormous glasses, capable of containing several pints, like those of ancient times, each guest drank, one after the other, in these glasses as they went round. The meeting broke up, and every one went to prepare for the next day's fatigue, for Don Ramon had announced to me that the annual *herrerados*\* was to take place on the morrow. It was in honour of this festivity that a grand supper had been given contrary to custom, a cut of chocolate usually forming the evening's repast: this circumstance explained the absence of the ladies of the house.

On pronouncing Cayetano's name at supper, I had noticed in Benito's eyes a look of gloomy defiance. I therefore thought it better not then to repeat my questions, hoping that an opportunity of clearing up my doubts would soon occur. My hopes were not deceived. As I was leaving the dining-room, I was addressed at the door by my new friend Juan,

\* The name given to the days annually employed in counting and marking the cattle.

or Martingale, to adopt the nickname his companions had bestowed on him, and which he so well justified.

"Benito," said he, "guessed that you were speaking to Don Ramon about the man with the scar."

"How does Benito know him?" I asked.

"That does not concern me. But do you happen to be Cayetano's friend?"

"No, I am not that man's friend."

"So much the better! You are his enemy, then, perhaps?"

"Not in the least."

"So much the better?" again repeated Juan.

"It seems, then," I replied, tired of these questions, "that I ought to return thanks to fate that I am neither Cayetano's friend nor enemy."

"Who knows?" returned Martingale, mysteriously.

"Certain people, when they hate a man thoroughly, not only look with unfavourable eyes on his friends, but on his enemies: hatred, like love, has its jealousies. I say this in your own interest; you are a stranger here, and alone, and I should be sorry if any misfortune were to happen to you. Now, good bye, I am going to pursue my lucky vein: Benito is furious with you, for I have already won back one sleeve of my dolman. I thank Heaven you were able to reach the Noria!"

So saying, the rascal ran off so quickly, that I was unable to ask any question respecting the *ci-devant* turtle-fisher. In the evening, as I was seated in the room assigned to me, the walls of which were completely bare, I was reflecting on the events of the day whilst listening to the sounds which died out, one by one, as the domestics retired to their rooms. The vast building then was buried in silence, interrupted only by the distant low of the cattle as they left the troughs of the Noria to make way for the inhabitants of the forest. I was about to fall asleep in my turn, when I heard the sound of footsteps under my window. My room being on the ground floor, saw distinctly from my bed two men pass at a little distance, speaking so low that I could hear nothing but the word *En-demoniado*\* several times repeated. The two men then disappeared with a shout of laughter, which left me no doubt as to the person who had uttered it. It was Cayetano: it was that sardonic laugh which had struck me on another occasion. The presence of this man in the hacienda appeared to me an inauspicious omen.

## MATASIETE, THE HUNTER.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PEON.

About a stone's throw from the hacienda stood some thirty huts, prettily grouped, the dwellings of the *peones*, or paid labourers. The aspect of these cabins did not announce poverty; it seemed as if Nature had de-

\* Bedevilled.

lighted in throwing the veil of luxuriant vegetation over the bamboo or log walls, which were completely hidden by the broad leaves and climbing stems of the calabash plants with the golden chalices. Each hut was surrounded by a hedge of cactus, entwined with the bells of the many-coloured convolvulus; but the interiors of the cabins were not in keeping with these brilliant exteriors. There every thing betrayed the fearful want which is the lot of the peon. The labourer is permitted only to grow tobacco and pimento on the small bit of ground allotted him by the master of the farm, and the time required for its cultivation is taken from his hours of rest. A pitiless monopoly compels him to buy at the hacienda corn, maize, and all the manufactured articles requisite for his consumption, at prices which far exceed his small salary. The free labourer of the hacienda buys almost every thing on credit, therefore; and the farmer remains, eternally his creditor. Consequently, the *dia de raya* (pay-day) is an unhappy day in these farms, instead of being, as elsewhere, a holiday; for every week adds to the already heavy burden weighing on the peon. It may be fearlessly affirmed that the condition of these paid labourers is worse than that of negro-slaves. The negro-slaves has his cabin, in which he rests after the hours of labour, the number of which are fixed by law. A plentiful supply of salt fish, his favourite food, recruits his strength; and, if he falls ill, he is never in want of a doctor. The master's carelessness, on the contrary, leaves the peon exposed without protection to illness and hunger. The black slave looks forwards to the time when he will purchase a freedom—useless to him, no doubt, but the prospect gladdens him; the free labourer has before him an unlimited slavery, for his salary will always be less than the debts which monopoly compels him to contract.

My walks were frequently directed towards the huts inhabited by the peons. The provision-shop was in the middle of the village, and one morning I stood before it to observe the various transactions taking place there. Each peon drew from his pocket a hollow reed, about six inches long, in which were rolled up two little squares of paper, one debtor, the other creditor. These accounts are primitive in their simplicity. A horizontal line, traced from one end of the paper to the other, forms the basis of the running account. On this longitudinal line, other perpendicular lines more or less lengthened (such is the etymology of the word *raya*, or pay); oughts and semi-oughts represents the piasters and half-piasters, reals and half-reals. Amidst the buyers, who retired after haggling a long while about prices, I soon remarked one individual, thinner and more ghastly than the rest, who walked about with an appearance of hesitation, and glanced with intense desire at the shop. From the perseverance with which he smoked cigarette after cigarette, it was easy to see that the unfortunate peon was endeavouring to appease the cravings of an empty stomach. At last, he seemed to come to an heroic determination, and, walking into the shop, asked for a *cuartillo* of maize. "Let us see your account," said the clerk. The peon took his reed out of his pocket, and drew from it his *banker's-book*; but the horizontal line of creditor was as deficient in hieroglyphics as that of debtor was loaded with signs of every sort. The clerk harshly refused to sell him any thing until fresh orders,

and returned him his account. The peon had, apparently, foreseen this reply, and resignation should have been easy to him; yet his countenance betrayed painful disappointment, and it was with a trembling hand that he sought to put back into its reed case the paper which he convulsively rolled up. I felt touched with compassion, and paid the clerk for the trifling loan which the poor labourer had solicited in vain. The peon instantly testified his gratitude by borrowing a second real (sixpence), and begging me to go with him to his hut to cure his wife, who had been long ill. I learnt, as we walked thither together, that it was this illness which had thrown him so behindhand as to cause him to be refused credit, now that he wanted it more than ever.

I found the peon's hut as destitute as I had expected. A few earthen vessels, and two or three dried cow's heads, used as seats, were the sole furniture. Two naked children, with swollen stomachs and rickety legs, played about a woman, whose thin, pallid face betokened the last stage of some slow disease. Stretched, rather than seated, under a shed in the inner court, this woman swung with a feeble hand, by means of an aloe string, a little hammock suspended to the sides of the shed, and in which slept a little child: it was a melancholy picture. I endeavoured to reassure the father, by advising him to substitute a system of nourishment more appropriate to the weak health of his wife, for the pimento and cactus fruit on which the whole family lived; but I was quite aware that my recipe was impracticable to these unhappy beings, deprived of every thing. The father, however, rubbed his hands as he listened to me, and gave tokens of a delight which I could hardly suppose to be the effect of my exhortations. To my questions about this sudden and wonderful joy, he replied that the holy Virgin had sent him an idea, and that, before long, abundance would return to his home. As he spoke, he looked caressingly at an old rusty rifle which lay in a corner of the hut. It was in vain I interrogated him as to the use he meant to make of it. The peon would not explain, and contented himself with repeating that it was a triumphant—a glorious idea. I, therefore, left him without penetrating his secret, but reassured by the thought that this rifle, worn out with rust, must be harmless, except, perhaps, to the person using it.

Two days afterwards, I called on the master of the hacienda; I found him purple with rage, and bullying severely a poor devil, who, with a rifle under his arm, and his head hanging down, awkwardly twisted his hat in his hands. I recognised the peon.

"Ah, Señor Don Ramon!" I asked the hacendero, "what bad news have you just heard?"

"What I have heard," exclaimed Don Ramon, "is, that my servants (God forgive me!) are in a league with the jaguars for the destruction of my cattle! Here is another colt I have just lost by this fellow's awkwardness. He then continued, with increasing vehemence,—“You know that, lately, those jaguars have every night made some havoc among my flocks. Yesterday morning, this vagabond stopped me to tell me of an idea which the only Virgin, he said, had sent him for my interest.”

"I thought so," humbly interrupted the accused.

"What he proposed was," continued Don Ramon, "to lay in wait for

the jaguar in a spot which he pointed out to me, and to entice him there by means of a colt, which would serve as a bait. He seemed so sure of himself, so sure of gaining the ten piasters' [2*l.*] reward, that I was foolish enough to trust him with a colt six months old. Come, rascal, speak! What have you done with the poor animal? What has happened?"

"Well, then, señor," said the peon, trembling, "I had been laying in ambush in some underwood for two hours; the colt was fastened about ten feet off, wincing and neighing for its mother, when, suddenly, I saw in the darkness two eyes glaring like lighted cigarettes. I aimed in that direction, recommended my soul to God, and fired, turning my head away."

"And, instead of the tiger, you killed the colt!" exclaimed its exasperated proprietor.

"Oh, señor!" energetically interrupted the marksman, wounded in his self-love, "I only lamed!"

"Killed or lamed, is it not the same thing?" roared the hacendero. "Go to the devil! or, rather, go for eight hours to the *cepo*!"

"Yet it was a bright idea," sadly said the poor peon, who saw the abundance he had dreamed of for his starving family disappear; and he went out, with his head down, looking resigned, although tears silently rolled down his sunken cheeks. He was then to return to his cabin with empty hands, and had gained nothing but an eight hours' punishment for exposing his life. I knew the fearful poverty of this wretched man, had shared his hopes, although he had made a mystery to me of his plans; and so melancholy a termination affected me deeply.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE RENDEZVOUS.

"Ah! if Bermudes were here," exclaimed Don Ramon, "I should not have to lament such reiterated losses. God and St. Joseph grant that Bermudes may soon return!"

This Bermudes, surnamed *el Matasieta*,\* was a hunter, whom I had met in company with a Canadian huntsman, at the time of my excursion to the *placer* of Bacuache, and who had given me a rendezvous at the Noria. The fervent wishes of Don Ramon were gratified, for, as he uttered them, a man entered the room; and in that man, so providentially arriving at the firm, I recognised Bermudes el Matasieta. A checked handkerchief, stained with large patches of dried blood, was his sole head-dress. The metal buttons and silver lace, which, although tarnished, yet formerly set off a little his leather jacket and trousers, had now entirely disappeared. The shreds of his shirt hung out of the slits in his jacket, and his toes were completely through his shoes, worn out by his long march. His countenance still wore the expression of chivalric intrepidity which had before struck me, and the sun had only added a shade to the tan of his complexion.

\* Literally, the killer of seven.

"Is it indeed you, Matasiete?" exclaimed Don Ramon, advancing towards him, as if to assure himself he was not under an illusion.

"Matasiete! You may say, *Matuquince*,"\* exclaimed the huntsman, drawing himself up with a theatrical air. "Yes, it is I, although, perhaps, you did not expect to see me again."

"I confess," said I, "that I began to fear you would never return."

When, a fortnight before, I had met the Mexican hunter and his companion, the Canadian, in the forest, the masculine physiognomy and determination of these two adventurers had made a strong impression on me. I reminded Bermudes of the evening he had spent at my encampment in the woods of Fronterac, after finding the traces of a party of Indians, who had given great alarm to the inhabitants of that village. I reminded him how, deprived by these robbers of the fruits of a perilous expedition, without his horse, of which they had left him only the saddle, he had, in my presence, made a vow to pursue them into their deserts,—to carry the saddle on his head until he had put it on one of their backs,—to attack and kill them wherever he met them,—to sell their children as slaves, and to devote the produce of their sale to the souls in purgatory (*animas benditas*). Bermudes had, therefore, a rather nice account to settle with these holy souls. His reply gave me, however, to understand that he looked upon this affair of honour as concluded.\*

"As to the details," continued he, "if, señor, you would like to hear them, you will find me ready to communicate them this evening, at the time of the *oracion*.† I shall be at the Ojo de Agua, where my occupations call me."

That evening I bent my steps towards the spot called Ojo de Agua. It was a small spring, about a quarter of a league from the hacienda, and in a most picturesque situation. At the foot of a gentle slope, which terminated an amphitheatre of hillocks, the spring filled a circular basin, on the surface of which aquatic plants expanded their large, glossy leaves. A cedar grew on the slope, and its lower branches dipped in the water the parasite mosses which covered them. Mahogany-trees, with their gnarled trunks, sumachs, *palos mulatos*, with exfoliated bark, arose in thick clusters above the cedar. On the opposite side, a glade, some thirty feet in diameter, spread under a thick wood of ash and banyan-trees, which formed a series of magnificent arcades. Such was the spot where I found the Mexican hunter, indolently stretched on the moss, and enjoying the coolness of the shade, at the entrance of one of the dark avenues which opened on to the glade. His blue-barrelled rifle was by his side. I congratulated Bermudes on having chosen for our meeting a spot whose wild beauty must in some sort add a fresh charm to the narrative of his adventures.

"I am delighted," said he, with a smile, of which I did not at first perceive all the irony, "that this spot pleases you; but, before long, you will find it even better chosen than you are now aware of."

I had not forgotten the Canadian hunter, and asked what had become of him.

\* Killer of fifteen.

† Angelus.

"You will see him presently," said Bermudes; "he is busy finishing some preparations for this evening's meeting."

The setting sun illuminated the depths of the forest when the backwoodsman joined us. The Canadian giant held his rifle in one hand, and with the other dragged along a little colt, who limped terribly, and struggled with all its might.

"Well, Dupont, are all the fires round the Noria prepared?" asked Bermudes.

The Canadian replied in the affirmative; and, after fastening the colt by a long and strong cord to the trunk of the cedar which overhung the stream, he came and laid down on the moss by our side. I understood nothing about this colt, and these unusual fires lighted round the Noria, and was curious to know the motive of these preparations. Matasiete replied that it was to keep off the beasts of prey. I pressed for some more definite answer; the huntsman laughed.

"Have you not guessed?" said he.

"No."

"*Caramba!* You are with us on the track of the tiger which gives the honoured lord Don Ramon the nightmare!"

"On the track of a tiger!" I exclaimed. "You are laughing at me."

"No, indeed, I will prove to you that I am quite serious."

So saying, Matasiete jumped up, and, begging me to accompany him, led me to the brink of the spring. In the dim twilight, I perceived some formidable footprints on the damp earth.

"I feel certain that these footprints were made on the day before yesterday," said the hunter. "The jaguar has not drank for four-and-twenty hours. Therefore, as there is no water within twenty leagues but the Noria and this spring, the tiger, frightened on one hand by the fires round the Noria, attracted on the other by thirst, and the scent of the colt, will infallibly come here to-night."

This reasoning appeared to me unanswerable. I could doubt no longer, and found myself without arms of any kind, suddenly transformed into a tiger-hunter. I returned to my seat on the moss. For a moment I asked myself if no imperious necessity required my immediate presence at the hacienda; but vanity soon got the upper hand, and I remained, although it seemed rather singular to be tiger-hunting, *en amateur*, without weapons, and with folded arms.

As to the two associates, they established themselves comfortably under the branches of a banyan-tree, as if they trusted entirely to my taking care of their safety. The Canadian indolently stretched his robust limbs on the turf, and I could not help contemplating with admiration the heroic indifference of this last specimen of an almost extinct race of adventurers.

"Sit down near me," said Bermudes, "I will tell you all that has happened to us since you gave us hospitality in your encampment. We have plenty of time before us, for the beasts of prey wake up only when man sleeps; darkness increases their strength and fury. It is now hardly seven, and I do not expect the tiger we are lying in wait for before eleven."

I had, therefore, four hours to pass in expectation, which, although somewhat painful, did not stifle in me the almost affectionate interest which the Mexican huntsman and his companion of adventure had excited in me. By a practical joke, which to him appeared perfectly legitimate, the rough huntsman had added, as a picturesque framework, the reality of a present danger to the remembrance of his past dangers. I had come only to listen, and at any moment the narrative might give way to action.

## CHAPTER III.

## TRACKING THE INDIANS.

"After taking leave of you," said the huntsman, "we spent two days in reconnoitring the traces of the Apache Indians, which it was very easy for us to do, notwithstanding innumerable windings; I even found the footmarks of my horse among the numerous vestiges, which facilitated our discoveries. A closer inspection of these footmarks apprised me that the poor animal stumbled under a burden too heavy for him. My rage increased at the thought. The footmarks of my own horse soon became confounded amongst numerous horse and mule footmarks, whence we concluded that fresh depredations had been committed. When we reached the banks of one of the arms of the Rio San Pedro, we suddenly lost all traces of the fugitives. It was the third day's march since our meeting. In vain we crossed and recrossed the river, and sought every where; the shingle which covered its banks bore no traces of the Indians. We were for the second time off the scent. Evening found us already far from the river, and exhausted with fatigue. It was the Canadian's turn to watch, and I was sleeping soundly, when my companion woke me.

"What is it?" I asked. "Have you at last found the right track?"

"Look!" said he, constant to his habit of speaking as little as possible in the woods.

"I rubbed my eyes, and perceived behind us a faint glimmer reddening the horizon.

"It is a hill where they are burning weeds," said I.

"You are still asleep," replied my companion.

"I once more rubbed my eyes; I then saw that the distant illumination could not be produced by a continuous sheet of flame, but by fires placed near together. The smoke was not black like that of fresh and dry grasses burning together; it ascended in spiral columns. Moreover, these fires were surrounded at their base by vapours winding over the plain to some distance. This mist indicated the tortuous course of the river, and the Indians had, doubtless, pitched their camp on one of the islands formed by its windings. My comrade was right.

"Forwards," said I.

"Forwards," replied the Canadian; and we retraced our steps. We then advanced with more prudence than we had hitherto done, for the country was open, and we had to fear that the Indians might have sent out scouts, although, trusting to their numbers, they did not seem to take much precaution to conceal their traces. We had remarked more than



twenty different footmarks following one another. Every Indian, as you know, endeavours to walk, so to speak, in the steps of the one who precedes him, and the number of our enemies might be estimated at about thirty. Fortunately we were able, undiscovered, to reach the bank of the river. We were not mistaken in our conjectures. On an islet surrounded by trees, fires were lighted at equal distances, and we could distinctly see the red bodies of these dogs shining in the firelight through the interstices of the trees. As far as I could see, all wore on the left wrist the leathern bracelet,\* which serves to distinguish the Indian warrior from the cowardly wretches one is from time to time exposed to meet in the desert. I had, therefore, to deal with enemies worthy of me. Frequently I raised the rifle to my shoulder, yielding to the almost irresistible temptation of knocking down one of those red devils, and as often my companion lowered the barrel of my weapon. I consented to listen to the counsels of prudence, and repressed my impetuosity; but it was not without difficulty. Remember that we had been tracking them seventeen days, and you can understand the impossibility of giving up our object at the moment we had attained it. The only choice left was the moment of attack; prudence exhorted us to reconnoitre our position before commencing hostilities. We therefore examined our ground. All round us, with the exception of a continuous fringe of osiers and cotton-trees, the banks were alternately woody and open. Further on, following the course of the river, and half hidden in the morning mist, was a little islet, out of rifle-reach from that where our robbers were encamped. The rogues had chosen a post impossible to surprise. The moon threw so bright a light upon the sheet of water round their island, that it was easy to see the little frothy eddies which the current formed round a few large stones which had fallen into the stream; we could even distinguish the leaves of aquatic plants, round which the moon cast a whitish light. These signs indicated that, at that spot, the water was fordable. We quietly left the ford, which the Indians had probably crossed, and must cross at break of day, when they left their isle, and established our blockade at some distance under the osiers.

"We held council in whispers. We knew the habits of the Indians sufficiently to presume that they had only chosen this spot with so much care, in order to spend a day there hunting, and would disperse themselves in groups to that effect. We could only hope to overcome them if favoured by this circumstance. As I had slept a few minutes, I persuaded the Canadian to do the same, and sat down by his side. He soon snored as he is doing at this moment, whilst I continued to watch the enemy through the boughs which sheltered me. The river murmured softly, and I should have fallen asleep, I think, had not the silence of the night been broken from time to time by the yells of the Indians. 'Yes, yes,' I said to myself, 'yell with pleasure, you rascals, until our rifles

\* This leathern bracelet, and a species of covering for the palm of the hand, are the distinctive signs of the Indian warriors. The first serves to deaden the effect of the rebound of the bow-string; the second prevents the arrow feathers from tearing the skin of the hand.

'make you yell with pain.' At last they also appeared to sleep, for I saw them lie down round their fires, and heard nothing but the ripple of the water, and the rustling of the leaves in the wind. The hours passed away thus very slowly. At the break of day our fate was to be decided. A few crows croaked already in the dawn. Soon we heard the sound of oars, and through the dim light we distinguished, in a canoe, three Indians carefully crossing the river towards the bank we were on. The Canadian pressed my arm with violence; we both put one knee to the ground after fresh priming our rifles, ready to fire if chance brought them our way; and we waited in terrible anxiety."

At that moment Bermudes was interrupted, the colt reared suddenly, and the bushes crackled with so lugubrious a sound, that I could not help shuddering.

"Did you not hear a roar?" said I to Bermudes.

The hunter shook his head smilingly.

"When you have once, only once, heard the roar of the tiger," he replied "you will never confound it with the hum of the mosquitoes. In a few hours you will be as well informed on that point as myself."

It was a false alarm. The hunter continued:—

"You conceive, that if discovered, we were done for, for we should have had all those demons on us at once. The moment of their landing was, therefore, one of agony to us. During a few minutes they spent in consultation, we remained breathless; fortunately they took the road opposite to our hiding-place. The three Apachos went up the stream. I had with me that cursed saddle, which in a moment of exasperation I had made a vow to put on the body of one of these robbers, whether dead or alive. I concealed it under the branches, then profiting by the trees which skirted the river, we crept silently after the Indians. The Canadian, notwithstanding his size, crept with the agility of a boa, and I followed him as well as I was able. We had scarcely gone thus a hundred *vares*, when we roused up a magnificent stag, which bounded off in the direction of our enemies. The shrill whistle of a bow told us he had been seen, and the animal fell twenty yards from us, closely followed by the Indian who had wounded, and now hastened to finish, him. The stag in defending himself, threw down his antagonist; and I was still stupefied at this unforeseen alarm, when the Canadian, whom I thought near me, had already sprung forward, and with his knife in one hand nailing the Indian to the ground, with the other stifled a cry of agony which we alone heard.

"That's one," said the Canadian.

"We listened with anxiety; the distant voices of the Indians calling their comrade echoed through the wood. The Canadian answered by endeavouring to imitate the cry of the huntsman in pursuit of a stag. A second call, at a still greater distance, gave us to understand that the two Indians wished their companion good luck, and we heard no more. All this had passed in less time than I take telling it, and it was still twilight. It was only favoured by the semi-obscurity that we could hope to surprise the two other Apachos, and it was necessary to make haste. As we left the islet on which the Indians were encamped, and were only two against

two, we needed less precaution, and walked faster in the direction of the voices we had heard. We reached thus a little stream which flowed into the river, and followed its course in silence for some minutes.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE ATTACK.

"The streamlet we were following formed at its source a little pool, in the midst of a small glade, surrounded by the bushes and trees thickly interwoven. We had reached this shelter of climbing-plants and trunks of trees so stealthily, the sound of our footsteps so much resembled the flutter of leaves in the morning breeze, that two very large stags, which were gambolling in the grass in the neighbourhood, took no notice of us, and continued to prance about amidst the long grass, which reached even over their antlers. We soon perceived two other stags at some little distance from the former, looking at them with curiosity, and yet with visible suspicion, for they first advanced a step, and then retreated two. Although the glimmering day-light as yet only partially illuminated every object, we were enabled to remark a strange contrast between these two couples of stags. In the first, the fixed look of the eyes, and a something abrupt in the movement, were so many suspicious signs which fully justified the fear and astonishment of the others. Yet curiosity seemed to triumph over fear; they ventured timidly to the centre of the glade. Then the stags we had first seen backed a little. This movement brought them within arm's reach of us. The Canadian and I were motionless, our knives between our teeth. Suddenly the bushes round us snapped with violence, the strong hand of the Canadian had seized one of the stags; the animal, or rather the disguised Indian,\* yelled for the last time, as I sprang on the other one's back, exclaiming, 'Dog! I have no saddle, but I will mount thee without.' Then, pressing him tight between my legs, I held up my knife over him; but, with a desperate effort, he avoided the blow, threw his borrowed head away, and escaped from under me. In vain I caught him by the leg; one last effort he made sent me rolling so suddenly on the grass, that, when I got up, I looked to see if his leg had not remained in my hand, so difficult was it to believe that he could have escaped from the strength of my grasp. Yet in one bound he had completely got out of my reach. I pursued him rifle in hand; but the demon ran like a scared fawn, and I saw I should never come up to him. Then, in a transport of rage, I took my aim, and the Indian moved no more; the sound of my rifle reechoed again in the midst of the universal silence.

"What have you done?" exclaimed the Canadian. "You have given the alarm to the encampment."

"What could be done!" I replied; "he would have told his comrades; it is better that my rifle should have forestalled him."

\* The Indians chase the deer in this disguise, and are thus able to select as victims the finest of those they have thus enticed near them.

"Recriminations were useless; the Canadian did not answer; he went up to the Indian I had knocked down to see if he was quite dead, of which he found no difficulty in assuring himself.

"Let us now reflect how to get out of this scrape," said he. "Here are three at any rate who will do no more harm. You know the proverb, 'The beast dead' . . .

"He stopped. He had not said so much for a long while, but it was his hymn of victory. We held a second council, and the result was, that we should hide ourselves until evening, if possible, and only set off on the track at night. It now remained to choose a hiding-place. The woods offered us a certain asylum; but if the Apachos discovered us there, they would surround us on every side, unless they preferred setting fire to the forest and burning us in it. Whilst we were deliberating, a hideous concert of shrill yells, compared to which the roars you will hear to-night are but the hum of mosquitoes, burst forth on all sides. The sound of my rifle had given the alarm to the Indians, and the blood-hounds had discovered our traces, which we had taken no pains to conceal. Brave as I am, that infernal music froze the blood in my veins. No hesitation was now possible. The confused voices of our enemies told us that they were sufficiently distant from the river to enable us to reach its banks unseen under covert of the trees. We flew rather than ran, hoping to find the canoe of the Indians we had killed, at the spot where they had moored it. In a few seconds, the yells increased; the Indians had probably found the saddle I had concealed in the bushes; then all noise ceased, and the tumult was succeeded by a silence still more terrible than the savage clamours which preceded it. Yells of grief alone broke the silence three different times—the Indians had found a dead warrior.

"The canoe was in the same place, by the side of a much larger one, which had been used to land the second detachment of Indians. This one was too large for us to use. We had already sprung into the smaller one, and were trying to draw the large one along, in order to render pursuit impossible to our enemies, when renewed yells told us we were seen. A shower of arrows fell close to us; without further hesitation we pushed our canoe into the middle of the stream, and rowed with all our strength towards the second islet I have mentioned, and which alone could give us shelter. We were considerably in advance of our enemies, and the arm of the river was sufficiently wide to preserve us from a second flight of arrows. Our canoe skimmed along the water under the vigorous impulse of the Canadian.

"Ah!" said he, in a tone of regret, "if you could manage an oar as I do, I would treat those rascals to a water-party which should cost them all their warriors, one by one; but with you we should be taken as we landed." We were at a very short distance from the isle when our enemies entered their boat and commenced their pursuit. The Canadian ceased rowing for a minute, and said, "Keep steady here, if possible, for a few moments, for I cannot resist the temptation of sending a bullet to those reavenous dogs!"

"I took the oar, the Canadian aimed at the group, fired, and one of

the savage rowers nearly upset the canoe as he fell over the side. I cannot attempt to describe the rage of our enemies, who, in their turn, ceased to row, and sent us another harmless shower of arrows. A few strokes brought us to the shore; we landed, and, carrying our canoe on our shoulders, plunged into the wood which covered the island. We concealed the canoe in some thick bushes, and, this done, we looked out for a place where we could defend ourselves without being surrounded. Near the side where we had landed, a hillock, crowned with large trees, rose in a peak on the side of the water, and sloped gently towards the land. This was the post we chose.

"The noise of the oars did not seem to approach; however, I suspected some stratagem, and advanced with precaution behind the trunk of a large mahogany tree which slightly overhung the river; the canoe, instead of landing where we did, passed along the island with the intention of rounding it. It was thenceforth evident that the vagabonds wanted to get beyond reach of our rifles, land at a sufficient distance to prevent our opposing their landing, and advance towards us under cover of the trees and bushes. Fortunately, our position on the height saved us from any sudden attack in the rear, and only left us accessible from the front. After the landing of the Indians, there were a few moments of profound silence. Nothing scarcely remained for us but to recommend our souls to God, and pay our inevitable death as dearly as possible.

"At the end of a few minutes, which it was permissible in our position to think of immense length, a dozen of these jackals appeared on the outskirts of the wood within rifle-shot. With their faces painted red and yellow, their long plaited hair, the strips of leather round their arms and legs, they looked diabolical. There was among them one tall rascal, who inspired me at once with the most vehement antipathy. They halted altogether, and appeared in consultation, after which the tall one advanced a few steps and imperiously motioned us to come down to them.

"'Shall I fire?' I asked the Canadian.

"'Not yet,' replied my comrade; 'they are too far off, and, in our position, every shot must tell.'

"'Well, I will wait,' I replied.

"A fresh summons on their part was as unsuccessful as the first; they continued to advance, the Canadian fired, and an Apache fell; a minute afterwards he was followed by another, whom I struck when aiming at the tall Indian. Our enemies then fell on their faces, a cloud of dust rose in the air, and we saw nothing more; a few arrows only whistled by our ears, and others buried themselves at our feet. We fired a second time, and with success, as far as I could judge by the yells which followed our discharge. An incessantly renewing cloud of dust concealed the Indians from us; but, when it cleared off, a dozen of these enraged demons were mounting the hill on which we had stationed ourselves. Their frightful smeared faces were almost pressed against ours, and we felt their breath pass over our brows. The Canadian shot one, whilst the butt end of his gun broke the skull of another. I suddenly saw my companion roll down the height struggling with three Indians, and heard him call out,—

"'Fire! fire! even should you kill me with them!'

"I had already great difficulty in keeping off five others by the help of my rifle, and I had a moment of terrible agony at the sight of these three reptiles twisted round the Canadian, who, alone against three, in vain endeavoured to get out his knife, lifted them up for an instant with Herculean strength, and then fell heavily with them. Presently the head of one was dashed with a hollow sound against a stone; I saw another loose his hold; I rushed, knife in hand, upon the third; but a violent blow on the head with a tomahawk drew from me a cry of pain, and made me drop my knife. I turned round; I faced the tall Apache whose appearance I so disliked. My rifle, held up like a club, made the Indian draw back, and I was able, after picking up my knife, to retreat to the top of the height, to get room, and fire. By that time my enemy had recovered from his surprise, and before I was able to ward it off, his macana fell on my head. Dazzled and blinded, I lost my equilibrium and fell down insensible. A feeling of extraordinary coolness roused me from this torpor. I had rolled into the river, which ran at our feet."

Here the groans of the terrified colt forced me again to interrupt the narrator, although his narrative now began to interest me very strongly.

"Is it the mosquitoes this time which cause that poor animal's groans of terror?"

"Very possibly not," replied Bermudes: "let us listen."

"Look out there!" said I, pointing to a young poplar whose summit rose above the dome of verdure which crowned the neighbouring heights; "it is not the wind that shakes that tree, whilst the others are motionless."

The huntsman listened. The summit of the poplar, whitened by the moon's rays, still swayed irregularly to and fro, and it was but too easy to distinguish the sound of the grazing of a body against the trunk above the rustle of the leaves. It might be a wild bull, but some peculiar signs soon left me in no doubt on that point. A smothered groan, peculiar to the feline race, then a shrill sound of sharp claws grinding against the bark, resounded with melancholy sonorousness.

"It is the jaguar!" said Matasiete.

"Shall I wake the Canadian?" I asked.

"Not yet. At this moment the animal is trying to screw up his courage, but his hour is not come, and just now he is more frightened than you are."

The fact was doubtful; but my physiognomy must have announced an excess of assurance, for the hunter continued instantly:—

"You would be mistaken, however in thinking that a jaguar-hunt presents no danger. You will soon be able to judge how much another hour passed without drinking will have soured this one's disposition. I have seen more than one intrepid man turn pale at the roar of those beasts. By the by, have you ever hunted a tiger?"

"It is the first time; if, however, you call this tiger-hunting," said I, shewing my unarmed hands, "and I have good reasons for thinking it will be the last."

"When the time comes," said the hunter, "I will think of you, and give you a certain weapon which, in my hands, has never missed its aim. You will be pleased with it."

This promise made me breathe more freely, and, at Bermudes' proposition, I listened to the continuation of his story.

"I was saved by what might have killed me," he continued; "the coolness of the water restored me to the use of my senses. When, at the end of a few seconds, I returned to the surface, I saw my inveterate enemy, who, leaning over the river, watched my agony with barbarous delight, brandishing in one hand the tomahawk which had stunned me, in the other my knife, which I had dropped. When he saw me swimming with all my strength towards the land to join my comrade, he uttered a yell of rage, and leaped down in pursuit of me. I redoubled my efforts, but the Indian swam faster than I did, weakened by loss of blood. From time to time, however, I looked back to calculate his progress, and each time that hideous begrimed face shewed me more distinctly the knife which was to strike me glittering between two rows of sharp teeth. At that moment I looked with despair at the shore, which seemed flying from me. My poor comrade, although free from his enemies for the moment, was in a most critical situation. His rifle, of which he had made such terrible use, rested on his shoulder, and alone kept at bay the Apachos, whom I heard growling like dogs baiting a bull. I could not refrain from a cry of distress. 'By the life of your mother!' I exclaimed, 'will you let me be murdered under your eyes?' The Canadian looked round instantly without altering the position of his rifle. At the sight of the Indian already stretching out his arm to seize me, compassion triumphed over care of his own safety, and rapidly turning round he took aim. The gun went off, I heard the ball whistle, and the water round me was dyed with blood. The Indian, mortally wounded, glared wildly round, and as he struggled in his agony, I snatched my knife from him and plunged it twice into his throat. My first thought was then to look for my brave companion: he had disappeared. But," added Bermudes, "he will tell you what happened at that time better than I can."

"It is very simple," said the Canadian. "After discharging my rifle, and rendering my associate that slight service, I supposed he would do his best to join me. I therefore profited by the stupefaction which the death of their chief caused among the Indians, and, as I could not reload my rifle, I fell upon the five rascals who surrounded me, and who alone remained of the twelve who had attacked us, whirling it in the air like a quarter-staff. I was almost beyond reach of their arrows before they recovered from their surprise. I then retreated towards the river. You must know, sir, that it is not impossible to ward off an arrow with the hand. The point goes right to its aim; but the other extremity, decorated with feathers, turns about so as to describe a large and brilliant circle in the air; it is, therefore, easy either to stoop and avoid the arrow, or to keep it off with the hand. I thus reached the spot where my comrade was coming on shore. I was only slightly wounded in three or four places; the trees had protected my retreat. Bermudes will now tell you the rest," added the Canadian, apparently ashamed of having said so much.

"On seeing us once more united," then continued Bermudes, "the Indians, discouraged by the loss of their comrades, deferred their revenge

to a more opportune moment ; for to them flight is not dishonourable, even before an enemy of inferior number to themselves, if the chances are not in their favour. I was of opinion that we should pursue them to their camp, and attack the twelve, who, doubtless, had remained with their booty as a body of reserve ; but I could not bring my comrade to this mode of thinking. He alleged that the rascals thirsted for our blood too keenly not to return in larger numbers to attack us, that we had a good position, a canoe at hand, and that we could alway use it to go to them, if they did not come to us. Still half-stunned by the blow I had received, and seeing my blood flowing abundantly, I gave up my first idea. We allowed the Indians to embark at the spot where they had landed, and thought of nothing but resting ourselves and dressing our wounds. On examining our resources, we found we still had some pieces of dried meat ; my powder, it is true, was spoiled by the water, but my comrade's horn held a sufficient quantity ; we had no reason, therefore, to dread the blockade we had to endure.

" We kept good watch the rest of the day, without any thing leading us to suspect a fresh attack ; then the night came on, peaceful and silent. Yet our enemies were near us. It is always a painful time when darkness conceals the snares of those sons of darkness thirsting for blood. This time no fire was lighted. The large island seemed as desert as on the first day of creation ; some uprooted trees, slowly descending the course of the river, alone disturbed the stillness. The silence of every thing surrounding us foreboded no good ; the Indians, doubtless, reckoned on the success of some stratagem to put an end to us. With infinite precaution we put the canoe into the water, and advanced in the direction of the island ; still the silence—the immobility continued. We seemed the only two living beings on this expanse of water.

" ' What does this mean ? ' I asked the Canadian.

" ' That the savages are waiting for the setting of the moon to come and attack us, and put in execution some infernal plan which I cannot guess as yet.

" We listened anew, endeavouring to catch the faintest sound whatever. By dint of patience and attention, we fancied at last that we heard a ripple less regular and rather louder than that of the river against its banks ; it seemed also as if the sound proceeded from the shore of the island, and was approaching us.

" ' Let us return to our post,' said the Canadian.

" We returned to the islet as softly as we had left it ; the suspicious ripple still continued. We again resumed our attitude of observation, thoroughly convinced that the night would not pass without our enemies attempting another attack.

" ' If we were to light a fire,' said I to my companion, ' these rogues would see that we are not hiding ; and we should, perhaps, discover the snare they are laying for us.'

" My advice was followed, and the reflection of the flames soon illuminated a portion of the river. Meanwhile time wore on, and the impatience I felt began to cause a species of nervous uneasiness, which rendered expectation insupportable to me. The Canadian and I were leaning



against the same tree, but each in a different position, which enabled us to watch every approach to our retreat. I was turned towards the Indian camp, my friend towards the interior of the islet. The day had been sufficiently fatiguing for our eyelids to droop from want of sleep. All was silent around us—the leaves in the air, the insects beneath the dew, the river beneath its mists; my eyes also occasionally closed involuntarily; therefore, to keep myself awake, I amused myself by following the course of the trees which floated down the river. Sometimes it was a trunk deprived of its branches; further on a tree with a portion of its foliage, looked like a floating bower; all silently ran aground on the islet. Gradually I lost all consciousness of actual life: my body was asleep, my eyes only remained open. For one moment I thought I saw the entire island on which the Indians were encamped gently advancing towards us. I at first attributed this strange vision to sleep, and made an effort to shake off my drowsiness. My eyes fixed more attentively on the river, then clearly discerned a compact black mass directing itself towards us. I was not, therefore, deceived by sleep; a heap of trunks, branches, and foliage followed the stream of the river."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### AWAITING THE TIGER.

Here Bermudes' narrative was again interrupted.

"Listen!" said he, in a whisper.

I listened. I heard a distant roar.

"That is a first signal," said the Mexican hunter.

A second but still smothered roar was heard, at once plaintive and menacing.

"I was mistaken," added Bermudes.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I thought it was a tiger."

"Well!"

"Well—there are two."

This time I hastily awoke the Canadian.

"Sleep in peace!" said Bermudes to the Canadian; "it is but a sign of rage and disappointment uttered by these animals on seeing their drinking place occupied. The moment is not yet come when hunger, and especially thirst, will compel them to attack us."

"Then," said I, to the hunter, "you persist in believing that there are two?"

"There is one other chance?" he replied.

"That there may be three, I suppose?"

"Are we not three? But it is not so! If it is a male with the female, one will give place to the other; for otherwise, two male jaguars never attack together. In the contrary case, a double signal will put us on our guard; for God, who has given a rattle to the most dangerous of serpents that man may be aware of its approach, has given wild beasts eyes which glare in the darkness, and the roar which precede their attacks."

This assertion but partially reassured me ; but, at any rate, danger was still distant. As the hunter had said, the time was not yet arrived when thirst would overcome in these animals the involuntary fear with which the presence of man inspires them. All became hushed again in the silent depths of the forest, which the moon lighted up with its silvery beams. The two hunters again resumed their indolent attitude ; nevertheless, the Canadian, instead of stretching himself on the moss, propped himself against the trunk of a tree, his rifle between his legs, and filled his pipe, to drive away the remains of sleepiness. I was sufficiently acquainted with the course of the stars to read in the dome of the heavens that the hour was approaching for the fulfilment of the mysteries of the desert. I was not sorry to hear the sound of a human voice interrupting the solemn silence of night, and I requested Bermudes to continue his narrative, if there was still time.

"We have still, at least, an hour before us," he replied, "and that is more than I require."

He then continued :—

"I ran to the fire, caught up a brand, and threw it towards the river. By the light it threw out, before falling into the water, I dimly perceived some human figures. I returned instantly to the Canadian : he was up.

"'Quick to the boat, for the love of God !' I whispered ; 'these red demons are on the island !'

"As I spoke, an arrow whistled through the cap of the Canadian, who still hesitated. Our ears were deafened by yells which re-echoed from both shores. We rushed to the side on which was the canoe. Three Indians threw themselves on us. I knocked one down by a thrust of my knife ; the Canadian knocked down the second ; and, whilst the third was endeavouring to join his comrade, a ball from my rifle stretched him lifeless. To reach the canoe, and push it out into the middle of the stream was the work of an instant. Some arrows fell harmless near us. When we were beyond reach of the Indians, I told my comrade how a portion of our enemies had succeeded in reaching our retreat, by setting afloat the trees which had been run aground on their island. I pointed out to him the raft which carried the rest of the Indians, floating gently down the stream of the river, which was not strong at this spot.

"'Let us go to their island,' said I ; 'we shall find their booty, which they have abandoned to come to us.'

"'Presently,' he replied ; 'I must first say a word to those who are hidden under this foliage.'

"When arrived within rifle-shot, the Canadian let go the oars, and fired at the raft. We instantly heard the noise of several bodies plunging into the water. I then took my aim at these black bodies, which were hardly visible in the dark. We advanced, and fired again ; but all had either plunged under water, or reached the island ; and we saw nothing more. The yells of these heathens told us their rage and our triumph. We had won, they had shamefully lost the game.

"'Now to the island !' said my comrade ; and he rowed vigorously in that direction.

"On landing, we remained a moment undecided, endeavouring to discover, through the darkness, some indication which might guide us to the camp of the Apachos. I then uttered the cry of *Santiago!* accompanied by a certain noise familiar to my horse, certain that if he was among the booty he would answer to my call; and, indeed, a neigh was heard not far off, and put us on the track. Presently we fell in with a group of mules and horses, firmly tied up. By the side of these animals was a heap of saddles, stuffs, blankets, &c. With a kick, I threw down this mass of parcels, amongst which I distinguished our bale of otter skins, almost untouched. As I stooped to pick it up, I remarked an almost imperceptible movement under a blanket. I lifted it up, and saw a young Indian, who had probably been intrusted with the care of the booty. The whelp, finding himself a prisoner, remained silent, though his fierce eyes betrayed more rage than fear. I unceremoniously wrapped him up in a blanket, and called to my comrade, who had remained as a sentinel on the bank of the river. A rifle-shot was the answer, and the Canadian hastened towards me.

" 'I have just sent one after the others, and the rascals will leave us in peace a few minutes longer; but there is no time to lose.'

"I gave the young prisoner to the Canadian, and cut my horse's bonds. In a few moments the horses were, in some fashion, saddled.

" 'Jump into the saddle!' said I, to the Canadian; 'take charge of our skins; I will look after this boy, who does not suspect that he will have the honour of delivering some souls from purgatory. Do not be uneasy; my horse obeys my voice, and yours will follow him.'

"I cut the bonds of the other animals, thinking that the Indians would spend some time in collecting their dispersed spoils; then mounting, I urged the other horses on in the direction of the ford I had noticed the preceding night. The horses and mules, set at liberty, neighed with delight. The Indians yelled like a band of wolves flying before a jaguar; our cries of victory answered these cries, and the echoes of the river repeated this infernal uproar. Once on the opposite bank of the river, a forced march soon secured us from pursuit, and we arrived this morning at the hacienda, after recovering our property, and having taken prisoner a young Indian, whom I shall sell for as much as possible; for he will be purchased to be made a Christian,\* and his ransom will serve to acquit me with the souls in purgatory."

Bermudes' narrative was ended. After a short pause, seeing me, no doubt, more occupied by my own danger than by his adventures, the Mexican hunter added,—

"It is now time to think of you."

"Is the moment come, then?" I asked.

"It approaches," returned the hunter. "Do you not perceive that silence is deepening around us?—do you not perceive that the odours of the plants are almost changed, and that, under the influence of night, they

\* Although slavery does not exist in Mexico, the law permits these children to be bought, on the specious pretext of converting them to Christianity. This indulgence of the law sometimes favours abominable speculations.

exhale fresh perfumes. When you have lived longer in the desert, you will learn that every hour of the day, as well as every hour of the night, has its significance—its peculiar character. At every hour a voice becomes silent and another voice takes its place. Now the beasts of prey will salute the darkness, as to-morrow the birds will salute the rising sun. We are approaching the moment at which man loses the imposing majesty which God has set on his brow; for at night his eye is dim, whilst that of the beast lights up, and pierces the thickest darkness. Man is the monarch of daylight, the jaguar the monarch of darkness."

As he pronounced these words, with a thoroughly Spanish emphasis, the hunter arose, and took from the place where he had been sitting a parcel, which he unrolled: it was two sheep-skins with the wool on. He then unsheathed his knife.

"Here are your weapons," said he.

"And what am I to do with these?" I replied; "I hoped you would, at least, give me a rifle."

"A rifle!" returned Bermudes; "do you think I have a provision of them? I have but this one: and though, no doubt, it would be well placed in our hands, it will be still more so in mine; for habit is necessary in all things, and you have told me this was the first time of your hunting a tiger."

Matasiete persisted in calling this *hunting*.

"Let me, at least, explain to you," he continued, "the use of these weapons. You must roll these two skins round your left arm, and take the knife in your right hand. In this way, the arm will protect your head and body, whilst your knee will protect your stomach; for tigers have the ugly habit of trying to rip open their enemy with their claws. If you are attacked, you present your arm, and whilst the animal's teeth enter the wool, instead of being ripped open, you, with the stroke of a knife, rip him open from head to tail."

"This appears unanswerable," said I; "but I prefer believing that two hunters like you will not miss a tiger. My decision is made; I will hunt with my hands in my pockets—it will be more original."

"But if there are two?"

"Well, you are two. According to you, tigers never attack together unless in the case of a male and female; therefore we cannot have more than two tigers on us at once, unless, indeed, it is reserved for us to verify this night at our expense, a case of polygamy contrary to all the laws of the species."

In place of the armour of sheep-skins, the hunter insisted on my taking his knife, which I accepted. It was a long, sharp blade, with a horn handle, studded with large copper nails. The comrades loaded their rifles, and we became perfectly silent. As long as the moon had not risen high in the heavens, its oblique rays had thrown light here and there through the labyrinths of the forests, but by the time that the preparations of the hunters were completed, the moon's rays fell perpendicularly on the earth, and, being then intercepted by the foliage, left the forest in complete obscurity whilst they fell, without obstacle, on the spring and on the glade, which were almost as bright as at noon-day.

We were sheltered by a banyan-tree, the branches of which formed a large arch over us. About twenty feet from us, and fastened by a strap, the colt, whose instinct was to serve as a guide to the huntsmen, had laid down by the spring. I saw him soon lift up his head, and give signs of uneasiness. This vague uneasiness was succeeded by broken screams of terror, and efforts to burst his bonds. These efforts being useless, he remained motionless, but his whole body trembled, and neighs of anguish escaped from him. Terror seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Suddenly a cavernous roar, from the summit of the neighbouring heights, made the echoes of the forest ring. The poor animal hid its head in the grass. A deep silence followed this formidable announcement. The two hunters came crouching out of their retreat, and I heard the click of the rifles as they cocked them.

"Remain behind," said the Canadian to me, in a whisper.

"No, thank you," I replied, instantly; "I had rather be between you." I then added,—"Do you think there are two?"

As the Canadian replied by a sign of doubt, a tree near the spring, from the lowest to the topmost branches, trembled beneath the scratching of the impatient animal's sharp claws.

A fearful roar, which burst on my ear like the clang of ten clarions, prevented any remark on my part. I saw a tiger bound upon the colt, who was almost flattened on the earth with terror, and heard a crash of bones, almost instantaneously followed by a detonation: it was the Mexican who had fired.

'Your knife!' said he, to the Canadian, who, in his turn, was about to fire; 'look up there!'

I looked up in the direction indicated by Bermudes, who seized on the Canadian's knife. At the summit, and through the branches of the cedar overhanging the spring, I saw two large eyes, shining like lighted coals, watching all our movements. It was the second jaguar, whose tail lashed the branches, and whirled in the air the flakes of moss torn off them. Motionless, near his comrade, the Canadian never lost sight of the bloodshot eye-balls, of which his rifle followed every movement. Meanwhile the jaguar, wounded by Bermudes, had bounded towards him: the moon then fell full on this terrible animal. Torrents of blood poured from one of his paws, which had been almost separated from the shoulder by the hunter's ball. Collecting himself previous to taking a last spring, the jaguar bowed his head and crouched, roaring with fury. His fiery eye-balls were immoderately dilated. Bermudes, calm and on the defensive, gazed fixedly at him, brandishing the blade of his knife before his eyes. At last the jaguar collected all his strength, and bounded forwards; but his muscles, torn by the bullet, had lost their power, and he fell exhausted on the spot which the hunter had just left vacant by springing on one side. Nothing now separated me from the tiger, when, twice wounded by the dagger of the brave Matasiete, he uttered a last and hideous roar, rolled over, and died. The blade had reached the heart.

"Here is a skin terribly injured, however," exclaimed Bermudes; "I do not mean my own;" and he shewed me his arm, wounded by a long gash. As he spoke, a second roar was heard in the direction of

the cedar ; a detonation replied to it, and a noise of broken branches, followed by a heavy fall, announced one of those feats of skill which none but a northern rifleman is capable of achieving. The Canadian had taken aim at his enemy between the eyes. When the two hunters, having walked round the pond, found the body of the jaguar, their cries of triumph told me that the unerring eye of the Canadian had not deceived him. I approached, not without compassion, another victim to man and the tiger—I mean the sacrificed colt. The poor animal lay motionless on the grass. One bleeding wound on his head, another on his nose, and the complete fracture of the vertebræ of the neck, proved that death must have been instantaneous. Already stiff and cold, the jaguar lay at his side, and I still gazed at him, though at some distance, when the two comrades appeared, dragging the female, whose skull had been shattered by the bullet. This time the skin was uninjured.

*Fraser's Magazine.*

## ON THE ARABIAN AND OTHER EASTERN HORSES.

The history of the British horse may be divided into three distinct epochs, the first and second of which we have treated of in the preceding chapter.

The first epoch consists in the ages of chivalry, when a strong, heavy horse, partaking largely both in shape and qualities, of the Flemish and cart horse breed, was required by the knights in their numerous wars, who not only carried heavy armour themselves, but loaded their chargers with it also. We remember to have seen this description of horse admirably illustrated in a very old Dutch painting, of the drowning of the Egyptian host in the Red Sea. The woodcut given below is taken from this painting, from which it would appear that Mynheer the artist evidently made the cart-horse-looking animal of his own country and day stand as the model for the light Barb and Arabian coursers which no doubt formed the cavalry of Pharaoh's host.

The second epoch we would assign to the period when the invention of gunpowder, gradually abolishing the use of armour, together with the introduction of racing, caused stud owners to turn their attention to the breeding of a lighter and fleetier animal, more fitted to the demands of the changed times. In the reign of James I, this may be said to have been finally effected ; and we have given a facsimile of the horse in general use in the reign of Charles I, as represented in the forty-two plates of the Duke of Newcastle's *Treatise on Horsemanship*, which we consider forms a fair specimen of the improvement which had already manifested itself in the second epoch.

As we purpose treating fully in another place of the thorough bred horse which forms the third and last epoch, according to the theory we have ventured to lay down, we will now proceed to the consideration of the Arabian and other Eastern horses, which laid the foundation of our present racing breed.

The extensive country called Arabia, celebrated in all ages for freedom and independence, is situated at the south-western extremity of Asia. It is bounded on the south-west by the Red Sea and the Isthmus of Suez; on the north-east by the Persian Gulph, and the lower course of the Euphrates; on the north-west by Syria, the Euphrates, and the intervening desert; and on the south-east by the Indian ocean. The country is described as a vast collection of rocky and precipitous mountains, encircled by a border of low, barren, and sandy plains, which differ widely in their climate, soil and productions. The plains consist, either of bare rocks, or of hard or loose sand, and suffer from an almost constant drought, there being no rivers; consequently the deep wells and springs scattered at distant intervals, and which are generally surrounded by a small margin of the most refreshing verdure, form the sole resource of the fainting traveler. The temperature of other tropical climates is moderate in comparison with the heat of these deserts, where the thermometer is generally above 100° during the night, in the morning 108°, and in the course of the day rises to 110°, and often higher, in the shade. The mountainous tracts immediately behind these dry and sandy deserts, stretched backwards from the sea shore, and contain numerous vallies of remarkable fertility, forming the celebrated region called by the ancients Arabia Felix.

Such is the country justly renowned for ages for the swiftness, patience of fatigue, spirit, and docility of temper, of its breed of horses. We have before observed that Arabia cannot lay claim to the honour of having been the original nursery of the horse, nor is it known at what period, or from whence, it obtained this useful animal. Even so late as the seventh century of the christian era, so far was Arabia from abounding in horses, that the historian who relates the attack of the prophet Mahomet upon the Koreish, near Mecca, mentions only two as following in his train; and although in the plunder of this cruel and exterminating expedition, he carried with him on his return 24,000 camels, 40,000 sheep, and much silver, horses do not appear to have formed a portion of the spoil. Among the numerous memorable acts of Mahomet, certainly not the least worthy of attention may be said to be the formation of those breeding studs, which we firmly believe laid the real foundation of the perfection of the Arabian horse.

The following interesting tradition of the origin of the Kochlani, or Kailhan, or noble race of horses, whose genealogy, with true Eastern exaggeration, has sometimes even been traced to the stud of Solomon, is from a German work on Arabia. The author relates that the Arabian prophet, wishing to set aside from his stud the best mares, in order to form a distinct and perfect breed, had them all kept for two entire days and nights without water. On a sudden, when almost mad with thirst, the mares are released, and gallop with the swiftness of the wind to the well-known spring. When in view of the refreshing waters, by a precon-

certed signal, the trumpets sound a war charge. At this well-known sound five of the mares, forgetting in a moment the agonies of their thirst, leave untasted the waters of the spring, and gallop to the imagined war; and from these five mares the author imagines the noblest breed to have descended.

The dry air and soil of Arabia seem peculiarly adapted to produce hard muscular fibre; accordingly we find the Arabian horse in the highest, and other Eastern breeds in an inferior degree, possess a firmness of anatomical organization unequalled except by the English thorough bred horse. The nature and character of the horse of the desert particularly adapted him to produce an animal which, as in the case of the race horse, is called upon to put its physical powers to the severest trial to which nature, aided by art, can submit. These advantages, which he derives from climate, and the great care exercised in breeding and rearing him by his Arab master, arise from the possession of larger muscles and smaller bones than any other horses; muscles and sinews constituting the powers of action; and on these depend the lasting qualities of an animal going at the top of his speed. Bones, being the weight to be lifted, serve only to extend the parts; and it is obvious that such as are small, but highly condensed, like those of the deer and the Arabian horse, are, by occupying less space, and containing less weight, more easily acted upon by muscular force than such as are large and porous, and for a greater duration of time, without fatiguing the active powers.

But the excellence of the horse of the desert does not end with his highly condensed bone and flat and wiry leg, so much valued by real judges. On reference to the works of eminent writers on the anatomy of the horse, we find all the muscles, and fibres, and sinews of his frame described as driven into closer contact than those of any other breed; always excepting our own thorough bred horse; and from the membranes and ligaments being composed of a firmer and thinner substance, he possesses the rare union of strength with lightness, so essential to the endurance of fatigue in all quick motions; and when to these qualifications are added the peculiar and deer-like elegance of his form, the broad squareness of forehead, the short fine muzzle, the prominent and brilliant eye, the small ear, and the beautiful course of the veins, he appears to furnish all the requisites of a race horse.

The pure Arabians are smaller than our race horses, seldom exceeding fourteen hands two inches in height, and are never known, in tropical countries, to turn roasters or to have curbs.

Count Rzeousky gives the following account of the docility and sagacity of the kohlan, or first class of Arabian breed of horses, translated by an English writer, and which we give, as being very curious, although we think it highly exaggerated.

"Above all horses in the world," writes the Count, "the kohlan is distinguished for the goodness of his qualities and the beauty of his form. He possesses uncommon mildness of temper; an unalterable faithfulness to his master; a courage and intrepidity, as astonishing as they are innate in his noble breast; an unsailing remembrance of the places where he has been, and of the treatment he has received; not to be led, not to be



touched, but by his master; in the most dreadful confusion of battle, cool and collected, he never forgets the place he came from, and though mortally wounded, if he can gather up sufficient strength, he carries back his desponding rider to his defeated tribe.

"His intelligence is wonderful: he knows when he is sold, or even when his master is bargaining to sell him. When the proprietor and purchaser meet for that purpose in the stables, the kohlan soon guesses what is going on, becomes restless, gives from his beautiful eye a side glance at the interlocutors, scrapes the ground with his foot, and plainly shews his discontent. Neither the buyer nor any one else dares to come near him: but, the bargain being struck, when the vendor, taking the kohlan by the halter, gives him up to the purchaser with a slice of bread and some salt, and turns away, never more to look at him as his own—an ancient custom of taking leave of a horse, and his recognizing a new master—it is then that this generous and noble animal becomes tractable, mild, and faithful to another, and proves himself immediately attached to him whom his passion, a few minutes before, might have laid at his feet, and trampled under his hoofs.

"This is not an idle story; I have been a witness of, and an actor in the interesting scene, having bought three kohlans in 1810 and 1811, from Turkish prisoners. I made the bargain in the stables, and received personally, and led off the most fierce but intelligent animals, which before the above mentioned ceremony, I should not have dared to approach. The fact has been confirmed to me by all the Turkish and Arab prisoners, and by several rich American merchants who deal in horses, and go generally to the desert to buy them. The kohlans also evince great warlike qualities."

Bishop Heber thus describes the docility of the Arabian horse. He says: "My morning rides are very pleasant. My horse is a nice, quiet, good-tempered little Arab who is so fearless, that he goes, without starting, close to an elephant, and so gentle and docile, that he eats bread out of my hand, and has almost as much attachment and as many coaxing ways as a dog. This seems the general character of the Arabian horses, to judge from what I have seen in this country. It is not the fiery dashing animal I had supposed, but with more rationality about him, and more apparent confidence in his rider, than the majority of English horses."

Chillaby, the property of Mr Jennings, of Clay Hall, Essex, formed a singular exception to the gentle and naturally tractable disposition of the Arabian horse; being so ferocious that he was kept chained in his stall, like a wild beast. He was, however, afterwards purchased and tamed by Hughes, for the circus, at the opening of that place of amusement in London.

In the belief that any information, and even anecdotes, relative to the Arabian parent stock from which our celebrated racing breed derive their origin, will not be out of place in a work professing to record the most renowned performances of the latter, we will proceed to give a few of the most interesting and best authenticated facts stated in the works treating on this subject.

Major Denham, the intelligent African traveller, thus expresses himself on the death of his favourite Arabian horse, in the deserts of central Africa :

" There are a few situations in a man's life, in which losses of this nature are felt most keenly ; and this was one of them. It was not grief, but it was something nearly approaching to it ; and though I felt ashamed at the degree of derangement I suffered from it, yet I was several days before I could get over the loss. Let it, however, be remembered, that the poor animal had been my support and comfort, nay, I may say, companion through many a dreary day and night, had endured both hunger and thirst in my service ; and was so docile, that he would stand still for hours in the desert, while I slept between his legs, his body affording me the only shelter that could be obtained from the powerful influence of a noonday sun ; he was yet the fleetest of the fleet, and ever foremost in the chase."

Nothing can exceed the attachment that exists between the poor Arab and his horse, often his whole stock of wealth. The mare and her foal inhabit the same tent with his family, and are caressed by all. The body of a mare is often the pillow of her master, and more frequently of his children, who roll about upon her and the foal, without the least risk.

The kindness thus engendered, is returned by the mare in many of those situations when the life of the child of the desert depends only on the sagacity and swiftness of his faithful courser.

When the Arab falls wounded from his mare, she will immediately stand still, and neigh until assistance arrives. Should fatigue compel him to lie down to sleep in the desert, she watches over him, and arouses him on the approach of man or beast.

Among the many anecdotes illustrating the attachment of the Arab to his mare, the following are particularly touching.

An old Arab had a valuable mare, that had carried him for fifteen years in many a hard fought battle, and many a rapid weary march ; at length, eighty years old, and unable longer to ride her, he gave her, and a scymitar that had been his father's, to his eldest son, and told him to appreciate their value, and never lie down to rest until he had rubbed them both as bright as a looking glass. In the first skirmish in which the young man was engaged, he was killed, and the mare fell into the hands of the enemy. When the news reached the old man, he exclaimed that life was no longer worth preserving, for he had lost both his son and his mare ; and grieving for one as much as the other, he immediately sickened and died.\*

We have the following interesting account of the love of an Arab for his horse in Clarke's Travels :—

" Ibrahim, a poor but worthy Arab unable to pay a sum of money which he owed, was compelled to allow a merchant of Rama to become a partner with him in a valuable mare. When the time came, he could not redeem his pledge to this man, and the mare was sold. Her pedigree could be traced on the side of sire and dam for full five hundred years.

\* Smith on Breeding, p. 80.

The price was £300, an enormous sum in that country. After the sale, Ibrahim went frequently to Rama to inquire after the mare; he would embrace her, wipe her eyes with his handkerchief, rub her with his shirt sleeves, and give her a thousand benedictions, during the whole two hours that he remained talking to her 'My eyes!' he would say to her, 'my soul! my heart! must I be so unfortunate as to have sold thee to so many masters and not keep thee myself? I am poor my antelope! I brought thee up in my dwelling as my child. I did never beat or chide thee; I caressed thee in the proudest manner. God preserve, thee my beloved; thou art beautiful, thou art sweet, thou art lovely! God defend thee from envious eyes!'"

M. de Châteaubriand, in his *Travels in Greece*, thus relates the feat of an Arab mare, which died to save her master.

"When I was at Jerusalem, a feat of one of these steeds made a great noise. The Bedouin, to whom the animal, a mare, belonged, being pursued by the governor's guards, rushed with her from the top of the hills that overlooked Jericho. The mare scoured at full gallop down an almost perpendicular declivity without stumbling, leaving the pursuers lost in admiration and astonishment. The poor animal, however, dropped down dead on entering Jericho, and the Bedouin, who would not quit her, was taken weeping, over the body of his faithful companion. "This mare," he continues, "has a brother in the desert, who is so famous, that the Arabs always know where he has been, where he is, what he is doing and how he does."

The following well known story addresses itself peculiarly to the feelings in favour of the poor Arab of the desert.

"The whole stock of one of these consisted of a mare; this the French consul at Saïd offered to purchase, with an intention of sending her to Louis XIV. The Arab hesitated long, but being pressed by poverty, he at length consented, on condition of receiving a very considerable sum, which he named. The consul wrote to France, for permission to close the bargain, and having obtained it, he immediately sent for the Arab, to secure the mare, and pay for her. The man arrived with his magnificent courser. He dismounted, a wretched spectacle, with only miserable rag to cover his body. He stood leaning upon his mare; the purse was tendered to him; he looked at the gold, and gazing steadfastly at his mare, heaved a deep sigh; the tears trickled down his cheeks. 'To whom is it,' he exclaimed, 'I am going to yield thee up?' To Franks, who will tie thee close, who will beat thee, who will render thee miserable! Return with me, my beauty! my jewel! and rejoice the hearts of my children!' As he pronounced the last words, he sprung upon her back, and was out of sight in a moment."

Thus did this despised Arab show a sensibility we might in vain look for among the civilised Europeans, preferring his hard lot rather than attain riches by surrendering the animal he had reared in his tent and in the bosom of his family, to what he supposed the unkind treatment of

Sir John Malcolm relates two anecdotes to the same purpose, but of a more amusing nature.

"When the British envoy, returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay mare of extraordinary shape and beauty before his tent, until he attracted his attention. On being asked if he would sell her, 'what will you give me?' was the reply. 'That depends upon her age; I suppose she is five off?' 'Guess again,' said he. 'Four?' 'Look at her mouth,' said the Arab, with a smile. On examination she was found to be rising three. This, from her size and symmetry, greatly enhanced her value. The envoy said, 'I will give you fifty tomans (a coin nearly of the value of a pound sterling). 'A little more, if you please,' said the fellow, apparently entertained. 'Eighty.' 'A hundred.' He shook his head and smiled. The offer at last came to two hundred tomans. 'Well,' said the Arab, you need not tempt me further; it is of no use; you are a rich elchee (nobleman). You have fine horses, camels, and mules, and, I am told, you have loads of silver and gold. Now', added he, 'you want my mare, but you shall not have her for all you have got.'"\*

"An Arab sheick, or chief, who lived within fifty miles of Bussorah, had a favorite breed of horses. He lost one of his best mares, and could not for a long while discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Some time after, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the sheick, obtained the damsel's consent and eloped with her. The sheick and his follower pursued, but the lover and mistress mounted on one horse, made a wonderful march, and escaped. Upon this the old chief swore that the fellow was either mounted upon the devil, or the favourite mare he had lost. After his return, he found the latter was the case; that the lover was the thief of his mare, as well as of his daughter, and that he stole the one to enable him to carry off the other. The sheick was quite gratified to think he had not been beaten by a mare of another breed; and was easily reconciled to the young man, in order that he might recover the mare, which appeared an object about which he was more solicitous than about his daughter."†

• The poverty of the Arabs enables them to afford but scanty nourishment to their horses. Besides the dry aromatic herbage they may chance to pick up, the Arabian horse usually has but one or two meals in twenty-four hours. At night it receives a little water; and five or six pounds of barley or beans and a little straw. In Nedjed the horses are regularly fed on dates, and the fragments of any provisions that may be used by the inhabitants; and some writers have even asserted, that flesh, raw as well as boiled, is given them by the wealthy people, a practice in the prevalence of which we are not inclined to place much faith. Very little water is given, as the Arabs conceive (and justly) that much liquid injures the horse's shape and affects his wind.

The colt is mounted after its second year, when the Arab on all other occasions so kind to his horse, puts it to a cruelly severe trial. The colt, or filly, is led out to be mounted for the first time; its master springs on his back, and rides at full speed for perhaps fifty miles, over

\* Malcolm's Sketches of Persia, vol. 1, p. 41.

† Malcolm's Sketches of Persia, vol 1, p. 45.

sand and rock of the burning desert, without one moment's respite. He then plunges it into water enough to swim, and if immediately after this, it will eat as if nothing had happened, its purity of blood and staunchness are considered incontrovertible.

Such is the account handed down to us by respectable authorities, who in their turn received it from the Arabs themselves; but some allowance should be made for the proneness to exaggerate for which all eastern nations are remarkable, more specially the Arabians; and glorying as they justly do in the prowess of their beautiful steeds, it is not to be wondered at if they should sometimes enlarge upon it to foreigners.

The greatest care is exercised in breeding the kohlan, or kailhan, the noble race; much ceremony takes place as well at the union of these animals as at the birth of the foal; and a certificate is made out, and properly authenticated, within seven days after that event. It is generally believed that pedigrees of the noble race of horses exist of not less than five hundred years, with sire and dam distinctly traced. The following pedigree is mentioned by Weston, in his *Fragments of Oriental Literature*; it was found hanging round the neck of an Arabian horse purchased by Colonel Ainslie, during the last campaign in Egypt against the French.

"In the name of God, the merciful and compassionate, and of Seyd Mohammed, agent of the High God, and of the companions of Mohammed and of Jerusalem. Praised be the Lord, the omnipotent Creator. This is a high bred horse, and its colt's tooth is here in a bag about his neck, with his pedigree, and of undoubted authority, such as no infidel can refuse to believe. He is the son of Rabbaing, out of the dam Lahadah, and equal in power to his sire, of the tribe of Zazhalah. He is finely moulded, and made for running like an ostrich, and great in his stroke, covering much ground. In the honors of relationship he reckons Zaluah, sire of Mahat, sire of Kallack, and the unique Alket, sire of Manasseth, sire of Alshek, father of the race down to the famous horse the sire of Lakalala; and to him be ever abundance of green meat, and corn and water of life, as a reward from the tribe of Zazhalah, for the fire of his cover; and may a thousand branches shade his carcass from the hyena of the tomb, from the howling wolf of the desert; and let the tribe of Zazhalah present him with the festival within an enclosure of walls; and let thousands assemble at the rising of the sun, in troops, hastily, where the tribe holds up, under a canopy of celestial signs, within the walls, the saddle with the name and family of the possessor. Then let them strike the hands with a loud noise incessantly, and pray God for immunity for the tribe of Zoab, the inspired tribe."

Next to the Arabian blood, we are indebted to the Barb for our present breed of thorough bred horses. This breed is from Barbary, and particularly from Morocco and Fez, and the interior of Tripoli; and remarkable for its beautiful form and graceful action. The barb was very early introduced into this country. The Godolphin Barb, or as he has been improperly called, the "Godolphin Arabian," of whom we have presented our readers with a cut, was the origin of some of our best racing blood; and others of our most celebrated race horses trace their descent from the African mares imported by Charles II.

The climate and soil of the native country of the barb, peculiarly resemble those of Arabia, while the treatment of the horses is very similar in both countries.

Besides these two celebrated breeds, we have imported both Persian, Turkish and East Indian horses.

Persia, from the remotest ages, has been celebrated for its horses. Sir John Malcolm observes: "A variety of horses are produced in Persia. The inhabitants of the districts which border on the gulf, still preserve pure those races of animals which their ancestors brought from the opposite shore of Arabia. In Fars and Irak they have a mixed breed from the Arabian, which, though stronger, is still a small horse, compared with either the Toorkoman or Khorassan breed, which are most prized by the soldiers of Persia. Both these latter races have also a great proportion of Arabian blood."

The Persian horse and his management is thus described by Sir Robert Ker Porter:

"The Persian horses never exceed fourteen or fourteen and a half hands high; yet certainly, on the whole, are taller than the Arabs. Those of the desert, and country about Hillah, seem very small, but are full of bone, and of good speed. General custom feeds and waters them only at sunrise and sunset, when they are cleaned. Their usual provender is barley and chopped straw, which, if the animals are piqueted, is put into nose-bag, and hung from their heads; but, if stabled, it is thrown into a lozenge-shaped hole, left in the thickness of the mud wall for that purpose, but much higher up than the line of our mangers, and there the animal eats at his leisure. Hay is a kind of food not known here. The bedding of the horse consists of his dung. After being exposed to the drying influence of the sun during the day, it becomes pulverised, and, in that state, is nightly spread under him. Little of it touches his body, that being covered by his clothing, a large *numnud*, from the head to the tail, and bound firmly round his body by a very long surcingle. But this apparel is only for cold weather; in the warmer season the night clothes are of a lighter substance, and during the heat of the day the animal is kept entirely under shade.

"At night he is tied in the courtyard. The horses' heads are attached to the place of security by double ropes from their halters, and the heels of their hinder legs are confined by cords of twisted hair, fastened to iron rings and pegs driven into the earth. The same custom prevailed in the time of Zenophon, and for the same reason, to secure them from being able to attack and maim each other, the whole stud generally consisting of stallions. Their keepers, however, always sleep in their rugs amongst them, to prevent accident; and sometimes, notwithstanding all their care, they manage to break loose, and then the combat ensues. A general neighing, screaming, kicking and snorting, soon raise the grooms, and the scene for a while is terrible. Indeed, no one can conceive the sudden uproar of such a moment, who has not been in Eastern countries to hear it; and then all who have, must bear me witness that the noise is tremendous. They seize, bite, kick each other, with the most determined fury; and frequently cannot be separated before their heads and haunches

stream with blood. Even in skirmishes with the natives, their horses take part in the fray, tearing each other with their teeth, while their masters are in similar close quarters on their backs."

We have the following description of a Persian race, by the same author.

"My curiosity was fully on the spur to see the races, which I could not doubt must have been chosen from the best in the nation, to exhibit the perfections of its breed before the sovereign. The rival horses were divided into three sets, in order to lengthen the amusement. They had been in training several weeks, going very often over the ground during that time; and when I did see them, I found so much pains had been taken to sweat and reduce their weight, that their bones were nearly cutting the skin. The distance marked for the race was a stretch of twenty-four miles; and that his Majesty might not have to await when he had reached the field, the horses had set forward long before, by three divisions, from the starting point, (a short interval of time passing between each set,) so that they might have to come in a few minutes after the King had taken his seat. The different divisions arrived in regular order at the goal, but all so fatigued and exhausted, that their former boasted fleetness hardly exceeded a moderate canter when they passed before the royal eyes."

The best breed of Turkish horses is descended from those of Arabia and Persia; but they greatly exceed the horses of both those countries in point of size. The body is even longer than the Arabians, and the crupper more elevated. They have contributed materially to the improvement of the English breed.

Mr Evelyn thus enthusiastically describes a beautiful Turkish horse sent over to England some time ago:

"I never beheld so delicate a creature; somewhat of a bright bay, two white feet, a blaze; such a head, eyes, ears, neck, breast, belly, haunches, legs, posterns, and feet in all respects beautiful, and proportioned to admiration; spirited, proud, nimble, making halt, turning with that swiftness, and in so small a compass, as was admirable."

The Turkish horses are likewise remarkable for their extreme docility which is thus accounted for by Busbequius, who was ambassador at Constantinople in the seventeenth century; and it would be well, if both masters and grooms would learn a lesson from the wisdom and humanity of this truly worthy and benevolent writer.

"Nothing," writes Busbequius, "can surpass the gentleness of the Turkish horses; and their obedience to their masters and grooms is very great. The reason is, they always treat them with great kindness. I myself saw, when I was in Pontus, passing through a part of Bithynia called Axillon, towards Cappadocia, how gentle the country people were to young colts, and how kindly they used them soon after they were foaled.

"They took them into their own habitations, cleaned, and caressed them with as much affection as they would their own children. They hung something like a jewel about their neck, and a broad ribbon, which was full of amulets against poison, which they are most afraid of. They

never strike them, the groom that dress them being as gentle as their masters. In return for this treatment, these animals naturally acquire a great attachment to man, and are always most tractable and easily managed. The Turks take a pride in making them so tame that they will kneel to be mounted at the word of command, take up a stick or scimitar from the ground, and whenever the rider happens to fall off, immediately stand still. But alas! the horses of our christian grooms generally and with reason fear their keepers."

*Whyte's History of the British Turf.*

## THE HANDBOOK OF THE CHASE.\*

BY THE EDITOR.

The past worthies of the Pytchley were a notable company. They ought to be given as knights of the round table; but that being impossible in type, except by the contrivance of the round Robin, we declare to take our personages at hap-hazard—equal main and chance. Who comes first, by the rule of accident, is Sir Charles Knightly, of Fawsley—a baronet who had the knack of getting over a country certainly without that which makes the *éclat* of modern field workmanship. He was always in the first plight, but never in the first flight. His style was that known among moderns as "screwing" that is to say, creeping. His horses, all clippers and thorough blood, were taught by some necromancy to riggle through their bull-fences, and into and out of their ditches, wet and dry; and then, by the sheer virtue of pace, to put themselves on equal terms with nags that jumped out of one parish into another. He would charge a gate or a style when he couldn't help it, like other people; but it was never from choice, but always from compulsion. They said it was done on system, to give his horses time to get their wind; they also said it was because he was short-sighted, but probably the real cause was with his nervous "system." It's my belief the greatest crammers have been told of your whisperers, creepers, and such-like professors of equestrian legerdemain—that have attached to any class of charlatans. Our old friend, speaking of this Sir Charles, gives note of having been handsomely stuffed to swallow all that he took, and retails as gospel, of his feats. . . . I once saw a splendid fast thing from Blackdown Gorse, over the glorious Daventry grass country to Shuckburgh, an outside covert of (then) Sir Bellingham Graham's hounds, on the border of Warwickshire, which leads me again to notice Jem Wood, the first whip. It was a very cold spring day; but puggy, making for his point, went off, and stayed with rather

\* Continued from No. IX.



more than a side wind. There was a very fair number, considering the country and the pace with the hounds all through; but I should say decidedly that Wood, who happened to be very well mounted, and Sir Charles Knightly were leading all through, and not a pin to choose between them. Now Wood went at every thing, on the percussion principle; while the veriest old musket, that did not actually hang fire, could not take it more leisurely, so as to be effective, than did the baronet. Notwithstanding, Wood was never ten lengths first into one of the large grass fields ere Sir Charley was alongside him, apparently without any effort. How he brought his hunters to this perfection (petrefaction would be a better word) I am not prepared to say; but however effected, it must have been the result of much time and trouble . . . It's a pity it was not impossible. . . . Mr Gurney, the *great* banker of Norwich, was a great man in those days with the Pytchley. He rode nineteen stone—one would have thought he might as well have ridden nineteen tons, for the matter of fox hunting. But then he had money at discretion—gold, which makes the mare go, as well as all else physical, moral, and immoral, at the rate of a Great Western Railway Express. This celebrated *friend* of the chase was one of the most agreeable frequenters of the cover side, as well as one of the most tremendous riders that ever thundered after a pack of hounds. "Take him for all in all" perhaps he was the most extraordinary man ever seen in the hunting field. *Apropos* of the big ones, a word anent Mr Capel Rose, who about this period rode in Northamptonshire the tallest horse ever seen with hounds in England. This Brobdiagnag nag came, of course, from the metropolis, where all the miracles go, and where they are scattered over the rural districts. He was a bright chesnut, of very commendable symmetry, thoroughbred, or thereabouts, and stood seventeen hands high—*high* and no mistake! The Rev. Mr Isham was one of their *ultra* fast ones: when the church takes to the chase, it makes uncommon running, and that's the fact. There were not long since, in the Cheshire hunt, three brothers, of whom the following posy was current:

"If my life should depend on the wager,  
I know not which brother I'd back;  
The parson, the squire, or the major—  
The purple, the pink, or the black."

But the clergyman was the member of the triumvirate that I should have chosen to stand upon, or to have "*taken against the field.*" Mr Elwes, before alluded to, rode blood horses, and rode them well: what gentleman should ever mount himself on a cocktail, the very emphatic for a quadruped snob? Mr Nethercoat has already been seen among the first flight of that day; and there was one of his neighbours, Mr Hanbury, of Maidwell, another of the very right sort. Mr Otway Cave was then full of the spirit of fox-hunting, and the gathering at Northampton, of course, was made of sportsmen, or what business had they there? Among the cream of these was a Mr Mowbray, who always had a stable-full of first-rate horses, and was an out-and-out disciple of Diana. He hunted every day in the week, and went like a professor of the craft. Mr Gully, so

renowned in sporting *circles* of several sorts, made Northampton his head quarters about this period, with a very level stud of hunters—nags set at long prices, should anybody fall in love with them. Mr Gully was not a crack rider, but he was quite in earnest in the field, you may be sure. Colonel Alix, of the Guards, was a bruiser, always on great slashing horses, the ideal of a pioneer across country. Colonel Pack, also in the Guards, was a very finished specimen of a fox-hunter. Then there was Mr Davy, one of the most accomplished horsemen that ever took a mouth in hand. All his hunters were “refined” performers, very perfect, gentle steeds. Mr Bouverie was one of their Nestors; but the sage of Delapre, though no longer in his larking days, was well horsed and well disposed to go. Of the Northampton lot, too, there was a Mr Doddington, who rode magnificent thorough bred, and went well. He was distinguished by wearing always in the field a light grey frock coat. I’m not sure that these items of relief to a mob of gentlemen in pink are in evil taste or bad keeping.

Such, or something like it, was the Pytchley of the golden age of the chase. Aye, the golden age of hunting, believe me, though we still have, and shall continue to possess during *our* run, the sport of racing after deer and foxes. The hour and the man (time is now discovered to be money, and man its alchymist) have swept before them many of pastimes of merry England, in her fond but foolish days. Where is May, with its Morris-dancers?—Autumn, with its harvest home revels? Peradventure we are more wise if less merry; but not for that reason should we be unmindful of those, who in fitting season furnished the appliances and means of woodcraft, while yet it was a popular pleasure.

In the annals of the Pytchley, foremost as a sportsman will be read, as it is written, the name of George Osbaldeston, that “Squire *par excellence*, who shall descend to posterity as the sporting Crichton. He hunted Northamptonshire when the noble science had touched the point of perfection, and just paused before the turn. There may have been more professed kennel artists, more scientific field huntsmen, more gentle and aristocratic masters; but take him for all in all, I doubt whether we shall ever look upon his like again, in the general character of M. F. H. They will tell you he was too fond of “blowing up.” We don’t anywhere hear that the family of Osbaldeston is derived in a direct line from Job, and as the Squire never professed to be a philosopher in the circumstances that continually surrounded him, what wonder that now and then he did “blaspheme and make wry faces.” Of all the soul-tempting situations to which human nature, with a natural dash of the devil in it, can be exposed, is that of master of foxhounds burning to show sport, on which a brigade of mischief-mongers is showering cold water. Few can conceive the skill, labour, and expense, lavished to bring a crack pack to the cover side; none, but those who have endured it, can imagine the agony of heart, the desperation of spirit with which its discomfiture is contemplated—with which the master-mind that brought it there sees it ridden over, trampled upon, bedevilled, and driven into mutiny. Oh! the unspeakable trial to witness, “all your pretty ones at one fell swoop” driven from their propriety, and a couple of parishes beyond the scent, by a charge of cruel

Cockney cavalry. And what's the adjective Cockney, I should be glad to know, if over-riding and over-driving hounds be not the superlative of it? It's all very well for my Lord Mayor, or the parish beadle—

“To view this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose;

but if Stoicism had been born of British chivalry, bred up in the horror of a blank day, and trained *veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinæ*, Zeno would have granted dispensation to his disciples *carte blanche* to give expression to any amount of illustrated language towards those who spoiled their sport in that most villanous of all fashions—

“Cutting short their hopes of having any.”...

The abstract meaning of the word sporting is not to be found in Johnson's, or the dictionaries of any land or language. As applicable to the chase it is confined to this country; but its spirit has a far more catholic dominion. During the Revolutionary war in France, when it was found expedient to obtain the assistance of the Tyrolese sharp-shooters, the most celebrated marksmen in the world, it was only to be obtained by promising them as their reward the privilege of the *chasse* with impunity. The value of this boon is only to be estimated by those who know the passion of the Tyrolese for the chase; a passion which Kotzebue describes as more violent than that of the gamester: neither threats nor punishment can deter them from the practice of it. Gain is clearly not their object, for the flesh and skin of a chamois do not produce above twelve florins; and yet a mountaineer, who had been many times caught in the fact of stalking this quarry of the wilderness, declared that if he knew the next tree would be his gallows, he would nevertheless hunt! M. de Sausure records a striking anecdote of a chamois hunter whom he knew: he was a tall well-made man, and had just married a very beautiful woman. “My grandfather,” he said, “lost his life in the chase, so did my father; and I am so well assured that one day or other I shall so lose my own, that this bag, which I always carry with me when I hunt, I call my winding-sheet, for I certainly shall never have any other; nevertheless, Monsieur, if you were to offer me a fortune on the condition that I should relinquish the chase, I would not accept it.” De Sausure says that he made several excursions among the Alps with this man—his strength and agility were astonishing, but his courage, or rather his temerity, was still greater. A year or two after the period referred to, his foot slipped on the edge of a precipice, and he met the fate he had so calmly anticipated.

This instinct, however, strong as it is, yields to the pressure of civilization; I don't mean to say it is the peculiar taste of savages, but it becomes a constantly depreciating quality among citizens, partly owing to their position, and partly on account of other occupation—perhaps better. We have, indeed, our Metropolitan hunting countries—coursing in Kew Gardens, and pheasant shooting everywhere; but the true flavour of sport must be sought farther a field. Christopher North went up to the Highlands in search of it, and found it on Braemar. There is a fine and beautiful alliance, he says, between all pastimes pursued on flood, field, and

fell: the principles in human nature, on which they depend, are in all the same; but these principles are subject to infinite modification and varieties, according to the difference of individual and national character. All such pastimes, if followed merely as pastimes, or as professions, or as the immediate means of sustaining life, require sense, sagacity, and knowledge of nature and nature's laws; nor less patience, perseverance, courage even, and bodily strength or activity; while the spirit which animates and supports them is a spirit of anxiety, doubt, fear, hope, joy, exultation, and triumph—in the heart of the young, a fierce passion—in the heart of the old, a passion still, but subdued and tamed down without having been much dulled or deadened by various experience of all the mysteries of the calling, and by the gradual subsiding of all impetuous impulses in the frames of all mortal men, beyond perhaps, three-score, when the blackest head will be becoming grey, the most nervous knee less firmly knit, the most steely-springed instep less elastic, the keenest eye less of a far seeker, and above all, the most boiling heart less like a cauldron or a crater; yea, the whole man subject to some dimness or decay, and consequently the whole duty of man, like the new edition of a book, from which many passages that formed the chief story of the *editio princeps* have been expunged, the whole character of the style corrected without having been thereby, improved. Just like the later editions of the “Pleasures of Imagination,” which were written by Akenside when he was about twenty-one, and altered by him at forty, to the exclusion, or destruction, of many most *splendid avitia*; by which process the poem, in our humble opinion, was shorn of its brightest beams, and suffered disasters, twilight and eclipse. John Wilson is somewhat long winded: but when he comes to the point you find him always to the purpose, *e. g.* Now seeing that such pastimes are in number almost infinite, and infinite the varieties of human character, pray what is there at all surprising in your being madly fond of shooting—and your brother Tom just as foolish about fishing—and cousin Jack perfectly insane about fox-hunting; while the old gentleman, your father, in spite of wind and weather, perennial gout, and annual apoplexy, goes a coursing of the white tipped hare, on the bleak Yorkshire wolds? And uncle Ben, as if just escaped from Bedlam or St. Luke's, with Dr. Haslam at his heels, or within a few hundred yards' start of Dr. Warburton, is seen galloping, in a Welsh wig and strange apparel, in the rear of a pack of Lilliputian beagles, all barking as if they were as mad as their master, supposed to be in chase of an invisible animal who keeps eternally doubling in field and forest, “still hoped for, never seen.”

Thus is the prepossession, and eke the pursuit still “remote from cities;” but as the arts of peace march, before them flee the boon pastimes of flood and field, for woodcraft is in some sort the type of war. Yet it is not completely routed, and leaving to posterity the cure of its own cares, and the cultivation of its proper pleasures, let us, as behoves men, in every interpretation of the term, enjoy the good within our reach. It is our duty to use all precaution for the preservation and promotion of health, and not only is it a more agreeable way to “hunt in fields” for it but a more probable prospect of a find, than may be expected from seeing

the doctor; and not only is the hope "cure alone" sufficient to repay the search, but the great whet to enjoyment. By 're Lady, it is right goodly that the season is so close at hand. I have written myself into an appetite for a burst, that will not brook long waiting. Turn then a whole wilderness of foxes afoot—

"My great desire

Had stomach for them all!"

All hail, November! long wished for, a hundred times welcome, new thou art come. Let the winds blow, and crack their cheeks, what cares the fox-hunter, so long as he hears that tocsin of the soul, the horn, which heralds "gone-away" from twenty acres of woodland for twenty miles of open, with a preponderance of grass? Praise to the goddess of the Ephesians, the summer of our discontent is over: what *long* days there are between Easter and Michaelmas!

Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica diesque  
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus  
Pupillis quos dura premit custodia matrum:  
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora.

\* \* \* \*

Long as to him who works for debt the day:  
Long as the night to her whose love's away:  
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,  
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one:  
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll  
That lock up all the pleasures of my soul.

In such a frame of spirit, with a sound heart *in corpore sano*, only conceive yourself in the Crick country, with the Pytchley snugly laid under your lee, a holding scent, and a nag under you that knows not what it is to compound, whatever the pace. . . . .

Foxhunting is becoming a very expensive amusement. We do not hesitate to say that some countries pay more for preserving foxes and earth-stopping than kept our forefathers a good useful "cry of dogs" all the year round. Leicestershire cover rent, we have heard stated, at from a thousand to twelve hundred a-year. This may or may not be the case; though if it be, we can only say, the sooner half the covers are stubbed the better. If Sir Harry Goodricke spent six thousand a-year, and Sir Bellingham Graham had, as reported, a subscription of four thousand a-year when he hunted it about twenty years ago, we might even put down a larger sum than twelve hundred pounds for cover rent: and if so, we can only say that land in Leicestershire must be very valuable. We have it, however, in black and white, in the authority of Mr Delmé Radcliffe, who hunted the country, that in the metropolitan county of Herts some three hundred a-year is paid for what may be called the mere good-will of the keepers towards foxes. This is all artificial; and the more artificial things become, the more expensive they grow. Indeed, if population and agricultural improvement keep pace during the next half century with the

increase and improvement of the last half century, hunting will be mere matter of history in half the counties in England. Leicestershire is now no more like what Leicestershire was in Mr Meynell's time than is Salisbury Plain like the Vale of Blackmoor at the present day. The richer land becomes, either by drainage or other artificial means, and the larger crops it grows, the likelier it is to be subdivided; and there is little doubt that many of the large fields we still see, parts of common land enclosed within the present century, will gradually become smaller and smaller as the land becomes richer and more valuable, until hunting will be a sort of "hopping in and out" thing all day.

When Mr Wilkins left, Mr Payne, of Sulby, came to the rescue, and he continued at the head of the establishment till 1837-8. A more proper master of foxhounds for the county of Northampton could not be. Mr Payne is in every sense of the term a sportsman, and in his social capacity certainly as generally popular as any man of his time. He combines every quality for a M. F. H.—birth, condition, great local influence, and large local possessions. Jack Stevens still remained; but he died soon after Mr Payne's resignation, in the service of Lord Chesterfield, then master of the Pytchley. Will Derry, thereupon, became huntsman, and with Webb and Ball as whips, the noble lord of Bretby took the field in this crack country in fitting array. The *mise en scene* was magnificent: his stud was perfect, and almost without a limit, and it was no uncommon thing to see five-hundred men at a favourite meet. At this time Nimrod wrote, on a flying visit to Northampton:—"I had no opportunity of seeing the entire stud of Lord Chesterfield, but I heard from good judges that I should have seen about forty hunters, very superior to those generally found in any one man's stables." This nobleman reigned for two brilliant seasons at the head of the Pytchley, and once more the country went a-begging.

Nobody was desirous of volunteering to be my Lord Chesterfield's foil; and as no one could hope to be his rival, or even to smell at the same nosegay, matters were in a desperate condition when Mr Smith, of the Craven, at the last moment undertook to form an administration. He certainly put his best leg foremost, and under every disadvantage he opened the campaign. It was a hazardous experiment—if not quite a forlorn hope. It was all very well for Cato to affect *victa causa*, but it was an affair that might have given better men pause than entering at such fearful odds on the Pytchley woodcraft. However, with a spirit full of confidence in his own resources, this did the ex-master of the Craven, resolved to make up in out-and-out persevering sport for any want of *eclat* in the *materiel* of his establishment. With every difficulty to contend with; in the face of abated style and depreciated appearance, Mr Smith went to work with a will that soon found its way to many a whoo-whoop. He proved himself in Northamptonshire quite as relentless a foe to the fox as in Berkshire, and breasting the storm he continued at the head of the Pytchley for two seasons. He was then beaten, and so would the country have been but for the sinews of war most liberally furnished by Lord Cardigan. That nobleman, it was understood, proposed to give to the country one of the most accomplished sportsmen that had ever shone

in it or over it; but for some local reasons the plan fell to the ground, and for a space Sir Francis Holyoake became master of the Pytchley. Peradventure it has at length chanced upon happier fortunes. Mr Payne, of Sulby, again was elected chief, and that his reign might be as long as it was destined to be profitable, was the universal hope of all who have the best interests of the country at heart. While he continues to minister to its prosperity the Pytchley shall surely rank, as it does, as the crack rural country of English fox-hunting.

### THE HOME COUNTRY.

"Know ye the land where staunch hounds and stout foxes

Are types of the sport we may count upon there?—

A country to follow those two orthodoxes,

The Quorn and the Pytchley—that broth of a pair."

From "THE BRIDE-GROOM OF ABYDOS."

(A poem in MS., for want of a publisher).

In a radius of miles surrounding the metropolis of Great Britain—no longer relevant, now that time supplies the place of distance—there used to be certain districts, known to the lovers of woodcraft in that capital as the Metropolitan Hunting Countries. By-and-bye no one will have an idea of their limits: how should they? seeing that Mr Brunel is making provision for a gentleman to carry his horse about at a pace, contrasted with which the best achievements of Childers or Eclipse would be but a snail's gallop. It is hardly worth while cataloguing these at this time of day, or telling of the past glories of the Old Berkeley (we protest against all political allusion here), or the *ultra* business form of Charley Newman, or the citizen-pomp of the courteous sportsman Sampson Haubury, or—or, in short, any of the worthies of "lang syne." Hunting has been the sport of Cockneydom since the casting of Bow bells—and was so probably long before. Mr Strut informs us that the Lord Mayor used to keep a pack of hounds, with which he was wont, accompanied by the aldermen, common council, and other civic dignitaries, to disport in Lincoln's-inn Fields, and over the wilds and commons now known as St. James's and May-fair. . . . As Epping Forest to Mr Conyers, was Trafalgar-square to the chief magistrate of London a few odd centuries ago. . . . *Tempora mutantur*—or, rather, the districts within the bills of mortality, have undergone the change. Adjacent to Primrose-hill, where puss used whilom to dwell and colonize, you would now find more hyenas than hares notwithstanding the Zoological-gardens have fallen considerably out of fashion); and as for riding over the once-famed Harrow country, you might as well go for an airing on a *chevaux de frize*. There is, indeed, a deuced nice little "cry of dogs" that every now and then give a clipping forty minutes, *not a hundred miles from Kensington-gardens*—but that's a profound secret; we would'nt name it for any consideration to anybody breathing but yourself, courteous reader. For ourself, when we stand in need of a little woodcraft just to remind us of what playing at hunting might have been ere merrie England was all garden-ground, and dames

and palfreys did the sylvan—the shadow foretoking dimly what the chase should be—for ourself, in such necessity, we set our faces towards the Sussex coast—a direction they carry you in at an average of about fifty miles an hour, but with the promise to improve these slows. Well, when we desire to do a passage of unpretending rural pastime, we betake us to a certain mountain establishment for hunting the hare in its primæval character, known as “the Brookside,” whose locality is hard by the town of Lewes, and whose hunting grounds are portions of those noble downs which sweep the coast from Beechy-head to Brighton. There you have a country where there is nothing to prevent you from being alongside hounds from find to finish, if your nerves are good enough to carry you the pace *down* the hills, and your horse’s lungs good enough to carry him ditto *up* them. There is a glorious district “a gentlemanly diggins, and no mistake,” as a Backwood’s-man, whom bad luck transported to Ireland, once observed of the county of Meath, “a clearing in which the President himself might be proud of being raised: *without a tree within sight of the naked eye.*”

But, to be sure, no man with pretension to a soul above buttons will admit that he can endure harriers. They constitute his instinctive abomination: he hates them as fat Jack did “thin potatoes,” and Richard Brinsley Sheridan the hymeneal superstition. He regards it as a condescension when he patronises “the Queen’s;” stag following just escapes sporting illegitimacy, and no more. Fox-hunting is his *summum bonum*: his force of fancy can no further go in search of the sublime than to an acre of gorse, which furnishes an afternoon fox, fated to die at the end of five-and-twenty minutes. Fox-hunting is his specific against “snobbery,” that epidemic lately discovered to abound in Great Britain by one “Punch,” a great moral Everything-arian. Fox-hunting is to the civilian what a commission in the Household Brigade is to a soldier—it is, in effect, the degree of Bachelor of Arts—rural and *recherche*: it is the freemasonry of field sports.

For these reasons, and in some instances no doubt for its own sake, it has long been an especial pastime with the *élite* of our metropolitan amateurs of woodcraft. Like every other institution of social life, it had its parties. When Sampson Hanbury was a suburban Nimrod, the mighty hunters of the city elected him their Magnus Apollo; and when Mr Delmé Radcliffe was *arbiter elegantiarum* to the Hertfordshire, the aristocratic division of the capital affected him. Some of them, however, had recourse to Lord Petre, particularly while his lordship hunted the Thorndon-hall country. Surrey used to be the resort of the fast men of the City—in Mr Haigh’s time, for instance; it is now, perhaps, a peg or so lower. Mr Conyer’s was the other way: he was not fast himself—I imagine nor the cause of pace in others. Charles Newman was an undeniable artist: he would have done credit to any country in the world. Mr Harvey Combe made a sporting name for the Old Berkeley; but they are now of the things that were. It once possessed a district of gigantic dimensions, commencing almost at what may now be called “the stone’s end,” and reaching to Cirencester; something like eighty miles of length. Moreover, it was the ideal of a fox-hunting country, the cream



of grassland, good fencing and a glorious champaign, with here and there a brook for sifting the field snobs. The name of Oldaker, too, has given it a sort of classic *prestige*. But most localities that have ever been popular can boast these characters; who names the Surrey of bygone days without thinking of the "Jolliffe," that colonel of eccentric taste in "tiles"—who used to wear a hat which many a "funny" fancier in these times would be proud of for a wager craft? The Brighton railroad now passes over what was the site of his kennel. I wonder what Roffey says on the matter, in his gossips in the Elysian Fields. . . .

In dealing with our present theme, the Home Country, it will be convenient, however, only to speak of such portions of it as have survived the decline and fall of metropolitan hunting, and confine ourselves to such remaining parts as are still negotiable for those whose taste or necessities compel them to take their woodcraft in the vicinity of London. These I shall treat of in the *refaciamento* style: relating the experience I have had of them, whereby their general characteristics may be gleaned, and adding so much of their existing positions as may be needful for present information and cindance.

The Hertfordshire country is quite as accessible as any, from the capital, and has many claims to a fair sporting character. It is neither a second Quorn nor another Pytchley, but a sportsman will find it offer him materials for good working runs, if no flying bursts reward his visit. My chief knowledge of it was acquired towards the close of Mr Delmé Radcliffe's career as master, when I was the guest of that gentleman's very liberal hospitality, and his debtor for much courtesy and kindness. In his day the kennels were at a place called Kensworth-green, about a couple of miles on what used to be the Birmingham road side of Luton. They consisted of a range of buildings of little architectural pretension, but replete with convenience and comfort, having room for a couple of full packs of hounds, stabling for some twenty hunters and hacks, and a very complete little huntsman's box, with a *sanctum* for the master on occasion. That all was conducted there *secundum artem*, will be concluded by those who are aware that Mr Delmé Radcliffe is the author of "The Noble Science," one of the most practical and clever works extant on the modern chase. Beckford wrote a good manual for hunting as it was then, but it relates to a slower amusement than the fox-hunting of these days. The nature of the country may be gathered in this allusion to it in "The Noble Science:"—"To proceed to our consideration of the kind of hound fit for it, I need not say that good shoulders are indispensable to one fit for any; but, beyond all other points in shape and make, I would especially direct the attention of any one hunting Herts, to feet. Though perhaps few—very few, if any—of the provincial countries (and by provincial I mean all which are not principally devoted to grazing and pasture lands) can boast of greater variety than our country, considering that, in the hedge-greens of Goddesden and Flamsted—indeed, in the whole country to the west of Redbourn—a fox seldom quits grass, and that further below, beyond the stiff clays of Bramingham and Sundon, we have the fine grass vale of Toddington, equalling the best parts of the best countries, and formerly characterised by Mr Meynel himself as the

'Elysian fields,' still I have said that a great variety exists; and as in all 'give-and-take' with the good will come the bad, so around Kimpton and a great part of the country between the Welwyn and Harpenden roads, and occasionally in other parts, fields are to be found bestrewn with flints as thick as 'leaves in Vallambrosa,' very nearly equalling those in Hampshire." Now here is an accidental epitome of the sort of country the visitor to the Hertfordshire may calculate on—a picture that don't improve with age. Every season the face of our island assumes new wrinkles, in a hunting sense as well as a social—railroads are seeming it like the small-pox. How they are off for "game" with the Hertfordshire just now, I cannot speak from personal knowledge; they tell me, very well. In Mr Radcliffe's time it was awfully expensive work: the keepers were paid the Lord knows how much for every fox that was found, which of course was nuts for the varmint, who were pretty sure of an open earth or drain in some quiet nook or other.... The best fixtures of the Hertfordshire hounds are for the most part within easy distance of some station of the North-western Railway—the more's the pity.

More afield, but still in the county of Herts, are the Puckeridge hounds—a right good sporting establishment as now conducted, if a little below the high flavour of its neighbour. It is also under the average of the Hertfordshire country considerably, though it is fair riding, and quite good enough for your "rough and ready" people; and, contrasted with a metropolitan district, of which we shall presently have to speak—Surrey, with its bottomless pits of filth for valleys, and the stone hatchets of its hills—it is Paradise or Purgatory. Gentlemen in difficulties for a day's or week's sport, to whom these presents are addressed, won't care a farthing to be told all about the economy of the Puckeridge—their breed, seed, and generation—neither where the money comes from that keeps them going, nor whither it departs when it is gone. At their head is a thorough sportsman, whether in the field or in the kennel; and those who don't take me on my word will do well. Let them see Mr Parry in either capacity, and they will be the better for it all the rest of their fox-hunting life. There has been a considerable fluctuation among the masters of these hounds since the reign of the great Mr Hanbury, who was at their head for thirty years. He was succeeded by Lord Petre, a nobleman whose name stands on the most honourable roll of our annals of the chase. His lordship followed Mr Hanbury in 1831, and continued to hunt the Puckeridge country till 1835, when it fell into the hands of the *quondam* master of the Forfarshire. It is strictly one of the metropolitan hunting countries, and as such I introduce it here; but it is scarce a locality into which I should counsel the mere pleasure-seeker to follow me. In a rural relation, it is worthy of all praise and support. The farmers are almost all of a right sporting stamp, fond of the fun themselves, and giving all leave and licence to others to do as it seemeth fit to them. I never saw more reckless riding over the tender Ceres than with the Puckeridge, nor so little manifestation on the part of the (supposed) sufferers. But the fields are small, the fences by no means fancy leaps, and the galloping, as a rule, very distressing for horses

used to more flattering countries. You have, moreover, a pack, and a man at the head of it, intent on business; and unless you are with them at first, you had better turn your horse's head homewards at once. I had a bad start indeed with the Puckeridge, having commenced with them in Mr Dalzell's time, who for many seasons had a run of ill-luck. He hadn't the knack of conciliating the natives, and so they bullied his foxes, and he went to loggerheads with them,

“ And quite athwart  
Went all decorum.”

My opinion of him in his new capacity in the south was thus expressed at the time:

“ As a master of hounds Mr Dalzell unites two qualities so rarely found to exist in the same individual: he is a first-rate rider, endowed with the most invincible patience; no octogenarian ever crawled over a greasy fallow after the jolly dogs with more untiring endurance than he sticks to the last expiring particle of scent that may bring him to his fox. Of all the slavery on earth, none equals that to which a gentleman-huntsman immolates himself—no man alive will do it (that is will persevere in it) unless he be a thorough sportsman. When Mr Dalzell emigrated five hundred miles into a foreign land, he did not leave his home ignorant of the difficulties he had to meet, or without confidence in the energies he possessed to combat and conquer them. Short as my experience has been, I can feel that his choice has not fallen in a land flowing with milk and honey. I am not to be understood as meaning any want of courtesy to the members of the Puckeridge Hunt: but there are asperities which it would be better for all parties were permitted to soften and decay. The oligarchy of his part of Herts is peculiar: it is in the renters of the soil. I cannot suppose that it is desired to have this portion of the country purely a farmer's hunt, I believe the few extensive farmers who hold the whole, or the greatest part of it, have too much good sense to promote or countenance such a policy. To these, in conclusion, I would more directly apply myself. I am a stranger it is true; but how much more of the game does he see who looks on, than they who hold the cards? Lend no ear to the idle gossip that jealousy engenders, and common report magnifies and fosters. Give the gentleman who has come among you a fair trial; and, admitting no hearsay evidence, be yourselves his jury. The motive and object of his coming entitle him to your consideration and support; I am much deceived if the result of it will not ensure him your esteem and friendship. Heaven knows, his is no sinecure who labours to please any community, however circumscribed may be its circle—*Tot rami quot arbores*. Look with compassion upon a fellow-creature who has to deal with the bile of half a county. Leave local bickerings and party feuds for petty sessions and vestry meetings; but come to covert side in peace and good-will towards all men. I mean not to exempt one, aspiring to conduct a fox-hunting establishment, from the penalty which attaches to ambition of every description: still in venturing to plead for a gallant and well deserving

sportsman, who for your amusement has undertaken an arduous and expensive office, I leave his case in your hands, with this counsel—

“ ‘Blame where you *must* : be candid where you can—  
But be each critic a *good-natured man*.’ ”

Nobody will deny the claim of Surrey to metropolitan connexion, any more than that the Surrey side is not the most aristocratic “side” of the capital. Nimrod visited it, or rather the Surrey hounds, in 1823, when they had been a long while under the direction of Mr Haigh, a gentleman who was at their head on my first essay with them in 1835. As I have already said, like “the human face divine,” time don’t improve the face of a country so far as relates to hunting. Now my friend Apperley found riding over it, in his time, anything but being upon velvet, as his opinion thus recorded goes to show. “Except Sussex, I never saw, heard of, or was in, a rougher country than Surrey; not a ride is but through the coverts, and the lanes surrounding them are belly deep in many places. Notwithstanding this, runs are sometimes had in these parts.” With this opinion I cordially accord: Surrey is a miraculous place for mud; but I never had an idea of what sort of thing a ride in a scavenger’s cart was, till I had a taste of West Sussex. Nimrod calls it an “ungentleman-like country:” he need not have been quite so nice in his vocabulary.

About the period of my first visit to Mr Haigh and the Surrey, the establishment, by the indignation of Diana, had been selected as the *piece de resistance* of all the caricaturists in the sporting world: to say nothing of its being the bull’s-eye for all the invective ever launched against any contrivance in woodcraft. Thither then, as I went, I couldn’t help thinking of the blessing said to be in store for those that expect *nothing*. I think the place of meeting was Godstone Green, a pretty rural spot; but the *mise en scene* of the *tableau* did not please me. The huntsman, Tom Hill, was not a graceful figure; and the first whip was a “wopper,” and no mistake. These big fellows rode (of course) big horses in racing snaffles, with reins not thicker than pack-thread, which had the oddest effect possible. Mr Haigh, the master, was at the time in his seventy-ninth year, riding only eight stone—and somehow the whole thing was as it were reversed; to be in keeping, the master ought to have changed places with the man. But the “character” of the affair did not end there: in my notes of that morning’s details I find it thus written:—

“Mr Haigh rode an extraordinary, powerful, strapping, bay horse, fit to carry him had he been four times as weighty as he was—and here all the murder about the snaffles was out—this great animal having only an ethereal bit between his jaws. That veteran sportsman it seems has two hobbies—and where is the man who has less?—a great leaning towards visionary snaffles, and the most unmitigated abhorrence of tobacco. King James himself had not a more rooted antipathy to the ‘infernal mandungus.’ He expresses his conviction that the puff of a cigar is fatal to scent, and he takes no roundabout method of delivering that opinion to any of the initiated that he finds at a cover side with a weed in his face. During the day a man got into trouble at a fence, when the old gentleman

rubbed his hands with great glee, and seemed transported with satisfaction. I inquired the reason of my next neighbour, at the moment; who replied, 'Oh! he caught that man smoking with the hounds *last year*, and he'll never forgive him to the hour of his death!'"

My reminiscences of the Old Surrey continue in this wise—"I was surprised at the *gloss* these hounds contrived to carry, considering the mud-berths they live half the winter in; and their hill country is out of the frying-pan into the fire, for such a school of spontaneous anatomy, I defy the whole earth to produce. Mr Haigh told me he had just lost a valuable mare from a wound of a flint in the pastern, which made it necessary to destroy her on the spot. I don't set this down as a matter of record for its singularity, my wonder being how the devil horses ridden over these downs have a leg at all left at Christmas. . . A leash of foxes had been viewed away from Chicken Wood; for Valentine's-day being just passed, the genial influences had drawn them towards their leafy cover. One had been seen to cross the hills for a coppice behind the mill; on the drag of this *Giovani* he hit, but it was as cold as a dead man's nose, so we once more launched into a woody island circled by a sea of clauber, passing muster for a cover. My lower habiliments had by this time surrendered all claims to distinction; and if I had been offered all Lombard-street for it, I could not have pointed out where my breeches ended and my boots began. All at once a dozen men from as many different quarters sang out 'tally-ho,' to the accompaniment of a storm of hail and rain, which, while it helped to soften the crust of the dirt-pie, turned all the blood in the body into ice. It looked, however, like business; so thrusting my gloves into my pocket, I spat upon my hands and girt up my loins like a gentleman. Presently pug bolted, and for a couple of hours or so we ran him up and down one lane, over head and ears and everything in filth—it must have been the same, for two such passages for man and beast never existed in hell or Connaught. We finished after dark, without a kill; but I can aver, of my own knowledge, that had it lasted a very little longer, there would have been a death to record."

Kent was never classed among the metropolitan counties; and Essex, although liberally supplied with hounds, is no longer in the category. The glories of the home country—at best never particularly brilliant—are fast on the wane, just at the time we had learnt to be indifferent about it. Mr Grantley Berkeley used to run into his venison in Russell-square: now the fashion is to wait till after it's cooked, for such achievements in that part of the world. The royal hounds made a point of fishing their runs over the Harrow country at the top of Portland-place—as late as the season before last. . . It was time we changed the triumphal whoo-whoop *procal o procal* from the echoes of the New Road, and the ears of those who promenade Regent-street. All things are good or bad according to circumstances. The wife of parson Adams, the best model of a Christian divine yet attempted by the pen, used to tell her husband it was wicked to talk of religion out of church. To use a common expression, London has now gone out of town: it is not meet it should encounter a pack of hounds on its journey. Anon there will be a close of the me-

tropolitan hunting session—for ever and for aye. This can be a cause neither of regret or inconvenience, since the steam-roads have brought the Quorn, the Belvoir, and the Pytchley to our stable-doors. In return, however, for these good things, let me remember gratitude—let them be considerate and forbearing in their treatment of those blessings of the virgin goddess: let it never be said profanely of those who avail themselves of the green fields of Northampton, and the noble sport of the squire of Sulby—

“The pleasure they delight in *physics* PAYNE.”

### THE HOLIDAY HUNTS.

“And now in this new field, with some applause,  
He cleared hedge, ditch, and double post-and-rail,  
And never ‘craned,’ and made but few *fauv pas*,  
And only fretted when the scent ‘gan fail.  
He broke, ‘tis true, some statutes of the laws  
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;  
Rode o’er the hounds, it may be, now and then,  
And once o’er several country gentlemen.”

BYRON.

The once popular saturnalia, to which the term “Holiday Hunts” would most properly apply, are all now, albut, of the things that were. Epping, with its sporting eccentricities, is well nigh forgotten; and Easter Monday, with the Royal Hounds, is on its last legs. It is unwelcome parting with relics of the olden time; albeit, they may not be quite so gentle and aristocratic as to harmonize with the fastidiousness of modern taste. Nobody, to be sure, regrets the decline and fall of badger-baiting, bull-running, and such like pastimeal contrivances of the lusty spirits of old: and when the gladiatorial foot-ball tournament shall give up the ghost on the fairest of the banks of fair Thames, small doubt but the burghers of Kingston will be well content. But while these disappear, successors arise, and the steeple-chase fills up more than one of the gaps that have been made in the popular sports. A stirring passage in modern chivalry is that Milesian-born pastime, and destined to a cosmopolite career—for already it is naturalized in almost every nook and corner where a disciple of Diana is found. It has taken root and flourished beneath the fortifications of Paris: in what soil, therefore, need it despair of bringing forth good fruit? Jules Janin, in that most pleasant of gossiping volumes, wherein he writes, as a citizen of America, a diary of life in the French metropolis, has a sketch of one of these Olympic games so redolent of the *deux mondes*, whereof the Seine is the Styx: so characteristic of the ashes of the *ancien regime*, and the crude spring crop of young France, that I cannot deny it a place in this my Hand Book. The transatlantic visitor, on his return from Chantilly races, receives a note to the following intent, and with the following results; time and place, or both, in exquisite keeping. . .

“ Do you know what invitation this letter contained—for me, who had but just returned from Chantilly races ? I was asked to be present—immediately, to start at eleven o’clock, and arrive three hours later—at the steeple-chase of the *Croix de Berny*. The letter was written in a very pressing and thoroughly French style. I was praised if I went ; I was ridiculed if I did not go ; I was promised the society of the beautiful ladies whom I left last night in the midst of the waltz and the ball. Shall I suffer America, in my person, to be conquered by these fragile and lovely creatures, who are as flexible and yet as hard as steel ? How can I refuse ? Thus there is no rest, no delay : I must start again. We will go then ; and now behold us immediately on the road : you would have thought, had you seen us galloping by, that we were about to save monarchy. . . . We were simply going after having seen horses dispute the prize at Chantilly races, to witness a struggle between men—a struggle partly depending upon chance and partly upon dexterity. And the more speed was necessary, because this is a fancy recently imported into Paris ; and the French are as proud of having acquired this new emotion as if they had won a battle. You would have said that all Paris had made an appointment upon the high road, where generally almost the only passengers are couriers, ambassadors, the mails, and the large herds of oxen which repair weekly to the market at Sceaux. But now the road had a most unusual appearance. The finest and most celebrated horses the city can produce, the most elegant equestrians, and the youngest and loveliest Parisian girls who ever turned their attention to English steeds, the old amateurs who can no longer ride, the very young men, who have not yet begun to ride, the noble duchesses of the *Chaussée d’Antin*, and the merry marchionesses of the *rue du Heller*, the English, who are the leaders of France in this kind of pleasures, the Jockey Club, which gives the signal for these fêtes, the old, elegant, broken-winded horses from the riding houses, jogging along amidst the fine coursers of the Faubourg St. Honoré—all were at this rendezvous so full of interest and excitement : without reckoning the splendid caleshes, the mysterious coupés, the imprudent tilburies, the stately berlins, the large *chars-a-banc*, the gentlemen ushers, the grooms, the couriers, the postillions with their long reins, the four horses galloping at their greatest speed, the heavy *diligences* and the heavy carts, and the harmless cuckoos and the astonished hackney-coaches, which stopped at the sides of the road to see everything, and the beautiful ladies, whom we have not counted, half satin, half velvet, half winter, half spring, and all the noise, and the motion, and the clamour. Forward, then, since we must ; and let us march as quickly as possible. . . . (The reader will observe how *literal* the translation is whence our version is derived.)

“ Thus we arrive breathless upon the spot, between two ditches, between two flowing streams, between two meadows, which are still wet on the course of the *Bœuff Couronné*, near the *Croix de Berny*. Each one takes the best position he can find, upon the road, at the side of the stream in the meadow, or in the garden of the pretty little house on the right—a fruitful garden on such a day, for it brings to its master as much as an estate of two hundred acres in Normandy. You would not know

how to believe the drama which passes at this hour on the high road. The general excitement is intense; the betting is at its height—those hazardous bets *eight to one!* . . . . (Thus in the original: your Parisian has about as much notion of betting scientifically, or upon a system, as your cockney of compassing his victuals with chopsticks!) . . . . All the horses which are entered are made the subject of conversation: their ages, their names, their exploits, their defects, their paces, their genealogy—all is told just as they would discuss a new comer into the diplomatic arena. In this agitated crowd more than one lady's heart secretly palpitates, so heavy is the stake now—a stake in which the heart takes so deep an interest. The moment is well chosen for this headlong race; the sun is brilliant and yet moderate, the air is clear and transparent; you will certainly be able to see the cavaliers from a distance. This is the reason why so many await their arrival—why the anxiety is so general.

“After an hour of this delightful expectation, do you not at last see in the distance, through the weeping willows, through the white branches of the poplars in the meadow—do you not see coming a light red or blue mist? . . . .

“Yes! here they are; it is they; it is the racers of the day; all *gentlemen riders!* they have already, in five minutes, shot over a league and a half of slippery and difficult ground. . . . . (This is Jules Janin's notion of pace across country—and no doubt a favourable sample of the average knowledge of his countrymen in such matters). . . Twice they have crossed the gracefully-winding Bièvre; they have leaped, without hesitation, more than twenty barriers; they run. Will you applaud? . . . .

“But their task is not yet finished: after all the barriers they have leaped, a far more difficult one remains. Did I say a barrier? it is a terrible ditch! This ditch is at the end of the race, upon the Bœuff Couronné road, and full of water; the ascent to it is perpendicular; then, when you have reached the top of the acclivity, you must leap downwards across a formidable ravine, so much the more dangerous because it is impossible for the horses to discover it. Thus all the interest is centred in the last trial; upon that is fixed every look, every mind. There is the peril, there is the glory, there is the triumph. Would you not say that these eager minds, these curious looks, of alarm that all seem to feel, are indications of some great catastrophe which is about to happen? What an enthusiastic people, who throw into the most trifling objects all the energy, all the instincts, all the dramatic vivacity of passion!” . . . .

If the pseudo-American had said melo-dramatic, he would have been nearer the mark: some people may think burlesque would be still more apt—but your critic should lean to the side of charity. Thus on either shore of the Straits of Dover a new pastime has sprung into popularity, in the place of those that have yielded to a natural decay. There is certainly not so much fun in a steeple-chase as there used to be in an Epping Hunt—for example—but fun of the order that went to make up a festival of that sort has gone out of fashion. No one cares for clown or



pantaloons now-a-days, knock them one another about never so earnestly. The taste for practical buffoonery is gone by; and though human nature is just as prone to make a fool of itself as ever, it no longer plays the part in motley. Thus the holiday hunts of our sires have been succeeded by festive passages of the chase, more dull—and gentlemanlike. When one alludes to such things at all, it is of course in reference to those followers of Diana who “take their pleasure” in sporting. Presently we shall come to consider those backbone hunters to whom woodcraft is the sole purpose and pursuit of life. Your amateur of the field does not affect Melton and six days a-week. He has no notion of making a toil of a pleasure—but argues that there is pretty exercise in a polka—as well as in twenty minutes with the Pytchley. Still all is full of the idiosyncrasy of his country. You see him at coverside, or on good terms with hounds—as calm and composed as if in the discharge of some grave duty, and limping through the *deux temps* waltz as solemnly as if it was the dance of death. His dress on either occasion, too, is as quiet as the soberest of snips can contrive out of the mildest of materials: it’s long before you would find him compounded like a Parisian for a steeple-chase. . . . . “There is,” says Jules Janin, “a costume adapted expressly for this race, in which elegance and simplicity are happily combined. Long boots, buckskin indispensables, a red silk shirt, a rich front, elegant cuffs, and a little velvet cap on the head.” You perceive what a Frenchman’s idea of the simple in dress is.

However, we are getting off the line of this our chapter, wherein it is our design to give notices of certain head-quarters for the holiday hunter: pleasant places whereat to set up his staff, what time the spirit shall move him, to cultivate rural sports, in conjunction with creature comforts—and his case as the especial principle in both. And seeing that we are in the practical mood, shall we hesitate about mingling the *utile dulci* in more than relates to mere locality? We are not writing—in this division of our book—for the professed sportsman, but, as hereinbefore stated, for the amateur of woodcraft. Now, ere he set out on his pleasure-pilgrimage, it will become him to be appointed after the fashion of “a very perfect gentle knight.” . . . . We must assume he has a tailor—whom, for cogent reasons, he does not desire to despoil of his custom. Now no sneer is here intended. “Tailor” is synonymous with “tick;” we know it, and it cannot be otherwise. It is not the fault of a flinty-fisted public—but the wages of the original sin of the “sufferer” himself. Does anybody imagine it is in the power of any ready-money tailor on the face of the earth to compass a garment that should not be a scandal to a scare-crow? Behold the firms of Moses, of Solomons, of Levi—do they not distribute, gratis, a thousand volumes an hour, for five days and a half in the week, to inform the public that, for present cash, they construct clothes of figure and fashion? And what sort of a case, we ask, must that be which can induce the children of Israel to give away books by the library? Do you meet a Guy in the Park, at the Opera—any where that people most do congregate—be sure he paid the wretch that perpetrated his haberdashery. No, no; order as fast as you like, but liquidate with the ut-

most caution if you would have a coat fit to case a Christian gentleman. At the end of seven years it may be safe to advance a few pounds—say one *per cent.*; but in doing so, state sternly that you repudiate all idea of a second instalment. You will be safe generally as regards toilette, if your rule be to deal with people who are not in the habit of being paid.

Well, it is assumed that the pilgrim does not lack personal appointments; he may also be mounted, and in that event he can skip the next paragraph; but should it not be his fate to be supplied with a horse or horses to carry him, that is a default will “crave weary walking.” Where shall he turn him in his need? Who shall in such straight serve him in the capacity of guide, philosopher, and friend? Several writers, both in jest and earnest, have furnished mankind with hints as to how to buy a horse—an affair, *soit dit*, that mostly turns out to be anything but a joke; yet very few have set forth practical advice—familiar data—upon the principles which should regulate the selection of the animal. Good horses have existed—no doubt—in all colours, sizes, shapes, and mis-shapes; but the probability of excellence is unquestionably on the side of symmetry—and formation adapted to the end for which any agent in nature or art is intended. The sense of gratification derived from the contemplation of a beautiful object was not bestowed upon us without a purpose. Give ear, then, O pilgrim!—or rather give eye—to scan this our *beau idéal* of a courser, such as a cavalier should bestride for his pleasure; and when the dealer solicits your notice to his wares, be the following the touchstone to your judgment: it is a familiar anatomy of the horse that years ago we constructed, and that none since have gainsayed:—

The head should be considered with reference to the neck by which it is supported. A high crest carries off much of the inconvenience as well as the unsymmetrical effect of size; still, any disproportionate weight at the end of the horse's neck must interfere with that buoyancy of carriage forward, which is inseparable from safety, more especially if he be intended for the saddle. Look well to the junction of the neck with the shoulders. The union should take place almost on a line with the withers at the top, the lower portion entering the chest above the point of the shoulder. His windpipe should be roomy, and detached, as it were, from the under flesh of the neck. Although the shoulders have no influence upon the progressive action of the horse, it must be borne in mind that they supply motion to the fore part of the body, and that upon their conformation it depends whether his carriage be light and elastic, or heavy and constrained. The principal wear and tear of the animal is thrown upon his fore-quarters; and to provide an elasticity by which the shock of exertion might be broken, nature has joined the shoulder with the body by means muscles alone. How great the influence of their position upon his action must be, is of very simple demonstration. Suppose two horses, one with a straight the other with an oblique shoulder—that is to say, with the blade-bone slanting well back. Now, the centre of motion by the scapula is in the middle; consequently, in the same degree that it is perpendicular or oblique, will be decreased or increased the effect produced by the

muscles which put it in motion. The muscles of each admit of extension to a certain limit; hence it follows that the perpendicular shoulder requiring to be extended to a less or greater degree before it acquires the natural position of the oblique shoulder, must precisely in the same ratio become divested of its property of projection. The scapulæ, in their movements, describe as much of a circle as their muscles permit. The perpendicular and oblique differ, say ten degrees, in their natural position; they will vary the same when in action, the latter having by so much the advantage over the former in the faculties of elevation and projection. It is not so easy to lay down a rule as to another characteristic of the shoulder—whether it should be lean or fleshy. We do not mean to say that great beefy withers are matters of questionable import (though Eclipse, one of the best horses England ever produced, had them almost to a deformity); the substance of the shoulder should be considered in reference to the general anatomy. If overloaded, it will want liberty; if too lean, it will fail to furnish muscle adequate to the purposes required of it. Avoid the either of these; and for the rest, if it appear in harmony with the frame, it will probably possess every requisite quality. Place yourself before the horse you are examining, and look well at his chest. Regard with suspicion one that is narrow and confined. It is the repository of much of the machinery that regulates the lower portion of the shoulder. Returning to a side-view, see whether his fore legs are perpendicular from shoulder to foot, or whether they incline under him; if the latter, be sure his action is faulty. Cause him next to be put in motion in a walk, and observe how he sets his feet to the ground; the uniformity with which they find the centre of gravity is one of the surest tests of his safety as a roadster. The position of the elbow, when he stands still, will enable you to judge upon this point. If it turn out or in, the result will be to prejudice the foot in finding the centre of gravity, produce a “dishing” of the legs, and consequent unsafety of action. Let his pasterns be moderately lengthy and oblique. When upright, they are necessarily deficient in elasticity, their most important quality, and prone to produce contracted feet, as, by throwing the weight forward on the toe, they deprive the heel of that which causes it to expand. In all cases, it is essential to safety that a horse bring his feet flat to the ground. Lift his legs, and if you find the shoes unevenly worn, you may be certain that his action is neither firm nor secure. In passing your hand below the knee, feel that the tendons stand out boldly, clear of the bone. That portion of the leg should present to the eye a flat surface; to be perfect, it should alone exhibit bone and tendon; any rotundity proclaims disease. A broad and flat knee is favourable to the freedom of that joint. Do not allow a horse that you are examining to be placed, as the common practice is, upon a surface slopping from the fore to the hind quarters. Let him stand perfectly horizontal, and observe whether his shape accommodate itself to the straight line. Many horses, whose hind quarters have been out of proportion to the fore, had been remarkable for their speed; but for ordinary purposes we should not recommend such a conformation. Let the stifle and elbow be upon a line, and you will have that conformity of motion which, giving to every portion of the animal machinery

equality of labour, alone secures the harmony and perfection of the whole. A good middle piece is a point essential to excellence. The chest, which contains the heart and lungs, should be deep and roomy, allowing a free to those important organs. Well-arched ribs are great auxiliaries. A flat-sided horse, from a greater pressure of the atmosphere, has a less facility of breathing, and consequently becomes so much the less suited to fast work, where wind is, in a great measure, strength, or at all events, the quality without which muscular force is useless. We would recommend a horse short in his carcass. An absurd opinion prevails, that such as are close ribbed-up, as the professional term is, are consequently slow. What has the trunk to do with motion? A short back is oftentimes accompanied by width of loin, and these are the points which enabled him to carry weight and endure prolonged exertion. Still we do not say you are to eschew a lengthy horse; where his length is produced by width of shoulder and quarter, it is so much added to power; where it proceeds from space between the ribs and hip-bone, it is so much taken from it. A back gracefully falling in a slight degree from the withers, then straight to the loins, and so falling gradually to the tail, will be long enough for every purpose, if it afford room for the saddle.

We now come to a consideration of the hind quarters, which are the great moving principle of the whole machine. How well nature has suited them for their office, we see in the angular form of the thigh bones, and the powerful muscles with which they are furnished. Like many other fallacies, the improved state of science has banished that which once regarded the source of motion as existing in the fore-quarters. The hind-quarters, being destined to propel the animal forward, are powerfully connected with the frame by joints of extraordinary strength; while the fore-quarters, having only to sustain the equilibrium, are attached to it by muscles merely. The most essential features in the hind-quarters of a horse are his gaskins, giving, as they do, character to the whole of his exertions. Viewed inside, they should curve from the stridle down to the hock; while, outside, a great prominence of muscle should be developed. Length of thigh and angularity of hock are points that indicate speed and activity in the ratio in which they prevail. Upon this principle the hind legs of the hare are constructed; an animal, probably, of unequalled speed, if we estimate the velocity she is capable of exerting by the space she is fitted to cover at a stride.

There, if bent upon being carried in luxury, so far as human foresight may ensure you what you seek, go—put a nag after that model into your stable—we wish you may get it. . . .

It may be objected against this our Hand Book that it is somewhat more discursive than its title translated to the letter, would imply—but who should find fault with a Hand of any sort for being too liberal? Our purpose is that it should stand in the relation of “guide, philosopher, and friend,” to those amateurs of woodcraft who may have need of either or of all. Thus premising, and pleading in extenuation that which has heretofore been urged by one to whom we are not worthy to enact boots—“If I have a fault it is digression,” let us to the immediate subject of our paper.

According to a recent census, as the population authorities have it, there are upwards of a hundred packs of fox-hounds in England, to say nothing of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Little more than a tithe of these are private property—or supported exclusively by those nobles and gentles who have the honour to lead them to the field, or to rank as their masters—elsewhere. In the conventional classification of our hunting localities, the custom has been to divide them into “the crack countries,” “the metropolitan districts,” “the provincial districts,” “the little-go countries,” “the rural,” and so forth. As regards the two first, we may leave things as they are; but it will be more convenient to understand by the provincial countries—those which do not come within the category of these two, and are hunted by subscription—a fact which gives them their local character quite as much as position their local habitation, and their name. Your holyday hunt is common to both species. My Lord Fitzhardinge makes sport gratis for the bilious and interesting, who affect Cheltenham—and the chase: the Duke of Beaufort does the same for the gentlemen who repair to the springs of King Bladud, in calico shirts and damaged constitutions; while the bloods that select Leamington, or Brighton, have their wants catered for upon a principle that leaves them more at liberty to evince their spirit and their independence. *Chacun a son gout*—and that each may turn this pleasant privilege to the best account, I propose placing before him such sketches of the holyday haunts in the first instance, as will enable him to make his selection, should his taste incline him to mingle Venus, (that is, the sea-side) and Terpsichore with his worship of Diana.

And *a-propos* of Cytherea—hail fair Brighton! nor deem that aught ungracious is meant in that greeting. I bid thee all hail! at thy high place beside thy native element, as “*alma mater* genetrix,” and “*venatrix*” also. I have heard thee disparagingly spoken of because thou wert “London out of town:” will any body favour me with a better idea of paradise than those four words convey? It’s very well to be romantic, and picturesque, and all that sort of thing, in its way; but is there a man entitled to be at large, that would turn up his nose at a dish of white bait, in the valley of Chamouni, or one of Grange’s ices if he met it at the Pyramids?

Psha! come and lunch at Mutton’s. . . .

Here we are, snug at the Albion, or eke at the Bedford: in either case you will be under no mistake if your object be to take your ease at your inn. It is the Brighton season any time between All Souls’ and Lady-day. You have made it your head quarters, in capacity of a holyday hunt: you purpose not to make a toil of a pleasure; but combining the promenade of the cliffs, with the social re-unions of the *salons*, to give a zest to all by that peerless prescription which is compounded for those who “hunt in fields,” rather than such as “fee the doctor.” By our Lady of the Ephesians! there is no quarrel with your choice. You need not take a hack with you, as far as relates to going to cover, which you shall see presently can best be performed by steam, when the fixtures lie far a-field; but an animal of the kind will be found a real blessing in the flirting parties to the Dyke—so take a hack with you. A couple of hunters will be quite

stud enough. Prince Albert always contrives that a run shall terminate so as to allow the sportsman to be at home time enough for luncheon: I presume after this we shall hear no more about "second horses," unless from those who desire to figure in Punch's chapter "on Hunting Snobs."

For my part, when at Brighton, my bias leans strongly towards the harriers—which I whisper as a secret in the reader's ear. I can find, indeed, no plausible objection to that style of chase, except that it does not entitle a man to breakfast in a scarlet coat. It is not my business here, and I have resolved to keep to my line—it is not my office, I say, in these presents, to speak of Sussex as a fox-hunting country; though I could, were it necessary, having taken my degree up to the ears in the mud bath of its eastern and western divisions. I am now only lucubrating as to the best fashion of putting in a little sport, by those who occupy their leisure in cultivating Diana hereabouts. If they must compass reynard, there are the Findon and Colonel Wyndham's foxhounds, always within easy reach of the Chichester rail. This is in the west, and (as regards the former especially) their lot lies in a district by no means resembling what our notion is of Tempe. The colonel's country is better, though farther off; and occasionally his foxes—when they don't go quite to the tops of the hills—show very gallant runs. To be sure, East Sussex used to be an awful place for dirt: not the sort of thing that an ordinary splashing results from, which your valet obliterates the next morning, but a concrete in which you are cemented like a model for a plaster of Paris caste. I can call to mind the figure I have cut after a day with Mr Craven, at Ditchling, or that neighbourhood—returning across the Steyne like nothing in nature or art—except the equestrian statue in Don Giovanni. Nevertheless, perhaps—indeed most probably—a considerable portion of your object lies in perpetrating a pink. In that case select Colonel Wyndham's meets—worse luck for you that his gallant brother, the general, no longer is seen doing the trick as he was wont in those parts. I don't know what there was about him, or his turn-out, that made you forget the region of mud in which their lot was cast; but they had the knack of cheating you out of that palpable fact in a very remarkable way.

I remember being on a visit at Sladeland; and at breakfast the general said—"Now, —, I am going to put you on the the best horse in my stable: let's see how you can go." It was the breaking up of a frost and the thawing off of a snow—and what with one thing and another (in Sussex it don't take much to bring about such a consequence) the riding was terrifically heavy. We found a fox well, and got away with him on good terms, the bitch pack giving him no time pick and choose his points. Some of the lowlands were little inland seas—these pug did not investigate; but the valleys he *did* face were the sublime of slush. On our way to the cover, that is to say, after dismounting from the four-in-hand and mounting our hunters, the gallant master observed, carelessly, "You'll find your horse pull you, but not disagreeably: he's very free at his fences." Well, we found as aforesaid, and went pretty fast as aforesaid also, and during the cream of the hurst I had about the best of it—sharing the lead with an imp, hight Bill Cox, one of the whips, who stuck to me like the Old Man of the Mountain to Sinbad the Sailor. I can't remem-

ber the country we ran *through*—literally—but long after things had become very select, a turn let in a few of the field, including the General. The pace was still very earnest, and the master in glorious spirits was "sailing away on Red Rover like a trump. "Uncommon fast thing," I cried to him, wiping my forehead with the sleeve of my coat, for there was no time for manners, or pocket-handkerchiefs—"By Jove, it's immortal—never was better carried. Booked for blood, the General: they must have him, and they ought. What a stride this nag has—I don't find him at all too free at his fences"—and so saying I sent him as hard as he could split at a stiff-splashed hedge with a handsome ditch on the landing side, and by way of comment stuck the needles into his ribs with a hearty emphasis. The animal cleared it bravely, but gave a piteous grunt as he came upon his legs. "Oh, you don't complain about his pulling;" said the general: "how extraordinary! I never saw his flanks out of the mud that you hadn't the spurs in them: I never saw you put him at a jump that you were not holding on by your heels: how singular that you don't find him pull you." . . . It's one thing to row in a barge, another to scull in a funny: the former is hunting in Sussex—the latter hunting anywhere else.

But if indifferent as to the operations of deep ground upon your horse or yourself, or to the sport being of the crack order, then this is a place whereat you may meet much to interest you. The downs, certainly to Newhaven, probably to Beachy Head, if it concerns you, are the *beau ideal* of an arrangement for taking the air—and the hare. After the Hastings line has done its worst, they are a noble sweep of upland—those velvet South Downs, where nothing exceeds the peerlessness of the prospect, but the magnificence of the mutton. With the native hounds three times a week you may pursue puss, for the small charge of two and six-pence a-head, cap money; while the Brookside harriers afford two other days of such sport as would show a flattering substitute for foxhunting in many a district I could name, only it might seem invidious. The very act of going to visit them is like a pilgrimage to the shrine of Hygeia. Be it where it may—the Devil's Dyke, Patcham or the Race-course, Newmarket hill or Telescombe Tye, every step you take is fauned by a "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," with cheeks like roses and breath like violets. Depend upon it, if there be health to be found in the world "it is here, it is here"—that is to say at one of those fixtures of the Brighton or Brookside harriers. Remember, our theme is Holiday Hunting—a subject in which it is meet to mingle the wholesome with the gleesome; and if ever there was bile so atrabilarious, or fiend so super-cœrulean, that the breeze of the cliffs or the sunlight of the eyes which illumine them could not dispel—then, indeed, past all human hope was that case. I have sought to show these good things may be partaken of. Are you disposed to try? It's not too late. Don't they kill a March hare now and then in Sussex? At all events, you're sure of the foxes. . . .

Brighton is so metropolitan in its arrangements that a *vade mecum* of them would be a voluminous list. There "accommodation for man and horse," stares you in the face at every turn. There are scores of palaces under the title of hotels—where Sardanapalus would have found

everything to his heart's content. If the reader be not quite so fastidious (or well furnished in exchequer) as the monarch of Nineveh, the boarding-houses are—many of them—quite suitable for the temporary abodes of gentlemen—and livery stables are legion; they are scattered all over the town; but I should advise the selection of one a little distant from the cliff. Sea-air is not the most favourable in the world for a horse's looks, whatever it may do for his rider's. But while these stables afford fair forage for the nags committed to their care, let no one dream of finding horses within them for use—though there are enough, and more too, for hire. I think it was Foote who said he never could imagine what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes, till he saw their Irish brethren. If you want to know what becomes of the cavalry which is unsaleable in Smithfield, you must visit the stud of a Brighton riding-master. Talk about “screws,” quotha! Archimedes never conceived anything in curvature like the palfreys limps on which troops of young ladies are daily twisted between Brunswick-terrace and Kemp-town. Life is full as a bumper of anomalies; yet one is scarce prepared for the fact—and fact it is—that as soon as a horse becomes positively dangerous—too bad for anything in a private stable—he is purchased by some professor of equitation, who straightway perches upon his back a youth or maiden with as little idea of riding as of alchemy. You wonder not “how the devil they got there,” but how they contrive to remain where they are.

It would be difficult to imagine a more forcible emblem of the triumph of faith than the descent from the downs into the town, of a girl of tender age, mounted for an airing—an airing—indeed!—by one of the fashionable masters—with her reins hanging down about her courser's knees, and his knees oscillating between his hoofs and the highway. Such being the rule as regards the steeds to be had for hire at Brighton, for hackney work, the reader may suppose what sort of a quadruped he would have a chance of for the field. You don't require a clipper of a high class for Sussex, but you want something that has “foot,” as the profession call it. Also, should you be prone to the *promenade à cheval*, as I have already said, take your own hack down with you. A fall on the road is never pleasant, but it's awful at a place where a tumble may land you in Dieppe or Havre de Grace.

*Sporting Review.*

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## HIGHLAND SPORTS, AND SPORTING QUARTERS.\*

BY LINTON.

But hark! what knock is that which breaks upon our slumbers? bang, bang against the door. "Come in, come in;" and we started up in bed, endeavouring to collect our thoughts. Oh, we understand; it is the last morning: we must bid adieu to Meggernie, its heathered hills and grassy vales, mountains, and bright trout streams.

"Well, F., what's the hour, and how looks the weather?"

"Time to rise, sir; your walk up the glen will be a long and weary one. The rain has fallen heavily since midnight, and the morning is rough and wet, with slight hopes of a clearing. The mountain rivulets will be swollen across the road before mid-day; it will therefore be well that you start early."

True, the appearance from our window was anything but a pleasing one, and we may fairly add—

"And mirk and mirkier grows the hill,  
And fiercer sweeps the blast;  
The heavens declare his wondrous power  
Who made the mountain fast."

Nevertheless we had determined to go, and go we must. We had seen a little campaigning on the north of the Pyrenees, and were not to be deterred by the dangers which were threatened from boisterous weather to the west of Ben Lawers. Our baggage being in light marching order, was soon prepared, and strapped across the back of a strong, active, Highland pony. The keeper, and many of the gillies who had shared in our sports and pleasures, came to bid us adieu; and with a hearty wish for their health and happiness, we took one last long look at the castle and all familiar scenes around it. The word was given to march, and away we went. The trusty F—who, during our visit, had been keeper, valet, waiter, bed-maker, and cook's assistant, for all we knew, as he appeared active and willing enough for anything, as the following trifling anecdote will prove—had determined to accompany us some miles up the glen, in order to point out the right track; for of a road, after we had proceeded some little distance, there was very trifling appearance.

"Well, F.," said we, as side by side we walked along grumbling, as human nature will grumble, even when one's best hopes have been realized, "it is unlucky we could not remain a few days longer in the glen; nevertheless we have had much enjoyment, and, thanks to you, we have been well fed and most comfortably lodged; indeed, after your day's work on the hills and your night's work in the castle, you must have had enough of us."

Scotch we never learnt, though we managed to pick up a few words

of Gaelic; the majority of our readers are, doubtless, equally ignorant of the neighbouring language. We must try, therefore, though it will lose much in the translation, to give his reply in plain English:

"No, indeed, sir; I should be glad if you could have remained; you have not walked over half the sporting ground, and you appear to enjoy everything—scenery as well as sporting. I am not readily fatigued; indeed, I have scarcely been in bed this night."

"Why so? what's been the matter? No one ill, we trust."

"Oh, nothing sir; nothing unusual or extraordinary; only my missis was taken unexpectedly in labour. Doctors are not so plentiful in these highland glens as in the low country; so I mounted the pony and rode fourteen miles to Fortingale, and brought back the leech just in time: eighty-and-twenty miles at midnight through the valley is no pleasant excursion. All's well however, thank God; and I am the happy parent of number five."

The night previous to this pleasing event, we had seen Mrs F. concocting a hare stew; so these matters are easily arranged beyond the border; and we conscientiously recommend those, having cara sposas in a state which ladies desire to be "who love their lords," to take them on a Highland tour just in proper time. The process—we mean that of introducing a young Highlander to the light of day—is rapid, cheap, and cleverly effected.

But to proceed: we had determined not to deviate from the beaten track, for a heathered couch among the mountains of Glen Lyon is by no means an agreeable resting-place during the night at the latter end of October. Should any grouse, black-cock, or hares be sufficiently obliging to present themselves, no objection whatever existed to slaying them; but to follow game over the heathered mountain-sides was forbidden. We had two couple of dogs, that is, two rough deerhounds and two greyhounds; these ran free, with due authority to chase, catch, and kill any hares, roe-deer, or other intruders which might perchance cross our path; but no roving was permitted, all was left to chance. The mountain rivulets rushed foaming across the road; the hills looked dark and dreary; even the smoke of our cigars was beaten down by the atmosphere; and we had scarcely walked a mile ere we were sufficiently informed that a Scotch mist in London, which induces a man to spend a shilling for a cab to save his new hat, among these craggy mountains of Glen Lyon proves that your shooting-jacket, flannel waistcoat, and shirt are by no means waterproof—nevertheless, *le jeu vaut bien la chandelle*, be it even a wax, one burnt on the altar of patience and temper; and a wet jacket on such an occasion is unquestionably a trifle lighter than the air over head. But what's that on the brow of yonder hillock? a crow, or a raven?

"I'll bet you a shilling it is a black-cock." Englishman always bet, however trifling the subject.

"Done!"

"Then here goes!"

Whatever the bird, it was perched on a rock at more than sixty yards' distance. No gun ever misses in the Highlands, whatever it may

do in a turnip-field. Bang! the report echoed through the mountains; up towered the black bird straight in mid-air, and down it fell plump among the heather. F. smiled, and we laughed out-right; and our companion ran and picked up a fine black-cock, dead: we pocketed the shilling and the bird; the bad weather, for the moment, was forgotten, and on we walked, arriving shortly after at the small lake of Girnie, which is well stocked with trout, though of no great size; nevertheless the catching of these affords much sport both to ladies and gentlemen, and the eating of them—a consequence which naturally follows—is by no means a disagreeable pastime. This small but interesting lake is surrounded on all sides by lofty heather-covered mountains, to which, on a calm summer or autumnal evening, it may literally be said to be the mirror, as their shadowy outlines are thereon most distinctly reflected.

On such an evening we have found ourselves, rod in hand, almost imperceptibly pulled over its unrippled waters by the sinewy arms of a Highlander, who quietly rowed the boat; while we, with sundry small flies attached to our line, now hauled some three or four fish at a time into our boat, who were sufficiently unwise or greedy to snap at the many-coloured bait which streamed along the surface of the glassy lake as we glided on, reclining in our gondola; now lost in admiration of the wild but quiet scene by which we were encircled, now barbarously removing the little trout from their native element for our amusement, but doubtless, to their dismay; now ruminating on the many cares of life, and thinking at the same time our position, for the time being, was vastly agreeable. So you may take note, gentlemen sportsmen, that even should you be afflicted with the gout, and cannot always walk over the heathered hills in search of the game, you may even pass an hour or two reposing in a boat, and do a little business in the fishing line in memory of Izaak Walton.

We had scarcely proceeded half a mile further up the glen when an unusually rocky and almost perpendicular side of a steep mountain was pointed out to our notice. High in this craggy mount there was a deep fissure or hollow, called the "Eagle's nest," from which projected a curious-shaped projecting ledge, whereon the mind could readily imagine one of these noble birds, "sitting in the pride of place," as surety of his mate and young within.

"It was from that place," said F., "that the eagles were taken which were sent you last year."

"Is it possible," we replied, "that any human being could venture to obtain a footing there, and return with life?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "it is a constant practice for the boys of this glen to lower themselves with ropes, and thus they secure the eggs, as also frequently the young birds; and I have never known an accident to occur."

But with reference to these eagles, two young birds were kindly sent to us when staying in the neighbourhood of Perth. These birds were duly deposited in a hamper, with ample provision for their journey; a letter having been previously forwarded to announce their arrival. At length the expected hamper made its appearance; but on opening it we only discovered one—a fine, living bird of the *Falco Chrysætos*, or golden

eagle, who had trampled on the breathless body of his companion : a trifling scrimmage must therefore, doubtless, have taken place during their transit ; and, as is ever the case, the weak succumbed to the strong. Our living friend, however, was so splendid a specimen of his race that we forthwith took the precaution to secure his comforts as well as his presence in our garden, and by general consent christened him "Meg-gernie." His growth, however, was so rapid, his strength so wonderful, and his appetite really so untiring, that neither his education nor consumption were unimportant matters. Nevertheless, for his bodily comfort we had a sort of wooden house built ; and, for his better security, a very light chain was attached to his leg ; which the sequel will show was by no means an unnecessary precaution. His food—of which the daily consumption was enormous—consisted of raw meat, poultry when he could get it, rabbits, and every species of bird, dead or alive, from a raven to a pigeon, which might be tendered to appease his appetite. Offer him a living bird, he clutched it in his talons, and forthwith it ceased to live ; present him with a dead one, and his beak instantly tore it asunder. Now we chanced at that time to have a Highland-terrier named Quiz, a very gem of his race—the very writing of whose name is really a matter of pain to us, for, as a puppy, he had been kindly presented to us by a friend, and though we have seen hundreds of these little cheerful animals, he was, without exception, the most attached and faithful companion man could desire to possess, and we have never known the dog whose death caused us such real regret as he, who during life gave us such a constant fund of entertainment, whether in the house or out. Now the jealousy of this little animal, in regard to the intruding eagle, was something marvellous ; indeed, so hateful was the presence of the bird, we firmly believe he would have sacrificed his own life could he have made the eagle succumb in the same struggle for existence. But his enemy was too wary, and, indeed, far too powerful for us to permit their coming to close quarters ; for, doubtless, he would have seized the little terrier at once with his talons, and having pecked out his eyes, destroyed him in no time. When bones or meat were thrown to the eagle, the little fellow, with ears erect, would watch the opportunity of his back being turned, and then make a dart at the provision : this was an every-day practice, and caused us endless fun and merriment. In proof, however, of the powers of this bird, we will merely add, that on one occasion he broke his chain short off at the end attached to his domicile, and with this, notwithstanding the whole length of its weight, flew up to the top of a high fir-tree, from which, with great precaution and difficulty, we succeeded in again securing him. At length, however, his quarrels with Quiz, his everlasting and unsatisfying appetite, with its consequent outlay for provisions, and his eternal screaming near the house, together with the knowledge that he would not be unacceptable to a kind friend in England, induced us to part with him. And he was once more deposited in a large hamper, and by steam conveyed from Glasgow to Liverpool. And if he hath not departed this life since the winter of 1844, he still lives as one of the not least noble specimens in the splendid collection of the Earl of Derby, at Knowsley.

But here we bid adieu to our trusty guide. Had he been a Frenchman, doubtless we should have embraced him, and said, *au plaisir*, or *au revoir*, or some similar humbug; as it was, we parted from him with the feeling that he was an honest man and a good sportsman: would that we could quit all men with a similar feeling of good will, amid the varied scenes of this passing dream of life—him we have never since beheld.

"You must continue straight up the glen," said he, "passing by Loch Damh\* at the extremity, about ten miles forward; the mountain-bases will there almost close in the valley; you will then come to the high road which runs from Tyndrum to Kingshouse, and a short walk further to your right you will find the inn at Inverouran, a lone house which stands on the banks of Loch Tallie, or Tulla, at the southern extremity of the Black Mountain; there you will find accommodation for the night; and for the morrow, your way is clear." With these instructions he bid us farewell.

It will be uninteresting to our readers to fatigue them with any lengthened details of this day's excursion, as we did ourselves with the walk, notwithstanding its great interest to sportsmen, though literally through a rough, wild valley, formed of the extended bases of high, rocky and heather-covered mountains, by which it was hemmed in, as it were, from the wide world. Beyond these limits, and through the centre of which, becoming at last a mere mountain rivulet, runs the river Lyon. It would also be uninteresting to others, though certainly not so to ourselves, to describe how here we crossed a rushing mountain-torrent knee deep, and there floundered in a swamp, declaring each moment that the Scotch miles were English leagues, that we must have lost our way, for there was no end to the glen; and as for high road, it could only have existed in the imagination of F., and not in reality. Indeed, had we not managed to keep up animal excitement during the morning excursion by tumbling over a few grouse and a snipe, in addition to the black-cock, and fancied we saw a deer on the mountain-top, which was probably only a heifer, we really think we should have been food for the eagles ere day-break, and our bones, bleached by time and exposure, would have adorned the top of some shepherd cairn, as a warning to sporting gentlemen from the south never to attempt the passage of a Highland glen without a guide. We allude, of course, to a regular, positive, ready-made, absolute glen; not one of your glens through which runs a McAdamized road, with halting points of admiration, made for tourists, like vistas cut through the labyrinths of a Dutch garden. As it was, wet, weary, feet sore, and half famished, we at length beheld with joy the long-looked-for road, and with renewed courage, after a brisk walk, arrived at Inverouran. Imagination loves to revel in comforts, and anticipation had led us to hope that the hovel we beheld, nick-named an "inn," might prove a harbour of rest and refreshment. Of rest, however, we had little; and as for the refreshment, more of that anon. The closing evening was wet, dark, and dreary, as our little cavalcade halted before the door of this

\* Damh is Gaelic for stag, and certainly has a great affinity to the French word *daim*, which signifies fallow-deer.

house of entertainment, which in good truth it was in every sense of the word, but that we desired at the moment: entertained mentally unquestionably we were; bodily, however, we had no entertainment whatever; nevertheless we managed to pass the time merrily.

For one moment, however, do us the favour to fancy a lusty citizen tourist—fresh and blooming from turtle and sirloins—hungry, wet, fatigued and grumpy, driving up to the Hôtel de l'Inverouran, and on being ushered into a sitting-room eight feet by ten, half filled with smoke from a smothered peat fire, and redolent with the smell of whiskey and bad tobacco, and having therein seen his goods and chattels deposited, in despair requests a shoeless Highland lassie, who scarcely understood one word of English, to show him his sleeping apartment, that he might refresh himself previous to the evening's repast; imagine, we say, this damsel pointing to two large cupboards, built in the wall, almost exactly similar to those on board a Scotch smack in days lang syne, and saying, with perfect coolness, "you may e'en take your choice." We say, imagine such a scene occurring to such an individual, because the absurdity would be great. To us it did actually occur; and we laughed aloud, and took our choice, and tried to sleep therein, and should have slept soundly had it not been for the numerous visitors of the flea family who supped on us, as almost supperless we retired to our berth. Having, however, secured our sitting-room, we opened the shutters to let out the smoke—for glass there was none—and made ourselves as comfortable as Englishmen, generally do on all occasions. We next solicited refreshment: tea, fried ham and eggs, bannocks or oat cakes, and what we surmised to be smoked mutton ham, were soon placed on the board; and board it literally was, for no white cloth concealed the dirt of an unwashed deal table. Urged by hunger, we attacked the dainties thus rudely set before us; and had they been eatable, a sportsman's appetite would not easily have been checked, and after a rough day's walk he might readily have dispensed with the damask. The tea, however, was out of the question—no senna was ever half so nauseous; and as for the fried ham, we insult the excellence of such a dish by giving its name to the wedges of smoked bacon which floated in their own grease. The eggs were tolerably fresh, and being protected by their shells from the dirty hands of the lassie who placed them on the deal, were clean within, if not without. But the mutton required consideration: "What is it?" we exclaimed, as with some difficult we made an incision into the hard and flat-looking joint; but whether it was a leg or shoulder it was utterly impossible to decide. "What is it!" exclaimed the damsel, who barefooted stood at hand, as if in admiration of the bounty with which she had supplied us, "why braccy to be sure."

"Braccy, my bonnie lassie! and what may braccy be?"

But we must again request permission to give her explanation in plain English. "Why braccy, sir, is just a sheep which dies of the rot or, we should rather say, which would have died without the aid of butcher's knife if master did not supply his own just in the nick of time, thus saving a coroner's inquest of eagles and ravens, who doubtless would soon have appeared to set on the body of the defunct. Having done this little act of politeness by relieving the unhappy animal from probably an

hour's internal torture, he next proceeds to skin and cut up the carcass ; this process being over, two or three gillies set to work in the nearest brook to pound the flesh with stones till all the blood is extracted ; the meat and joints are then salted and hung up the chimney to dry and smoke, till some hungry traveller or excursionary sportsman, like ourselves, may chance to halt at the ' pasada' and require a mutton ham."

But we really speak nothing but fact when we assert the above occurrence, such as we have related it to be a constant practice in the Highlands ; and so far from any disgust arising, as it did to us, at the bare idea of feasting on meat so luxuriously prepared by Highlanders, it is esteemed as one of the greatest delicacies with which their larder can be supplied for winter consumption. They do not eat it, however, as served to us ; but a large slice is cut from time to time from the joint, and then with onions, cabbages, and such herbs as may be at hand, it is thrown into the " pot au feu" till a greasy broth is prepared, which, to a resident on the heatherd mountains, is preferred to all the turtle which Birch would supply, or Soyer set before the most delicate palate. To them, without one feeling of jealousy or regret, we leave the braccy so liberally offered to us, and for which of course, we had as liberally to pay. One smoking tumbler of toddy, in recollection of the last night's savory supper ; and with some difficulty, and not without danger of a broken head, we crawled into the berth we had selected. Take heed, however, sporting travellers in the land of the mountain and the flood, that on this occasion we wore the breeches ; and why ? the game is plentiful on the borders of the Black Mount ; and notwithstanding our precaution, ere the light of morning had peeped through the ill-secured shutters, we were up and ready to fly " over the hills and far away," whether wet, fine, or gloomy, so fiercely had we been feasted on during the night.

" And if my voice break forth, tis not that now  
I shrink from what I suffered."

Let us forgive however, if we cannot well forget, the miseries of that night. For, lo ! the glorious sun once more beams in all its splendour on mountain, wood, and vale ; the rain of yesterday is gone, and all nature, as if laughing with joy, shines forth bright and beautiful. Where is the heart that is not touched with gladness by the fresh and exhilarating air of a clear and brilliant autumnal morning in the Highlands ! Where is the sportsman who does not carry his gun with double vigour when the sky above is clear, the air light, and all nature smiling around him !

" The sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy chair  
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace.  
Oh ! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share."

(To be continued.)

## RULES OF THE NEW NORTHERN INDIAN TURF CLUB.

No. 1.—The Club to be denominated the New Northern Indian Turf Club.

2.—A list of Gentlemen who wish to become Members will be kept open until the 1st May 1847, after which period Members will only be admitted with the consent of a Majority of the Stewards.

3.—Any Gentlemen wishing to become a Member will apply through the Secretary, and any Member wishing to withdraw from the Club to notify the same to the Secretary in writing previous to the 1st of May each year.

4.—The Secretary will take charge of the Funds and Books of the Club, and retain a sum of money for the current expenses of the year.

5.—All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, "Post Paid."

6.—The entrance money for each Member will be 1 G. M., and the yearly subscription 2 G. M., to be paid in advance by the 1st of May each year.

7.—Members leaving the country or Upper Provinces for more than six months are not required to pay their annual Subscription during their absence—but must notify the same to the Secretary in writing.

8.—The Club subscriptions to be annually divided between Umballa and Meerut.

9.—Stewards to be elected who will have the general management of the affairs to the Club with the Secretary. Two Stewards to retire annually by rotation, the remaining Stewards to elect two others in place.

10.—Proxies to be received at all Meetings of the Club.

11.—Any seven Members can through the Secretary convene a meeting of the Members either at Umballa or Meerut, but they must state in writing what they wish discussed.

12.—Whenever a decision is given by the Stewards it must be recorded in the Club Books to stand as a precedent.

13.—No person to start a Horse for the Club Purses unless a Member—and such Horse to be bona fide the property of himself or confederate, who must likewise be a Member.

14.—Newmarket Rules, unless otherwise provided for, to be adopted by the Club.

15.—Horses will take their age from the 1st May, and any Gentleman producing a certificate (approved of by the Stewards) of a Horse having been a certain age on the 1st May will be allowed to run him as such—but no Horse will be re-aged after his age has been registered on any Race Course at any previous period, should the Stewards be aware of it. No dealer's certificate of age will on any account be received.

16.—Any objection to a Horse being improperly aged is to be made and decided (by the Stewards present) before the Race is run—and such decision to be final as regards that Race, notwithstanding anything that may subsequently be adduced to the contrary.



17.—The following Standard to be considered as the established weights for age unless expressed to the contrary in the terms of the Race.

| <i>Arabs.</i>       | <i>C. B.</i>           | <i>Cape and N. S. W.</i> | <i>English.</i> |
|---------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 3 yr. old 7st. 4lb. | Same Wts.<br>as Arabs. | 7st. 11lb.               | 8st. 11lb.      |
| 4 " 8 2             |                        | 8 9                      | 9 9             |
| 5 " 8 9             |                        | 9 2                      | 10 2            |
| 6 " }               |                        | 9 7                      | 10 7            |
| & aged, } 9 0       |                        |                          |                 |

Welter weight for age for Gentlemen Riders unless expressed to the contrary in the terms of the Race.

| <i>Arab.</i>        | <i>C. B.</i> | <i>Cape and N. S. W.</i> | <i>English.</i> |
|---------------------|--------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 3 yr. old 9st. 4lb. | 9st. 4lb.    | 9st. 11lb.               | 10st. 11lb.     |
| 4 " 10 2            | 10 2         | 10 9                     | 11 9            |
| 5 " 10 10           | 10 10        | 11 3                     | 12 3            |
| 6 " }               |              |                          |                 |
| & aged, } 11 0      | 11 0         | 11 7                     | 12 7            |

18.—In any Match or Race where no weights are named each Horse will carry 8st. 7lb., and should no weights be named, but one Horse have to give another any weight, 8st. 7lb. will be the highest weight carried, and any thing given deducted therefrom, and in like manner in a Welter Match where no weights are named each Horse shall carry 11 stone—and should any weight be given the highest weight shall be 11 stone.

19.—In any Race or Match, when distance is not named, it will always be  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

20.—Horses will be measured by the Stewards or whom they may appoint, and such measurement to hold good for that Meeting, but any Horse beyond 5 years of age may claim to run at the height at which he was when 5 years old or upwards— $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch is allowed for shoes to Horses not claiming to run at the height they were at 5 year old or upwards.

21.—When  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch is allowed for shoes, such shoes or plates must be bona fide plates or shoes.

22.—All confederacies to be declared to the Secretary of the Races in writing on or before the day previous to the Races, and confederacies are jointly and severally responsible for all losses and demands for Stakes, Entrances, Forfeits, Race subscriptions or any thing connected with the Course. This Rule however does not in any way provide for demands made for Bets or Lotteries—over which the Stewards have no control.

23.—In Races, the terms of which are, that they are to close and name on a certain day—it is understood, that subscriptions be received by the Secretary, *not dispatched* on or before that day; and this applies also to forfeits that are to be declared on or before a certain day.

24.—All Entrances to be made and forfeits declared to the Secretary by 1 o'clock p.m.—the day before the Race in question is to be run—and no addition to or withdrawal of Horses once declared to start will be permitted.

25.—In all Races for which nominations or subscriptions have been made previous to the day before the Race, parties having so nominated or

subscribed are to be considered liable for the whole Stake of each and every Horse so named, or for the whole amount of each subscription, unless due notice of forfeit be given to the Secretary as specified in the foregoing Rule.

26.—In all Races for Public Money, Mares and Geldings are allowed 3lb. when nothing is specified to the contrary. No allowance of this kind can be claimed in private Sweepstakes or Matches unless so specified in the terms. This Rule merely applies to Races for Public or Club money.

27.—On any Course where the New Northern Indian Turf Club Rules are in force, it is to be understood, even if not advertised, that in the event of there not being sufficient funds to pay in full the public money advertised, an equal per centage will be deducted from each winner.

28.—On entering a Horse that has never started—walked over, or received forfeit for any Plate, Purse, Match, Sweepstakes, or Race of any description, it will not be necessary to mention any former name he may have had.

29.—No allowance can be claimed for having been beaten in a Match in any Race where beaten Horses are allowed weight—neither is the winner of any Match to carry extra weight in consequence, for any Race where winning Horses put up weight—unless specially provided for in the terms of the Race.

30.—A Maiden Horse is one that has never won, walked over, or received forfeit for any Plate, Purse, Sweepstakes, or Race of any description (Matches excepted) upon a Race Course where Stewards have been appointed, weights named and distance laid down. Any Horse walking over for any Race (Matches excepted) is a winner.

31.—The winner of a Match does not lose his maiden in consequence, and both winners and losers of Matches can start for a Race (unless otherwise disqualified) when the terms require "Horses that have never started," provided the terms of the Race do not specify to the contrary.

32.—Maidens on the 1st October to run as such during the Club Meetings until the 1st October the next year, except as may be otherwise provided for.

33.—The Stewards to fix the order in which the Races are to be run by 1 o'clock the day previous.

34.—In Races of Heats no more than half an hour from the time the last Jockey is weighed will be allowed between each heat.

35.—In Races of Heats no more than one Horse the property of each owner or Confederacy to start. But in all Races *not of heats*, whether Plate, Purse, Sweepstakes, Handicap, &c. (unless specially provided for otherwise in the terms of the Race) any number of Horses can start the property of one owner or Confederacy.

36.—The Jockies are entitled to weigh in the order in which they come in, and if a Horse leaves the weighing inclosure before his Jockey is weighed, nothing which may be upon him when he leaves the inclosure shall be allowed for in the weight, unless (should such Horse be the winner) the owner of the second Horse shall desire it to be done for his satisfaction.

37.—The owners of Horses shall draw for places at the ordinary or other more convenient place, but after the first heat each Horse according to the place he held in the foregoing heat has the choice, but any Horse not being ready at the post at the time specified for starting for each Race or heat shall forfeit his claim to the place he would otherwise be entitled to.

38.—On the word “off” being given, or flag dropp’d by the person authorized to start the Horses—it must be considered a fair start, and no other will be allowed.

39.—After notice has been given or the Bugle sounded for saddling  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour will be allowed to bring the Horses to the post, and any horse not there ten minutes after the  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour has elapsed, those at the post shall be authorized in starting without such Horse or Horses as may be absent.

40.—In case of unfavourable weather the Stewards have the power to postpone the Races, and in such case all bets on Races for public money must stand.

41.—The Stewards will consider *that only* to be a cross or jostle which shall in any way impede the progress of a competitor—but no jockey will be justified in crossing the path of a Horse behind him unless he be at least two full lengths ahead.

42.—If in running any Race one horse shall jostle or cross another, each Horse and every Horse belonging to the same owner shall be disqualified from winning the Race; and if such jostle shall be found to have happened through the foul riding of the jockey, he shall be disqualified from again riding or be punished by fine or suspension for such time as the Stewards may determine.

43.—Any jockey who shall be proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards, to have broken his agreement with his Master shall be disqualified from again riding in a Race where the Stewards of the New Northern Indian Turf Club have control, for such period as they may determine, and such disqualification shall not be removed without the consent of the Master notified in writing to the Secretary.

44.—All disputes will be settled by the Stewards (or member appointed in place)—and their decision will be final, nor will reference to any other source be permitted or attended to.

45.—In the event of one or more of the Stewards being interested in any decision that they may have to come to on any case laid before them, such Stewards will not enter upon the consideration of this subject—and the remaining Stewards not interested in the matter will call in (for this occasion only) the assistance of an equal number of members of the Club in place of the Stewards who may be interested. The whole matter to be laid before the Stewards (members in place of Stewards if any) in writing. The majority to decide the case finally.

46.—Any objection to the qualification of a horse to be made by one o’clock p. m., the day before the Race, otherwise the *onus probandi* will lie on the objector.

47.—Should a horse start and win under an objection, and such objection be substantiated, then all bets shall be void—but if the horse objected to should not win then all bets on him shall be paid.

48.—In the event of a Horse declaring to carry any over weight in a Race of Heats, and having ran one heat, that Horse shall not be allowed from change of rider or any other cause to change the original weight declared.

49.—When a Handicap is made forced for Winning Horses the losing horses of the Meeting may enter, and such Handicap shall not be a Race of Heats.

50.—In the event of a Trial taking place between two Horses in different stables, such trial shall be made known to the Secretary of the N. N. I. Turf Club or Races within three hours of its having taken place, for the purpose of being made Public.

51.—In the event of a Cup, Purse, or Plate "being withheld" the sweepstakes or entrances shall be given to the horse walking over, and all P. P. bets go with the stakes, but when certain terms are required, or in default there shall be no Race, all bets shall be off, and the subscriptions be returned to the different members.

52.—The settling day will be on the last day of each Race Meeting.

53.—Any party not abiding by the decision of the authorities duly competent to decide, as provided in Rules 44 and 45, for the settlement of disputes, to be expelled the Club and not be readmitted, except with the consent of a Majority of the Members, and then only when he shall have complied with the decision originally given.

FRED. TROWER,  
*Secretary.*

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## MEMBERS, ETC.

### PRESIDENT.

MAJOR GENERAL SIR W. R. GILBERT, K. C. B.

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### STEWARDS.

G. F. HARVEY, Esq., C. S.  
Major HALE, 3rd Lt. Dragoons.  
,, MAYNE, G. G. B. G.

Captain LITTLE, 9th Lancers.  
,, DOHERTY, 14th Lt. Drgs.

F. TROWER, SECRETARY.

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### MEMBERS.

BECHER, Capt. E. G., Comdg. 8th Ir. Cavy.  
BICKNEILL, J., G. G. B. G.  
BLUNT, George, Esq., C. S.  
CHAPLIN, Frank, 3rd Lt. Drgs.  
CLIFTON, C. F., 9th Lancers.  
COOPER, T., 2nd Grenadiers.  
CURRIE, M. E., Lieut. H. A.  
DEACON, Capt., 9th Lancers.  
DELMAR, C., 9th Lancers.  
DOHERTY, Capt., 14th Lt. Drgs.

DRYSDALE, Capt., 9th Lancers.  
EKINS, W. R., Asst. Adjt. Genl.  
FRANCIS, F. J., 9th Lancers.  
GERRARD, Capt. J. G., 1st Ben. Fus.  
GILBERT, Maj. Gen. Sir W. R., K.C.B.  
GOODBRIDGE, E. J., Lieut. F. A.  
GREY, Maj. Genl., Sir John, K. C. B.  
HALE, Major, 3rd Lt. Drags.  
HARVEY, G. F., Esq., C. S.  
HAY, Lord William, C. S.  
HILLIER, Capt., A. D. C.

HUNTER, E., 24th N. I.  
 HURFORD, R. Esq., 9th Lancers.  
 JAMESON, W. Esq., Seharunpore.  
 KEMP, Phil., 9th Lancers.  
 KING, R. W., 9th Lancers.  
 KING, J. H., 9th Lancers.  
 LITTLE, Capt., 9th Lancers.  
 MACKESON, Major, Pol. Dept.  
 MALING, Capt., Brigade Major, Umballah.  
 MARSHALL, COL. J. S., 1st N. I.  
 MAYNE, Major, G. G. B. G.  
 MAYNE, R. E., 17th Ir. Cavy.  
 NELTHORPE, H., 9th Lancers.

PRENDERGAST, Capt. G. M., 14th Ir.  
 POTT, D. Major, 47th N. I. [Cavy.  
 RADCLIFFE, C. W., 8th Ir. Cavy.  
 ROBERTS, R. W., 9th Lancers.  
 ROBERTS, Chas., 13th Ir. Cavy.  
 ROBBINS, Capt., 15th Regt. N. I.  
 ST. GEORGE, Capt., 17th N. I.  
 TODD, G. Esq., C. S.  
 TROWER, Fred., 9th Lancers.  
 TURNBULL, M., 7th Lt. Cavy.  
 TYLER, ED. F., Esq., C. S.  
 WHEELWRIGHT, Lieut., H. A.  
 WRENCH, Alfred, 5th Lt. Cavy.  
 WYLLY, A. W. M., 5th Lt. Cavy.

## AQUATIC.

### THE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

The last Regatta of the season commenced yesterday afternoon with a sailing match for a silver tankard, of the value of 10 Guineas, presented by an Amateur, over the following course; from the starting point to the inner light vessel, and thence to three boats moored about a mile and a half apart, in a South East and Easterly direction, each having an ensign flying, and thence home, leaving each of the above vessels and the Rendezvous boat, on coming home, on the larboard hand. Once round.

Six vessels took their stations shortly after three o'clock as under;—

| NAME.                 | OWNER.           | FLAG.           |
|-----------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. <i>Foam</i> .      | Captain Gillett. | Letter F.       |
| 2. <i>Sophy</i> .     | Mr Gray.         | Yacht Flag.     |
| 3. <i>Dauntless</i> . | Capt. White.     |                 |
| 4. <i>Daring</i> .    | Mr Howard.       | Black Flag.     |
| 5. <i>Severn</i> .    |                  | Commodore's do. |
| 6. <i>Jones</i> .     | Capt. Boulton.   | No. 5 Flag.     |

As it was a handicap race, the start was arranged as follows: at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 o'clock, Yacht No. 5 started; 18 min. to 4, Nos. 1 and 3; and at 15 min. to 4, Nos. 2 and 4.

At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 o'clock the first signal gun was fired, and the *Severn* started alone. The others followed in due course, and the whole proceeded under favorable circumstances, and came in the following order:

1 *Severn*, 2 *Foam*, 3 *Daring*, 4 *Sophy*.

While the Yachts were busily engaged in the aquatic contest, the two gigs, one a six oared, and the other a four oared boat, took their stations,

and started for a rowing match. Their course was from the Rendezvous boat to one with a red ensign hoisted near Oyster rock,—rounding it inshore, and back to the starting point.

1 *Mystery*, 6 oars, Capt. Jones.

2 *Blue Devil*, 4 do. Capt. White.

The *Blues* maintained their well-earned reputation, went ahead at once, were never passed, and won easy.

Although "the last Regatta of the season" took place some weeks ago, some of the most enthusiastic lovers of aquatic sports, not sated with the four or five monthly contests which had taken place, during the season, determined to have one more last Regatta, by way of a final "wind up." Many years ago, some Colburn or Bentley of his day published a work entitled "the last words" of some-body or other, we forget whom. The work had so extensive a sale, that rival booksellers announced "more last words," and at length, more "last words" were attributed to the unconscious individual than he had, probably, spoken during the whole of his life. But although the second last Regatta was as successful as its predecessors, we are afraid that we shall have no "more last Regattas" to chronicle for this year at least.

The whole affair was arranged within a very few days, and the presentation of a silver tankard, of considerable value, by Mr Howard, who is a right good English gentleman in his patronage of good old English sports, brought no less than nine competitors into the arena. Unfortunately, the *Rhoderick Dhu* lost her rudder, and was thereby put *hors de combat*; the *Donkey* and *Black Joke* also "declared off," for reasons which the writer of this article, "not knowing, cannot say." The consequence was that only six boats "took the flood" on this occasion. The "Members and their friends" assembled on board the H. C. Pattimar, which was the *rendezvous*. It was crowded with nautical-looking-and-loving gentlemen, and Sir Robert Oliver came on board in the course of the afternoon, and remained some time, apparently taking a deep interest in the progress of the race. It will be seen that the *Severn*, or the "*Old Margaret*," as she is sometimes contemptuously styled, was the winner yesterday afternoon. She had on board Sir R. K. Arbuthnot, Captain Lynch, and other Naval gentlemen, and a *lady*, which fact perhaps accounts for victory. As to a description of the race, we are not going to attempt one; it is indeed next to impossible to describe the progress of the competing yachts, for it was next to impossible to see them. The *route* was altered, on this occasion, and the rendezvous boat so badly placed that, even with a "telescopic eye," you could not see much of what was "going on." The course of *true* yachting never did run smooth, nor did it yesterday afternoon; there was a pretty stiff breeze, and the decks of the various smaller vessels received an unexpected *washing*. But as we overheard one of the owners say on his return, it added 10 years almost to man's life to get such a beautiful "airing." The start was the worst we ever saw, attributable, we believe, to there being no preparatory gun fired. At the first signal, the *Severn* set off alone, all the yachts of her class having withdrawn; at the second, the *Foam* and *Dauntless* got

off pretty well together ; but at the third—the *Sophy* went away on one side, the *Daring* on another, and the latter vessel managed to run right against a large Steamer, so that the start was considerably delayed. However they all managed, somehow or other, to “ get off,” and afterwards the race was a pretty good one. It was a gratifying sight to witness the several tackings of the vessels, and the whole scene was extremely animating as they returned ; the *tout ensemble* presenting a moving panorama of yachts. The aquatic exhibition was, indeed, eminently successful, and no wonder, when the character of its supporters, the value of the prizes, the excellence of the arrangements, and the attractive nature of the sport, are taken into consideration. The spectators were numerous ; and our harbour has seldom looked more gay and animated, from the boats of all sorts continually gliding through the waters. The weather was beautifully fine, and the wind on the whole favorable.

#### THE DINNER.

The Members of the Yacht Club dined in the evening on board the *Balcarras*. A saloon was formed by enclosing the poop of that fine vessel within canvas, and there was thus ample accommodation provided for fifty guests. About that number sat down to a dinner, of which it boots not to say more than that Captain Hogg was caterer. Nothing was wanting that could promote the comfort and enjoyment of the banqueters, and music added its charms to the festive scene. The saloon was decorated beautifully with flags and flowers. After dinner, the prizes were distributed to the successful candidates, and the tankard, filled with champagne, went round the board, while each guest drank success to the B. Y. C. Captain Lynch presided over the festivities, which were kept up to a late hour. Not present on the occasion, we cannot put on record the good things that were partaken of, the good things that were said, or the good songs that were sung, but, perhaps, we may yet supply an account of these matters. We conclude this notice with a cordial reciprocation of the sentiment just alluded to:—SUCCESS TO THE B. Y. C. !—

*Bombay Telegraph and Courier, April 26.*

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## CRICKET MATCHES.

## A MATCH BETWEEN THE BANGALORE CANTONMENT CRICKET CLUB AND ELEVEN GRIFFINS.

## CANTONMENT CRICKET CLUB.

| <i>1st Innings.</i>                          |     | <i>2d Innings.</i>         |    |
|----------------------------------------------|-----|----------------------------|----|
| Dickson, 51st L. I., c. Hamilton, b. Crewe   | 14  | ..                         | 0  |
| D. Barrow, 14th N. I., c. Crewe, b. Hamilton | 36  | not out                    | 7  |
| Douling, 51st L. I., b. Hamilton             | 0   | c. Lawford                 | 2  |
| Anderson, 51st L. I., hit wicket             | 64  | not out                    | 12 |
| Palmer, 15th N. I. b. Crewe                  | 5   | b. Hamilton                | 1  |
| Hutchinson, 28th N. I., not out              | 0   | b. Hamilton                | 0  |
| Mainwaring, 2d N. I., c. Pontridge, b. Crewe | 3   | c. Hamilton, b. Barrow, F. | 0  |
| Carter, 51st L. I., run out                  | 11  | ..                         | 0  |
| Tapp, 14th N. I., c. Crewe, b. Hamilton      | 10  | ..                         | 0  |
| Neild, 2d N. I., b. Hamilton                 | 1   | b. Dent                    | 1  |
| Bateman, 51st L. I., b. Hamilton             | 15  | ..                         | 0  |
| Byes                                         | 6   | ..                         | 8  |
| Wides                                        | 10  | ..                         | 2  |
|                                              | 175 |                            | 25 |

## ELEVEN GRIFFINS.

| <i>1st Innings.</i>                                   |    | <i>2d Innings.</i>         |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|----|----------------------------|-----|
| Caule, d. d. 14th N. I., b. Dickson                   | 5  | b. Anderson                | 1   |
| Partridge, 14th N. I., b. Anderson                    | 5  | absent                     | 0   |
| Crewe, 14th N. I., c. Mainwaring, b. Anderson         | 24 | run out                    | 17  |
| Peacock (Pte.) 51st L. I., c. Hutchinson, b. Anderson | 16 | not out                    | 6   |
| Hamilton, d. d. 14th N. I., b. Darling                | 2  | c. Mainwaring, b. Anderson | 23  |
| Dent, d. d. 4th L. C., b. Anderson                    | 11 | c. Palmer, b. Mainwaring   | 17  |
| McIntosh, d. d. 2d N. I., run out                     | 0  | b. Anderson                | 0   |
| Godfrey, d. d. 2d N. I., b. Dickson                   | 0  | absent                     | 0   |
| Lawford, d. d. 15th N. I., not out                    | 6  | b. Mainwaring              | 16  |
| Browning, d. d. 15th N. I. c. Neild, b. Dickson       | .. | run out                    | 0   |
| Barrow, F. d. d. 14th N. I., c. Darling, b. Anderson  | .. | c. Neild, b. Dickson       | 13  |
| Byes                                                  | 10 | Byes                       | 14  |
| Wide Balls                                            | 4  | Wide Balls                 | 2   |
|                                                       | 87 |                            | 109 |



## A MATCH BETWEEN SIMLA AND SUBATHOO.

## SIMLA ELEVEN.

*1st Innings.*

|                                 |    |    |    |    |
|---------------------------------|----|----|----|----|
| Currie, b. Boyd                 | .. | .. | .. | 6  |
| Dalton, c. Hawse, b. White      | .. | .. | .. | 32 |
| Eckford, not out                | .. | .. | .. | 5  |
| Fanshawe, b. Battye             | .. | .. | .. | 5  |
| Laines, c. Boyd, b. Boyd        | .. | .. | .. | 5  |
| Inglis, C.S, c. Palmer, b. Boyd | .. | .. | .. | 14 |
| Captain Inglis, b. Battye       | .. | .. | .. | 40 |
| Thompson, run out               | .. | .. | .. | 29 |
| Ward, run out                   | .. | .. | .. | 3  |
| Wynyard, b. White               | .. | .. | .. | 0  |
| Montgomery, run out             | .. | .. | .. | 25 |
| Byes                            | .. | .. | .. | 10 |
| Wides, and No Balls             | .. | .. | .. | 0  |

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 Total.. .. 174

## SUBATHOO ELEVEN.

*1st Innings.*

|                                  |    |    |
|----------------------------------|----|----|
| Wheler, c. Inglis C.S. b. Dalton | .. | 7  |
| White, b. Dalton                 | .. | 2  |
| Battye, b. Currie                | .. | 0  |
| Baldwin, b. Dalton               | .. | 0  |
| Boyd, b. ditto                   | .. | 1  |
| Parsons, c. ditto, b. do.        | .. | 11 |
| Palmer, c. Dalton, b. Currie     | .. | 10 |
| Hawes, b. Dalton                 | .. | 0  |
| Farrington, b. ditto             | .. | 1  |
| Cunliffe, not out                | .. | 4  |
| Salisbury, b. Currie             | .. | 7  |
| Byes                             | .. | 0  |
| Wide and No Balls                | .. | 0  |

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 Total.. 43
*2d Innings.*

|                              |    |    |
|------------------------------|----|----|
| c. Wynyard, b. Currie        | .. | 0  |
| c. Currie, b. Currie         | .. | 6  |
| not out                      | .. | 12 |
| b. Currie,                   | .. | 3  |
| c. Wynyard, b. Currie,       | .. | 2  |
| b. Currie                    | .. | 1  |
| leg before wicket, b. Currie | .. | 0  |
| c. Currie, b. Dalton         | .. | 0  |
| b. Dalton                    | .. | 4  |
| b. ditto                     | .. | 6  |
| b. Currie                    | .. | 11 |
| Byes                         | .. | 5  |
| Wide and No Balls            | .. | 0  |

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 Total,.. 50

*Delhi Gazette.*

## PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

## MAURITIUS RACES,—1847.

*First Day, Monday, August 16.*

The *Creole Maiden Plate*, made up by the Club to £80, for horses which have never won in the Colony, added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each. Weight for age, heats, twice round.—The second horse to save his stake.

The Fourth Year of the *Yates Stakes* of £20 each, h. ft., with a Bonus of £100 added by independent subscriptions of £5 each.—3 yrs old. 8st., 4 yrs 9st. 2lbs., 5 yrs 9st. 12lbs., 6 and aged 10st.—Heats, twice round.—Thorough bred English horses 10lbs. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.

The *Draper Plate* of £50, given by the Club, with £5 entrance.—10st. each.—Heats, Draper Mile.—The second horse to save his stake.

The *Corinthian Plate* of £ — by voluntary subscriptions of £1 each, with £1 entrance.—11st. 7lbs. each.—Heats, once round. Gentlemen Riders.—The winner to be sold for £50, if claimed in the usual manner.

*Second Day, Wednesday, August 18.*

A *Piece of Plate* given by Lady Gomm, with £5 entrance—3 yrs old 8st., 4 yrs 8st. 10lbs., 5 yrs 9st. 7lbs., 6 and aged 9st. 12lbs.—Heats twice round.—Three horses, which must in the opinion of the Stewards be reputed Race-horses, are to start, or the Piece of Plate will not be given.

The *Ladies' Purse* of £50, with £3 entrance.—Weight for age and inches.—Heats, twice round.—14 hands and aged, 8st. 7lbs.

The *Faughaballah Sweepstakes* of £15 each, £5 forfeit.—Weight for age.—One Mile.

A *Hack Plate* of £15 given by the Club, £1 entrance.—Weight for age and inches.—Heats, Draper Mile. Gentlemen Riders.—14 hands and aged 9st. 7lbs.—Horses for this Plate must save their distance to entitle them to start for another heat.—The winner to be sold for £50 if claimed in the usual manner.

*Third Day, Saturday, August 21.*

The *Traders' Plate* of £ — with £5 entrance.—3 yrs old 8st., 4 yrs 9st. 2lbs., 5 yrs 9st. 12lbs., 6 and aged 10st.—Heats, twice round.—Thoroughbred English horses 10lbs. extra.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—The second horse to receive the entries.

The *Turf Club Plate* of £60, given by the Club, £5 entrance.—Weight for age.—Three times round.—The owner of the second horse to receive the entrances.

\* The *Selling Stakes* (by way of consolation) of £30 given by the Club, for horses of all denominations. Entrance £2.—Heats, Draper Mile. Gentlemen Riders.—3 yrs old 9st. 2lbs., 4 yrs 10st. 9lbs., 5 yrs 11st. 5lbs., 6 yrs 12st. 12lbs., and aged 12st.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.—The winner to be sold for £100 if claimed in the usual way. If entered subject to be sold for £50, to be allowed 14lbs., for £60, 10lbs., for £70, 7lbs., for £80, 5lbs., for £90, 3lbs., in addition to the allowances for Mares and Geldings.

\* A *Saddle and Bridle*, for ponies not exceeding 12½ hands.—Catch weights.—Heats, once round.

1. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs.
2. Three reputed horses to start, or no public money will be given. But the Stewards have it in their power to allow two horses to start if they consider it likely to make a good Race.
3. Stakes to be made at the time of entry, with £1 to the clerk of the Course.
4. Thorough-bred English, and all European and American horses to carry 14lbs. extra.
5. Five per cent will be deducted from the winnings, for the repairs of the Course.
6. Half an hour allowed between each heat.
7. All dogs found on the Course will be destroyed.
8. After the second Bugle has sounded, no carriages will be allowed to cross the Course.
9. The days of entry are Saturday the 14th, Tuesday the 17th, and Friday 20th August on the Champ-de-Mars, between the hours of 6 and 8 A. M. After that hour, double entry.
10. In all other respects, the established Rules and Regulations of Newmarket will be abided by.

*Le Cerneen.*

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## THE FIRST YEAR OF THE MORADABAD RACES, 1847-48.

### *First Day.*

*First Race.*—The Rohilcund Derby Stakes of 50 G. M., for all Maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lb. each; R. C. and a distance—5 G. M. each, for all horses named on or before the 1st of June, 10 G. M. for horses named between that date and first of August; when the Race will finally close, and 25 G. M. each for horses declared to start.

*Second Race.*—The Nynce Tal Purse of 25 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each H. F. for all Arabs R. C. Heats, 9st. each; Maidens allowed 7lb. to close on the 1st of August, and name on the 1st of October.

*Third Race.*—The Hack Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a Mile Heats, 11st. Gentlemen Riders. Entrance 2 G. M. The winner to be sold for 400 Rs.

### *Second Day.*

*First Race.*—The first year of the Rohilcund Great Welter Stakes, of 50 G. M. for all Arabs; 11st. Gentlemen Riders, R. C., Maidens allowed 7lb., to close on the 1st of September and name on the 1st of November. Entrance 10 G. M.

*Second Race.*—The Moradabad Purse of 25 G. M. for all Cape, N. S. W. and C. B. horses, R. C. Heats, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, H. F., to close on the 1st of September, and run on the 1st of November, Country-breds allowed 7lb., Maiden 9st. 7lb.

*Third Race.*—The selling Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats, G. R. 11st. Entrance 2 G. M. Winner to be sold for 250 Rs.

*Fourth Race.*—The Trial Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, for all Arabs, 9st., 1 mile. Maidens allowed 5lb. to close on the 1st of September, and name on the 1st of November.

### *Third Day.*

*First Race.*—"A Silver Dinner Service" value 100 Guineas, the rest in specie, presented by the Officers of the Hon'ble E. I. C. Service for all horses—2 mile Heats, (English excepted)—Cape and N. S. W. horses, 11st., Country-breds and Arabs 10st., Maidens on the day of naming allowed 6lb., on the day of running 3lb. additional, to close on the 1st of August, and name on the 1st day of October. Entrance 25 G. M. and 10 G. M. forfeit the day before the Race. Gentlemen Riders.

*Second Race.*—The Maiden Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, for all Maiden Arabs, and Maiden Country-breds—Craven weights and distance, Country-breds to carry 5lb. extra, to close on the 1st of August, and name on the 1st of October.

*Third Race.*—5 G. M. for all Ponies,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Heats, catch weights, G. R. Entrance 1 G. M.

*Fourth Day.*

*First Race.*—The Rohilcund Great Handicap Stakes of 25 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, H. F., for each acceptance; for all horses to be Handicapped by the Umballa and Moradabad Stewards—horses' names to be sent to the Secretary of the Umballa Races, the day before the Meeting; weight to be published on the 1st of December, acceptances to be declared on the 15th of December to either the Secretary of the Umballa or Moradabad Races. Horses not standing the Handicap to pay 3 G. M., H. F., to be declared the day before the Race—1 mile and  $\frac{3}{4}$ .

*Second Race.*—The Give and Take Purse of 20 G. M. for all Arabs, weight for inches—14 hands, 8st. 7lbs., R. C., Heats. Maidens allowed 5lb., to close and name on the 1st of November. Entrance 15 G. M., 5 G. M. forfeit the day before the Race.

*Third Race.*—The Post Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, P. P. for all Arabs, 9st. 1 Mile, to close on the 1st of October. Post Entrance.

*Fifth Day.*

*First Race.*—A Forced Handicap Stakes of 15 G. M. for all horses that have started for all Races, except the Hack Purse, horses standing the Handicap to pay 10 G. M., not standing the Handicap to pay 7 G. M., R. C. and a distance.

*Second Race.*—A Forced Handicap Stakes of 100 Rs. for all Hacks, that have started during the Meeting—horses standing the Handicap to pay 3 G. M., not standing to pay 2 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile.

*Third Race.*—A Hurdle Stakes of 15 G. M. for all horses. Entrance 2 G. M., R. C., six Hurdles. Winner to be sold for 600 Rs. G. R. 11st. 7lb.

*Fourth Race.*—5 G. M. for all Ponies that have started during the Meeting, to be Handicapped by the Stewards. Ponies standing the Handicap to pay 8 Rs. not standing to pay 6 Rs.

The Rules of the Northern Indian Turf Club to be applicable to this Meeting, but at the same time all disputes to be referred to the Stewards, and their decision to be final, nor will any reference to any other source be permitted or attended to.

All Owners of Horses to pay 10 G. M. to the Race Fund, each Member of a confederacy to pay 100 Rs.—and all confederacies to be declared at the time of naming otherwise the nominations will be void. Each winning horse to pay 8 Rs. to the Race Course Fund—and losing horse 4 Rs.

No person to be allowed to walk over for more than one Public Purse during the Meeting, but to be entitled to the whole Purse.

Should there not be sufficient funds an equal per centage to be deducted.

Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.

J. P. MACWHIRTER, *Secretary.*

|                   |   |                         |
|-------------------|---|-------------------------|
| LT. COL. SIBBALD, | } | <i>Stewards Protem.</i> |
| J. C. WILSON,     |   |                         |
| CAPT. CARNEGIE,   |   |                         |

Moradabad, March 22, 1847.]—*Spectator*, April 13.

## PLAN OF SPORT FOR THE BANGALORE RACES.

*First Day, Tuesday, November 2, 1847.*

**First Race.**—The Bangalore Derby. For Maiden Arabs 20 G. M. from the Fund. Horses named by the 1st June 5 G. M. entrance, between that date and the 1st of August 10 G. M. The Race to close finally on the 1st of August. An entrance of 10 G. M. for Horses declared to start. 2 miles. Calcutta weight for ages. Terms same as Calcutta.

**Second Race.**—Colts' Plate. 15 G. M. from the Fund for all Arab Colts.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  Mile. Weight for age. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the Race. Three horses to start or no Race.

**Third Race.**—The Great Welter, 15 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. For all Arabs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile and a distance. 11st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Gentlemen Riders. To close on the 15th October, and name the day before the Race.

**Fourth Race.**—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile and a distance, 9st.; Maidens allowed 7lbs.; English Horses 21lbs.; Cape and Australian 12lbs. extra. The Winner to be sold for Rupees 1,500 if claimed within  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour in the usual manner.

*Second Day, Thursday, November 4.*

**First Race.**—A Maiden Purse of 20 G. M. from the Fund. 10 G. M. entrance H. F. For all Arabs that have never won Plate, Purse, &c!  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile 8st. 7lbs. To close on the 5th October, and name the day before the Race.

**Second Race.**—The Galloway Stakes of 15 G. M. from the Fund. For all Galloways. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. 8st. 4lbs. Winners 5lbs. extra.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  Mile. To close on the 15th October, and name the day before the Race.

**Third Race.**—The Turf Club Purse (No. 1) of Rupees for all Horses. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. 3 Miles. Heats. The Winner to be sold, if for

|        |         |          |       |        |
|--------|---------|----------|-------|--------|
| Rupees | 500     | to carry | 7st.  | 12lbs. |
| "      | 1,000   | "        | 8st.  | 7lbs.  |
| "      | 1,500   | "        | 9st.  | 0lbs.  |
| "      | 2,000   | "        | 9st.  | 7lbs.  |
|        | Upwards | "        | 10st. | 7lbs.  |

English Horses 21lbs.; Cape and Australian 12lbs. extra. To close and name the day before the Race.

*Third Day, Saturday, November 6.*

*First Race.*—Turf Club Purse (No. 2) of Rupees. For all Arab Horses. Weight for age. Byculla standard. Entrance 100 Rupees. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile. Winner to be sold, &c. To close on the 15th October, and name the day before the Race.

*Second Race.*—The Ladies' Purse 15 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. Weight for age and inches. 14 hands 8st. 7lbs.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  Miles. To close on the 15th October, and name the day before the Race.

*Third Race.*—A Purse for all Arab Horses. 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 50 Rupees P. P. Distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile. 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders. The Winner to be sold for 1000 Rupees if claimed in the usual manner. To close and name the day before the Race.

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*Fourth Day, Monday, November 8.*

*First Race.*—The Bangalore Purse, 20 G. M. from the Fund. For all Arabs. Entrance Rs. 200 H. F. 3 Miles. 8st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close on the 1st October, and name the day before the Race.

*Second Race.*—The Little Welter of 10 G. M. from the Fund. For all Arabs 10st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Mile and a distance. The Winner of any previous Welter excluded. To close and name the day before the Race.

*Third Race.*—A Purse for all Horses. Arabs 8st. 7lbs.; Cape and Australians 9st.; English 9st. 7lbs.; Winners 7lbs. extra. 15 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 10 G. M. P. P. Distance 2 Miles. To close and name the day before the Race.

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*Fifth Day, Wednesday, November 10.*

*First Race.*—Winning Handicap of 15 G. M. from the Fund, with a Subscription of 2 G. M. for each Race.

*Second Race.*—A Beaten Plate of 15 G. M. from the Fund. Handicap. Entrance 5 G. M. for all beaten Horses of the meeting.

*Third Race.*—Pony Race. Heats.

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*Sixth Day, Friday, November 12.*

*First Race.*—Hack Race 5 G. M. from the Fund. 1 G. M. P. P. for all Horses. Round the Course. Gentlemen Riders. Catch Weights. The Winner to be sold for 95 Rupees. To close and name the evening before the Race.

*Second Race.*—Hack Galloway Race 5 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. P. P. Gentlemen Riders. Catch Weights.  $\frac{3}{4}$  Mile. To close and name the evening before the Race.

*Third Race.*—Pony Handicap.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Mile Heats. Entrance 1 G. M. P. P.

*Fourth Race.*—Hurdle Race 10 G. M. from the Fund. 3 G. M. entrance. 1 Mile. 6 Hurdles 3½ feet high. To close and name the day before the Race.

#### RULES FOR THE MEETING.

1.—The Bangalore Turf Club Rules to be applicable, all disputes to be settled by the Stewards. Their decision is final.

2.—Should there not be sufficient funds to make good the stakes, a per centage to be taken from all Winners.

3.—A day will be named for Ageing and Measuring.

4.—All Horses training on the Course to pay 8 Rupees.

5.—All confederacies to be declared to the Secretary by the 1st September 1847.

6.—Cape and Australian Horses to carry 12lb. extra, Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs. Country bred to run as Arabs.

7.—Owners of Horses to provide their own Handicapper.

8.—The word "Off" once given by the appointed starter is decisive.

9.—Horses walking over for Public Money to receive only Half the stakes, and no Horse can walk over twice during the Meeting.

10.—Horses that have never won more than 10 G. M. Public Money to be considered Maidens.

11.—In event of any Horses from the same stable running 1st and 2nd for any selling Race, the owners of the other Horses to have the first claim to become purchasers.

DESYMONS BARROW,  
*Secretary.*

*Madras Athenæum, May 4.*

#### UMBALLA AUTUMN MEETING, 1847.

##### *First Day, Tuesday.*

The Trial Stakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 forfeit with 20 G. Ms. added for all maiden horses, three years old 7st. 7lb.; four 8st. 4lbs.; five 8st. 10lb.; six and aged 9st. English horses to carry 21lb. extra D. J.

The Sirhind Staff Cup with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each 5 forfeit for maiden Arabs. Four years old 10st.; five 10st.; 8lb.; six and aged 10st. 12lb., G. R. T. M. close and name on the 1st September.

##### *Present Subscribers.*

The Colonel,  
Mr. Walter,

Mr. Charles.

The Give and Take Stakes of 5 G. M. each with 5 G. M. added for all horses. 14 hands to carry 9st. Maidens allowed 5lb. Heats 1¼ miles





Selling Stakes of 5 G. M. each with 10 G. M. added for all horses ; 1st. each. G. R. Heats L. M. Winner to be sold for 800 Rs. if demanded ; close and name on or before the 1st Nov.

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*Fourth Day.*

The Open Stakes of 20 G. M. each, 10 forfeit with 20 G. M. added for all horses. Three years old 7st. 4lb., four 8st. 4lb., five 8st. 2lb., six and aged 9st. 2lb. ; C. B. 3lb. extra ; Cape and N. S. W. 6lb. ; English 12lb. extra ; Winners at this or a previous meeting 6lb. extra, both 10lb. Heats 1½. Maidens all 7lb.

The "Shorts," a Sweepstake of 5 G. M. each with 15 G. M. added for all horses 10st. 7lb each ; C. B., Cape and N. S. W. 7lb. extra. English 2st. ; M. and G. allowed 3lb. G. R. Heats. Y. C.

*Present Subscribers.*

Mr Walter,  
The Colonel.

A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 5 ft. for all Arabs 8st. 12lb. each ; 1½ miles. Maidens allowed 7lb. To close on the 1st Sept. and name on or before 1 p. m. the day before the meeting.

A Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses, 2 G. entrance G. R. Catch weights over 12st. 7lb. Heats T. Y. C. The winner or any horse in the Race to be sold for 400 Rs. if demanded. Close and name on or before the 1st Nov.

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*Fifth Day.*

Winners,  
Losers,

Handicap,  
Ditto.

All Stakes and Purses excepting those otherwise specified are to close and name on or before the 1st Sept.

• New Northern Indian Turf Club Purse of 50 G. M. for all horses. Weight for age ; 1½ mile ; added to a Sweepstake of 10 G. M. h. ft.

To close and name on the 1st October 1847.

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*Ferozshah Cup.—Day to be fixed by the Stewards.*

The Ferozshah Cup given by Officers and Corps present at the memorable battles of the 21st and 22d December 1845.

Terms as for the Moodkee Cup of last year ; with exception that country bred horses are to carry the same as Arabs, and Colonial and English one stone less extra weight than they were to have done for the Moodkee Cup.

The stake will be 10 G. M. each, 5 forfeit.

To close and name on the 1st September.

Forfeits to any Stake or Plate to be declared to the Secretary by 1 p. m. of the day before such stake is to be run.

There must be three subscribers to each Stake or Purse to which public money is added or no Race.

In the event of there not being sufficient funds, an equal per centage to be deducted from each winner of public money.

The following Gentlemen have kindly consented to act as Stewards during the meeting:—

Major Yerbury, *H. M. 3d Dragoons.*

Captain Chambre, *H. M. 11th Dragoons.*

Lieutenant Wheelwright, *Artillery.*

Major Houghton, *63d N. I.*

Captain Burgh, *H. M. 61st.*

Captain Renny, *47th N. I.*

Captain Goad, *1st Light Cavalry.*

C. A. WHEELWRIGHT, *Secy.*

*Delhi Gazette.*

## \* SONEPORE RACES, 1847.

### SONEPORE CUP.

#### Nominations of the 1st June.

|                  |                        |     |    |    |                     |                      |
|------------------|------------------------|-----|----|----|---------------------|----------------------|
| Mr D'Arcy's      | b.                     | a.  | g. | .. | <i>Pilgrim.</i>     |                      |
| „                | b.                     | a.  | c. | .. | <i>Checkmate.</i>   |                      |
| „                | g.                     | a.  | h. | .. | <i>Sir Walter.</i>  |                      |
| Mr De Vaux's     | g.                     | c.  | b. | h. | ..                  | <i>Vanguard,</i>     |
| „                | bl.                    | ca. | h. | .. | <i>Voltaire.</i>    |                      |
| „                | b.                     | c.  | b. | f. | ..                  | <i>Alice.</i>        |
| Mr Fitzpatrick's | g.                     | a.  | h. | .. | <i>Honeysuckle.</i> |                      |
| „                | b.                     | u.  | h. | .. | <i>Shereef.</i>     |                      |
| „                | b.                     | a.  | c. | .. | <i>Raymond.</i>     |                      |
| Mr Fulton's      | b.                     | a.  | h. | .. | <i>Nutcut.</i>      |                      |
| „                | g.                     | a.  | h. | .. | <i>Boy Jones.</i>   |                      |
| „                | bn.                    | s.  | w. | m. | ..                  | <i>Bellona.</i>      |
| Mr Cunyngham's   | b.                     | a.  | h. | .. | <i>Glenmore.</i>    |                      |
| „                | g.                     | a.  | h. | .. | <i>Mangoe.</i>      |                      |
| „                | g.                     | a.  | h. | .. | <i>Euclid.</i>      |                      |
| Mr Forester's    | b.                     | ca. | h. | .. | <i>Deceiver.</i>    |                      |
| Mr Grey's        | g.                     | c.  | b. | h. | ..                  | <i>Young Emblem.</i> |
| „                | colt by Ningpo out of. |     |    |    | <i>Fair Ellen.</i>  |                      |

K. HAWKE,  
*Secretary*

*Chuprah, June 2, 1847.—Cal. Star, June 9.]*

## PROSPECTUS OF THE LAHORE RACES—1847-48.

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### *First Day, Saturday, December 4.*

The Lahore Derby of 25 G. M. for Maiden Arabs, 5 G. M. Entrance—9st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders—1½ mile. To close and name on or before 1st November.

Consolation Stakes of 3 G. M. each, with 15 G. M. added from the Fund—for all Horses—1 mile heats. Horses valued at 1,200 Rupees, to carry 11st.—4lbs. less for every hundred,

Purse of 100 Rupees for all Hacks—11 stone. Entrance 25 Rupees—½ mile heats. Winner to be sold for 500 Rs. if claimed, &c. &c.

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### *Second Day, Tuesday, December 7.*

The Lahore Cup, valued at 30 G. M. for all Horses. Entrance 100 Rupees. Arabs and C. B. 10st; Cape and N S. W., 10st. 7lbs.; English, 11st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders.—2 miles. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Winner by the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra. To close and name on or before 1st November.

Purse of 15 G. M. for all Galloways. Entrance 3 G. M.—1 mile heats, 9st. Gentlemen Riders.

Charger Stakes of 2 G. M. each with 8 G. M. added from the Fund. For all Horses which have been ridden as such up to the day of running—11st. 1 Mile.

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### *Third Day, Thursday, December 9.*

The Lahore Great Welter of 25 G. M. for Horses. Entrance 5 G. M. Arabs and C. B. 11st.; Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7st.; English 2st. 7lb. 2 miles. Gentlemen Riders. Maidens allowed 5lb. To close and name on or before 1st November.

Give and Take of 15 G. M. for all Horses. Entrance 3 G. M. 14 hands to carry 9st. 7lb. 1 mile heats.

Purse of 5 G. M. for all Ponies. Entrance 10 Rupees. Catch Weights. ¼ mile Heats.

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### *Fourth Day, Saturday, December 11.*

A Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, with 15 G. M. added from the Fund, for all Maiden Arabs, 1 mile heats—8st. 7lbs. The Winner of the Derby, Cup, or Welter, to carry 5lbs. extra—if of two, 7lbs.—of all three, 10lbs. To close and name on or before 15th Nov. Half forfeit.

Ladies' Purse of 10 G. M. for all Horses—to be Handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 5 G. M. 1½ mile heats. Horses not standing handicap to pay half forfeit.

Purse of 2 G. M. for all "Sowar's" Horses. Free Entrance. Round the Course.

" *Fifth Day, Tuesday, December 14.*

Forced Handicaps for all Horses which have won during the Meeting—10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M. 1½ mile race—to be handicapped by the Stewards.

Losers' Handicap for all Horses that have not won during the Meeting—10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. M. 1 mile heats.

|                                               |   |                  |
|-----------------------------------------------|---|------------------|
| MAJOR FREDERICK,                              | } | <i>Stewards.</i> |
| CAPT. EDWARDS,                                |   |                  |
| G. BARING, Esq.                               |   |                  |
| C. RUSSELL, Esq.                              |   |                  |
| G. A. F. HOUGHEN, <i>Clerk of the Course.</i> |   |                  |
| WILLIAM HICKEY, <i>Secretary.</i>             |   |                  |

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#### RULES.

- 1.—The New N. I. T. Club Rules to be adopted at this Meeting.
  - 2.—Horses walking over for Public Money to receive only half.
  - 3.—Winning Horses to pay 8 Rupees, and Losing Horses 4 Rupees to the Course, for each race—(matches included).
  - 4.—All persons running Horses (except for Matches, Hacks and Ponies) must subscribe 50 Rupees to the Fund—and each member of a confederacy 50 Rupees.
  - 5.—Sealed Nominations with entrance money to be sent to the Secretary before 1 o'clock p. m. the day before each race. No Horse will be allowed to start for any Race whose Entrance Money has not been paid.
  - 6.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards—and their decisions to be final.
- N. B.—As additional Subscriptions are expected, the value of the Derby, Lahore Cup, and Welter Stakes, will be proportionably increased. An Ordinary will be held the evening before each day.

WILLIAM HICKEY, *Secretary.*

*Mofussilite, June 4.*

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## CALCUTTA RACES,—1847-48.—SECOND MEETING.

*Second Day.*

A Purse of G. M. 300 given by his Highness the Nawab Nazim, with G. M. 100 for the second horse, for all maiden horses, two miles, weights as follow :—

|            |    |    |    |             |
|------------|----|----|----|-------------|
| 3 years    | .. | .. | .. | 6st. 12lbs. |
| 4 „        | .. | .. | .. | 8 0         |
| 5 „        | .. | .. | .. | 8 8         |
| 6 and aged | .. | .. | .. | 8 12        |

The winner of the Calcutta Derby, Colonial, Omnibus Stakes to carry 5lbs. extra; of any two of these races 7lbs. extra; the second and third horses to save their stakes, and the third to receive G. M. 50 out of the entrances and forfeits. English horses to carry 1st. 7lbs. extra; English horses that have not started before the day of naming, allowed 7lbs.

G. M. 5 each for all horses named on or before the 1st May. G. M. 10 for horses named between that date and the 1st September, when the race closes. G. M. 20 entrance for all horses not scratched before 2 p. m. the day before the first meeting.

Horses not entitled to any allowance, excepting as specified above.

## NOMINATIONS OF MAY 1ST, 1847.

|                  |    |     |        |    |                                           |
|------------------|----|-----|--------|----|-------------------------------------------|
| Mr Grey's        | .. | by. | cb.    | c. | —                                         |
| „                | .. | g.  | cb.    | c. | —                                         |
| „                | .. | g.  | cb.    | c. | —                                         |
| Mr Williams'     | .. | b.  | a.     | h. | <i>Cracow, late Curfew.</i>               |
| „                | .. | bk. | cp.    | h. | <i>The Saxon, late Jack in the Green.</i> |
| Mr Charles'      | .. | c.  | eg.    | m. | <i>Anna Bullen.</i>                       |
| „                | .. | c.  | n. sw. | b. | <i>Falcon.</i>                            |
| „                | .. | c.  | eg.    | g. | <i>Grasshopper.</i>                       |
| „                | .. | b.  | a.     | h. | <i>Chamois.</i>                           |
| „                | .. | g.  | a.     | h. | <i>Don Juan.</i>                          |
| „                | .. | g.  | a.     | h. | <i>Ishmael.</i>                           |
| „                | .. | b.  | a.     | h. | <i>Guarantee.</i>                         |
| Mr Green's       | .. | g.  | cb.    | f. | <i>The Belle Ballygunge.</i>              |
| „                | .. | b.  | cp.    | h. | <i>Richmond.</i>                          |
| „                | .. | c.  | ns. w. | c. | <i>Gum Arabic.</i>                        |
| Capt. Paterson's | .. | bk. | n. sw. | f. | <i>Gipsy Queen.</i>                       |
| Mr Boynton's     | .. | g.  | a.     | h. | <i>Toby.</i>                              |
| „                | .. | b.  | a.     | h. | <i>Fancy Boy.</i>                         |
| „                | .. | g.  | a.     | h. | <i>True Boy.</i>                          |
| Mr Hope's        | .. | g.  | a.     | c. | <i>Faux Pas.</i>                          |
| „                | .. | g.  | a.     | c. | <i>Ether.</i>                             |

|             |    |    |     |    |                      |
|-------------|----|----|-----|----|----------------------|
| Mr Fulton's | .. | g. | a.  | h. | <i>Blood Royal.</i>  |
| "           | .. | g. | a.  | h. | <i>Remembrancer.</i> |
| "           | .. | b. | a.  | h. | <i>Chieftain.</i>    |
| Mr East's   | .. | b. | cp. | h. | <i>Banker.</i>       |

JAMES HUME,  
Secretary

## PROPOSED PROSPECTUS FOR THE MEERUT MEETING, JANUARY, 1848.

### *First Day, Tuesday, January 4.*

*First Race.*—The Meerut St. Leger—a Sweepstakes of 50 G. M. each for all maiden Arabs, 8st. 7lb. each,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles, to close and name on the 15th Oct., 10 G. M. forfeit if declared on the 15th Nov., and 15 G. M. forfeit if declared on the 15th Dec., and  $\frac{1}{2}$  forfeit if declared the day before the race.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of 20 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all C. B's. Cape and N. S. W. Horses, weight for age. New N. I. T. C. Standard.—Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, to close and name on the 15th Oct., Maidens allowed 7lb., Mares and Geldings 3lb.

*Third Race.*—Give and Take, a purse of 10 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, 14 hands to carry 9st, Maidens allowed 5lbs. 1 mile.

*Fourth Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. added from the fund—for all Officer's Chargers within the division. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. G. R. 11st. 7lb. each—to close and name on the 1st of January.

### *Second Day, Thursday, January 6.*

*First Race.*—The Adelaide Cup, value 1,000 Rs., for all horses; 2 miles. Entrance 15 G. M., 10 G. M. forfeit. Arabs 9st.; Cape and N. S. W. 9st. 7lbs.; English 11st. To close and name on the 1st November. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of running 3lbs. extra. Three horses *bond fide* the property of 3 different owners, to start, and should the Regiment not be at Meerut on the day of the race, the Cup to be withheld.

*Second Race.*—A purse of 15 G. M.—for all Galloways, 8st. 7lb. each. Heat  $1\frac{1}{4}$ . Maidens allowed 5lb. Entrance 5 G. M., to close and name on the 1st November.

*Third Race.*—The Meerut Plate of 25 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each—5 forfeit, for all Maiden Arabs, weight for age. New N. I. T. C. Standard, 2 miles, to close and name as in Race No. 2.

**Fourth Race.**—A Purse of 100 Rupees for all Hacks, 11st. each. G. R.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance 2 G. M., the winner to be sold for 600 Rupees.

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**Third Day, Saturday, January 8.**

**First Race.**—The Civilians' Cup on its terms.

**Second Race.**—The Ladies' and Bachelor's purse of — with 20 G. M. added from the fund, for all horses English excepted. Heats 1 mile—G. R. Arabs and C. B. 11st.; Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7lb. Entrance 10 G. M., to close and name the day before the Meeting.

**Third Race.**—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each, 5 forfeit for all Arabs. Newmarket Craven weight and distance. Maidens allowed 5lb., to close and name on the 1st November.

**Craven Weights.**

|                     |            |
|---------------------|------------|
| 3 years, .....      | 6st. 0lb.  |
| 4 „ .....           | 8st. 4lb.  |
| 5 „ .....           | 8st. 13lb. |
| 6 „ and aged, ..... | 9st. 5lb.  |

Distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$ .

**Fourth Race.**—A Handicap of 10 G. M. each, 5 forfeit with 15 G. M. added for all horses,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, to name by noon the day before the Race, and weights to be declared at the Ordinary the night before the Race.

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**Fourth Day, Tuesday, January 11.**

**First Race.**—The Native Gentleman's purse on its terms.

**Second Race.**—The Meerut Great Welter, of 25 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., for all horses, G. R. Round the Course. Arabs and C. B. 11st.; Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7lb.; English 12st. 7lb.; Maidens on the day of naming 5lb., or the day of running 0lb., to close and name 1st Nov.

**Third Race.**—A purse of 20 G. M. for all horses,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile, to be handicapped by the Stewards, or by any persons they may appoint. Entrance 10 G. M., 5 forfeit if they do not accept. Nomination to be sent to the Secretary at noon—the day before the Race—and weights to be declared at the Ordinary.

**Fourth Race.**—5 G. M. for all ponies 13 hands and under. Entrance 2 G. M.— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

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**Fifth Day, Thursday, January 13.**

**First Race.**—A Post Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., P. P., for all Arabs, 9st. each. R. C. Maidens allowed 7lb.—to close on the 1st November, and name at the post.

**Second Race.**—The Consolation Stakes of 10 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each, Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, G. R. 11st. the winner to be sold for 1000 Rupees.



|                   |       |            |
|-------------------|-------|------------|
| If for 900 Rupees | 10st. | 10lb.      |
| 800               | "     | 10st. 7lb. |
| 700               | "     | 10st. 4lb. |
| 600               | "     | 10st. 0lb. |

**Third Race.**—The Meerut Little Welter of 10 G. M., added to a sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, for all Arabs—10st. 7lb. each. Gentlemen Riders 1½. Maidens allowed 5lb., to close and name 1st January 1848.

**Fourth Race.**—Handicap Stakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 forfeit—for all horses R. C. Nominations at noon the day before the Race—weights to be declared at the Ordinary.

*Sixth Day, Saturday, January 15.*

**First Race.**—Winner's Handicap.

**Second Race.**—Loser's.

*To be run for on a day to be appointed by the Stewards.*

N. N. Indian Turf Club Purse of 50 G. M. for all horses. Weight for age. Gentlemen Riders, 1½ mile; added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. h. ft.

To close and name on the 1st October 1847.

These Races to be run on the days appointed by the Stewards of the above Meetings.

The Rules of the New N. I. T. Club to be adopted and the decisions of the Stewards to be final.

Settling day the last day of the Meeting.

(Sd.) { G. BLUNT, C. S.  
H. FITZGERALD, *Capt. Artillery*  
CHAS. DEACON, *Capt. 9th Lancers.*  
P. GORDON, *Major, Sikh Regiment.*

*Mofussilite.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE JESSORE SKY RACES, 1847-48.

*First Day, Saturday, January 8.*

**First Race.**—All Horses 12 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. M.—Heats—1 mile.

|                     |       |       |
|---------------------|-------|-------|
| English.....        | 12st. | 7lbs. |
| C. and N. S. W..... | 11st. | 7lbs. |
| A. and C. B.....    | 10st. | 7lbs. |

**Second Race.**—Maiden Arabs, 12 G. M. from the Fund, Entrance G. M. Weights 11st.—Heats—1½ mile.

*Third Race.*—Cheroot Stakes 5 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch above 11st., on the usual terms. R. C.

*Fourth Race.*—Give and Take, 8 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M., 14 hands to carry 10st. 7lbs.—Heats—1 mile.

*Second Day, Monday, January 10.*

*First Race.*—All Horses 12 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M. R. C. and a distance.

|                      |       |       |
|----------------------|-------|-------|
| English .....        | 12st. | 7lbs. |
| C. and N. S. W. .... | 11st. | 7lbs. |
| A. and C. B. ....    | 10st. | 7lbs. |

*Second Race.*—All Country Bred Horses 12 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. M. Weights 10st. 7lbs.—Heats—1 $\frac{1}{4}$  mile.

*Third Race.*—Pony Purse 5 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch,—Heats— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

*Fourth Race.*—Post Entrance 6 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch above, 11st.—Heats—1 mile.

*Third Day, Wednesday, January 12.*

*First Race.*—Spear Stakes 12 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 5 G. M. For horses that have taken three *bond fide* contested 1st spears, where taken to be mentioned in the nomination. Winners of the 2nd race 1st day, or 1st race 2nd day, to carry 5lbs. extra; if both 7lbs.—Heat—1 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles.

|                      |       |       |
|----------------------|-------|-------|
| English .....        | 12st. | 7lbs. |
| C. and N. S. W. .... | 11st. | 7lbs. |
| A. and C. B. ....    | 10st. | 7lbs. |

*Second Race.*—Free Handicap 12 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. M. Half forfeit. R. C. Handicap.

*Third Race.*—Galloway Purse 8 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M. The winner of the Give and Take Purse 1st day, if a Galloway, to carry 5lbs extra. 14 hands to carry 10st. 7lbs.—Heats—1 mile.

*Fourth Race.*—Pony Purse 5 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M. The winner of the Pony Purse 2d day to carry 5lbs. extra. Catch above 9st.—Heat— $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

*Fourth Day, Friday, January 14.*

*First Race.*—Forced Handicap 12 G. M. from the Fund, for winning horses; optional to all Horses that have run during the meeting. Entrance 3 G. M. For a losing horse or a winner of one race 5 G. M., if a winner of two 6 G. M., if a winner of three 3 G. M., forfeit for horses not standing the Handicap. Optional to winners of the Cheroot, Post-Entrance and Pony Purse, who may enter as losers. Handicap.

*Second Race.*—Forced Handicap 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. Handicap for all losers during the meeting. Optional to win-

ners of the Cheroots Stakes, Post-Entrance, and Pony Purses, on payment of 2 G. M.—Heats—1 mile.

*Third Race.*—Buggy Stakes 6 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M. Catch above 11 stone.—Heats— $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

No horse to start unless approved by the Stewards.

*Fourth Race.*—Consolation Purse 7 G. M. from Fund. Entrance 2 G. M.

For all horses, to be weighted by the terms of the race and to be sold if claimed in the usual manner. One horse entering to receive the stake.—Heats— $\frac{3}{4}$  Mile.

*If to be sold for—*

|         |          |       |       |
|---------|----------|-------|-------|
| Rs. 600 | to carry | 11st. | 0lb.  |
| „ 500   | „ „      | 10st. | 7lbs. |
| „ 400   | „ „      | 10st. | 0lb.  |
| „ 300   | „ „      | 9st.  | 7lbs. |
| „ 200   | „ „      | 9st.  | 0lb.  |

*Saturday, January 15.*

Steeple Chase 15 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. M. Over a line of fair Hunting Country. More or less about 2 miles.

|                        |       |        |
|------------------------|-------|--------|
| English, .....         | 12st. | 7lbs.  |
| C. and N. S. W., ..... | 11st. | 10lbs. |
| A. and C. B., .....    | 11st. | 0lbs.  |

**RULES, &c.**

1.—All horses running at this meeting to be claimable for 1,200 Rs., with the exception of those entering for the undermentioned races; viz. The Maiden Arab Purse 1st Day, Purse for all Horses 2d Day, Spear Stakes 3d Day, and Winner's Handicap 4th Day; Winners of the Cheroot, Post-Entrance and Buggy Stakes to be claimable for 500 Rs.

2.—For the Selling Plates the preference to be given to the owners of the horses as they come in, and then to any subscriber of 3 G. M. to the races, if claimed in the usual manner, within  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour after the last Jockey is weighed.

3.—Horses claimed to be bought without their engagements, excepting those for races published in the Prospectus of the Jessore Meeting.

4.—No Horse shall walk over for public money more than once during the meeting, when he shall be considered a winner; and in the event of stakes being thus thrown over, to be at the disposal of the Stewards, to make such races as they think fit.

5.—Sealed nominations and entrance money to be sent to the Secretary by 4 P. M. the day before the race. The nominations to be assured at the Ordinary. For races that take place on Monday, the nominations to be made by 4 P. M. on the Saturday preceding; nominations for the purse for all horses and C. B. purse 2d Day, and Spear Stakes 3d day, to be given in by 4 P. M. the day before the meeting, or double entrance to be paid.

6.—In all races the owner of each horse entered shall declare to the Stewards at the Ordinary before the race when the nominations are opened, whether his horse is to run or not, which declaration shall be deemed obligatory if in the affirmative, and if in the negative, his name shall at once be erased from the list.

7.—No horse to start whose owner has not subscribed 3 G. M. to the race fund, and no person to nominate a horse who has not subscribed a like sum. For the Cheroot, Post-Entrance, Pony and Buggy Stakes, to be qualified by a subscription of 1 G. M. All confederacies to be declared, and each member of a confederacy to subscribe 3 G. M. to the races.

8.—All winners to pay 6 Rs. and losers 3 Rs. towards Race Course repairs.

9.—The word "Off" once given by the person appointed to start the horses is decisive, and all horses must start or be distanced.

10.—The subscription list to be closed on the 1st December, on which date subscriptions must be sent in.

11.—In all other cases the Calcutta rules to be applicable.

12.—All disputes to be decided by the Stewards, with right of appeal to the Calcutta Turf Club.

Length of the Course  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile and 5 yards.

By order of the Stewards,

A. COUSE, *Secretary.*

*Calcutta Star.*

## PROSPECTUS OF THE LUCKNOW RACES,—1848.

### *First Day, Saturday, January 9.*

*First Race.*—Lucknow Derby for Maiden Arabs 20 G. M. from the fund, 8st. 7lbs. each, heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F., winners before the day of the race to carry 7lbs. extra. To close on the 1st November and name the day before the race.

*Second Race.*—The Craven Cup, value 500 Rs. presented by E. Hunter, Esq., to be run for the first day of the Lucknow Races 1847-48. For all Arabs the *bond fide* property of Officers or Residents of Lucknow or Cawnpore 9st. 7lbs. each, maiden on the day of naming allowed 5lbs. one mile and a half. Three horses *bond fide* competitors to start or the Cup to be withheld, and if horses *bond fide* competitors start the second horse to save his stake. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P., to close and name on the 1st of August. Sealed nominations to be sent to the Secretary on the 1st of August to be opened and published on the 1st of September.

The 36th Rule of N. I. T. C. is not applicable to the terms of this Cup, and any horse having won a sky match or any description of race will not be entitled to the allowance for maiden.

**Third Race.**—A Purse of 80 Rupees for all hacks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats G. R. 11st. 7lbs. Entrance 20 Rupees. The winner to be sold if claimed for 300 Rs.

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*Second Day, Tuesday, January 12.*

**First Race.**—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all maidens, Calcutta weight for age, heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, winners once before the race to carry 7lbs. extra, twice or oftener 10lbs. extra. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F., to close on the 1st November and name the day before the race.

**Second Race.**—The Minister's Purse on its terms; viz., a purse of 50 G. M. for all horses, Calcutta weight for age,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. Winners of one season 7lbs., and of two seasons 10lbs. extra. To close on the 1st November and name the day before the race. N. B.—Maidens of the present season not to carry additional weight, the weight being intended for such horses as are considered platers for this and former years.

**Third Race.**—The Lucknow Great Welter of 10 G. M. added to a sweepstakes of 5 G. M. for all horses G. R.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, Arab and C. B. 11st.; Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 7lbs.; English 12st. 7lb. Horses that have not won purse, plate, match or sweepstakes on or before the day of closing allowed 5lbs., or the day of running 10lbs., to close on the 1st December and name the day before the race.

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*Third Day, Thursday, January 14.*

**First Race.**—Syud Ahmed's Purse of 25 G. M. for all maiden Arabs purchased from him from the 1st January 1847, 8st. 7lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M., H. F. To close on the 1st December and name the day before the race.

**Second Race.**—The King's Purse on its terms if given; viz. a purse of 1,000 G. M. for all horses, Calcutta weight for age 2 mile heats. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P. Maidens allowed 7lb. Horses that have never won allowed 12lb. To close on the 1st November and name the day before the race.

**Third Race.**—Charger Stakes 8 G. M. Entrance 3 G. M. H. F. All horses the *bond fide* property of Officers at Lucknow and in the Cawnpore Division, and that have been regularly ridden for the preceding six months G. R. 11st. 7lbs. 1 mile.

**Fourth Race.**—A Purse of 48 Rs. for all ponies,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats weight.

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*Fourth Day, Saturday, January 16.*

**First Race.**—Winners' Handicap for which all winners (hacks, chargers, ponies excepted) must enter optional to losers, 10 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 10 G. M., P. P.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

*Second Race.*—Losers' Handicap 10 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 5 G. M., H. F. 1½ mile heats.

*Third Race.*—Consolation Purse of 10 G. M. from the fund, entrance 5 G. M. P. P. 1 mile heats.

|                      |       |          |      |        |
|----------------------|-------|----------|------|--------|
| Horses valued at Rs. | 1,200 | to carry | 9st. | 12lbs. |
| Ditto Ditto „        | 1,000 | „        | 9st. | 5lbs.  |
| Ditto Ditto „        | 800   | „        | 6st. | 0lb.   |
| Ditto Ditto „        | 600   | „        | 1st. | 7lbs.  |
| Ditto Ditto „        | 400   | „        | 8st. | 0lb.   |

*Fourth Race.*—Cheroot Stakes of 3 G. M. from the fund, 1 G. M. entrance, for all horses, one mile catch weights. The winner to bring his cheroot lighted to the weighing stand. The winner to be sold for 350 Rs. if claimed.

# — RULES.

1st. The Calcutta Rules to be generally applicable to the races.

2d. Every owner of horses, and every member of a confederacy, must subscribe 50 Rs. to the races; except the owners of horses, who only start for the hacks, charger and pony stakes.

3d. Sealed nominations, when not otherwise provided for, to be sent to the Secretary by 1 o'clock P. M., the day before each race. No nominations to be received unless accompanied by the entrance money.

4th. In case of deficiency in the funds, a proportionate deduction will be made from the sum fixed for each race and in the event of there being any excess, the amount to be expended in extra races.

5th. In the event of any Subscriber leaving the station on duty, or sick leave, before the races take place, his subscription will not be demanded, or if paid, it will be returned to him.

6th. All disputes to be settled by the Stewards, and their decision as regards the disposal of the public money to be final.

7th. Rules 6th of the Calcutta Rules is not adopted.

8th. Two horses *bond fide* from different stables to start for each public race; in the event of only one horse coming to the Post, the owner will receive the forfeits and half the public money.

9th. Winning horses to pay six, losers 2 rupees, for Race-course repairs.

10th. In the case of unfavourable weather, the Stewards have the power to postpone the races until such time as they think proper.

11th. Settling day, the last day of the Meeting.

|                                   |                    |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| W. WARDEN,                        | } <i>Stewards.</i> |
| J. SHAKESPEAR,                    |                    |
| W. ROSS,                          |                    |
| A. S. McMULLIN, <i>Secretary.</i> |                    |

## REVISED PROSPECTUS FOR THE BOMBAY RACES,—1848.

*First Day, Thursday, February 3.*

*First Race.*—The Derby. Rs. 430 from the fund, for all maidens Arabs. To close and name on the 1st October, 1847. Weight for age.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Maidens that have started before the day of closing, to carry 4lbs. extra. 5 G. M. subscription, with an entrance of 10 G. M. for horses declared to start.

*Second Race.*—The Forbes' Stakes of Rs. 400 from the fund, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 5 G. M. forfeit for all Arabs. Weight for age. 2 miles. Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs. To name on the 1st October, and horses allowed to enter until the 1st December, upon double stakes and forfeits.

*Third Race.*—The Give and Take of Rs. 300 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all Arabs. Weight for inches, 14 hands carrying 8st. 7lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

*Second Day, Saturday, February 5.*

*First Race.*—The Dealers' Plate, value 200 G. M. added to a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M. each H. F. and only 5 G. M. forfeit if declared by the 1st January, 1848. 2 miles. Weight for age. For all Arabs imported after the 1st September, 1846, and purchased from either of the following stables: Sorabjee Dady Santook's, Bazunjee Fuckera's, Aga Mahomed Bakur's, or Nowrojee Nusserwanjee's. The winner of the Derby to carry 5lbs. extra. The 2d horse to receive Rupees 500 and the 3d to save his stakes. To close and name on the 1st October, 1847. Horses imported after the 1st September, 1847, allowed to enter until the 1st December.

*Second Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F., for all Arabs that have never won before the day of closing. 2 miles. 8st. 4lbs. Maidens that have started before the day of closing to carry 4lbs. extra. To close on the 1st October, and to name the day before the race.

*Third Race.*—The Drawing Room Stakes of Rs. 300 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all Arabs. 8st. 7lbs. 1 mile.

*Fourth Race.*—The Whim of Rs. 300 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, for all Arabs. Weight for age and inches.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Maidens of the season allowed 5lbs.

*Third Day, Tuesday, February 8.*

*First Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F., for all Arabs. 9st.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile and a distance. Maidens of the season allowed 10lbs. Maidens imported into Bombay after 1st September, 1846, allowed 1st. The winner of the Derby or 1st Sweepstakes to carry 5st. extra, of more than one 10lbs. To close on the 1st October, and to name the day before the race.

**Second Race.**—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse. Rupees 300 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. For all Arabs 1 mile heats. The winner of the Drawing Room Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra.

**Third Race.**—The Galloway Plate. Rupees 150 from the Fund, with a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Weight for age. Maidens on the day of starting allowed 5lbs.

*Fourth Day, Thursday, February 10.*

**First Race.**—A Sweepstakes of 30 G. M. each, H. F., for all Arabs, 8st. 10lbs.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Maidens of the season allowed 7lbs. Maidens imported into Bombay after the 1st September, 1846, allowed 10lbs. The winner of the Derby, or either of the Sweepstakes, to carry 7lbs. extra, of any two of them 12lbs., of three or more 16lbs. To close on the 1st October, and to name the day before the race.

**Second Race.**—The Malet Stakes. Rupees 400 from the Fund. A handicap. Gentlemen riders. Open to all horses that have started during the meeting.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. 10 G. M. entrance, 2 G. M. forfeit for not standing the handicap. Entrances to be made by 8 A. M. the day before the race. Weights to be announced by 12 o'clock and declarations as to standing or not to be made with the other nominations of the day.

**Third Race.**—The Craven, for all Arabs. Rupees 300 from the fund, with a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles heats. 2 years 6st.—3 years, 8st.—4 years. 8st. 9lbs.—5 years, 9st. 11lb.—6 years, 9st. 5lbs.—7 years, 9st. 7lbs.

*Fifth Day, Saturday, February 12.*

**First Race.**—A Forced Handicap, for all winners during the meeting. Five G. M. for each race won. Open to losers at an entrance of 5 G. M. 2 miles.

**Second Race.**—The Beaten Plate, Rupees 300 from the fund. Handicap. Open to the beaten horses of the meeting, 10 G. M. entrance.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles heats.

*Sixth Day, Tuesday, February 15.*

The Governor's Cup, Handicap, for all horses. Once round the Course. Heats. Gentlemen riders. 5 G. M. entrance, 1 G. M. forfeit for not standing the handicap. 3 horses to start or no race. Entrances to be made by 8 A. M. the day before the race. The weights to be announced by 12 o'clock. A declaration as to standing or not to be made at 4 P. M.

No horses to be allowed to start for the Derby, Forbes' Stakes, Cup or either of the Sweepstakes, that is not the *bond fide* property of a Gentleman on the 1st October, 1847.

Horses arriving in Bombay from stations distant upwards of 200 miles, on or subsequent to the 15th November, are allowed 3lbs. in all races which close on or before the 1st October.



## MHOW RACES,—1848.

*First Day, Tuesday, February 8.*

*First Race.*—A race for all Arab horses that have never started previous to the 15th October 1847. Weight for age, rupees 300 from the fund, added to a sweepstakes of 150 Rupees each, distance  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, to close 1st January 1848. Rs. 50 forfeit if declared by 1st February 1848. Two subscribers or no race.

*Second Race.*—Give and Take of Rupees 300 from the fund, added to a sweepstakes of Rupees 100 each for all Arabs, 14 hands, 9 stone,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles heats.

*Third Race.*—Poney Plate of Rupees 75 from the fund, and 15 Rupees entrance for all ponies, 13 hands and under, catch weights, heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

*Second Day, Thursday, February 10.*

*First Race.*—A Sweepstakes of Rupees 200 each, with Rupees 400 from the fund, for all Arab horses that have never started prior to the 15th October 1847, for purse, match, plate, or sweepstakes, 2 mile heats, 8st. 7lbs. To close on the 1st January 1848. The winner of the maiden to carry 7lbs. extra. Horses to be named the day before the meeting, half forfeit if declared on or before the 1st February 1848. Two subscribers or no race.

*Second Race.*—The Little Welter of Rupees 250 from the fund, and 75 Rupees each subscription for all horses, Arab 10st. 7lb.; English, Cape, stud and country bred as in Calcutta,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race. Maidens of the season allowed 7lbs G. R.

*Third Race.*—The Charger Stakes of Rupees 150 from the fund, and 32 Rupees each subscription for all horses, *bonâ fide* chargers, and ridden during the season on parade. Arabs 10st. 7lb.; Cape, stud or country bred 11st., English horses 12st. Heats  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile, G. R.

*Third Day, Saturday, February 12.*

*First Race.*—Holkar's Cup value 1000 Rupees, entrance 100 Rs., P. P., for all horses; Calcutta weight for age, heats round the Course; English horses to carry 2st. extra, Cape, N. S. Wales, country, or stud bred, 1st. 7lbs. extra, winners once 5lbs. extra, twice 8lbs., thrice or more 12lbs. extra. To close on the 1st November 1847; and name to Secretary by 2 p. m., day before meeting. Three horses from separate stables to start, or the Cup withheld,—horses to be aged as on Calcutta Course.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of Rupees 300 from the fund, and 150 Rupees each subscription, for all Arabs that have never won, weight for age, distance 2 miles.

**Third Race.**—The Hack Stakes of Rupees 100 from the fund, and Rupees 20 each subscription for all horses, Arabs to carry 10st. 7lb., Cape, stud and country bred, 11st., English horses 12st. G. R. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. The winner to be sold for Rupees 400, if claimed within half an hour, giving priority of claim to horses coming in.

—  
*Fourth Day, Tuesday, February 15.*

**First Race.**—The Indore Purse 500 Rupees, open to all Arabs, weight for age, heats round the Course, entrance 50 Rupees. Winners once 5lb. extra, twice 8lb., more than twice 12lbs. extra. To close 1st November 1847, and name the day before meeting; two horses to start from separate stables; horses to be aged as on Calcutta Course.

**Second Race.**—The Malwa Purse of Rupees 300, added to a Sweepstakes of Rupees 100 each, for all Arab horses, weight for age, mile heats.

**Third Race.**—Great Welter Stakes of Rupees 300 from the fund, for all horses, Arabs 11st. 7lb., English, Cape, stud and country bred as at Calcutta; entrance 75 Rupees. Maidens of the season allowed 7lb. G. R.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race.

*Fifth Day, Tuesday, February 17.*

**First Race.**—A Forced Handicap for all winners, Rs. 300 from the fund. A two mile race. A winner of one race during the meeting 4 Gold Mohurs entrance, and an extra G. M. for each race won during the meeting, optional to winners of public money under Rupees 250, and to losers.

**Second Race.**—Beaten Plate, of Rupees 200 from the fund, and 50 rupees each subscription, for the beaten horses of the meeting. Heats  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

**Third Race.**—The Consolation Stakes, of Rupees 200 from the fund, and 30 Rupees entrance. Mile heats.

|                                |     |          |      |       |       |
|--------------------------------|-----|----------|------|-------|-------|
| • Horses to be sold for rupees | 350 | to carry | 9st. | 7lbs. |       |
| Do.                            | do. | 400      | do.  | 10st. | 0lb.  |
| Do.                            | do. | 500      | do.  | 10st. | 7lbs. |
| Do.                            | do. | 600      | do.  | 11st. | 0lb.  |

At a general meeting held at the Library on the 27th April 1847.—A horse walking over for any one race during the meeting except Holkar's Cup, and the Indore Purse, to be entitled to half the public money. No horse walking over for more than one race to receive any public money. The decision of the Stewards on all disputed points to be final. Horses to be aged and measured on Thursday, 3d February 1848, which have not previously been aged by the Stewards, or for which no certificate of age shall be produced.

Calcutta rules for all horses. The Mhow Course is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles and 84 yards. All references to be sent to

R. CAUTLEY,  
*Officiating Secretary.*

*Bombay Times.*

## PROSPECTUS OF THE NEEMUCH RACES.

TO TAKE PLACE IN MARCH, OPEN TO ALL INDIA.

### *First Day.*

**First Race.**—First Year of the Neemuch Leger, a sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each with 20 G. M. added from the fund for all maiden Arabs,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile race, 9st. 7lbs. each. Horses that have never started for plate, purse, match or sweepstakes allowed 5lbs. To close and name on the 1st of February, 3 G. M. forfeit, 1st March, H. F. day before the race.

**Second Race.**—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each for all horses, Arabs 9st. 7lbs., C. B. 9st. 12lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 10lbs., English 12st. To close and name 15th February, H. F. day before the race,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race.

**Third Race.**—Hack Purse of 100 Rupees from the fund for all horses. Entrance 2 G. M. G. R. 10st. 7lbs. each, heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Winner to be sold for 400 Rupees if claimed in the usual manner.

**Fourth Race.**—A Give and Take Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. each for all horses 13-3 and under,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, 13-3 to carry 10st. To close and name 12 o'clock day before the race.

### *Second Day.*

**First Race.**—The Brigadier's Cup, value 300 Rupees with an entrance of 8 G. M. each for all horses, Arabs 10st. 7lbs., C. B. 10st. 12lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 5lbs., English 12st. 7lbs., maidens allowed 7lbs., mares and geldings 3lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race, G. R. To close and name 15th February, H. F.

**Second Race.**—Give and Take Purse of Rupees 200 from the fund added to a sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, P. P. 14 hands to carry 9st.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, to close and name 1st of March.

**Third Race.**—A Sweepstakes of 3 G. M. each for all country bred horses;  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats; 10st. 7lbs. each, mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. To close and name by 12 o'clock day before the race.

**Fourth Race.**—A Pony Plate of 80 Rupees from the fund with an entrance of 20 Rupees each,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats, catch weights.

### *Third Day.*

**First Race.**—First Year of the Neemuch Great Welter, a sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each with 20 G. M. added from the fund for all horses, G. R. Arab 11st., C. B. 11st. 5lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 12lbs., English 12st. 7lbs., maidens allowed 7lbs., mares and geldings 3lbs. Winner of Leger or Brigr's Cup 3lbs. extra, if both 5lbs. extra. To close and name 15th of February, 3 G. M. forfeit 1st March, H. F. day before the race, 1 mile and a half race.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of 80 Rupees from the fund for all horses purchased of discharged sowars from 1st Irregular Cavalry. Entrance 2 G. M. G. R. 10st. 7lbs. each, mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

*Second Race.*—Cheroot Stakes of Rupees 100 from the fund; entrance 20 Rupees, G. R. 11st. each. Round the Course. The winner to come to the scales with his cheroot lighted, and to be sold for 400 Rupees if claimed in the usual manner.

*Fourth Race.*—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 Rupees each for all horses. Round the Course. To be handicapped by the Stewards. To close and name by 12 o'clock day before the race. Horses entered and not standing the handicap to pay a forfeit of 8 Rupees. The winner to be sold for 400 Rupees if claimed in the usual manner. \*

#### *Fourth Day.*

The Winner's Handicap of 80 Rupees from the fund. Entrance 5 G. M., if a winner of more than one race for public money, 3 G. M. entrance, if a winner of only one race. All winners of public money must enter, "hacks, poney, cheroots and sowars purse excepted," optional to all losers,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile race.

*Second Race.*—Losers' Handicap for all beaten horses that have started and not won public money during the meeting. Entrance 3 G. M., with 100 Rupees added from the fund,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race.

#### *Fifth Day.*

A Purse of 200 Rupees from the fund. Entrance 50 Rupees for all horses. Round the Course over 6 hurdles 4 feet high. G. R. Arabs 10st. 7lbs., C. B. 10st. 12lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 11st. 5lbs., English 12st. To close and name March 1st, H. F. day before the race.

#### **RULES.**

1. All disputes to be settled by the Stewards and their decision to be final.
2. Sealed nominations and entrance money to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock day before the race (if not otherwise provided.)
3. All confederacies must be declared on the 1st of March.
4. No horse shall be allowed to start "hacks, ponies, cheroot, and sowar's purses excepted," the owner of which has not subscribed 80 Rupees to the races. In confederacies each confederate must subscribe that sum. The owners of hacks, ponies, cheroots and sowar's purse to pay one G. M. subscription to the races to qualify them to start.
5. A horse walking over for public money is to receive but half the purse and all the entrances, no horse can walk over more than once during the meeting.
6. No horse allowed to start whose owner has not lodged his subscription and entrance money with the Secretary.
7. The word "Go" once given by the starter is decisive and all horses must start or be distanced.

8. All winning horses to pay 8 Rupees and losers 4 Rupees to Race Course expences.

9. The winner of any private match exceeding 2 G. M. to pay 4 Rupees and the loser 2 Rupees to Course expences.

10. Horses that run in private sweepstakes *only* to be exempt from any laid down rule concerning subscription, but to pay the sum stated in Rule 9 to R. C. repairs.

|                                       |                    |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
| LIEUT. WOODHOUSE,                     | } <i>Stewards.</i> |
| TWYSDEN,                              |                    |
| MALLESON,                             |                    |
| TULLOH, <i>Judge.</i>                 |                    |
| PESTER, <i>Secretary.</i>             |                    |
| „ WATSON, <i>Clerk of the Course.</i> |                    |

Delhi Gazette.

### MORADABAD RACES,—1847-48.

Rohilcund Derby of 1847-48, that closed at 5 G. M. each on the 1st June.

|                 |    |    |    |    |                              |
|-----------------|----|----|----|----|------------------------------|
| Mr Fox's        | .. | b. | a. | h. | <i>Long Waist.</i>           |
| „               | .. | c. | a. | h. | <i>Sea Gull.</i>             |
| „               | .. | g. | a. | h. | <i>Sapphire.</i>             |
| „               | .. | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Prince.</i>           |
| „               | .. | g. | a. | h. | <i>Foig a Ballah.</i>        |
| Major Potts'    | .. | b. | a. | h. | <i>The Major.</i>            |
| „               | .. | c. | a. | h. | <i>The Judge.</i>            |
| Captain Percy's | .. | b. | a. | h. | <i>Renegade.</i>             |
| „               | .. | g. | a. | h. | <i>Paragon.</i>              |
| „               | .. | g. | a. | h. | <i>The Knight of Gwynne.</i> |

J. P. MACWHIRTER,  
*Secretary.*

Moradabad, June 2, 1847.—Mofussilite, June 8.

## SUPPLEMENT TO SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### PROSPECTUS OF JULLUNDER AUTUMN MEETING,—1847.

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#### *First Day, November 9.*

*First Race.*—Jullundur St. Leger of 40 G. M. from the fund, for all maiden Arabs, added to a sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each—8st. 7lbs.— $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile race. To close and name 15th October. H. F. before the race.

*Second Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. added from the fund, for all galloways— $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile race—8st. 10lbs. each—maidens allowed 5lbs. To close and name the 1st November. H. F. day before the race.

*Third Race.*—Criterion Stakes of 10 G. M. each, P. P., with 15 G. M. added from the fund, for all horses, English excepted—1 mile heats—9st. each. Colonial Horses to carry 7lbs. extra. To close and name 1st November.

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#### *Second Day, November 11.*

*First Race.*—The Doab Stakes of 10 G. M. each, with 30 G. M. added from the fund, for all horses. Weight for age according to the N. N. I. Turf Club Standard— $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. To close and name 1st November. H. F. day before the race.

*Second Race.*—The Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse of — G. M. for all horses— $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats—G. R. Arabs and C. B. 10st. 7lbs. each. Colonial 11st., English 12st. Entrance 5 G. M.

*Third Race.*—Hack Stakes of 5 G. M. from the fund with an entrance of 2 G. M. each for all horses—11st. each.—G. R.—1 mile race. Winner to be sold for 500 R., &c., &c.

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#### *Third Day, November 13.*

*First Race.*—Amateur Cup, by subscription, for all horses on its terms.

*Second Race.*—Give and Take for all horses of 20 G. M. from the fund—14 hands to carry 9st. Heats R. C. and a distance. Entrance 5 G. M.

*Third Race.*—The Little Go, for all under 13 hands 1 inch weight for inches—13 hands to carry 8st. 7lbs.— $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats—5 G. M. from the fund. Entrance 2 G. M.

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#### *Fourth Day, November 16.*

*First Race.*—The Jullunder Welter Stakes of 10 G. M. each, with 30 G. M. added from the fund, for all horses. Arabs and C. B. 10st. 7lbs., Cape and N. S. W. 11st., English 12st., maidens allowed

5lbs.—R. C.—G. R. To close and name the day before the meeting. H. F. day before the race.

*Second Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each, with 20 G. M. added from the fund for all horses. English excepted—2 mile heats—8st. 7lbs. each.

*Third Race.*—The Scurry of 2 G. M. each, with 5 G. M. added from the fund, for all horses. Post entrance. Catch weights—G. R. — $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

### *Fifth Day, November 18.*

*First Race.*—Forced Handicap Stakes of 5 G. M. each, for all horses who have won public money during the meeting—2 mile race. Optional to losers, and winners of scurry, hack, or little go stakes who pay 5 G. M. each if entered.

*Second Race.*—Losers' Handicap, for all horses that have started for and not won public money during the meeting—5 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. added from the fund— $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats—(optional.)

### RULES.

1st. The decision of the Stewards to be considered final in any cases of dispute, unless they shall deem a reference to the N. N. I. Turf Club necessary.

2nd. No horse (except hacks and ponies and horses starting for the Scurry) to start whose owner has not subscribed 4 G. M. to the race fund. Each member of a confederacy to subscribe 4 G. M. and all confederacies to be declared in writing to the Secretary.

3rd. All horses that are to start for the weight for age, and give and take races, to be aged and measured by the Stewards at 12 o'clock the day before the meeting.

4th. Sealed nominations with entrance money to be sent to the Secretary by 12 o'clock the day before each race day—and all forfeits to be declared by that time and nominations will be opened by the Stewards at an Ordinary which will be held the day before each race day—unless otherwise provided for.

5th. The nominations for those races that close to be *received*, by the Secretary on the day specified, not to be *despatched* by the nominators.

6th. In races for public money, mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

7th. In case of unfavourable weather the Stewards have the power to postpone the races, in which case all bets and stakes must stand.

8th. The word 'Off' once given by the appointed starter, every horse must go, or be distanced.

9th.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch allowed for shoes in give and take races, provided the said shoes are *bonâ fide* shoes, or racing plates.

10th. In the event of there not being sufficient funds to pay in full the public money advertised, an equal percentage will be deducted from each winning horse.

11th. The Stewards will decide at each Ordinary the order in which the races are to be run on the following day; and places are to be drawn for, and every horse that is not in his place in a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour after the saddling trumpet has sounded shall not be allowed to start.

12th. No horse to walk over more than once for public money during the meeting.

13th. No horse to start for the Amateur Cup whose owner has not subscribed 2 G. M. towards it. Subscribers to the cup will appoint their own committee for the terms on which it shall be run.

14th. Every winner shall pay 8 Rupees, and every loser 4 Rupees towards the Race Course fund.

|               |                             |
|---------------|-----------------------------|
| J. TICKELL,   | } <i>Stewards, pro tem.</i> |
| J. FAIRLIE,   |                             |
| G. P. BARLOW, |                             |

*Mofussilite, June 15.*

### MEERUT RACES,—*January 1848.*

The Civilians' Cup, given by the Civilians N. W. P., for all horses—weight for age—3 miles, to close and name on the 1st September, 1847: 5 G. M. for each nominations, and 15 G. M. for each horse declared to start at 2 p. m. the day before the race. Horses to take their age from the 1st May. Maidens allowed 7lb. Mares and gelding 3lbs.

*Arabs & C. B.      Cipe & N. S. W.      English.*

- 3 years old, 7st. 4lbs. 7lb. in excess of 21lbs. in excess of
- 4 „ „ 8st. 4lbs. Arabs and C. B. Arabs and C. B.'s.
- 5 „ „ 8st. 12lbs.
- 6 and aged 9st. 2lbs.

This race to be run under the New N. I. T. C. Rules,

*Mofussilite, June 18.*



CALCUTTA TURF CLUB.

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*At a Meeting of the Calcutta Turf Club, held at the Town Hall, June 23.*

**J. BECKWITH, Esq., in the Chair.**

It was proposed by W. Grey, Esq., seconded by G. Plowden, Esq., and carried unanimously, that after the rule passed for the election of members on the constitution of this Club, shall be inserted the following : —“Members proposed and seconded may also be elected by ballot at any General Meeting of the Club, which shall have been duly called by public advertisement, provided six members be present and vote: one black ball to exclude as heretofore.”

Proposed by G. Plowden, Esq., seconded by C. Marten, Esq., and carried unanimously, that Col. Cheape, C.B., be elected a member of the Committee in place of J. Staniforth, Esq., gone to Europe.

**JAMES HUME,**  
*Secretary.*

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R A C I N G   C A L E N D A R

F O R

1846-7.

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# RACING CALENDAR.

## UMBALLAH RACES,—1847.

### FIRST DAY, Tuesday, April 6.

1ST RACE.—Match for 20 G. M., P. P. 1½ mile.

|                       |                       |            |           |   |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Charles' b. a. h.  | <i>Prizefighter</i> , | 9st. 0lb.  | William   | 1 |
| Mr Randall's b. a. h. | <i>Sir Walter</i> ,   | 8st. 7lbs. | J. George | 2 |

*Prizefighter* jump'd off with the lead, was never touched, and won in a canter.  
Time,—3m. 20s.

2D RACE.—Welter Trial of 10 G. M. each, H. F., with 2 G. M. added, for maiden Arabs, 11st. 1½ mile. Maidens on day of running allowed 7lbs. extra.

|                        |                    |             |           |   |
|------------------------|--------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Walter's c. a. h.   | <i>Lall Sing</i> , | 11st. 0lb.  | Mr Walter | 1 |
| Mr Crossman's g. a. h. | <i>Mosaic</i> ,    | 10st. 7lbs. | Mr Rumley | 2 |
| Mr Green's g. a. h.    | <i>Subraon</i> ,   | 10st. 7lbs. | Mr Hussey | 3 |

This was expected to have been a good race. All off at score for the 1st half mile, when *Subraon* began to tail. *Lall Sing*, who never was really out, came in a very easy winner, *Subraon* a long way in the rear. Nine subscribers to this race.

Time,—3m. 17s.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. 3 forfeit, for all maiden horses. Weight for inches. Three subscribers to this race.

|                       |                    |    |           |   |
|-----------------------|--------------------|----|-----------|---|
| Mr Charles' bn. a. g. | <i>Pirate</i> ,    | .. | William   | 1 |
| Mr Thomson's c. a. g. | <i>Fancy Boy</i> , | .. | Sendoulah | 2 |

*Pirate* went off with the lead, was never touched, and won in a canter.

Time,—3m. 19s.

4TH RACE.—Welter G. I. T. Sweepstakes 10 G. M. 5 forfeit, with 10 G. M. added for all horses. 14 hands 10st. maidens allowed 7lbs. G. R., R. C. Three subscribers.

|                         |                   |    |              |
|-------------------------|-------------------|----|--------------|
| Mr Goodridge's g. a. g. | <i>Fusilcer</i> , | .. | walked over. |
|-------------------------|-------------------|----|--------------|

### SECOND DAY, Thursday, April 8.

1ST RACE.—The Kootub Plate. Twelve subscribers.

|                      |                    |    |              |
|----------------------|--------------------|----|--------------|
| Mr Walter's g. a. h. | <i>Sham Sing</i> , | .. | walked over. |
|----------------------|--------------------|----|--------------|

IND SPORT, REV.—VOL. V., NO. X.

M

2<sup>D</sup> RACE.—A Purse of 25 G. M. given by Aga Allic, Arab merchant, for all horses purchased of him after 10th Sept. 1846, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each. Weight for age. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Four subscribers.

|               |    |    |    |                 |            |           |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|-----------------|------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Charles'   | b. | a. | g. | <i>Pirate</i> , | 11st. 0lb. | Mr Walter | 1 |
| Mr Crossman's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Mosaic</i> , | 11st. 0lb. | Mr Rumley | 2 |

*First Heat*.—A very good race, the brown took the lead, was never headed, and won by about a length.

*Second Heat*.—Both off at score, the brown again leading; which he did throughout, and came in an easy winner.

Time,—1<sup>st</sup> heat, 1m. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—2<sup>d</sup> heat, 1m. 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

3<sup>D</sup> RACE.—The Gram and Grass, a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. with 10 added. G. R. Heats  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Winner to be sold for 500 Rs. if demanded, &c. &c. Four subscribers.

|                |    |    |    |                     |            |           |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|---------------------|------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Goodridge's | g. | c. | m. | <i>Baby Blake</i> , | 11st. 0lb. | Mr Hussey | 1 |
| Mr Smart's     | c. | a. | h. | <i>Oomeedwar</i> ,  | 10st. 0lb. | Mr Rumley | 2 |

Won rather easily by the mare.

Time,—1m. 38s.

#### 4. THIRD DAY, Saturday, April 10.

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE.—The Shorts, a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. with 10 added. Arabs 10st. 7lbs. Half mile heats. Six subscribers.

|                  |    |    |    |                      |               |   |   |   |
|------------------|----|----|----|----------------------|---------------|---|---|---|
| Mr Walter's      | c. | a. | h. | <i>Lall Sing</i> ,   | Mr Walter     | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Charles names | b. | a. | h. | <i>Protestant</i> ,  | Capt. Scuttle | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Goodridge's   | g. | a. | g. | <i>Running Rem</i> , | Mr Hussey     | 1 | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Randall's     | b. | a. | h. | <i>Sir Walter</i>    | Owner         | 3 | 4 | 4 |

\* Late *Huc-na-huc*.

*First Heat*.—All off abreast, but almost directly after starting *Lall Sing* put his foot in a hole, and nearly came down: neither *Protestant* nor *Sir Walter* ran for the heat, so *Huc-na-huc* cantered in.

*Second Heat*.—All got off well but *Protestant*, who lost about two lengths. *Huc-na-huc* and *Lall Sing* rated it for the 1<sup>st</sup> quarter, when the former shut up, was passed by *Protestant*, who was beaten by nearly a length, *Huc-na-huc* a bad third; in fact it was doubtful which was first, he or *Sir Walter*.

*Third Heat*.—All off well except *Lall Sing*, who lost nearly by two lengths. *Huc-na-huc* and *Protestant* rated it for a short distance when the latter shot well ahead, and kept the lead till within about a length of the post, when Mr Walter made a most splendid rush and won on the post by a head. *Huc-na-huc* a long way behind. The time could not be accurately taken, as it is a straight half mile and the impetuous steeds kicked up such a dust that nobody could tell when they started.

2<sup>D</sup> RACE.—The Little Go of 3 G. M. each, with 10 added for horses that have never been named for public money or sweepstakes until the day of naming for this race. 10st. Last mile.

|                |    |    |    |                     |             |                 |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|---------------------|-------------|-----------------|---|
| Mr Charles'    | b. | a. | g. | <i>Pirate</i> ,     | 10st. 0lb.  | Capt. Scuttle   | 1 |
| Mr Goodridge's | g. | c. | m. | <i>Baby Blake</i> , | 9st. 12lbs. | William the 1st | 2 |

Nobody expected the little horse to have a chance, as the mare stands some 15-2, and ran very well the day before. A good start, but after about a quarter of a mile the little horse drew ahead, gradually increased his distance and won hard held in a canter, in spite of a beautiful rush which William made when near the post.

#### FOURTH DAY, Monday, April 12.

1ST RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. added to a sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each, 3 forfeit, for all maiden Arabs on the day of racing. 1½ mile. Weight for age. Six subscribers.

|                |                                 |             |                  |   |
|----------------|---------------------------------|-------------|------------------|---|
| Mr Charles'    | b. a. g. <i>Pirate</i> ,        | 8st. 9lbs.  | William the Dark | 1 |
| Mr Charles'    | n. b. a. h. <i>Protestant</i> , | 8st. 12lbs. | Captain Scuttle  | 2 |
| Mr Goodridge's | g. a. g. <i>Running Rein</i> ,  | 8st. 9lbs.  | Seoudoulah       | 3 |
| Mr Smarts's    | c. a. h. <i>Oomeedwar</i> ,     | 8st. 2lbs.  | Dewan            | 4 |

Mr Charles' declared to win with the best horse. *Protestant* made the running and shot some 5 lengths ahead, *Running Rein* second, *Pirate* last; at the mile from home *Running Rein* came a little nearer, and at the half mile was nearly even with *Protestant*: *Pirate* now passed him and after a beautiful race, came in first, beating *Protestant* by about a length, *Huc-na-huc* some 2 or 3 lengths behind, and *Oomeedwar* a long way in the rear.

Time,—3m. 16s.

2D RACE.—A Pony Race, 40 Rs. from the fund, 16 Rs. Entrance. ¼ mile heats.

|              |                                         |    |         |   |   |
|--------------|-----------------------------------------|----|---------|---|---|
| Mr Massey's  | c. p. <i>Ruby</i> ,                     | .. | Owner   | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Scuttle's | c. p. <i>Director</i> ,                 | .. | William | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Randall's | " <i>Why we call him Surprise Sir</i> " |    | George  | 3 | 3 |

#### FIFTH DAY, Thursday, April 15.

1ST RACE.—Match for 50 G. M., P. P. Half mile.

|               |                                |            |         |   |
|---------------|--------------------------------|------------|---------|---|
| Mr Charles'   | b. a. h. <i>Prizefighter</i> , | 8st. 7lbs. | William | 1 |
| Mr Crossman's | g. a. h. <i>Mosaic</i> ,       | 8st. 7lbs. | John    | 2 |

\* *Prizefighter* went off with the lead, which he kept throughout, and won easily.

Time,—3m. 11s.

2D RACE.—The Winners' Handicap, a sweepstakes of 4 G. M. each, with 2 forfeit, for all horses not standing the handicap, optional for losers to enter.

|                |                            |            |               |   |
|----------------|----------------------------|------------|---------------|---|
| Mr Goodridge's | g. a. g. <i>Fusileer</i> , | 9st. 0lb.  | Capt. Scuttle | 1 |
| Mr Charles'    | b. a. g. <i>Pirate</i> ,   | 8st. 6lbs. | William       | 2 |

Both rated it for the first half mile neck and neck, when *Fusileer* crept ahead and came in an easy winner, the brown being pulled up at the distance, *Fusileer*, who seemed in splendid order, and was quite fresh, not having run during the meeting, being evidently too good for him.

Time,—3m. 2s.

3D RACE.—A purse of 100 Rs. added to a Sweepstakes of 20 Rs. for all *Soud fide* Hacks. G. R. 11st. ¾ of a mile.

|                 |                              |    |       |   |
|-----------------|------------------------------|----|-------|---|
| Mr Goodridge's  | g. c. m. <i>Baby Blake</i> , | .. | Owner | 1 |
| Capt. Scuttle's | g. c. h. <i>Waggoner</i> ,   | .. | Owner | 2 |
| Mr Hussey's     | c. c. b. m. <i>Ceres</i> ,   | .. | Owner | 3 |

*Waggoner* led for  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile, when the mare came up, passed him and won very easily.

Time,—1m. 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

#### SIXTH DAY, Saturday, April 17.

1ST RACE.—Match for 5 G. M. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

Mr Goodridge's g. a. g. *Fusileer*, 8st. 10lbs. Seudoulah 1

Mr Charles names' b. a. h. *Protestant*, 8st. 3lbs. William 2

A beautiful race for the mile, when *Protestant's* want of condition began to tell, and the gallows shot ahead and won pretty easily.

Time,—3m. 12s.

2D RACE.—A Hurdle Race over 6 hurdles, 3 feet 8 inches high, 10st. 7lbs. each. Half mile.

Mr Rumley's, g. h. *Moonraker*, .. Owner 1

Mr Hussey's c. cb. m. *Ceres*, .. Mr Scuttle 2

Mr Casement's g. h. *The Major* .. Owner 3

Mr Goodridge's g. e. m. *Baby Blake*, .. Owner 4

Mr Chaplin's , g. h. (Name not known) .. Owner 5

Odds were laid on the mare, *Blake*, who was known as a good jumper, and had been in training. *Moonraker* has also won a hurdle race here before, two years ago; all cleared the first hurdle very well. At the second, *Baby Blake*, who was leading, refused and could not be persuaded to go over. Mr Chaplin here bit the dust, and Mr Casement's horse did the reverse of clearing it well; *Moonraker* and *Ceres* now, rated it together and cleared their hurdles nose and nose. At the last Mr Scuttle had a lead of two lengths and came in a winner. It was proved afterwards however that *Ceres*, who probably was a little flurried, had overlooked the necessity of jumping the last hurdle and acting upon the old adage which says "the longest way round is the shortest way home," had gone round it. The consequence was that *Moonraker*, who by the way was beautifully ridden, was proclaimed the winner.

#### JULLUNDER RACES,—1847.

##### FIRST DAY, Tuesday, April 6.

1ST RACE.—Jullunder Derby, 25 G. M. For all maiden Arabs, 9st. 7lbs. each. One mile and half. Closed on 2d April. Entrance 100 Rs. H. F., if declared by 12 o'clock the day before the race, at which time the horses declared to start were named.

Mr Rawlins' c. a. h. *Sultan*, .. Mr Machell 1

Mr Patrick's g. a. h. *Ironsides*, .. Daley 2

Mr North's b. a. h. *Holocaust*, .. Mr Garstin 3

Capt. Edwards' b. a. h. *Sir Patrick*,\* .. Mr Warner 4

Capt. Loser's g. a. h. *Clarion*, .. Mr Hickey 5

Capt. Roberts' g. a. h. *Sir Hugh*, .. Capt. Hicks 6

\* Late *Kooblah Khan*.

The race was run at a telling pace all round, the object being evidently to cut down *Sir Pat*. *Sultan* led for upwards of half a mile, when *Sir Pat's* rider took the lead from him, but his reign was a short though merry one, for *Sultan* ran up,—he and *Ironsides* rating it up from the distance, and though the lad Daley made a fine effort to win, and his nag very honestly answered his call, Mr Machell landed his horse a clear winner of about a length without being obliged to have recourse to any persuasion. Taking into consideration the weights and nature of the track, the timing is considered anything but *shady*.

Time,— $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, 1m. 6s.— $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 3m. 12s.

2<sup>D</sup> RACE.—Galloway Purse of 10 G. M. 1 mile race, 14 hands to carry 10st. Entrance 3 G. M.

|                                            |                            |               |   |
|--------------------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------|---|
| Capt Roberts' b. a. g. <i>Ganymede</i> ,   | 10st. 0lb.                 | Capt Hicks    | 1 |
| Mr Crosse's g. a. g. <i>Pam</i> ,          | 9st. 0lb.                  | Mr Mainwaring | 2 |
| The Corporal's g. a. g. <i>Nousuch</i> ,   | 9st. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. | Mr Hickey     | 3 |
| Mr Patrick's b. a. g. <i>Cicero</i> ,      | 9st. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. | Daley         | 4 |
| Mr Rawlins' b. a. g. <i>Lausquenette</i> , | 9st. 6lbs.                 | Mr Machell    | 5 |
| Mr Arden's g. a. g. <i>Roderick</i> ,      | 6st. 0lb.                  | Mr Bayley     | 6 |

The *Cupbearer*, who was *Sultan's* old antagonist at our Just Sky Meeting, was decidedly first favourite, and after a severe contest with little *Pam*, was landed a winner by about a neck, by his spirited owner. The owners of many of the galloways however were very confident, and each found their friends at the ordinary. This race was rendered 'out of the common' by the taking place of (as a friend of mine would say) 'a remarkable fact.' A sporting denizen of the Doab took 500 to 50 that he would not place the horses in the Galloway Stakes, and, strange to say, his placing turned out perfectly correct, each nag coming past the winning post in the order that he named.

Time,—2m. 6s.

3<sup>D</sup> RACE.—Hack Purse of 5 G. M., 10st. 7lbs. each.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. G. R. Entrance 20 Rs. Winner to be sold for 500 Rs. if, &c., &c. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

|                                             |    |               |     |
|---------------------------------------------|----|---------------|-----|
| Mr Garstin's c. cb. m. <i>Marchioness</i> , | .. | Owner         | 1 1 |
| Mr North's b. a. h. <i>Rattler</i> ,*       | .. | Mr Hickey     | 0 0 |
| Mr Hockin's h. b. <i>Sneezer</i> ,          | .. | Mr Warner     | 0 0 |
| Mr Campbell's g. h. <i>Rifleman</i> ,       | .. | Mr Waddington | 0 0 |
| Mr Patrick's g. a. h. <i>Bluestocking</i> , | .. | Mr Machell    | 0 0 |

\* Late Rejected Addresses.

*Bluestocking* was held for the first heat, and might just as well have been held for the second also, for the *Marchioness*, (who by the by is rather taller than Charles Dickens describes Dick Swiveller's flame to have been) won both heats, amidst a great display of horsemanship, whipping, spurring, and dust. A cross was claimed against the winner, but it was disallowed.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 3s.—2d heat, 1m. 3s.

4<sup>TH</sup> RACE.—Match 10 G. M.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile 9st. each.

|                                      |    |               |   |
|--------------------------------------|----|---------------|---|
| Capt. Budd's b. gall <i>Bantam</i> , | .. | Capt. Hicks   | 1 |
| Mr Joseph's b. gall <i>Pickles</i> , | .. | Mr Mainwaring | 2 |

Each owner was certain of winning, which of course added to the general excitement—however the winner proved himself a very game little bird, and was good



naturally cantered just fast enough to allow his *piquant* rival to inspect his lengthy and well combed tail.

Time,—1m. 5s.

### SECOND DAY, Thursday, April 8.

1ST RACE.—‘Mounted Cup’ presented by the Artillery and mounted corps in the division, R. C., and the distance, Arabs, 10st. 4lbs., C. B. 10st. 7lbs., and N. S. W. 10st. 11lbs., Eng. 12st., winner of first race first day, 3lbs. extra, maidens allowed 3lbs. Entrance 5 G. M. Close on 2d April, name the day before the race.

|              |    |    |    |                    |             |             |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|--------------------|-------------|-------------|---|
| Mr Rawlins’  | c. | a. | h. | <i>Sultan</i> ,    | 10st. 4lbs. | Mr Machell  | 1 |
| Mr Rapid’s   | b. | a. | h. | <i>Gauntlet</i> ,  | 10st. 4lbs. | Mr Oakes    | 2 |
| Mr Patrick’s | g. | a. | h. | <i>Ironsides</i> , | 10st. 1lb.  | Capt. Hicks | 3 |

*Ironsides*, from his getting 3lbs. and having the advantage of a first rate workman on his back, was, if any thing, the favourite, although *Sultan* was backed even against him in many places.

The Calcutta Great Welter Winner had but very few friends, and it was clearly seen that he neither had the *rapidity*, nor a sufficiency of work to compete with *Sultan*, who proved himself a clipper by winning with greater ease than he even won the Derby with. The grey evidently had something the matter with him, as he did not shew in anything like his usual form.

*Sultan* certainly had the luck to draw the post, and away he scored at a fair but, was never headed, and won almost as he liked. The timing was very good, taking into consideration the sharp turns and rough ground for galloping over. The timing was not taken for the first quarter.

Time,—last mile, 2m. 10s.

2D RACE.—Little Give and Take of 5 G. M., for all galloways and ponies 13-2 and under, 13-2 to carry 10st.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile race. Entrance 20 Rs.

|              |    |     |    |                             |            |           |   |
|--------------|----|-----|----|-----------------------------|------------|-----------|---|
| Mr Cross’s   | g. | a.  | g. | <i>Pam</i> ,                | 10st. 0lb. | Mr Magnay | 1 |
| Mr Arden’s   | g. | a.  | g. | <i>Roderick</i> ,           | 10st. 0lb. | Mr Warner | 2 |
| Mr Gordon’s  | g. | a.  | g. | <i>Been &amp; Done II</i> , | 10st. 0lb. | Mr Daley  | 3 |
| Mr Russell’s | c. | cb. | m. | <i>Wee Pet</i> ,            | 9st. 4lbs. | Mr Hickey | 4 |

*Pam* was the favourite and drew the post. He got a bad start, but it did not signify, for he ran up and won in the commonest of canters—and the timing certainly proves him a good one, as 10st. upon a largish pony is no slight weight. The little mare rattled away from the post, as if determined to do her best, but she failed at the first quarter. *Been and Done II* certainly went and did it by doing his very best to enjoy an excursion across some corn fields. However his rider was not of the same way of thinking, and had not racing been contrary to his horse’s principles I think he would have shewed in a better place.

Time,—1m. 34s.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses. Arabs 9st. 7lbs., C. B. 9st. 10lbs., C. and N. S. W. 10st. 3lbs., English 11st. 3lbs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance 3 Gold Mohurs.

|                |    |    |    |                      |    |             |        |   |     |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|----------------------|----|-------------|--------|---|-----|---|
| Mr North’s     | b. | a. | h. | <i>Holocaust</i> ,   | .. | Mr Hickey   | 0      | 0 | 1   | 1 |
| Capt. Edwards’ | b. | a. | h. | <i>Sir Patrick</i> , | .. | Mr Warner   | } dead | 1 | 0   | 0 |
| Capt. Roberts’ | b. | a. | h. | <i>Ganymede</i> ,    | .. | Capt. Hicks |        | 2 | dr. |   |

|              |          |                    |    |               |         |
|--------------|----------|--------------------|----|---------------|---------|
| Mr Barry's   | b. a. h. | <i>Onyx</i> ,      | .. | Mr Heysham    | 4 3 3 3 |
| Mr Need's    | b. e. m. | <i>Volumnia</i> ,  | .. | Mr McKinnon   | 0 0 0 0 |
| Mr Patrick's | g. a. h. | <i>Comet</i> ,     | .. | Daley         | 0 0 0 2 |
| Mr Rawlins'  | b. a. h. | <i>Attila</i> ,    | .. | Mr Machell    | 3 0 dr. |
| Mr George's  | g. a. h. | <i>Deception</i> , | .. | Mr Magnay     | 0 0 dr. |
| Mr Clock's   | g. a. h. | <i>Retriever</i> , | .. | Mr Mainwaring | 0 0 dr. |

*Ganymede* and *Sir Patrick* divided the public favour although a few knowing ones did not know what *might* happen if it came to heats—but they knew afterwards, one young man stood to pocket a fortune on *Attila*, and another on the old English mare. In fact never was there such a stir, nine of our regular fast ones starting in two rows like a Derby at Epsom.

*First Heat*.—*Retriever* drew the post, but held—*Attila*, *Ganymede*, *Sir Patrick* and *Onyx* soon left the rest behind, and after a rattling set to up the distancethe Judge declared a dead heat between *Sir Patrick* and *Ganymede*.

*Second Heat*.—Away they scored again, *Holocaust's* rider, knowing his horse's bottom, still holding him patiently, and after a very fair race *Sir Patrick* was declared the winner by nearly a length.

*Third Heat*.—*Deception* got a bad start, and *Holocaust* went to the fore this time winning pretty easily. *Sir Patrick's* jock taking a most judicious pull upon his horse when he found himself beat.

*Fourth Heat*.—*Sir Patrick* had had too much taken out of him and out came the fresh horse *Comet*, but although Daley rode him beautifully, he could not take the heat from *Holocaust*.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 30s.—2d heat, 1m. 31s.—3d heat, 1m. 32s.—4th heat, 1m. 33s.

4TH RACE.—Match 10 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. 9st.

|                 |          |                       |    |             |   |
|-----------------|----------|-----------------------|----|-------------|---|
| Mr Barlow names | b. a. g. | <i>Lausquenette</i> , | .. | Mr Hickey   | 1 |
| Mr Patrick's    | b. a. g. | <i>Cicero</i> ,       | .. | Capt. Hicks | 2 |

Won rather easily, *Cicero* short of work.

Time,—59s.

5TH RACE.—Match 5 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Owners up.

|             |          |    |    |   |
|-------------|----------|----|----|---|
| Mr Ross's   | g. a. h. | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Duffin's | b. a. h. | .. | .. | 2 |

6TH RACE.—Match 5 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile.

|              |          |                     |             |               |   |
|--------------|----------|---------------------|-------------|---------------|---|
| Capt. Budd's | b. g.    | <i>Bantam</i> ,     | 8st. 10lbs. | Capt. Hicks   | 1 |
| Mr Cross's   | g. a. g. | <i>Young Tara</i> , | 9st. 10lbs. | Mr Mainwaring | 2 |

Won easily.

Time,—1m. 3s.

7TH RACE.—Match 10 G. M.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Owners up.

|             |          |                       |    |   |
|-------------|----------|-----------------------|----|---|
| Mr Dick's   | g. a. g. | <i>Bluestocking</i> , | .. | 1 |
| Mr Duffin's | b. a. h. | <i>Jhiran</i> ,       | .. | 2 |

Won by a length.

THIRD DAY, Saturday, April 10.

1ST RACE.—The Jullunder Welter of 15 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each for all horses. R. C. and distance. G. R. Arabs to carry 11st., C. B. 11st. 4lbs. C. and N. S. W. 11st. 10lbs., English 12st. 7lbs. Close on 2d April, name day before the race. H. F. Maidens allowed 5lbs.

|              |          |                    |             |             |   |
|--------------|----------|--------------------|-------------|-------------|---|
| Mr Rawlin's  | c. a. h. | <i>Sullan</i> ,    | 10st. 9lbs. | Mr Cathcart | 1 |
| Mr North's   | b. a. h. | <i>Holocaust</i> , | 10st. 9lbs. | Mr Burton   | 2 |
| Mr Patrick's | g. a. h. | <i>Ironside</i> ,  | 10st. 9lbs. | Mr Fairlie  | 3 |

After the Derby Winner had carried off the "Mounted Cup" with a little trouble to himself, of course he stood first favourite at longish odds. However odds were taken against the other two, but the best betting was, which of those two would run second. *Sultan* went away with the lead, with *Holocaust* at his heels; *Ironsides* getting a bad start in addition to being on the outside. The race was run very slowly, his Royal Highness leading, when at the distance post the other two closed with him, and here came the tug of war. *Holocaust* challenged boldly, and got a slight lead, after a pretty set, when Mr Burton took to the whip, his horse swerved dreadfully, and as *Sultan* ran as honestly and game as a horse possibly could, Mr Cathcart put him in by half a length.

Time,—3m. 18s.

2D RACE.—Consolation Purse of 200 Rs. presented by Cowasjee, Framjee and Co. for all horses. 1 mile. Entrance 50 Rs. Horses valued at 1200 Rs., to carry 11st., 4lbs. off for every 100 Rs. less. The winner to be sold at his valuation if claimed, &c.

|              |             |                      |         |             |        |
|--------------|-------------|----------------------|---------|-------------|--------|
| Mr Garstin's | c. c. b. m. | <i>Marchioness</i> , | 500 Rs. | Mr Warner   | .. 0 1 |
| Mr Patrick's | b. a. g.    | <i>Cicero</i> ,      | 400     | Mr Hickey   | .. 0 2 |
| Mr Rapid's   | b. a. h.    | <i>Gauntlet</i> ,    | 1,200   | Mr Cathcart | .. 2 0 |
| Mr Clock's   | g. a. h.    | <i>Retriever</i> ,   | 650     | Mr Machell  | .. 3 0 |
| Mr Arden's   | g. a. g.    | <i>Roderick</i> ,    | 800     | Mr Magnay   | .. 4 0 |

The bay galloway and the mare ran a dead heat, with *Gauntlet's* head between their two shoulders. The second time it was no go, although they were both quite done, and came in at a very slow pace, yet the country-bred came in two lengths in advance.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 3s.—2d heat, 2m. 8s.

3D RACE.—Give and Take for all horses. 14 hands to carry 10st. 10 G. M. Purse. Entrance 3 G. M.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile heats.

|                  |          |                 |            |            |   |
|------------------|----------|-----------------|------------|------------|---|
| Mr Cross's       | g. a. g. | <i>Pam</i> ,    | 9st. 0lb.  | Mr Hickey  | 1 |
| Captain Roberts' | b. a. g. | <i>Ganymede</i> | 10st. 0lb. | Capt Hicks | 2 |

Both heats were won by *Pam* by about half a length. Mr Patrick's Comet was entered but did not start.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 34s.—2d heat, 1m. 32s.

4TH RACE.—Captain Budd's little galloway *Bantam* steered by Captain Hicks, took a stone from Mr Jemmy's b. a. h. *Cocktail*, ridden by Mr Mainwaring, and gave him a beating for a quarter of a mile in 31 seconds, thereby putting 10 G. M. into his worthy owner's pocket. The weights were 9st. and 10st.

#### FOURTH DAY, Tuesday, April 13.

1ST RACE.—Line Cup given by the Infantry Officers of the division, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each for all horses. Arabs and C. B. 10st. 7lbs., C. and N. S. W. 11st., Eng. 12st. 1½ mile race. Maidens allowed 3lbs. Close on 2d April, name the day before the race.

|                |          |                    |             |            |   |
|----------------|----------|--------------------|-------------|------------|---|
| Mr Rawlins'    | c. a. h. | <i>Sultan</i> ,    | 10st. 4lbs. | Mr Machell | 1 |
| Mr Patrick's   | g. a. h. | <i>Ironsides</i> , | 10st. 4lbs. | Daley      | 2 |
| Mr Rapid names |          |                    |             |            |   |

|                |          |                      |             |             |   |
|----------------|----------|----------------------|-------------|-------------|---|
| Mr Rawlins'    | b. a. h. | <i>Gauntlet</i> ,    | 10st. 7lbs. | Mr Cathcart | 3 |
| Mr Barry's     | b. a. h. | <i>Onyx</i> ,        | 10st. 4lbs. | Mr Hickey   | 4 |
| Capt. Edwards' | b. a. h. | <i>Sir Patrick</i> , | 10st. 4lbs. | Capt. Hicks | 5 |

*Gauntlet* drew the post, and *Sultan* the outside—*Onyx* rattled off with the lead, and *Sultan* who started behind the others ran up and took the inside and the

lead at the same time before they had got a hundred yards. He then led the whole way, and won by a clear length.

Time,—3m. 16s.

2D RACE.—Purse of 5 G. M. for *bonâ fide* ponies; 1 mile race—weight for inches, 13 hands to carry 9st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 20 Rupees.

|                 |    |    |                    |        |      |        |            |       |
|-----------------|----|----|--------------------|--------|------|--------|------------|-------|
| Mr Waddington's | b. | p. | <i>The Saint</i> , | maiden | 8st. | 7lbs.  | Mr Bayley  | 1     |
| Capt. Budd's    | b. | p. | <i>Bantam</i> ,    | „      | 9st. | 7lbs.  | Daley      | 2     |
| Mr Joseph's     | b. | p. | <i>Pickles</i> ,   | „      | 9st. | 7lbs.  | Mr Machell | 3     |
| Mr Bayley's     | c. | p. | <i>Punch</i> ,     | „      | 9st. | 7lbs.  | Mr Magnay  | 4     |
| Mr Barlow's     | c. | p. | <i>Rob Roy</i> ,   |        | 8st. | 11lbs. | Mr Hickey  | dist. |

*Rob Roy* went off with the lead and was pulling double with a lead of about five lengths when his pastern bone was fractured close by the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from home. The little plater was winning very easily, and the accident was very unfortunate as there was no doubt about his being a first rate pony. Properly speaking only *Rob Roy* and the *Saint* ought to have started, but their owners allowed the big ones to accompany them, to gratify the public with a good race, as also to keep up Jullunder's character for producing "large fields."

The pony was obliged to be shot on the spot, after a very successful career on the turf.

When *Rob Roy* broke his leg, *Bantam* nearly fell over him, as he was the one who was behind. This certainly lost him the race, as he was put out of his stride, but he tried his best to make up for it, for *The Saint* did not win by more than a half a length after a good tussel up the straight run in.

Time,—2m. 16s.

3D RACE.—10 G. M. for all chargers, G. R. 10st. 7lbs. each,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. Entrance 3 G. M.

|                |    |    |    |    |    |            |   |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|----|----|------------|---|---|
| Capt. Roberts' | c. | a. | h. | .. | .. | Mr Fairlie | 1 | 1 |
| Mr McKinnon's  | g. | a. | h. | .. | .. | Owner      | 2 | 2 |

Both heats won rather easily.

4TH RACE.—Cheeroot Stakes of 5 G. M. for all horses, G. R. catch weights, 1 mile race. Entrance 20 Rupees. Winner to be sold for 400 Rupees, &c.

|                 |    |      |    |                      |    |            |   |
|-----------------|----|------|----|----------------------|----|------------|---|
| Mr Barlow names | b. | a.   | g. | <i>Lansquenette</i>  | .. | Mr Bailey  | 1 |
| Mr Garstin's    | c. | c.b. | m. | <i>Marchioness</i> , | .. | Owner      | 2 |
| Mr Barry's      | c. | a.   | h. | <i>Scorpion</i> ,    | .. | Mr Machell | 3 |
| Mr Mungo's      | g. | c.b. | m. | <i>Malibran</i> ,    | .. | Mr Magnay  | 4 |

*Malibran* reared up and got a bad start, but when she got on her legs, she flew up to the others, and rated it with the big mare, who had hitherto been leading. *Lansquenette* who had been lying behind came up at the distance and after a rating finish defeated the mare by half a length. The time unfortunately no one thought of taking, but it must have been something uncommonly good, as the weights were very light, and the nags known speedy ones.

5TH RACE.—Match 20 G. M.,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 9st. 7lbs.

|              |    |    |    |                 |   |             |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|-----------------|---|-------------|---|
| Mr Crosse's  | g. | a. | g. | <i>Pam</i> ,    | . | Mr Hickey   | 1 |
| Mr Patrick's | b. | a. | g. | <i>Cicero</i> , | . | Capt. Hicks | 2 |

*Cicero* lead all the way to within a hundred yards from home, when he gallantly answered Mr Hickey's urgent call upon him and won by a neck.

Time,—1m. 32½s.

FIFTH DAY, Thursday, April 15.

1ST RACE.—Winner's Handicap—1½ mile race, optional to Losers. Entrance 3 G. M.

|                |             |                      |              |             |     |
|----------------|-------------|----------------------|--------------|-------------|-----|
| Mr North's     | b. a. h.    | <i>Holocaust</i> ,   | 10st. 22lbs. | Mr Hickey   | 1   |
| Mr Crosse's    | g. a. g.    | <i>Pam</i> ,         | 9st. 8lbs.   | Mr Magnay   | 2   |
| Mr Rawlins'    | c. a. h.    | <i>Sultan</i> ,      | 11st. 0lb.   | Mr Cathcart | 3   |
| Mr Patrick's   | b. a. g.    | <i>Cicero</i> ,      | 8st. 12lbs.  | Capt. Hicks | 4   |
| Mr Garstin's   | c. c. b. m. | <i>Marchioness</i> , | 9st. 9lbs.   | ..          | dr. |
| Capt. Roberts' | b. a. g.    | <i>Ganymede</i> ,    | 9st. 9lbs.   | ..          | dr. |

*Sultan* the favourite, and backed even against the field. *Cicero* drew the post. *Sultan* was unlucky to draw the outside, which made a vast difference to him in addition to the extra 12lbs. he gave *Holocaust*. They came by the stand holding hard, pretty well all together. *Pam* then laid behind, and merely ran up at the quarter mile from home, when a fine finish gave the race to *Holocaust* by a neck, *Sultan* and *Cicero* not far behind. The first mile was run very slowly.

Time,—3m. 18s.

2D RACE.—Loser's Handicap, optional. Entrance 3 G. M. 1 mile heats.

|                  |       |                   |             |             |       |
|------------------|-------|-------------------|-------------|-------------|-------|
| Capt. Loser's g. | a. h. | <i>Clarion</i> ,  | 9st. 7lbs.  | Mr Hickey   | 3 1 1 |
| Mr Rawlins' b.   | a. h. | <i>Gauntlet</i> , | 11st. 0lb.  | Mr Cathcart | 2 2 3 |
| Mr Patrick's g.  | a. h. | <i>Comet</i> ,    | 9st. 7lbs.  | Daly        | 1 3 2 |
| Mr Need's b.     | e. m. | <i>Volumnia</i> , | 10st. 7lbs. | Mr Machell  | dist. |

*Gauntlet* drew the post, and *Volumnia* taking the lead cantered in the first heat very easily, when to the astonishment of every body, the other three came in neck and neck rating it. But it was soon discovered that the English mare had tried to jockey her competitors by cutting off a corner at the quarter mile post; and that the jockeys of the other three were in fact racing for first place and each certainly did his best, as *Comet* only won by a neck and *Clarion* was only defeated by about the same. The second heat was only won by a nose, and the third by a neck, so that the racing was exceedingly interesting.

Time,—1st heat, 2m. 10s.—2d heat, 2m. 7s.—3d heat, 2m. 8s.

3D RACE.—Shorts of 5 G. M., ¼ mile heats, G. R., catch weights. Entrance 20 Rupees.

|                   |           |                       |    |             |       |
|-------------------|-----------|-----------------------|----|-------------|-------|
| Mr Garstin's      | c. cb. m. | <i>Marchioness</i> ,  | .. | Mr Hickey   | 1 3 1 |
| Mr Waddington's   | b. a. h.  | <i>Mazeppa</i> ,      | .. | Mr Magnay   | 3 2 2 |
| Mr Cathcart names | b. a. g.  | <i>Lansquenette</i> , | .. | Capt. Hicks | 2 1 3 |
| Capt. Roberts'    | g. a. h.  | <i>Neophyte</i> ,     | .. | ..          | dist. |

This was regular close shaving, as each heat was won by very little, and all three were always close together. *Neophyte* thought proper to make for a gap in the ropes, or else his chance was a good one.

Time,—1st heat, 0m. 30s.—2d heat, 0m. 29s.—3d heat, 0m. 21½s.

Match 15 G. M., R. C. catch weights. \*

|             |    |    |    |                    |    |                   |   |
|-------------|----|----|----|--------------------|----|-------------------|---|
| Mr George's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Deception</i> , | .. | Infant Phenomenon | 1 |
| Mr Barry's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Onyx</i> ,      | .. | Nigger Boy        | 2 |

This was a delicious morsel for any moderate minded sight seer. Each rider kept well to his own side of the course, and in addition to *Deception* coming in about 200 yards in advance, it was worth a jew's eye to behold the Infant pitching into him with his heels after passing the winning post. Although it was catch weight, some facetious individual (at least such is the prevalent report) insisted upon weighing the victorious jock.

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Match for something short. R. C. Catch weights.

|         |    |    |                   |    |       |   |
|---------|----|----|-------------------|----|-------|---|
| Mr C.'s | g. | h. | <i>Rifleman</i> , | .. | Mr B. | 1 |
| Mr T.'s | b. | b. | <i>Cocktail</i> , | .. | Mr H. | 2 |

Poor *Cocktail* got well spurred the whole way round, so the grey just cantered in his wake until he would be held no longer and then indignant at the delay, let out and won. It was evidently a friendly attempt on the part of Mr B. to amuse the public with a race, and the attempt was completely successful, as I never saw a public laugh so heartily in my life before.

#### SIXTH DAY, Friday, April 16.

46th Cup on its terms. R. C. over 6 three and a half feet hurdles. G. H. Entrance 3 G. M., previous winners of hurdle races to carry one stone extra.

|              |    |    |    |                    |              |             |       |
|--------------|----|----|----|--------------------|--------------|-------------|-------|
| Mr Patrick's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Ironsides</i> , | 10st. 7lbs.  | Mr Machell, |       |
| Mr Russell's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Shylock</i> ,   | 11st. 7lbs.  |             | dist. |
| Mr Reed's    | b. | g. | m. | <i>Volumnia</i> ,  | 11st. 11lbs. |             | dist. |
| Mr Charles'  | g. | a. | c. | <i>Baviecca</i> ,  | 10st. 7lbs.  |             | dist. |

It was certainly a pretty sight to see *Ironsides* canter round by himself, taking his jumps in good style. The other three would not go at first, and out of them only *Shylock* would be induced to go round, which he did about 500 yards in rear of the winner. The extra stone penalty frightened several good ones, and what with the number of horses who could not get riders, and riders who could not get weight, and those who had too much it was a most miserable affair, and very annoying it was to see the prize so liberally held forward by the spirited 'Murreroos' won in such a rotten way.

Match 10 G. M. to 5 G. M.,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

|             |    |    |    |                   |            |            |   |
|-------------|----|----|----|-------------------|------------|------------|---|
| Mr Crosse's | g. | a. | g. | <i>Pam</i> ,      | 9st. 0lb.  | Mr Hickey  | 1 |
| Mr Roberts' | b. | a. | g. | <i>Ganymede</i> , | 10st. 0lb. | Mr Machell | 2 |

*Ganymede* would not be held, and was defeated by a head.

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Mr George's *Deception*, 9st. 7lbs. beat Mr Cathcart's b. a. h. *Wolfdog*, 8st. 7lbs. R. C. for 5 G. M. Mr Machell steered the winner.

Time,—1m. 31s.

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## NEEMUCH RACES.

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FIRST DAY, Tuesday, April 6, 1847.

1ST RACE.—A Free Handicap of 200 Rs., added to a sweepstakes of 20 Rs. each, 16 forfeit, if declared by the 1st of April,—9 subscribers, 3 of whom declared. Once round and a distance.

|               |           |                      |             |          |     |
|---------------|-----------|----------------------|-------------|----------|-----|
| Mr Twysden's  | gr. a. h. | <i>Refund</i> ,      | 10st. 7lbs. | Owner    | 0 1 |
| Mr W. Scott's | ch. a. h. | <i>Christopher</i> , | 8st. 0lb.   | W. Oates | 0 2 |

The following also, started, but were not placed by the judge :—

|                |             |                          |             |         |
|----------------|-------------|--------------------------|-------------|---------|
| Mr Cooper's    | b. a. h.    | <i>Fancy Boy</i> ,       | 9st. 12lbs. | Owner.  |
| Mr Woodhouse's | ch. a. h.   | <i>Corporal Swivel</i> , | 10st. 0lb.  | Owner.  |
| Mr Barber's    | b. c. b. m. | <i>Sadorah</i> ,         | 9st. 0lb.   | Native. |
| Mr Ryall's     | c. h. h.    | <i>Paddy Whack</i> ,     | 8st. 12lbs. | Owner.  |

Betting at starting.

3 to 2 agst. *Refund*, 4 to 1 agst. *Corporal Swivel*.

5 to 1 agst. *Christopher*, (taken freely) 6 to 1 agst. *Fancy Boy*.

7 to 1 agst. *Sadorah*, 100 to 1 agst. *Paddy Whack*.

On the signal being given the lot got away in admirable order, except *Christopher* who swerved and lost nearly two lengths; they came rattling past the stand, and well together, except *Sadorah*, who at this early part of the race was leading by about three lengths, she gradually increased her distance, making severe play over the hill, *Corporal Swivel* next, *Paddy Whack* on his quarter, then *Fancy Boy* a little in his rear; *Refund* and *Christopher* lying off. At the half mile post these two began to draw from the rear, and at  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile from home *Christopher* went up, defeated *Sadorah*, and came rattling into the straight running, three lengths in advance of *Refund*, every thing else being beaten. The race now appeared to be over and every one thought that the once despised *Christopher* would win; but it was otherwise fated. Gradually *Refund* closed; half way up had caught the chesnut, at the stand got his head in front, when *Christopher* by a great effort coming again just caught him on the post, making it a dead heat. *Corporal Swivel* was third, beaten off about five length.

Time.—2m. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Both off at a slow canter, *Christopher* on *Refund's* quarter, in this order they ran to the top of the hill where the pace, as if by mutual consent became severe; stride for stride they came down the hill and round the turn, when *Christopher* went a clear length in advance: both were at work, but *Refund*, gradually closing, caught the chesnut at the cords, raced him, and finally defeated him—cleverly but not easily, by a clear length.

Time.—3m. 22s.

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2D RACE.—A Purse of 50 Rupees for all hacks. 10 Rs. entrance. The winner to be sold for 300 Rs. if demanded.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats—3 subs.

|              |             |                         |    |          |         |
|--------------|-------------|-------------------------|----|----------|---------|
| Mr Barber's  | b. a. h.    | <i>The North Star</i> , | .. | Mr Ryall | 3 1     |
| Mr Twysden's | g. a. h.    | <i>Nonsense</i> ,       | .. | W. Oates | 1 dist. |
| Mr Jones'    | b. c. a. h. | <i>George</i> ,         | .. | Native   | 2 dist. |

*George* made the running to the distance, when *Nonsense* came up, and won by two lengths easily. In the second heat.

*Nonsense* and *George* made alternate running to the turn, where they bolted, leaving *The Star* to canter in as he liked.

3D RACE.—Match 20 G. M., 200 yards.

Mr Hughes' gr. h. *Mr Mansfield* (owner) beat Mr Arthur's b. h. *Tittlebat* by half a length.

#### MATCH.

|               |      |    |    |                     |    |          |   |
|---------------|------|----|----|---------------------|----|----------|---|
| Mr W. Scott's | ch.  | a. | h. | <i>Christopher,</i> | .. | W. Oates | 1 |
| Mr Ryall's    | b.c. | b. | h. | <i>Paddy Whack,</i> | .. | Owner    | 2 |

3 to 2 on *Christopher*, who made all the running, and won in a canter by six lengths.

#### SECOND DAY.

The Neemuch Welter of 150 Rs. from the Fund, added to a sweepstakes of 25 Rs. each—once round the Course and a distance, 10st. 7lbs. each, maidens allowed 7lbs. winner of 1st race 1st day, 5lbs. extra.

|                |    |    |    |                         |    |           |   |
|----------------|----|----|----|-------------------------|----|-----------|---|
| Mr Twysden's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Refund,</i>          | .. | Owner     | 1 |
| Mr Jump's      | c. | a. | h. | <i>Rob Roy,</i>         | .. | Mr Cooper | 2 |
| Mr Woodhouse's | c. | a. | h. | <i>Corporal Swivel,</i> | .. | Owner     | 3 |

3 to 1 against *Refund*, 4 to 1 against *Rob Roy*, 7 to 1 against *Corporal Swivel*.

The horses were mounted in front of the stand and walked quietly down to the distance post. *Corporal Swivel* went away with a strong lead and continued it to the first turn, where as ill luck would have it Mr Woodhouse's stirrup broke and his horse bolted. *Refund* now went on making steady running up the hill (which is a very severe one) *Rob* on his quarter but pulling so hard that it was with the greatest difficulty his rider could keep him from rushing to the front. No change took place till after passing the half mile post when *Rob* throwing up his head overpowered his rider and went to the fore. They came down the hill at a rattling pace, and at the distance post both were at work, *Rob* however being called on showed the feather and was beaten by two lengths.

Time,—2m. 22s.

2D RACE.—A Give and Take Purse of 80 Rs. added to a sweepstakes of 20 Rupees each,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

|              |    |    |    |                   |       |        |              |   |     |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------|--------|--------------|---|-----|---|
| Mr Twysden's | r. | a. | h. | <i>Nonsense,</i>  | 9st.  | 8lbs.  | Mr Cooper    | 1 | 0   | 1 |
| Mr Cooper's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Fancy Boy,</i> | 8st.  | 11lbs. | Peer Mahomed | 4 | 0   | 2 |
| Mr Barber's  | c. | b. | m. | <i>Sadorah,</i>   | 10st. | 3lbs.  | Mr Woodhouse | 2 | dr. |   |
| Dr. White's  | g. | c. | h. | <i>Jimney,</i>    | 10st. | 11lbs. | Mr S.        | 3 | dr. |   |

5 to 1 against *Fancy Boy*, 3 to 1 against *Nonsense*, 4 to 1 against *Sadorah*, any odds against *Jimney*.

*First Heat*.—The four horses drew up in a line at the half mile post and got away in the following order: *Nonsense* and *Sadorah* side by side, *Jimney* a short distance behind, and *Fancy Boy* holding; no change places till they came into the straight run home, when *Nonsense* began to draw ahead and won the heat in a canter by two lengths.



*Second Heat.*—*Sadorah* and *Jimney* drawn, leaving the race between *Nonsense* and *Fancy Boy*. Both off at score, *Fancy Boy* leading by about half a length, they continued thus till 100 yards from home when both riders manfully set to work at their horses, and after a pretty rally ended in a dead heat.

*Third Heat.*—*Fancy Boy* off with the lead, old *Nonsense* sticking to him; 100 yards from home *Fancy Boy* had his head and neck in front, but the Native Boy who rode him was so done up from the number of times he had ridden before that he had no strength left to call on his horse, and *Nonsense* won, not without severe punishment, by half a length.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 3s.—2d heat, 59½m. 0s.—3d heat, 1m. 2s.

#### Match for 10 G. M., ½ mile.

|               |              |                      |               |              |   |
|---------------|--------------|----------------------|---------------|--------------|---|
| Mr Jump's     | chest. a. h. | <i>Advance</i> ,     | 10st. 0lb. .. | Mr Twysden   | 1 |
| Mr W. Scott's | chest. a. h. | <i>Christopher</i> , | 7st. 0lb. ..  | Peer Mahomed | 2 |

*Christopher* made the running to the turn where he bolted.

#### Pony Race—¾ mile.

|              |    |                     |    |              |   |
|--------------|----|---------------------|----|--------------|---|
| Mr Arthur's  | .. | <i>Tittle Bat</i> , | .. | Peer Mahomed | 1 |
| Mr Slender's | .. | <i>Red Chum</i> ,   | .. | Owner        | 2 |
| Mr Ryall's   | .. | <i>Mangfield</i> ,  | .. | Owner        | 3 |

Won easy.

#### THIRD DAY.

A Handicap for all horses. Once round the Course and distance, rupees 100 from the Fund. Entrance 25 rupees.

Betting at starting, 3 to 1 against *Refund*, 5 to 1 against *Nonsense*, 5 to 2 against *Advance*.

Although Mr Twysden had declared to win with *Nonsense* at the ordinary the night before the race—public opinion booked it as a certainty for *Refund*.

*Nonsense*, who came to the post, as fresh and blooming as a colt, took a lead of three lengths at starting, increased it as he went on, and won in a canter by 20 lengths; the seconds better timing than had ever before been accomplished on the Neemuch Race Course during the meeting.

Time,—2m. 18s.

2d RACE.—A Beaten Purse of 80 Rs. from the Fund, added to a sweepstakes of 20 Rs. each. Once round the Course and a distance.

|                |           |                          |             |              |   |
|----------------|-----------|--------------------------|-------------|--------------|---|
| Mr Cooper's    | b. a. h.  | <i>Fancy Boy</i> ,       | 8st. 6lbs.  | Peer Mahomed | 1 |
| Mr Jump's      | ch. a. h. | <i>Rob Roy</i> ,         | 10st. 7lbs. | Mr Twysden   | 2 |
| Mr Woodhouse's | ch. a. h. | <i>Corporal Swivel</i> , | 10st. 11lb. | Owner        | 3 |

3 to 2 on *Rob Roy*, 3 to 2 on *Fancy Boy*, 5 to 1 against the *Corporal*.

The confederates (Messrs. Cooper and Jumps) declared to win with *Fancy Boy*, notwithstanding this *Rob* was considered to have the best chance, and was the favorite at the Ordinary.

*Fancy Boy* made the running from the post and won in a canter: it was as much as *Rob's* rider could do to keep his horse from winning: had his reins broken, he could not have lost.

|             |    |                     |    |       |   |
|-------------|----|---------------------|----|-------|---|
| Mr Ryall's  | .. | <i>Paddy Whack,</i> | .. | Owner | 1 |
| Mr Barber's | .. | <i>North Star,</i>  | .. | Owner | 2 |

*North Star* took the lead and continued it till a hundred yards from home, when *Paddy* was brought to the front and won by half a length.

Time,—2m. 36½s.

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Match 5 G. M. ½ mile.

|            |    |    |    |       |                  |               |   |
|------------|----|----|----|-------|------------------|---------------|---|
| Mr Jones'  | b. | c. | b. | horse | <i>George</i>    | Mr Ryall      | 1 |
| Mr Hughes' | .. |    |    | poney | <i>Punjabee,</i> | Peer Mahommed | 2 |

A good race and won with difficulty.

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FOURTH DAY, April 12, 1847.

Match 10 Gold Mohurs.

|              |    |    |    |                   |             |       |   |
|--------------|----|----|----|-------------------|-------------|-------|---|
| Mr Twysden's | g. | a. | b. | <i>Refund,</i>    | 10st. 7lbs. | Owner | 1 |
| Mr Cooper's  | b. | a. | h. | <i>Nancy Boy,</i> | 9st. 9lbs.  | Owner | 2 |

Won—easy.

---

Match for 5 Gold Mohurs.

*Nonsense* to be ridden barebacked.

|              |    |                     |    |       |   |
|--------------|----|---------------------|----|-------|---|
| Mr Cooper's  | .. | <i>Sweet Briar,</i> | .. | Owner | 1 |
| Mr Twysden's | .. | <i>Nonsense,</i>    | .. | Owner | 2 |

Won by a head.

---

Match for 5 Gold Mohurs.

|             |    |                     |    |    |   |
|-------------|----|---------------------|----|----|---|
| Mr Ryall's  | .. | <i>Paddy Whack,</i> | .. | .. | 1 |
| Mr Barber's | .. | <i>North Star,</i>  | .. | .. | 2 |

Won by a half length.

---

Match ½ mile.

|             |    |                  |    |               |   |
|-------------|----|------------------|----|---------------|---|
| Mr Barber's | .. | <i>Sadorah,</i>  | .. | Mr Cooper     | 1 |
| Mr Hughes'  | .. | <i>Punjabee,</i> | .. | Peer Mahommed | 2 |

Won in a canter.

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## VIZIANAGRUM RACES,—1847.

## FIRST DAY, Friday, February 5.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 300 Rupees from the fund, with 100 Rupees entrance, H. F., for maiden Arab horses;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile 9st. Horses that never started allowed 3lbs. to close on the 1st December, 1848, and name the day before the race.

|                 |    |    |    |                         |      |        |          |   |
|-----------------|----|----|----|-------------------------|------|--------|----------|---|
| Mr Smollett's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Glencoe</i> ,        | 9st. | 0lb.   | George   | 1 |
| Mr Hunter's ns. | b. | a. | g. | <i>Little Wonder</i> ,* | 0st. | 0lb.   | Mr O.    | 2 |
| Mr Fane's       | g. | a. | c. | <i>Commissary</i> ,     | 8st. | 11lbs. | Mr M'D.  | 3 |
| Mr Forester's   | g. | a. | h. | <i>Tophorn</i> ,        | 8st. | 11lbs. | Coachman | 4 |

(\* Late Clear-the-Way.)

*Tophorn* started off rating or trying to rate *Glencoe*, but *Glencoe* laughed at him and shook him off easily at the  $\frac{1}{2}$ , winning in a canter.

2D RACE.—Great Welter for all horses,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, 11st. 7lbs., maidens allowed 7lbs. 300 Rupees from the fund, 75 Rupees entrance, P. P. to close on the 1st December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

|                   |     |    |      |                             |       |        |       |   |
|-------------------|-----|----|------|-----------------------------|-------|--------|-------|---|
| Mr Fane's         | b.  | a. | h.   | <i>Avon</i> ,               | 11st. | 7lbs.  | Owner | 1 |
| Mr Smollett's     | b.  | a. | h.   | <i>Brummagem Napoleon</i> , | 11st. | 7lbs.* | Owner | 2 |
| Mr Forester's     | g.  | g. | h.   | <i>Glendarnel</i> ,         | 11st. | 7lbs.  | Owner | 3 |
| Major Simpson'sb. | a.  | h. |      | <i>White Nose</i> ,         | 11st. | 7lbs.  | Mr B. | 4 |
| Mr Murray's       | bn. | s. | w.h. | <i>The Baronet</i> ,        | 12st. | 7lbs.  | Owner | 5 |

\* 5lbs. over.

*Avon* off sharp with the lead. *Glendarnel*, *White Nose* and *Baronet* in a lump; and the *Great Emperor* pulling up till the others were out of splashing distance from them, his owner did not let him go till the mile, at which place *Avon* was nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile a head of him. *Napoleon* then saw where he was and set to work, passing *Baronet*, *White Nose* at the  $\frac{3}{4}$ , and *Glendarnel* at the  $\frac{1}{2}$  and actually came in within 3 lengths of *Avon*;  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile was too much to make up.

3D RACE.—A Purse of 200 Rupees, 100 Rupees entrance. H. F., for all horses weight for inches. 14 hands to carry 8st. 12lbs.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, to close and name on the 1st February, 1847.

|               |    |    |    |                        |      |        |        |    |
|---------------|----|----|----|------------------------|------|--------|--------|----|
| Mr Forester's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Aliwal</i> ,        | 8st. | 12lbs. | George | 1  |
| Mr Owen names | b. | a. | g. | <i>Little Wonder</i> , | 8st. | 9lbs.  | Mr O.  | 2  |
| Mr Smollett's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Glencoe</i> ,       | ..   | ..     | dr.    | .. |

*Glencoe* drawn to make sport; the other two rated it, the bay coming in ahead along the outer line bolted just short of the post and broke a few legs and arms, but no heads.

## SECOND DAY.

1ST RACE.—Sweepstakes of 150 Rupees P. P., 300 from the fund for all Arabs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles 9st. winners on 1st day to carry 7lbs. extra, to close 1st December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

|               |    |    |    |                             |      |      |        |   |
|---------------|----|----|----|-----------------------------|------|------|--------|---|
| Mr Smollett's | b. | a. | h. | <i>Brummagem Napoleon</i> , | 9st. | 0lb. | George | 1 |
| Mr Fane's     | b. | a. | h. | <i>Avon</i> ,               | 9st. | 7lb. | Mr H.  | 2 |
| Mr Forester's | g. | a. | h. | <i>Glendarnel</i> .         | 9st. | 0lb. | Mr O.  | 3 |

*Avon* and *Napoleon* well together till the mile, when *Nap* crept ahead winning by 2 or 3 lengths. *Glendarnel* hard pushed to keep with them till the run in, when he dropped behind as the pace mended.

2D RACE.—Galloway Stakes of 150 Rupees from the fund. 100 Rupees entrance. H. F., mile heats 8-st. 10lbs. winners to carry 5lbs. extra, to close 1st January, 1847, and name the day before the race.

Mr Owen names b. a. g. *Little Wonder*, 8st. 10lbs. .. Native 2 1

Mr Smollett's g. a. g. *Duke's Mistake*, 8st. 10lbs. .. George 1 2

*First Heat*.—The Stewards pronounced this to be no race. George had won. *Little Wonder* all but bolting.

*Second Heat*.—The friends of *Little Wonder* fearing a repetition of the arms and legs business had posted a large English mare at the run in to keep him straight, which she did and he came in 1st; but the Stewards would not give the stakes to either as *Duke's Mistake* had been drawn. It is but justice to say that the mare went only to prevent accidents and not to steal the race.

3D RACE.—Hack Stakes mile heats. 100 Rupees from the fund, 50 Rupees entrance. P. P., winner to be sold for 500 Rupees. 10st. Gentlemen riders, to close and name the day before the race.

Mr Forester's g. a. h. *Alural*, 10st. 0lb. Mr. D. 1 1

Mr Murray's g. a. h. *I. O. U.*, 10st. 0lb. . 2 2

*I. O. U.* too fat by far; had'n't a ghost of a chance.

### THIRD DAY.

1ST RACE.—The Vizianagrum Stakes 100 Rupees for all horses, entrance 150 Rupees. H. F., 1½ miles 8-st. 10lbs. winners of one race of the meeting 5lbs., of two 10lbs. of more 1st., to close 1st December, 1846, and name the day before the race.

Mr Smollett's g. a. h. *Glencoe*, .. walked over.

Mr Forester .. .. . paid ft.

Mr Fane .. .. . paid ft.

2D RACE.—Handicap of 200 Rupees from the fund, 75 Rupees each; acceptance for all horses that have started during the meeting, non-acceptance 15 Rupees. 1 mile, nominations to be sent in to the Secretary on or before the 2nd day's running.

Mr Fane's a. c. *Commissary*, 8st. 8lbs. Ramasawmy 1 2

Mr Owen names a. g. *Little Wonder*, 9st 3lbs. Mr O. 2 dr.

Mr Smollett's a. h. *Bramaquem Napoleon*, 9st. 10lbs. George 3 1

Mr Forester's a. h. *Glendarnel*, 8st. 2lbs. Mr M'D. 4 3

On the 1st, 2d and 4th horses coming to the post the latter walked away without the consent of his rider, No. 3 being not yet brought up, when in the confusion the word was given; the 2 bays off, even the *Glendarnel* some lengths behind. *Commissary* was pulled up at the ¾ mile but churned in with the other horses and came in first, *Little Wonder* second, *Napoleon* third, and *Glendarnel* fourth. Of course there was a row. *Little Wonder* claimed the stakes although licked by *Commissary* well: the Stewards having consideration for *Glendarnel* who had no start at all, and considering, I suppose *Commissary's* claim rotten and *Wonder's* nowhere gave it as no race and go again was the order accordingly: they went, *Little W.* was drawn the stakes, the others went and *Commissary* ran *Napoleon* well, but the *Nigger* could not go against George; he was beaten only by half a length after all, very creditable

indeed to *Commissary* considering the difference of Jocks and that he was hustled in with a loose rein *Nigger* fashion.

3D RACE.—Handicap  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile, 200 Rs. from the fund, 75 entrance.

Mr Forester's g. a. h. *Topthorn*, 9st. 11lbs. Mr D. 1

Mr Fane's b. a. h. *Avon*, 11st. 0lb. Mr W. F. 2

Won by many lengths in a canter.

#### FOURTH DAY.

1ST RACE.—Forced Winning Handicap, 200 Rupees from the fund, 30 Rupees entrance for winners of one race and 20 of every other.

Mr Smollett's b. a. h. *Brummagem Napoleon*, 9st. 10lbs. George 1

Mr Fane's b. a. h. *Avon*, 9st. 7lbs. Mr H. 2

Mr Forester's g. a. h. *Aliwal*, 8st. 10lbs. Mr M'D 3

*Napoleon* beat *Avon* much easier than on the 2nd day, although giving 10lbs. more to *Avon*, time worse than the *Great Welter*. *Aliwal* no use.

2D RACE.—Beaten Handicap 200 Rupees from the fund, 30 Rupees entrance.

Mr Owen names .. *Little Wonder*, 10st. 3lbs. .. Mr W. F. 1

Mr Forester's .. *Glendarnel*, 9st. 9lbs. .. Mr M'D. 2

*Little Wonder*, won easily.

3D RACE.—Handicap of 150 Rupees from the fund,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats, for all horses, 30 Rupees each acceptance.

Mr Fane's g. a. c. *Commissary*, 8st. 11lbs. 1 } dead

Mr Forester's g. a. h. *Topthorn*, 9st. 2lbs. 3 } heat.

Mr Smollett's g. a. h. *Glencoe*, 10st. 9lbs. George 2 drawn.

*First Heat*.—A fine start. *Glencoe* was incautiously ridden and burst a blood vessel in the nose, *Commissary* winning, *Topthorn* third. *Glencoe* was drawn for the other heats.

*Second Heat*.—*Topthorn* got on his legs and making the most of his time with George on his back managed to make a dead heat of it: both horses well punished, when the owners divided the stakes (only 150) as it was getting hot.

Time,—1st heat, 60s.—2d heat, 59s.

On Thursday the 25th the Steeple Chase came off; a handicap 200 from the fund and 50 entrance, 2 miles 16 jumps.

Mr Forester's g. a. h. *Topthorn*, 11st. 2lbs. Owner 1

Mr Fane's b. a. h. *Avon*, 11st. 9lbs. Owner dist.

Mr Murray's br. n. s. w. g. *Baronet*, 11st. 9lbs. Mr B. dist.

At the start the Waler, a wild-looking long neck made an insane rush at the first jump with *Avon*, the Waler with his head up and *Avon* with his down, the Waler came down, wall and all, bruising Mr. B.'s arm and breaking away made for his stables at the rate of 2m. 54s. *Avon* shied and could not be got to look at it, so *Top*, a pretty jumper hopped over them quietly; his rider stopping in the middle for 5 minutes to change his stirrup leather and came in alone.

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 Stainforth, H, Sylhet  
 Staniforth, John, England  
 Stalker, Lieut-Col, Rajcote  
 Stewart, Dr James, 1st Nizam's Cavalry,  
 Mominabad  
 Stopford, J S, Esq, Messrs Cockerell  
 and Co, London  
 Stubbs, Lieut W H, 33d Regt N I, Al-  
 morah  
 Sutherland, Lieut Col. J, Ajmeer

Thompson, George Powny, Agra Suddur  
 Board  
 Thornhill, Captain Bombay  
 Tickell, Capt S R, Prin Asst to  
 Commr, Arracan  
 Timbrell, Lieut Charles, Horse Arty,  
 Lahore  
 Todd, George. (C S), Mirzapore

- Torrans**, H, (C S), Gov-Genl's Agent  
Moorsheadabad
- Travers**, Lieut J, 2d in Command Bho-  
pal Contingent, Sehore
- Trotter**, T C, (C S), Mozufferpore
- Trower**, Lieut J C, 9th Lancers, Meerut
- Tucker**, T, Monghyr
- Tulloch**, Lieut R H, 39th Regt, Scindia's  
Contingent, Jhansi
- Turnbull**, G D, Azimghur
- Tyler**, Edward F, Allyghur
- URQUHART**, W H, Mozufferpore
- VAN DER HART**, H, (C S), Dy Commr and  
Political Agent in the Trans—Sutlej  
Territory
- WALLACE**, J G, Calcutta
- Wagentreiber**, G, Dacca
- Welby**, G R, Esq, Calcutta
- Wheelwright**, Lieut C A, Artillery, Um-  
ballah
- Whiting**, Revd. W J, Umballah
- Williams**, Capt S, 8th Regt N I, Agra
- Wilson**, D & Co, Calcutta
- Wollen**, Capt W K, 19th Regt N I.  
Bareilly
- Wood**, C B, Calcutta
- Wyatt**, G W, Peeprah, Tirhoot
- Young**, Major T, 2d Regt N I, Commg  
7th Regt Scindia's Contingent, Gwa-  
lior
- Lieut H E, 64th Regt N I, Mid-  
napore.









